KOSSUTH FOR EVER!

Why do the millions cheer Kossuth, that gave
No greeting to the Democrats of France?
Because they feel the difference of a brave
Struggle for Freedom from a frantic dance
Round trees of Liberty, doom'd ne'er to bud,
Wherein the sole reality was blood.

An opera-dance—Terpsichorean show—
To music of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*,"
The ballet ending in a *grand tableau*,
Such as at Rome we saw, and still do see;
Crush'd by French arms a twin Republic's hope,
And restoration of our Lord the Pope.

Between such heroes as a William Tell
Or Washington—not our foe, but our king's—
And ill-conditioned dreamers, who rebel
Against the natural ordinance of things,
Britons distinguish; wholly scorning these,
And all their mad pedantic mutinies.

A strife against the fetters and the lash—
Chaining free thought—indicted on the fair:
A steady, earnest, stern attempt to thrash
A despot doing wrong too dire to bear;
This, this is what we English understand;
This was the battle fought in Magyar land.

Therefore, among the men, Kossuth we class,
Who fairly, truly, fought for Liberty;
We hail him him as we should Leonidas
Our guest, arisen from Thermopylæ;
And hope his eloquence of honest hate
Europe may urge her tyrants to abate.—*Punch.*

From the National Era.

KOSSUTH.*

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

The name whorewith to hail him? Shall it be
Immortal Magyar? Battle Chief? True King?
Patriot? Martyr? Statesman? Let us bring
No crown, no sword, no courtly name—for see,
He bears a People's woe! Let crowning be!
Salute him Priest—High Priest of Sacrifice;
Upon his heart a hapless nation lies—
He seeks not, needs not praise; let prising be;
That tribute's meet for vainer men than he.
Give him your sympathy, your aid—or, tears;
But mock not patriot grief with Pride's salute:
Greet him with blessings, but not revelry;
To him 'twore insult—shame, to those dread years!
Receive him as Christ's Freedom *should* Kossuth!

* Pronounced Kozzuth.

NOTE.—Grace Greenwood's noble letter on the Exile's Visit to America suggested my thought.—C. C.

[From the National Era.]

BE PATIENT.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER II.

There is a pleasant manufacturing village, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A miniature river, the merry S———, tumbles musically among the rocks, that seem to have been flung into its channel by some "old man of the mountains," till it finally cleaves the ledge, and bounding over a crescent precipice of solid granite, almost loses itself among the boulders and mossy islets beneath. The banks below are two steep, solid masses of ragged rock, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whortleberry bushes. At this day, you would be dazzled by the glare of high, red walls above them; for the manufacturing interest has planted its foot firmly there, and the rude water-wheels of a utilitarian age whiz and whirl in the very arms of the beautiful crescent cascade. But forty years ago, before Art had discovered the spot, Nature was there alone. To be sure, there was a little "settlement"—a village, if a tavern, store, and post-office, might be allowed their customary prerogative of constituting a village. But the few houses beside were scattered so widely about, and the place was so innocent of all parade or enterprise, that it scarcely seemed roused from the simplicity of its primitive woods.

It was November—the month that opens most brilliantly on the New England hills, but, long ere departing, rends its robe of richness asunder, and scatters its myriad fragments to the northeastern winds. The hectic of the forest had already given place to the decay it too surely boded. Softly the Indian summer had whispered to the few, lingering, dying flowers, the hope of a glad waking beneath a brighter sky, and flown to his prairie-nook in the sheltered "West."

It was the dismal afternoon of a stormy day; cloud-caps, heavy with mist, hung gloomily on every hill-top, and the shifting winds, moaning and whooping through the valley gorges, drove battalions of watery spectres hither and thither at their will. Damp, chill, and cheerless, the night was coming on, hard on the steps of noon-day. A ruder blast than usual dashed the honeysuckle vine against the small, square window of the dingy little post-office on the hill-side, and startled the bald-headed post-master from puzzling over the lost mouth's register. He looked up, peered out and about, and then thrust his stump of a quill behind his right ear to muse.

"I hope she won't come to-day," he began, half to himself, half to his help-meet, who sat in the lightest corner of the office, turning a monotonous flax-wheel with her busy foot.

"I hope she won't come through all this driving storm for nothing."

"What's that? Who?" asked his wife, but half comprehending.

"Who but Major K.'s Anne—she that has come every living day to this counter, for two months, as regular as the mail-bag. It's all the same to her, it seems, rain or shine; and I'm afraid it'll be all the same for many a day, more's the pity!"

"Heaven help the poor, young thing," replied his wife; "it's some trouble that's wearing upon her heart, ye may be sure John. Bless ye, *she* come driving through the storm to-day, and she so pale and ailing! Ye needn't keep a looking."

"Hush, you! it's her own self," whispered the old man, deprecatingly, as a hoof-fall fell on his ear; and in a moment a bay pony, with its rider, dashed down past the little window, its drenched mane dripping to the grass.

