THE OHIO STAR.

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Cleveland Mail arrives at 10½ A. M. Daily
do do departs at 3½ P. M. do
Pittsburgh do arrives at 5 A.M. do
do do departs at 11 A. M. do
Warren do arrives at 3 P.M. do
do do departs at 11½ A.M. do
Canton do arrives Tuesdays & Saturdays 1 P.M.
do do departs Mondays & Fridays 11½ A.M.
Chardon do arrives Wednesdays & Fridays 4 P.M.
do do departs Tuesdays & Thursdays 8 A.M.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in F. W. Seymour's building on the public square, nearly opposite the Court House.

Jno. Doane Wellman, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office on Main street, No. 109.

E. H. Wait, M. D
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RAVENNA, PORTAGE COUNTY, OHIO.
☞ Office at the old stand of Streator & Wait.
Ravenna, March 6, 1850.

Dr. B. T. Spellman,
Dentist—Ravenna Ohio. [Office in Seymour's Block, over the Post Office.

H. Birchard & J. W. Tyler,
ATTY'S & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Have agreed to become jointly interested in their professional business in Portage county. They may be consulted at Ravenna during the terms of court or at their offices in vacation.
Address in vacation—Birchard & Sutliff, Warren, O., or Birchard & Tyler, Franklin Mills, O.

—L. V. BIERCE. N. L. JEFFRIES.—
Bierce & Jeffries.
Attorneys at Law. Office over Swift's Drug Store, opposite the Court House.

F. W. TAPPAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, & SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office nearly opposite the Prentiss House, Ravenna, O.

SAML. STRAWDE O. P. BROWN
Strawder & Brown.
Attorneys at Law—Ravenna, Ohio—Office at the Court House.

H. H. Willard,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Palmyra, Portage County, Ohio.
August 21, 1849. 3s

Andrew Jackson.
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
And Solicitor in Chancery,
RAVENNA, OHIO.
Collections and all other business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention.
ANDREW JACKSON, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Seymour's Block.

J. L. RANNEY. E. B. TAYLOR
Ranney & Taylor
ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Ravenna, Ohio.
☞ Office over Seymour's store.

Darius Lyman.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RAVENNA, PORTAGE CO., OHIO.
☞ Office in Hood's Building, over S. A. & R. A. Gillett's store.
Ravenna, June 1, 1849. tf26

R. P. Spalding.
Attorney at Law—Cleveland, Ohio—Office in Parsons' Block—Superior Street.

D. M. SOMERVILLE,
TAILOR.
HAS removed his shop a few doors west of the post office—Ravenna, Ohio.

S A & R A Gillett
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., north side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

F W Seymour
Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Crockery, Boots, Shoes &c., north side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

Rowell & Brother,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c., Mason's Block, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. & R Day
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Bonnets, Hats...

THE OHIO STAR.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to General Intelligence, Miscellaneous Reading, and the Rights of Man.

VOLUME XXIII.—Number 43. RAVENNA WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1852. Whole Number 1188

Kent, Grennell & Co
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron, Nails Hardware, Glass &c., Franklin, Ohio.

C & J C Prentiss
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Stoves, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., Brick Block, west side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

E. T. Richardson,
Dealer in English and American Hardware, Saddle, Harness and Carriage Trimmings, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c., &c., at the old stand of Mason & Brainerd, Ravenna Ohio.

PROCLAMATION!

ANNUAL ELECTION

THE qualified electors of Portage County, Ohio, are hereby notified to meet at the usual place of holding Elections in their several townships, on TUESDAY, the 12th of October next, between the hours of 6 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., of that day, for the purpose of electing one Judge of the Supreme Court, one Member of the Board of Public Works, one County Commissioner, one County Auditor, one County Recorder, one Sheriff, one Coroner, one Director of the County Infirmary, and one Representative to Congress from the 19th Congressional District.

