

We have seen that the Viennese, with all the generosity of a newly-freed people, had risen for a cause which, though ultimately their own, was in the first instance and above all, that of the Hungarians.

The second ally of Vienna was the German people. But they were everywhere engaged in the same struggle as the Viennese.

As to the pretext of possible conflicts with the Central Power of Germany at Frankfort, it is quite futile. The Frankfort authorities were de facto upset by the victory of the counter-revolution at Vienna.

We are known to harbor no unfriendly feelings toward Hungary. We stood by her during the struggle; we may be allowed to say, that our paper, the Neue Rheinische Zeitung has done more than any other to render the Hungarian cause popular in Germany.

more far-sighted than the cautious circumspection of the Hungarian Government. And, as a German, we may further be allowed to say, that not for all the showy victories and glorious battles of the Hungarian campaign would we exchange that spontaneous, single-handed rising and heroic resistance of the people of Vienna.

The different questions in every State, every province, every town were fundamentally the same; but they were brought forward everywhere under different shapes and pretexts, and had everywhere attained different degrees of maturity.

When the Viennese insurrection broke out, there was a host of interpellations, debates, motions and amendments upon it, which of course led to nothing.

The left side of the Assembly had also sent two Commissioners to Vienna, in order to uphold its authority there—Messrs. Frebel and Robert Blum.

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SMOKE-WRATHS. For The Tribune.

Orion fades within the deep, Beyond the western skies, While ruddy mists along the stream Incessantly arise.

Light volumes to the zenith mount, Above the ample flow, And slow dilate to last at last With the celestial hue.

The woodman plies his heavy axe, With measured blows, and strong—The schoolboy claps his covered hands, And trills his merry song.

And now, men and women of America, is this a thing to be trifled with, apologized for, and passed over in silence?

The story is remarkable for its vivid delineation of African character, as well as for its glowing descriptions of life on the plantation.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY. BY HARRIET BECHER STOWE. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 312, 322. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

The high moral purpose of this tragic story serves to divert the attention from the vigorous originality and thrilling dramatic effect of its execution.

At this moment the door was pushed gently open, and a young woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

She needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as her mother.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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THE HERO OF THE STORY IS MORE FULLY PRESENTED IN THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF AN INTERIOR:

THE CABIN OF UNCLE TOM WAS A SMALL log building, close adjoining to the house, as the negro parlour designates his master's dwelling.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers, in style, "wore all the emblems of a grand and magnificent establishment."

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet.

He was very busy indeed at this moment on a slight lying before him, on which he was carefully spreading and arranging a copy of the paper.

There was some late or to this conversation, when Mr. and Mrs. Shelby looked in.