"Too bad," the good man exclaimed, starting from his high stool—"I'll meet her at the door, poor thing, that she needn't 'light in all this mud."

But before he could hobble half-way to the door, it was thrown open, and a burst of cold storm-drops ushered in Anne K. Was it she, with cheeks so pale and sunken from their summer beauty, with those large, unnaturally lustrous eyes, each of which, in that moment, seemed in itself a whole world of souls! Truly, a strange spell had shaken her in its grasp!

She stood one instant upon the sill, clenching her gathered-up riding-dress more nervously in her gloveless hand, as if she would ask, by look rather than voice, the question that had cost her so much agony. The long filaments of her soaked plume swung forward as she bent her head, brushing her colorless forehead and cheek. She nerved herself tremulously to the effort—her heart told her that it was a *last* effort!

"Any letter for me to-day?"

The words were spoken with forced, husky calmness. The postmaster turned his head to one side, avoiding the glance that shot a pang of pity through his heart, and answered with involuntary assumed indifference—

"No."

He had said it more than fifty times, with those great eyes looking into his, growing larger and wilder at each denial; and he did not like to say it again. His wife saw a quick spasm convulse the girl's lips and eye, as she suddenly pressed her hand against her heart.

"Are ye ill, Miss K———?" she exclaimed, rising. "Sit ye down, do. Let me bring ye some'at warming. It's sorry getting out this weather, 'specially for such a weakly body. I wonder yer folks didn't send. Come in, do."

Anne was herself again, at the last word of this harangue.

"No," she replied, clearly, and, without another word, turned to go.

When she first used to come in the later summer days, the lame postmaster had been accustomed to limp to the door-step, and take the rein of her pony, while the old lady with a "cricked," as she called it, to assist her in mounting. Anne would smile abstractedly, but graciously, sometimes stopping to exchange a few words with the kind man, or, suffering the good woman to insert a sprig of evergreen, or of tansy, over the ears of her pony, whom she characterised as the "darlingest grown-up colt that ever ya see!" Latterly, she had refused the foot-stool, and spurned the offered head-gear, much to the dame's chagrin; but she had suffered the post-man still to act the part of groom. To-night, however, she caught the wet rein in her own hands, and sprang into the saddle unassisted.

"Take care, Miss!" vociferated the old man from the doorway, where his few gray locks were whistling in the blast; for the pony, startled by the suddenness of the shock, himself sprang back, and nearly cut the acquaintance of his mistress. She smiled a proud, bitter smile, and, dropping her wet plume over her forehead again, she drew up the bridle-reins quickly, and dashed on down the hill.

"I declare!" soliloquized the postmaster, gazing through the mist after her, "right t'other way from home. I do believe the gal's crazy."

"Man alive!" shouted his wife, above the roaring of the gusts, "ye're catching yer death o'rheumatiz out there, let alone the beating in of the rain on the floor I just mopped. Come away, there."

"Well, I wonder!" added her obedient spouse, hobbling back to his three-legged stool of office.

Anne galloped down the hill, face to face with the tempest. Oh, there was a wilder storm within her surging breast! The black clouds sunk over her like a pall, and the mist-goblins shrieked and raved about her, shutting her in from human sight. Once she dropped the reins to the neck of her horse, and, clasping her cold hands, pressed them against her seared eye-balls, as though to bar out some terrible sight.

"Oblivion or *death!*" she groaned, vehemently.

But oblivion never yet came at the cry of the despairing. Then she grew stronger, as it seemed, for she threw back her tangled hair, tossed back her crushed hat, and laid bare her forehead to the pelting of the storm. She laughed a low, shuddering laugh, as the icy drops trickled upon her fever-hot eyes.

Anne had placed a mortal on the shrine of her Maker—the creature on the throne of the Creator. Not content to give the unselfish, unutterable love of a woman's heart, she had poured on the altar of her idol that "sacred oil" of worship and adoration that is not with impunity withheld from Heaven. She had concentrated the universe into one point—and where was her universe now? Where was her idol-shrine?

"The store" of the country for miles around, with its much be-chalked sign of "fish, flannel, flour, dry goods, groceries," and a dozen other indispensabilities, stood just on the rocky bank, fronting the crescent fall, whose foam-wreaths now dashed against its back wall. It was kept by an elder brother of Anne. The bay pony, by force of habit, slackened his pace before the plank platform. Anne looked about her in momentary bewilderment; then suddenly checking him, she threw herself from his back, and dropped the bridle to the ground.

The little building shook with the strife of clouds and river mists, that seemed rushing to close combat beneath its foundations, when Anne stepped over the threshold. It was dusk within, unlighted for want of customers. Anne's brother started forward from his desk, in surprise, at the sound of a step, and brushed against his sister before she was aware of his presence.

"What *are* you about, Anne?" exclaimed he, catching her roughly by the arm; "Girl! I believe you are beside yourself! Drenched and dripping—a sight to behold! and you were half dead before! What, in the name of the four elements, sent you out on such a night?"