And the qualified Electors of each of the several Assessment Districts No. one, two, three, and four, corresponding with the ranges of townships in said County, No. 6, 7, 8, and 9, are also required to meet at the time and places, above mentioned, and elect for each of said Districts, one District Assessor, (each District electing their own Assessor,) agreeable to the requirements of the 33d Section of the "Act for the Assessment and taxation of all property in this State, and for levying taxes thereupon, according to its true value in money," passed April 13th, 1852.

Grand and Petit Jurors.

Notice is also hereby given to the Trustees of the several township, that the following is the annual apportionment and number of Jurors, which they are required to return with the Poll Books for the term A. D. 1852.

Town'ships.	White Males.	No. of Jurors.	No. to be returned.
Atwater	214	5	4
Aurora	157	3	2
Brimfield	250	5	2
Charlestown	194	4	1
Deerfield	292	5	4
Edinburgh	259	5	4
Franklin	380	7	6
Freedom	253	5	3
Hiram	262	5	4
Mantua	259	5	4
Nelson	317	6	6
Palmyra	262	5	1
Paris	250	4	1
Randolph	406	8	4
Ravenna	589	11	5
Rootstown	296	6	5
Shalersville	258	5	2
Streetsborough	230	4	3
Suffield	297	6	3
Windham	208	4	3
	5094	108	67

Names now in the Box.

Atwater—James Webster, Jr.
Aurora—Samuel S. Hickox.
Brimfield—Nelson L. Barber, Benjamin Cady, George Gleason.
Charlestown—Levi B. Southworth, Amaniah Hatfield, Harvey W. Curtiss.
Deerfield—David D. Gilbert.
Edinburgh—James Ramsey.
Franklin—Solomon Cole.
Freedom—Jacob Thayer, J. S. Delano.
Hiram—William C. Baker.
Mantua—Daniel S. Lodd.
Nelson—
Palmyra—David D. Thomas, Frederick Westover, Lorin B. Dix, James Davis.
Paris—Lemuel H. Merrill, William C. Hudson, B. Selby, Jr.
Randolph—Justin Belding, Reder Goss, Henry Brumbaugh, James Burns.
Ravenna—Laurin Dewey, Solomon Slaughter, Whiting Carter, Zenas Judd, Charles Judd, Samuel D. Stillman.
Rootstown—Asher D. Gurley.
Shalersville—Henry Veits, Wm. L. Coleman, James Sterling.
Streetsborough—Henry J. Pease.
Suffield—Avery Cross, Aaron Adams, Hiram Spencer.
Windham—Matthew P. Hisley.

For duties of Trustees in this case, see the "Act to regulate the election of State and County officers," passed May 3d, 1852, Vol. 1, General Laws, 1852.

Given under my hand, at Ravenna this 1st day of September, A. D. 1852.

JAMES WOODARD, Sheriff.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN, or Links of Friendship, for Odd Fellows the world over. Edited by Miss C. B. Porter.

"Three links amid the Golden fetters,
That heart to heart entwine."

HEARTS and HOMES, by Mrs. Ellis; Family Monitor, by Mrs. Ellis; The Heir of Wast-Wayland, a Tale by Mary Howitt.

THE SCARLET LETTER; a Romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

JAY'S MORNING and Evening Exercises; Berrian's Family Prayers.

PULTE'S DOMESTIC PHYSICIAN—(Homœopathic.)

BIBLES, large and small, a good assortment

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS, large and small.

FREMONT'S EXPLORING Expedition.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, Scientific, Poetical, Biographical, Historical and Miscellaneous Works, a great variety.

FOWLER'S WORKS, bound, and in cheap pamphlet editions.

IO; a Tale of the Olden Fane, by K. Burton.

GOLD PENS—A good article.

CLOVERNOOK, by Alice Carey.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP; a Story of Domestic Life, by Grace Aguilar; The Vale of Cedars, or The Martyr, by Grace Aguilar.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S WORKS; J. Fenimore Cooper's Works; Walter Colton's Works.

ECLECTIC DISPENSATORY of the United States. For sale at

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

Aug. 17, 1852.

