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The Rutland Herald

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G. H. BEAMAN, Editor & Publisher.

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ADVERTISING.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 [illegible] cents for each subsequent insertion.

HOLBROOK & SMITH,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES,
of all kinds also Good warranted Double Soled Boots by the dozen.
West Rutland, Sept. 3, 1850.

ART UNION REPRESENTATIVE.
LONDON ART UNION.
AMERICAN ART UNION New York
PHILADELPHIA ART UNION
PENNSYLVANIA ART UNION
WESTERN ART UNION, Cincinnati
NEW ENGLAND ART UNION
F. W. HOCKINS, Hon. Secretary

DR MARCHISI'S
Uterine Catholicon.
Ask for a pamphlet. For sale by
Rutland, Feb 4, 1852 C. Burt & Son

NEW JEWELER'S SHOP.
H. G. & A. W. CLARK would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Rutland and vicinity that they have opened a Shop in Perkins' Block, Merchants Row, where they have for sale a good assortment of *Watches, Watch Trimmings, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.*
WATCHES CLOCKS, & JEWELRY *Neatly Repaired and Warranted.*
RUTLAND, VT.

CHEAPSIDE.
O. L. ROBBINS.
HAS removed to the Store lately occupied by D. P. Bell, where he would be glad to see all his old friends as often as convenient.
Rutland Feb. 1852

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE.
MAIN STREET, RUTLAND, VERMONT, in the Store formerly occupied by O. L. Robbins two doors north of the Court House, where may be found all kinds of
BOOTS AND SHOES
for both sexes, children's wear &c. on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment. Please call and examine. P. MYETT.
Rutland Feb. 12, 1852 7tf

PATENT MEDICINES
NO CURE NO PAY!!!
H. L. SPENCER
Has made such arrangements that he will hereafter be supplied by the Manufacturers with all the popular
PATENT MEDICINES
of the day—many of which are warranted to give satisfaction to the purchaser or the money will be refunded. ☞ Be sure and call at the Gold Patent Medicine Emporium directly opposite the Franklin Hotel.

SCHOOL BOOKS
A large supply of the Books recommended for use in Rutland Co, now on hand—and for sale to Merchants and others, at low prices. H. L. SPENCER

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral!
H. L. SPENCER
is the ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT for the genuine article. Call and see the documents.
H. L. SPENCER

NEW GOODS.
At the Store two doors North of the Court House, East side of Franklin Square.
JUST received a general assortment of American, English, French and German
DY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND HARDWARE,
which will be sold cheap for approved Credit or most kinds of Country Produce; and very much cheaper for cash, without respect to persons—insiders and outsiders—the civilized and Barbarians all the same.
O. L. ROBBINS.
Rutland, May, 1851.

RUSSIAN LINIMENT.
(The genuine article.)
From the proprietors, (Barrett & Son) sold by
SPENCER,
I ADVERTISE nothing that I do not keep. *Nuf ced.*

A Russian Liniment,
WINE ARTICLE.
ALSO
RUSSIA SALVE.
Sole Agents and Proprietors,
C. BURT & SON.
Rutland, Feb. 16, 1852.

BURNING FLUID
AND LAMPS.
THIS day received at
THE LADIES' EXCHANGE,
a large assortment of the Patent Improved Burning Fluid Lamps of the following kinds: Hanging, Side, and Desk Lamps for churches and Stores, Astral, Mantle, Entry, and Hand Lamps, also Porter's Improved Burning Fluid. All the above will be sold at city prices for Cash.
Particular attention paid to orders for the above articles.
CHAS. PAGE.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Shampooing Plumber,
[Late from the city of New York.]
West Pownal, Vt

DOCTOR ROGERS'
Compound of Liverwort Tar also Perry Davis' Pain Killer, 33
by O. L. ROBBINS.