"I came," answered Anne, confusedly, and rather incoherently, "I came——the children wanted some gingerbread, and I"——

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her brother, thoroughly provoked at her rashness and heedlessness. "This is all of a piece with your woman-caprices. Go home immediately, and tell mother that I will carry you to the Insane Retreat, to keep you out of your coffin, if she does not bolt you into your room, out of the reach of fire and water! There, there, go! don't wait to catch your death cold!—As if I could not bring that foolish gingerbread! Childish! there! go!"

How little we know *where* our harsh words are falling, when they drop bitterly from our lips! Ah! there *are* wounds that cannot be healed in time—nor yet in eternity!

Would he not speak one kind, brotherly word to that anguished sister? If he had looked into her haggard, despairing face, perhaps he would not have turned away so abruptly as he did after this tirade, and hidden himself again behind the high front of his counting-desk, assured by the patter of the pony's feet upon the pebbles, that he had taken the homeward road.

Home the faithful pony went, after waiting his time for his rider; but Anne did not go with him. She only shrunk back into the shade, until all was still again. Then she glided, like a guilty thing, noiselessly through a long, dark passage, to the back door of the shop. She lifted its latch carefully, and went out into the gathering night.

Wild warfare was beneath her! Billows of mist rolled and swayed hither and thither in the abyss, and where they parted for a moment, the inky waters appeared, lashing the trembling rocks with mad turbulence.

There was no eye but the eye of Omnipresence, to look upon the passion-blinded girl, and to that she looked not up. Where was her guardian angel, to whisper, "Wait, wait! be patient?" It was the hour of darkness, and of fierce fiends, who fanned the storm in her soul, so faintly emblemed by the elemental raging without. That soul sent up its agonized cry for forgetfulness, for rest, for peace! "Death is an eternal sleep," her mother had taught her. Alas! that a mother's words should ever come between the young heart and Heaven!

An hour went by. Anne's brother buttoned his storm-proof overcoat around him, locked his store, and leading his horse from a near stable, took his way homeward. He was met at the door by his sister and mother, who faced the storm-blast with countenances of consternation.

"Anne! where is Anne, Charles?" exclaimed Mrs. K.

"Anne! foolish girl! I sent her home an hour ago!"

"No! she is not here! Her pony came! Oh, my child! where *is* she?"

"Why did you let the girl go out this terrible day?" asked the alarmed brother.

"I never knew it! Charles, go, be quick! Oh, if her father was here!"

Charles K. seized a lantern, and rushed out. That night, over all the thunder of the storm, arose the swell of human voices, the shouts of neighbors and friends, who went forth fearlessly to seek the lost one.

Morning came. The wind had sobbed its strength away, and crouched, moaning in the depths of the wood, or sighed under the wizzard pines. The clouds drifted slowly eastward, muffling up the sun, but all was still.

They had sought everywhere else; and at last, with strange, fearfully-whispered misgivings, they searched among the rocks of the swollen river. Up from that foam-canopied bed they lifted her, with the long, loosened locks clinging about her pulseless heart, and the inky plume weeping upon her shut eyes. But they could not awaken her from that night's long sleep!

They carried her—yet it was not *her* they carried—to the home on which her eyes were never to open. There, in the stately, subdued agony of prided affection crushed, the stricken band of parents, brothers, and sisters received the burden. I have stood on a rock in the midst of that river, and looked down on the couch where the despairing girl sought her rest. It was a hard pillow for so fair a head and so young a heart—one, too, that had loved so much.

I looked up, and all was beautiful. The water nymphs chased each other down the precipice, laughing musically as their white robes melted into the blue billows at my feet. Above, the sun lay cushioned on a dreaming cloud, floating in the blue of a June heaven. What contrasts has earth upon the self-same spot!

The news of the suicide flew, as ill news always flies, through the little hamlet. Confusion and consternation seized every heart and household, and a thousand vague surmises, half brightened into realities, flitted from one to another. Only the old postmaster shook his head, after the first petrifying shock, with a mystifying air, and silently resenting himself on his high stool, leaned his head upon his wrinkled hand. Even his good, garrulous wife could gain no more from him.

"I think's likely," she said, after the group of gossippers had dispersed, "she's been going crazy this long while. It ain't in natur for a sensible body to ride so like wild-fire; and I've always thought mighty queer of her coming here so, day upon day! Oh! don't tell me she wasn't out of her head!"

The postmaster turned his head nervously at the sound of a horse's hoofs. It was only the post boy, who had come over early with the mail-bag. The good man sighed, turned out his packet of letters, and slowly unbound it. "I shall not have to say "No" to *her* again to-day, poor thing!" thought he.

"What's the matter, John?" cried his wife, a minute after, as he dropped the bundle with a smothered cry, almost of horror. "Mercy on us, man! ye're as white as if ye'd seen a ghost!"