Afflicted Read.
Philadelphia Medical House,
ESTABLISHED 15 YEARS AGO, BY
DR. KINKELIN,
North-West Corner of Third and Union streets, between Spruce and Pine streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

FIFTEEN years of extensive and uninterrupted practice spent in this city, have rendered Dr. K. the most expert and successful practitioner far and near, in the treatment all diseases of a private nature. Persons afflicted with ulcers up on the body, throat, or legs, pain in the head or bones, mercurial rheumatism, strictures, gravel, disease arising from youthful excesses or impurities of the blood, whereby the constitution has become enfeebled, are all treated with success.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. K. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and destroy both mind and body—should apply immediately. Weakness and constitutional debility, loss of muscular energy, physical lassitude and general prostration, irritability, and all nervous affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, and every disease in any way connected with the disorder of the pro-creative functions, cured and full vigor restored.

READ!!
Youth and Manhood.
A VIGOROUS LIFE, OR A PREMATURE DEATH.
Kinkelin on Self-Preservation!!
ONLY 25 CENTS.

This Book just published, is filled with useful information, on the infirmities and diseases of the Generative Organs. It addresses itself alike to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, and should be read by all.

The value, advice and impressive warning it gives, will prevent years of misery and suffering, and save annually thousands of lives.

Parents by reading it, will learn how to prevent the destruction of their children.

***A remittance of 25 cents, enclosed in a letter addressed to Dr. Kinkelin, north-west corner of Third and Union streets, between Spruce and Pine, Philadelphia, will ensure a book, under envelope, per return of mail.

Persons at a distance may address Dr. K. by letter, (post-paid) and be cured at home.

Packages of medicines, directions, &c., forwarded, by sending a remittance, and put up secure from damage or curiosity.

Book-sellers, News-Agents, Pedlars, Canvassers, and all others supplied with the above work, at very low rates.

May 24, 1852. 1169-1y

A ROW
OF VILLAGE LOTS.
HAS been opened this week in the vacant tract directly west of the Railroad Office in Ravenna making the most desirable sites for residences, in the best part of the pleasantest town in Ohio.

These lots are for sale at great bargains, and those who

For the Ohio Star.

The Whig Platform.

BY DAVID D. BENTON.

Well, Whigs! in defiance of growling ado,
Your "Masters" have ordered a Platform for you:
They stoutly refused, in the year '48—
They decreed it now. Done! as ordered by Fate!
Dont shrug up your shoulders, and wiggle, and whine,
And grumble, and call it the South's knotty pine:
For better or worse, see! your General is these;
So take it, though smeared with a barrel of tar!
Besides, there's your enemies over the way,
Now *leveled* with them you can have fairer play:
Much resembling their own, is your Platform arranged;
For the sake of a patent a plank or two changed.
If any deny it, and flutter, and pout,
Then see if this picture dosen't silence all doubt:

FIRST PLANK.

We honor the people, dear tractable souls!
We'll trust their intelligence, (till after the polls!)
But still they shall crouch, and as blood-hounds be gibed;
Wear the slave-holder's collar thus duly inscribed:
"You are hereby commanded, when needful your aid,
To chase like a dog for our slaves that have strayed."
(What a miserable plank, 'tis the worst ever made!)

SECOND PLANK.

Our National Government ought to abide
Constitutional powers, expressed or implied;
But then if the interest of *Slavery* require,
Our good Constitution we'll trample in mire,
Those rights, therein granted, shall meet a denial,
That will crush down your conscience, and guarantied trial.
(We defy it! so pour all the wrath of your vial.

THIRD PLANK.

The Union should be duly watched and insured;
The Palladium where Freedom is fully secured;
More especially however the Union should stand,
As the bulwark of Slavery; and *this* we *command.*
(Break this Plank, would the Union then crumble like sand.)

FOURTH PLANK.

Our mission requires no intriguing or force,
To propagate Freedom beyond our own shores;
But to teach by example, the wondrous success,
Of hunting for slaves that our statues oppress,
To teach moderation by tasking them sore,
And lashing their backs till they are clotted with gore,
To teach justice by offering slave catchers a bribe
For returning their prey to the slave-holding tribe.
(A Plank so outrageous no words can describe!)

FIFTH PLANK.