TO BE BOUGHT OF
O. L. ROBBINS,
DOCT. Rogers' Cauchalagua,
Dows Balsamic Elixir,
Hunt's Liniment,
Taylor's Indian Ointment,
Grafenberg Pills,
Rogers Pills,
Brandreths Pills.
1y 1852

POETRY.

SECOND LOVE.

First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned
For when one's awake from its trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in a *second*.
And even should the second subside,
A lover should never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women—uncommonly fair.
Then poets their raptures may tell,
Who never were put to the test,
A first love is all very well,
But believe me, *the last love's the best!*

From the Ohio Farmer.

TOO PROUD TO WORK: OR THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY [illegible]

'Oh! bright will be this world of ours,
When chains no longer fetter,
When men shall rank with equal powers,
And STRENGTH, not WEALTH'S the better;
When wealth shall have no lordly claim,
To lift its proud possessor,
When poverty shall bring no shame
To humble its confessor—
When Brothers all,
The great and small,
And earth holds no oppressor!'

There is nothing very remarkable in the life of Lizzie Carrolton. She is not a Joan of Arc, a George Sand, nor one of the frail, flirting butterflies that figure so conspicuously in fashionable life. She has not even romance enough to play the guitar by moonlight, nor fall in love with the 'solitary horseman' that has travelled over a legion miles of novel land. Indeed, her history is but the history of woman when rightly educated.

Mr. Carrolton was a plain, sensible farmer—his wife the very incarnation of goodness. They married young, and settled on a farm upon the banks of the Connecticut. Lizzie, their eldest child, inherited her father's indomitable perseverance, and her mother's gentleness of spirit.

At fourteen, Lizzie was wild and wayward, yet as loving and guileless as the fawns she petted.

She had few claims to what the world calls beauty; yet I have heard it a thousand times hinted that Lizzie Carroltons brown eye contained a world of tenderness and that she had the sweetest voice and the happiest heart out of Heaven.

Lizzie had learned to make butter, and bread, to rake the hay and tend the flowers; but the et ceteras which make a fashionable woman, were wanting.

The little village of Ellendale had become a flourishing manufacturing town. Mr. Carrolton's farm had been divided and subdivided into building lots, and he, in consequence became one of the richest men in town; but he kept on in 'the even tenor of his way,' cultivating the few acres left him by the iron tread of commerce.

Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Young, our minister's wife, frequently hinted to Mrs Carrolton the propriety of giving Lizzie a genteel education.

'She is a sweet girl, and would make such an ornament to society,' said Mrs Young.

'And such a suitable companion for my daughter,' chimed in Mrs. Carter.

Mrs Carrolton's good sense, and Lizzie's don't care-activeness, prevented either from taking umbrage at the hints given.

At last, however, Mr. and Mrs. Carrolton began seriously to consider the expediency of giving Lizzie a better education than our village school afforded.

Lizzie, I well remember, came tripping over the dewy meadow one fine May morning, to take leave of us. We thought, of course, our separation the most serious trouble in all the world, for we all loved Lizzie Carrolton.

'Good bye,' said Lizzie while tears and smiles were striving for the mastery. 'Good bye! I shall be home at vacation, a tall, dignified lady, a suitable companion for Mery Carter—at least no disgrace, I hope, to Mrs. Carter's 'daughter.'

'And none to the son,' said my mother, smiling significantly.

The Carters we thought wonderful people, for they came from Boston, a great city, which, in our estimation, contained the wonders of the world.—Some thought them ignorant and ill-bred; but Mr. Carter owned the finest horses and the finest furniture in town, and Mrs. Young thought him a perfect gentleman, and Mrs. Young's word was law; so of course, the Carters were entitled to consideration.

Vacation brought Lizzie, much to our gratification. She had grown tall; her head was full of Algebra and Botany, but she remained the same artless child of Nature.

Mrs. Carter began to be remarkably gracious to Lizzie. She was the first to make a party in honor of her arrival; Mary and 'Mr George Washington' (as the domestics were taught to call George Carter) the first to call.