"There!" he pointed to a letter below him, "look *there!*"

"What is it? I don't see nothing—I've lost my spec's."

"It's *her* name!" answered the old man, taking up the letter tremulously.

"You don't say so, John!" cried his wife, lifting both hands above her head.

"It's ship-marked, and journey-worn," he added, scrutinizing it as closely as the haze over his old eyes would allow. "It's had a long way to come, and——too late! *too late!* he exclaimed solemnly, laying it reverently by.

"Too late!" The burden of destiny had been thrown wilfully off, and no joy or sorrow of earth could sink into the cold heart of her who had borne it. Oh! if she had been patient but a little longer!

That travel-stained letter told its story only to the unsympathizing hearts of the proud household, and not a lip ever opened to reveal it. It dropped into the great receptacle of family reserve, and was lost to the world's curiosity. It was as well; what mattered it to any heart but *her's*, that it could not warm into wild beating?

Her relatives rejected even the common kind offices of country neighbors, seeming to scorn all communion in sorrow, until the day of the funeral.

It was a grand show—that funeral—so old ladies, who were young then, have told me.—Heavy, aristocratical carriages from distant towns and cities, draped in black, wound along the narrow hill-roads. The country about turned out its entire population, old and young. The coffin was borne slowly along, while young girls of her own age, dressed in white, with long shoulder-scarfs of black, held the pall on either side, showering it with tears of pity.

She lies in a lovely spot on one of the hills she loved, away from the common throng, as in life, yet among her kindred. I went there at moon-rise once. The green mound of the small cemetry was girt about with groves, save on one side, where a small, crystal pond mirrored the twilight sky. Not a breeze dimpled it then, and the frogs' chant came shrill through the stirless air, blended now and then with the wail of the whippoorwill far beyond. Young fir trees, larches, and willows, kept guard over the costly monuments of the dead that had been honored in life. I turned from taller monument steeples, and mused long over the white but time-worn slab that bore this simple inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE K——, Æ, 17."

Oh! passionate heart, "be patient" with the Providence that "worketh all things well!"

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20, 1851.

DEAR DOCTOR BAILEY:—I have so long been an absentee from your columns, that I hardly know whether my old place will be accorded to me, if I presume to claim it. Throughout the month, since I left my Western home, journeyings and numberless occupations have filled up my time, to the entire exclusion of literature. Could you hear all my excuses, I am sure you would pardon my apparently unpardonable negligence. I spent three delightful weeks with a friend in and about Boston. The only drawback to my enjoyment was the weather, which most of the time was severely cold for the season. On my way to New York, I spent two days with some friends in Providence, most pleasantly. In New York, I stopped with my travelling companion, Miss P——, at the Irving House, which I beg leave to commend as decidedly the first hotel of which I have any knowledge; though I am well aware that no words of mine, however strong and earnest, can add to its reputation. Mr. Howard seems full of genuine kindness and gentlemanly attention to his guests; and the servants of the establishment are well trained, prompt, and singularly respectful in their demeanor.

The presence of Gov. Kossuth created in the house a continued but not a noisy excitement. Outside raged the furor; but there, near him, every one seemed to breathe in with deep inspirations the atmosphere of his greatness: to be not so much roused by his glorious enthusiasm as awed by the grandeur of his mission and his purpose.

We saw the prophet hero first as he was going out to address the militia at Castle Garden. He was dressed simply and most fittingly, in black velvet, with plumed black hat, and a sword. As he passed down the hall, he bowed right and left, touching his hat gracefully to the friends gathered to see him. On the following day, we had the pleasure of hearing him in a brief speech, in reply to an address from a deputation of workingmen, who presented to him the handsome sum of eight hundred dollars. This address, by the way, was finely written and admirably given, by a very gentlemanly person, apparently the youngest of the company. Kossuth walked rapidly and unceremoniously into the room, followed by his suite. He wore a plain citizen's dress, and his head was uncovered. He is like the finest prints we see of him, but is a smaller man than we have an idea of from them. When first seen in contrast with the tall, splendidly-uniformed officers of his suite, he strikes one as slight, almost plain in person, and extremely simple in his air. His manner during the reading of the address was peculiarly fine. He bowed repeatedly, and his face glowed with a sympathetic, gratified, and grateful expression. He began his reply in an easy, conversational style. It was at first earnest, forcible talk—no more. He spoke with a decided accent, but distinctly, and apparently without difficulty or hesitation. The speech was brief, but, ere its close, the fire of genius shone in his deep, sad eyes; its strange, mystical light illuminated his brow, his voice took tones of deeper passion, his breast heaved, his form towered, and the grandest orator of the age stood before us! When he ceased speaking, I felt that I had indeed looked on the hope and promise of ages, the incarnation of the imperishable soul of freedom, the terror and the retribution of tyranny; the prophet and redeemer, not alone of his own peculiar people, but (I speak it reverently) the Christ of the world's political redemption.