Since by the good people is Government made,
By them should just measures, and laws be obeyed;
But still, if some loafers without their consent,
Some law-making traitors enactments invent,
Quite unconstitutional, covered with shame!
They should yield their obedience precisely the same.
(A Plank that would sanctify *infamous blame!*)

SIXTH PLANK.

All classes should equal encouragement share,
To give their industry a patronage fair:
But still the poor slaves, whose unrecompensed toil
Tills nearly one half of our national soil—
We will patronize *them* with our cruelests gripes,
And feed them with hominy bondage and stripes.
(This Plank yields tobacco, so light up your pipes.)

SEVENTH PLANK.

To finish the Platform, we promise to frown,
And hush agitation, and smother it down,
Still we will enforce, to the furtherest extent,
The Fugitive Law, though the *Union be rent;*
And therefore the slave we will gladly return,
That their Masters may hoard all the riches they earn.
(O the Platform! just see! what a rotten concern!)

There see your broad Platform! how splendid and fine!
Abolitionists whigs! do not mutter and whine;
Come, right about face, and fall into line.
Behold there our General, now ready to drill;
Like *him* scramble on with a hearty good will!
With one so experienced we drill not in vain;
Meanwhile we will feast as for victory we train,
Swig republican soup, with the Lemnian's spoon,
First stewed from the *beef* of the *old fatted coon!*
Whereby politicians may pamper themselves
Till plump as the *shadows* of *air-fattened elves!*
When the glorious day of the battle shall come,
We will roar "Yankee Doodle," with the fife and the drum;
With our popguns of wit, and our squirtguns of slander,
We will charge on the foe and shed oceans of "dander"
And rout from the battle field *every old "gander,"*
When triumph shall crown our brave warfare and toils,
We will bless the dear people and feast on the spoils;
Come! join us! come *all* and partake of the fun;
Our fabric is safe. We will toast with a gun:
The Platform, may it furnish all voters with room!

Nine guns! boom! boom! boom! boom! boom! boom! boom! boom!
Whew! Brimstone and smother! Has Etna a fit?
Or are we right over the bottomless pit?
Good bye, fellow citizens! I am for going;
Don't pester me now with your pleading and blowing;
Don't talk of your tariffs, and harbors, and dimes,
Should Patriots for *these* fondle villainous crimes,
And set an example unworty the brave,
By teaching the world, how to hunt for a slave?
Let your answer be guided by Liberty's light;
Then will your response favor Freedom and Right,
And truthfully teach every nation and tribe,
That Freedom divine hath no taint of a bribe;
Hath beauties to win them, but none to decoy
And hands that give glory and kindness and joy!

New Postage Law.

We publish to-day the law regulating the transmission of printed matter through the mails, which has been enacted by Congress, and is to go into operation on the 30th of September inst. The substantial provisions of the law are—

Newspapers, periodicals, unsealed circulars, &c., weighing not over three ounces, to pay one cent each, to any part of the United States, or half that rate, where paid quarterly or yearly, in advance.

Newspapers, &c., weighing not over one and a half ounces, half the above rates, when circulated within the State of publication.

Newspapers, papers and pamphlets of not more than 16 pages, 8vo., in packages of not less than eight ounces to one address, to be charged half cent an ounce, though calculated by separate pieces, the postage may amount to more.

Postage on all transient matter to be prepaid, or charged double.

Books, bound, or unbound, of not more than four pounds each, one cent per ounce, under three thousand miles, and two cents over that distance. Fifty per cent, to be added where not prepaid.

Weekly newspapers free in the county of publication.

Bills for newspapers, and receipts for payments of moneys therefor, may be enclosed in subscribers' papers.

Exchanges between newspaper publishers free.

Newspapers, &c., to be so enclosed that the character can be determined without removing the wrapper—to have nothing written or printed on the paper or wrapper beyond the direction, and to contain no enclosure other than the bills or receipts before mentioned.—*True Dem.*

The man that was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering; but we are sorry to say that the individual who was injured by the accidental discharge of his duty, is still very low.

A Thrilling Sketch.

HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH.