As afterwards I took the extended hand and gazed full into the wondrous face of the great Magyar, I saw that the glow of hope lit, but could not conceal its deep, sorrowful shadows, as sunshine gilds only the surface of a dark, fathomless sea. His eyes speak as never eyes yet spoke, of a soul richly freighted with destiny and power. You see there alike the unconquerable will of Napoleon, the inspiration of the poet and the prophet, and the devotion of the martyr. You feel the conviction come upon you with resistless force, that he is a man divinely planned, endowed, and empowered. So perfect becomes your trust in Heaven's great purposes for him, and through him, for the world, that it seems needless to utter what the heart will say, nevertheless, GOD SAVE KOSSUTH!—*Era.*

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ It requires nice stepping for those who walk close together, to avoid justling each other.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

HARBORING FUGITIVES.

MR. EDITOR:—I saw a notice in your paper this morning of a meeting next Monday, to invite Kossuth to come to Boston.

I am surprised at this. Have we not lost money enough already by our sympathy for fugitives? Recollect how the trade of the city suffered last winter and spring by the false philanthropy excited towards Simms.—Our losses were immense—variously estimated at $2,000,000 to $5,000,000. I presume I heard twenty merchants swear that we lost that much. The South were so mad they would not come and trade with us. And now we are driving right into the same thing again. Depend upon it, this Kossuth business won't pay. Metternich won't come and buy our things. Paskiewitch won't.—Berrian won't. Underwood won't. The whole South are already bending up their backs and we had certainly better stop where we are.

I cannot understand the New Yorkers.—Hitherto they have caught and sent back to their masters all the fugitives they could—Long, Gardner, Bolding and others. And they say they made money by it. But they have changed their policy. They are encouraging, aiding and abetting the biggest fugitive that ever came along. They will make money out of it of course, but I don't see how, especially if they acted in a business-like way in the other case.

Besides, Kossuth ran away from law, as much as Simms did; and law is law. It is sacred, binding in all cases. It is not becoming in any one to ask whether law is just and right. It is our business to obey—(can't obey the Maine Liquor Law, though.) We must sustain the law at all events. Kossuth ought not to have sneaked off without the consent of his master—ought now to go back and buy himself. I insist upon it, that law is sacred, and must be kept, while it is law.—I go "for the law" and the "profits" in all things. MERCHANT.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

Are you ill-married? Are you suffering the consequences of thoughtlessness? Matches of thoughtlessness are by far the most numerous in the world, and you perhaps are among the multitude. Well, you need much of the "martyr spirit." You must make the best of it. One good thing you may do; you may prevent others by your advice and influence, from doing in this matter as foolishly as you have done. If you have children, save them from the rock on which your hope split. Do not marry your son or daughter to a human body with a farm or so much bank stock joined to it. You can fuse gold with gold, and you can mingle dirt with dirt, but unless you possess creative power, you cannot blend the immaterial with the material.

If a young man comes to court your daughter, do not consider it a good match merely because he may be "well to do" in the world. How many marry for a "home," but by no means find a "sweet" one? Only think of a fine, sensible, cultivated, intellectual girl, tied to a plodding, utilitarian sort of a fellow who can no more appreciate her than did the cock the jewel which he scratched up. Horrible! Make good use of your own experience in this matter; so shall you turn your folly to good account.

Are you well married? really married?—Sit down and sing the song of "few happy marriages." You can well afford to sing.—You are of the few who have got into the narrow way of matrimonial felicity. Providence has smiled (I mean to say laughed, broadly laughed) upon you. You have many a pleasant smile and honest laugh at home, I'll warrant. How I should like to "drop in" some evening and spend an hour or two at your comfortable fireside, just for the sake of seeing a *well* married couple; *rara avis*, truly! I leave you to your enjoyment.

MATERIAL AID TO THE COLORED HUNGARIANS OF OUR COUNTRY.—A public meeting was held in New York, on Wednesday evening, in aid of the N. Y. Vigilance Committee, which spends about $2000 in helping fugitive slaves to escape from their masters. This is an excellent society, and ought to be well sustained in its benevolent and humane work. Rev. H. W. Beecher spoke in its favor. He said:

He deemed it unwise for any person at the North to interfere politically in Southern Slavery; but would so interfere if it was probable that anything could be accomplished in that way. Universal emancipation would soonest be arrived at by moral means. He trusted the competition of free labor would supplant that of the slave, and that flax would become a substitute for cotton. Among other influences tending to the same result, was the extensive leakage in the great slave reservoir at the South. Tinkers were running about in every direction endeavoring to patch up the leaks, but no sooner was one stopped than a break would occur somewhere else.—A great convention of tinkers was held at Washington, who essayed to make these streams run up hill, but the speaker thought that engineering in this direction had been attended with such success as to discourage further effort. With reference to the law, whose enactment is here referred to, he said it was "an iniquitous one, and he would not obey it." The only difference between him and the community at large was, that they said they *would* obey it, but did not.

KOSSUTH AND HIS RELIGION.—Had Kossuth only been known for one act of his life it would have been sufficient to immortalize him. Just after he had crossed the Turkish frontier with his followers—when his three children were prisoners in an Austrian dungeon, and his wife a fugitive disguised as a peasant, a reward being offered for her, and all persons forbid harboring her, on pain of being condemned by a court martial—we say, at this critical juncture, when the swords of Russia and Austria were suspended over his head, and without assurances of protection from any quarter of this world, Russia and Austria having demanded his surrender from the Sultan, "a message was at once sent to the Hungarians that their only safety lay in their becoming Mahomedans, and subjects of the Turkish Empire. Bem and Kemelty adopted the condition. *Kossuth answered that he preferred death to the abjuration of his faith.*" His letter to Lord Palmerston, describing his wretched position, and his heroic resolution to die rather than abjure Christianity, is one of the most touching and splendid compositions in the English language. The spirit displayed by the noble Magyar on that occasion, was the same that animated *Latimer, Rogers,* and *Cranmer*, who were burnt at the stake for conscience' sake.—*Jour. Com.*

DEATH OF PRIESSNITZ.—Vincent Priessnitz, the well known founder of hydropathy, died at his residence, in Graffenburg, on the 28th of Nov., aged 52 years. In early life he received serious injury in the chest, from an accident; and it was his opinion that nothing but his habits of life and his own 'cure' would have sustained him. Thirty years ago he was a poor peasant. By the great success of his establishment he is supposed to have accumulated nearly $100,000. It is conjectured that the 'cure' will hereafter be carried on by his eldest daughter and her husband, a Hungarian gentleman of property, with the aid of some physician familiar with Priessnitz's mode of treatment.

HUNGARY.—A letter from Pesth, of 1st, in the *German Journal* of Frankfort, says:

"The house occupied by the mother and sisters of Kossuth, opposite the Karoly Palace, was surrounded in the night, perquisitions were made in their apartments. Kossuth's sisters, Mmes. Rutthay, and Messelengi, and the tutor of the latter's children, were afterwards removed to another part of the building. The mother of Kossuth obtained permission to remain in her apartment, but she was placed under the surveillance of the police. The tutor was subsequently put in irons."

SLAVERY.—A movement has been made simultaneously in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, designed to prevent the introduction of slaves within their respective limits for the purpose of sale.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.—Stick to your trade, boys, and learn how to work, if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half learned mechanic applying for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and labor as he may, unless he has become perfect in his trade before he attains the years of his majority, he never will be perfect, and can calculate on poverty as his portion with a good deal of safety.

AID TO HUNGARY.—The amount realized at the Brooklyn meeting in behalf of Hungary $6,423 14), has been paid over to Francis Pulszky, upon the order of L. Kossuth, by David Leavitt, Esqr., treasurer of the fund. Of this sum, one thousand dollars was the contribution of Messrs Bowen & McNamee, and the remainder was received from the sale of tickets of admission to Plymouth church. —*Independent.*

PROPOSED ANNEXATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO THE UNITED STATES.—The Paris *Patrie* states that the King of the Sandwich Islands has proposed to the Cabinet of Washington the annexation of those islands to the United States. The whole population are exceedingly anxious to be received into the American Union.

SAN MARINO.—The little Republic of San Marino is threatened by Austria and the Pope. The complaint against it is, that it offers an asylum to liberal principles, and that it is in the way of the despotisms around it. The government of San Marino had despatched to Turin, Paris and London, to request the intervention of the liberal powers.

☞ Gold is an idol, worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

☞ As in a letter, if the paper is small and we have much to write, we write closer, so let us learn to economise and improve the remaining moments of life.

☞ At an Anti-slavery meeting held in Geauga Co., Ohio, on the 4th inst., Mr. Giddings was present and publicly announced that he had withdrawn from the U. S. Presbyterian Church on account of its favoring slavery.—*Commonwealth.*

Advertisements.

CASH PAID

FOR rags, canvass, Kentucky bagging and wood, delivered at the Genesee Paper Mills, Rochester, N. Y.
October 30th, 1851.

Anti-Slavery Lectures.

THE TWO FIRST LECTURES, delivered by Frederick Douglass in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, are now published in one pamphlet; it is got up in a very superior style, and may be had at this Office. Price one shilling each, or $10 per hundred.

Glen-Haven Water-Cure!!

THIS CURE, so celebrated for its purity and softness of water, the salubrity of its climate, splendid scenery, beautiful lake, quiet location, is *now* open for the *sick*, and is unsurpassed by any establishment in the State.

It has undergone thorough repair the past winter and will be conducted on the most scientific and skilful water-cure principles.

Its Physician is James C. Jackson, M. D. His associates are Mrs. L. E. Jackson, Miss T. Gilbert and Giles E. Jackson, all of whom have had great experience in their profession.