The following extract from "Hungary and Kossuth," by B. F. Tefft, D. D., will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment:

"Having made all his arrangements with the Russians, and with a sufficient number of his own minions, Arthur Georgey, as Dictator of the Hungarian nation, on the 13th of August, 1849, at the village of Boros Jeno, near Vilagos, surrendered his person, his army, and the liberty and independence of his country into the hands of those who for three hundred years had been bent on accomplishing its destruction.

"The scene of the surrender beggars all description. An eye-witness, in giving some account of it to the Allgemeine Zeitung, the great German paper, exhausts the exuberant vocabulary of his language in the fruitless effort:

"After I wound my way along," says the writer, "with a great deal of trouble I reached a small straw-roofed building, the only inn in the place.—As soon as I entered I saw the Russian commander-in-chief, and Gorgey, who for forty-eight hours had been the dictator of Hungary. He was dressed in his simple but romantic costume, which differed very much from that of his general staff, who stood around him. In a light brown blouse, with a golden collar, riding boots, reaching far above the knees, a round black hat, surmounted with a waving white feather, he was joking with a beautiful young girl, into whose ear he was whispering flattering nonsense! The general-staff floated around him their splendor and magnificence, recalling the times of Hunyadi and Zrini. Every one was dressed in the most elegant uniform, as for a festival. The sunburnt, youthful, thin figures, in short *Attillas*, with heavy gold trimmings, hats with waving feathers on their heads, mounted upon fiery horses, galloping to and fro, formed a group as warlike as the fancy of a painter could describe.

"In the midst of this, a general commotion soon took place. Gorgey had thrown himself on his horse. He was followed by his glittering suite.—It was the last act in the drama of the Magyar war. Only a soldier's heart can comprehend the feeling with which a soldier is parted from his arms. Many seemed torn in helpless agony. Others wept as they printed a parting kiss on the cold steel.—A great number shrieked out with rage to be led against the enemy rather than be subjected to the disgrace. I saw how officers and men threw themselves into each others' arms, and sobbing, bid each other a long farewell. Others raved against their officers, and accused them of selfishness. No pen can describe the woe, the despair which prevailed among the hussars. Many shot their horses; and they, who would have lost a limb without a groan, sobbed like children. Gorgey rode around, proud and immovable as a marble statute of Mars; and it was only now and then that his ringing, metalic voice was heard, exhorting the soldiers to make haste."

"Alas! alas! that anagram of Frederic, and the long fostered purpose of the despotic house of the Hapsburgs, should be at last fulfilled through the treachery of a Hungarian soldier! But from the instant of the treason, the curses of the world are upon the traitor. All these maledictions, with the displeasure of a righteous God, are now upon the man, who, to revenge himself upon his rival, sold his country to its oppressors; when, by one splendid action, by one patriotic effort, by one crowning victory, such as the one hundred thousand soldiers at Szegedin were panting for, he could have annihilated the armies of the invasion, bid defiance to the Austrian despot, and given liberty and tranquility to fifteen millions of his countrymen. Or, if instead of achieving such a triumph, he was destined to fall on the field of battle, and to close his eyes on a subjugated country, he could at least have done his duty, and died the death of a Leonidas or a Rogoczy.

"Immediately upon the perpetration of this deed, the army of the new capital was disbanded. Many of the men, and several of the officers, ended their present agony by putting pistols to their foreheads. Others fell upon swords, or pierced their hearts with the Magyar stiletto. Hundreds, whole companies, rather than fall into the hands of their merciless oppressors, burst through the encampment, flying to the high hills, and deep gorges of the mountains, to terminate their sorrows by starvation. Kossuth, the spotless patriot, but now a private citizen—Kossuth, the great orator and statesman—Kossuth, the friend and benefactor of his people, seeing that all was lost, and loaded with the grief of the whole nation, fled in tears toward the southern borders of the kingdom to beg a temporary hiding place in a barbarous but not unfeeling country! Hungary was now fallen. Haynau, the butcher, at once erected his scaffolds for the execution of the friends of Magyar freedom. Scores of the noblest of the land were ignominiously hung for having defended the liberties of the country. Other scores had the favor shown them of baring their foreheads to the rifle. Week after week the blood of the patriots ran in rivulets. Month after month, nothing was heard but the voice of weeping and lamentation. On a single day, soon after the surrender, thirteen of the ablest Generals of the war were murdered in cold blood, because they had fought to save their homes from the assaults and abominations of foreign soldiers.