Every effort will be given by the Doctor and his associates to make THE GLEN pleasant to their guests and to restore them to health. *No fee will be charged for examination.*

Persons wishing advice relative to treatment can have it given them *free of charge*, by addressing the Physician, or his associates, through the Post Office, and paying the postage.

TERMS:

Five or six dollars per week, (payable weekly,) according to rooms, exclusive of washing or use of packing clothes. No *extra prices* charged unless so stated at the time of entrance into the Cure.

Our address is, Scott, Courtland Co., N. Y.
JACKSON & GILBERT.

STEWART'S STOVE.

FRIEND DOUGLASS—For several years I was in the Stove Trade, but closed up business in 1838, to plead the cause of the slave. This I continued till I became too poor to do so longer. I have however taken great interest in watching the improvements in stoves. Several years since Stewart brought his stove into the market. It soon gained reputation as being one of the best, and Mr. Stewart has been constantly improving it, so that it has maintained its standing. But, the past season, he has so arranged it, that I think the stove now stands unequaled. It was exhibited at the late State Fair, and there was nothing on the ground that I examined with more interest. The oven baked finely in the open air. The mechanical part is exceedingly well executed, and for beauty, economy and convenience, nothing can surpass it. All the readers of your valuable paper who want a stove should examine Stewart's before purchasing. It is sold, wholesale and retail, by Stewart & Clark, 323 River street, Troy. Aside from the value of their stove, these men are eminently worthy of patronage. Both are devoted friends of the slave. I add the certificate of Dr. Nott, the President of Union College, himself an old stove inventor. Yours,

E. M. K. GLEN.

This may certify that I have used the Stewart Cook Stove for several years; that it appears to be constructed on true philosophical principles; and that for convenience, economy and effectiveness, there is, so far as my knowledge extends, nothing in use superior to it.

ELIPHALET NOTT.
Union College, Sept. 1350.

"Davy Crockett" Air-Tight COOKING STOVE.

WE are now offering the celebrated "Davy Crockett" Air-Tight Cooking Stove. The Patentees in getting up this Stove, experimented on it more than one year; having set out with the intention of making it the most complete Cooking Stove in use; and have succeeded beyond their anticipations in producing a Stove that will bake *in all parts of the oven equally*, and boil better, and with less fuel than any other Stove of the same capacity now in use. It has a broiling Grate arranged with a slide damper in front, securing a draft to keep the coals alive and carry the smoke into the stove when broiling. Under the grate is an ash pit. Its design is beautiful, it has a large oven, large flues, tight joints, a perfect draft, and, as a baker, cannot be excelled.

The great competition among dealers has induced many to keep thinning the plates, until they are as thin as sheet iron; once a Cooking Stove was almost a load for a team, while now large loads are carried about the country to find buyers, with all the ease of a Tin Pedler's Wares; it is a great evil and ought to be remedied—any dealers, who would materially increase the weight and thickness of their Stove Plate, should not fail of being patronized; let that criterion govern the price of the article.

☞ See weight of different sizes below.

No. 1—6	inch and	Ware,	Weighs		210 lbs.
2—7	"	"	"		270 lbs.
3—8	"	"	"		315 lbs.
4—9	"	"	"		360 lbs.
5—10	"	"	"		400 lbs.

ALSO, BOX, SIX PLATE AND PARLOR STOVES. We are Agents for HERRING'S SALAMANDER SAFES, Wheel Barrows, Galvanized Well Chains, and also of the most extensive manufactories of SHOVELS in the United States; all of which we offer at Manufacturer's prices, adding transportation. We would solicit orders, which we shall endeavor to attend to with despatch.

aug28—3m. EDWARD J. ELLIOTT.
JARED W. FITCH.

Halstead's Eclectic Medical Institute and Water-Cure Establishment.

THIS Institution has been in successful operation during fourteen years, for the cure of all Chronic Diseases, and such as cannot be removed by medicine alone.

MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND Patients have been restored to health and usefulness by the treatment pursued at this Institution, who could not find relief by any other course of medicine. Hundreds who have been confined to their beds for years and who were almost in despair, have had renewed hope and courage when they have learned that others, laboring under as many discouragements as themselves, have been cured by this treatment after everything else had failed.

Those who are laboring under CHRONIC, NERVOUS, or SPINAL difficulties, CURVATURES, &c., which produce symptoms of almost all other diseases, with their accompaniments—as DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, COSTIVENESS, LOSS OF THE USE OF THE LIMBS, NUMBNESS, LOW SPIRITS, PARTIAL INSANITY, and a host of other diseases arising from the same cause—SPINAL WEAKNESS, which they nor their physicians understand, and which medicine alone will not cure—to such sufferers we would say, we are curing hundreds just like you every year. Physicians bring their wives and children to have them cured—why not come yourselves, and save life, time and money?