* * * * * *

"No sooner was it known that Kossuth and his companions had thrown themselves upon the compassion of the Turkish government than every exertion was made by Austria and Russia, to get the fugitives sent back again, and delivered into the hands of their victorious enemies. Threats and promises were brought to bear upon the Turks.—The world looked on with the deepest interest to see how he would decide a question which involved the life of his noble guests. It was generally believed that he would not dare to deny what Russia, backed by Austria, demanded. While the matter was in negociation, however, a benevolent, but dishonorable scheme was started by certain Turkish officers, to save the fugitives. There was an old law, that an alien, fleeing from justice, and entering the territories of the Sublime Porte, could challenge, and secure the protection of the State, by abjuring his national faith and professing the religion of Mahomet. The subterfuge was now offered to the Hungarians. A time was fixed upon for them to give their answer to the proposition. In the meanwhile, but just prior to the important day, Kossuth sent his important letter to Lord Palmerston, in which he describes his critical condition, and, as a dying man, entreats the English Minister to show compassion to his famished to face the worst; and I can die with a free look at heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband and father. My poor, true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about in Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians, who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your Excellency in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties, by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people."

"The day at length arrived. The Hungarians were brought out by a Turkish officer, where they could stand in each other's presence, and where the example of one defection would have its influence upon the company. Many of the poor fugitives, it must be confessed, loved life too well to stand against the powerful temptation. The great Bem himself who was a soldier, simply renounced the creed of his fathers, and became a follower of the Prophet. Kossuth was called on last. His reply may well go down to posterity as a sublime response: 'My answer,' said the Christian patriot, 'does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame, the choice can neither be dubious or difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to my country, even in exile. Even, as a private individual, I have an honorable path to pursue. Though once a Governor of a generous people, I leave no inheritance to my children. They shall at least bear an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die!'"

A New Thing.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been dramatized, and draws nightly, large houses at the National of New York.

The representation is gotten up "well" and the New York Herald declares that it is received with rounds of applause. "Negro traders" it says "with their long whips, cut and slash their poor slaves about the stage for mere pastime, and a gang of poor wretches, handcuffed to a chain which holds them all in marching order, two by two, are thrashed like cattle to quicken their pace. Uncle Tom is scourged by the trader, who has bought him, for 'whining' at his bad luck. A reward is posted up, offering four hundred dollars for the runaway, Edward Wilmot, (who, as well as his wife, is nearly white,) the reward to be paid upon this recovery, or upon proof that he has been killed.' But Wilmot shoots down his pursuers in real Christiana style, as fast as they come, and after many marvelous escapes, and many fine ranting abolition speeches, (generally preceding his dead shots,) he is liberated as we have described."

And this is received with rounds of applause in New York nightly. How the play is written we cannot say; what its mode of action we are unable to determine; but the plot of Mrs. Stowe is followed, except that Uncle Tom and Aunt Chole are set free. The small bills set forth the incidents of the play thus:

ACT 1—Exterior of Uncle Tom's Cabin on Shelby's Plantation; Negro Celebration Chorus; "Nigga in de Confield;" Kentucky Breakdown Dance; Innocence Protected; Slave Dealers on hand; "Come then to the Feast;" the Mother's Appeal; Capture of Morna; Interior of Uncle Tom's Cabin; Midnight Escape; Tom driven from his Cabin; Search of the Traders; Miraculous Escape of Morna and her Child; Offering Prayer the Negro's Hope; Affecting Tableau.

ACT 2—Family Excitement; Dark Threatenings: Ohio River Frozen over; Snow Storm; Flight of Morna and her Child; Pursuit of the Traders; Desperate Resolve and Escape of Morna on Floating Ice; Mountain Torrent and Ravine; Cave of crazy Mag; Chase of Edward; Maniac's Protection; Desperate Encounter of Edward and Traders on the Bridge; Fall of Springer down the Roaring Torrent; Negro Chorus, "We Darkies Hoe the Corn;" Meeting of Edward and Morna, Escape over Mountain Rocks.

ACT 3—Roadside Inn; Advertisement Extraordinary; the Slave Auctioneer; Recontre between Edward and Slave Dealers; Interposition of Crazy Mag; Arrival from the West Indies; Singular Discovery; Mountain Dell; Recognition of the the Lost Mother; Repentance and Remorse; Return of Tom; The Log Cabin in its Pride; Freedom of Edward and Morna, &c.

Strange, is it not? A few years since and the crowd at the National would have mobbed an anti-slavery speaker. Now it cheers—"rounds of applause" we are told follow the representation of the play nightly, and, at the most popular theatre in New York, no play has had such a run as Uncle Tom.

The New York Herald says:—

"We would advise all concerned, to drop the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin at once and forever. The thing is in bad taste—is not according to good faith to the constitution, or consistent with either of the two Baltimore platforms; and is calculated if persisted in, to become a firebrand of the most dangerous character to the peace of the whole country."

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart, the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scrowl and deserted hearth, these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then so kindly gave. And, though she may be the injured not the injuring one—the forgotten not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy—*Chambers' Journal.*

Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart towards the merit we esteem, or the perfections which

A Yankee in Russia.

We copy the following from one of Mrs. Childs "Letters to a Friend:"

The following is the substance of the story as told by Mr. Dallas at a public dinner given him at Philadelphia on his return from Russia in 1833:

One day a lad apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee, with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, "I have just come out to trade you a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the Emperor."

'Why do you wish to see *him*?'

'I've brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.'

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, 'it is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick.—What have you brought?'

'An acorn'

'An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the emperor an acorn?'

'Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension, and when we were there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'de bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about Gen. Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him.'

'My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.'

'I tell you that I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools and what a big swell our steamboats cut; and when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him to doing some thing. The long and short on't is, I shant be easy till I get a talk with the emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly help you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said:

"Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did Washington; he said he'd plant it in his palace garden, with his own hand, and he did it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or other, that he invited me to come again and see his wife: for he said she could speak better English than he could.—So I went yesterday; she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you, and his daughters are nice gals.'

'What did the Empress say to you?'

'Oh, she asked me a sight of questions, Don't you think she thought me a servant in Ameriky! I told her poor folks do their own work; but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't *call* 'em servants, said she; 'you call 'em help.' 'I guess ma'am you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?' said I—'we have the book aboard our ship.' The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself—'You'r right' said he 'your right. We sent on for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning.' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I had sold all the notions I had brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good by all around and went about my business. Ai'nt I had a glorious time? I expect you did'nt calculate to see me in such a rig?'

'No indeed I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.'

A few days after he called again, and said, 'I guess I shall stay a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room and told me the Emperor had sent to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself and he took me with him in a mighty big carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theater and to the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburgh, what do you think of that Mr. Dallas?'

It seemed so incredible that a poor ungainly lad would be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time this strange visiter re-appeared. 'Well,' said he, 'I made up my mind to go home: so I went to the Emperor, and bid him good bye. I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, is there anything else you'd like to see, before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte, but it

So I bid him good bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see. And we are going to-morrow Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?'

And sure enough the next morning the Yankee boy passed the Ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting 'Good bye! good bye!'

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, visited by the public officer, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal which he intended to publish.

Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that!

A Broken Heart.

The interesting case of a literally *broken heart* we subjoin, was related by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, to his class last winter, while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart. It will be seen on persuing it, that the expression "broken hearted," is not merely figurative.

In the early part of his medical career, Dr. M. accompanied as a surgeon a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our southern ports. On the return, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's stateroom, the captain opened a large chest, and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; and her refusal to wed him had only stimulated his love to greater exertions; and that finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion, that without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride, upon his return from the next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage, from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking to them in turn, "