We are using water in all the various ways in which it is applied in water-cure establishments; yet we do not rely solely upon it, or upon medicines as they are generally understood and applied; but a COMBINED TREATMENT WITH ELECTRICITY, and a new mode of application which truly is magical in its efficacy, and is always sure to cure, in one half the time it takes under any other treatment, allowing that treatment to be successful, which is not the case one time in ten.

FEMALE DISEASES.—Prolapsus Uteri (falling of the womb,) Leucorrhea, (whites) suppressed and excessive menstruation, the diseases incident to that period known as the 'turn of life'—involuntary discharge of urine and injuries from Childbearing, which are more frequent than Physicians are willing to acknowledge, especially within their own practice. Females frequently suffer for years from the diseases incident to their sex, and linger out a life of helplessness and pain, when a few week's or at most a few months' treatment, would remove their difficulties and restore them to their families, with health to labor, to enjoy themselves, and to contribute to the happiness of others. This has never failed to be accomplished in a single instance in this Institution, however weak and helpless the patient may have been on entering it. Many have come hundreds of miles on beds, in easy chairs, by boat, by carriage and railroad, who had not walked for years. These ladies have walked miles daily before leaving the Institution.

Such is our knowledge and confidence in this unparalleled treatment for all long standing or Chronic diseases, of whatever kind of nature, that we will offer the the following

PROPOSITION:

We will enter into a special written agreement with such as desire it, who enter the Institution, follow the rules and regulations, and go through the system of treatment, to pay their travelling expenses to and from the Institution, and board, lodge and nurse them, and give them our professional services, free of charge, if they are not helped according to agreement. This it is hoped will put a stop to cries of mepiricism from those interested in keeping patients under their own charge, and will be a guarantee to those worn out by disease, who have spent much of their substance in procuring medicine, and seeking relief, without finding it; that here they will not spend their money without benefit, and that no false statements or impositions will be practiced upon them.

The *modus operandi* of curing Female difficulties is a new discovery and practised only at this Institution. The most helpless and feeble cases, who have been confined for years, are relieved immediately, and if not prevented by OTHER diseases, can go up and down stairs in 48 hours after commencing treatment, without fear or trouble in regard to their ORIGINAL difficulty. To produce this almost instantaneous relief, the patient is subjected to no pain or inconvenience, and in every instance a speedy cure is performed. If any one doubts let them select the most trying and difficult case they can find, and test our veracity and skill. OUR TERMS are easy.

N. B.—Any one wishing to know more about our system of treatment for LUNG diseases or any other difficulty can address us (post paid) and we will send them an account of the Institution—Certificates of cure—official report of last year, &c., free of charge—together with the most respectable references in the city and country.

P. S.—Our room is limited, therefore we want none to apply that can be cured at home. We pride ourselves in curing what others are not fortunate enough to do.

Communications should be adressed to HALSTEAD HALL, Medical Institute, Rochester, N. Y., post paid.

REFERENCES.—Joseph Field Ex-Mayor, and Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Hamilton's Analytic Institution,

AND COLLEGE OF HEALTH, No. 217 Exchange Street, Rochester.—The Treatment in this Institution is particularly adapted to all diseases incidental to Females. Prolapsus Uteri is cured in a short time, without the use of any external or internal supporters, and the patient made able to run up and down stairs with ease, carry weights from 50 to 100 lbs. ten rods at a time, walk from ten to thirty miles in a day, and endure much labor and fatigue as persons enjoying comfortable health.—Some who had been confined a year with this disease, and had not been able to walk three steps alone at once during that time, recovered so rapidly as to walk ten miles on the tenth day of treatment.

And here I would warn the invalid against the use of every kind of pessary, such as gold, silver, glass, gum-elastic, sponge, &c., as the application is always dangerous, and often times renders the case entirely incurable. Other diseases are cured with equal success; such as Weakness and Falling of the Bowels; Pain in the Back, Side, Shoulders and Head; Spinal Diseases, Kidney Affection, Liver Complaint, Sinking sensation of the Stomach, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Piles, Costiveness, Difficulty of Making Water, Suppression of the Menses, Excessive Menstruation, Whites, St. Anthony's Dance, Neuralgia, Consumption in its first stages, General Weakness and Debility, Congestion, Inflamation, Ulceration and Enlargement of the Uterus, &c.

During the last year more than fifty invalids, afflicted with almost every disease incident to the human system, were brought to this Institution on beds, from 100 to 400 miles, in a helpless condition unable to stand alone or walk without assistance.—But every patient improved beyond their expectation. The emaciated increased from 10 to 30 lbs. in flesh, the accumulations of unhealthy flesh were reduced from 20 to 60 lbs., the crooked became straight

Greenwood, Grace, and Era. "Letter from Grace Greenwood." North Star, 15 Jan. 1852. Nineteenth Century U.S. Newspapers, link.gale.com/apps/doc/GT3011596404/NCNP?u=mlin_b_bpublic&sid=bookmark-NCNP&xid=ba31abc7. Accessed 2 Aug. 2022.