George Carter was a tall, yellow haired, verdant youth, with more dollars than brains, and to him the former seemed the most requisite. George thought his attention to the farmer's daughter a mighty condescension; but Lizzie took a different view of the case.

Three years had passed, bringing the common ups and downs to the inhabitants of Ellendale. To none came they more sensibly than to the Carters and Carroltons. Mr. Carter had grown rich and corpulent; Mr. Carrolton had faded to a mere shadow, and had become as penniless as a pauper.

Carter had long coveted Mr. Carrolton's paradise of a place. By dint of deception he had persuaded Mr. Carrolton to endorse notes to a large amount for a scape grace, reputed a gentleman of fortune. The day of payment came, and Mr. Carrolton's last farthing went into the hands of the creditors.

Mr. Carter bought the 'Carrolton Cottage' for one-fourth its value, turning its occupants penniless upon the world.

One bleak November day a few weeks subsequent to the failure of Mr. Carrolton, Mrs. Cartet surprised us by calling with her knitting.

'Since dear Mrs. Young had moved to Boston,' she said 'she was so lonely that she came in to amuse herself.'

To be sure we felt complimented by a call from Mrs. Carter, if a fit of ennui had driven her to seek our society. Then, Mr Carter [illegible] petus in a brewery; Mrs. Carter in a milliner's shop; and Mr. George Washington' in peddling beer. But what of that? Mrs. Carter was rich now, and had condescended, notwithstanding the chill November day, to call upon my invalid mother.

Mrs. Carter was not long in bringing up the stereotyped story of Mr Carrolton's mismanagement, and his poverty in consequence. And what was 'most provoking of all,' Lizzie had returned from school 'with her head as high as ever.'

'Lizzie,' I replied, 'will probably never know the loss of property. I suppose George is to have the cottage, and——'

'And what?' said Mrs Carter, laying down her knitting and looking over her gold-bowed glasses; 'have the care of all the Carrolton's?'

'Yes,' I replied.

Seeing, by my saucy gaze, that I was not daunted by my own presumption, Mrs Carter resumed her knitting, and gave me a love lecture upon the propriety of people moving in their appropriate sphere and concluded by saying that she never liked Lizzie, and was sure that had George ever thought of making her his wife, the idea was now abandoned. But still she would assist Lizzie, by getting her a situation among some of her city friends, and hoped we would advise her to accept, should she succeed in the effort.

The mystery was now solved! she wanted to get Lizzie out of sight of George, and us to help perfect the scheme! I had another whole mouthful of impudence ready to pour out in reply to this eloquent speech; but my attention was arrested by the slamming of the gate. In rushed Lizzie Carrolton, the same happy-hearted creature. She flew about, shaking hands and kissing the children. Mrs Carter coolly extended the tips of her fingers, and very condescendingly said—

'How do you do Lizzie?' But Lizzie sat down and chatted as if nothing had occurred.

What do you intend doing, Lizzie?' said Mrs Carter, looking up significantly from the stitches she had let down.

'I intend to finish this cap for mother,' was the answer.

'What are your future plans, I mean? You certainly do not expect to return to school?'

'No,' said Lizzie, 'I've graduated.'

'Your father's reverse of fortune will render it important for you to seek employment immediately; and I was thinking that I might procure you a situation with some friend of mine in Boston.'

'Thank you, Mrs Carter; when I wish a situation with your city friends, I'll call on you.'

Mrs Carter did not, or did not wish to, see the sarcasm that characterized Lizzie's replies, and continued.

'Now I think of it, my friend, Mrs Judge Sprague, wants a girl. It is an excellent situation, Lizzie.'

'Then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there, I suppose?'

'No Lizzie, in Boston servants do not see their mistress' company, only as servants. Servants and genteel people do not associate.'

'Do you mean, Mrs Carter, that Mrs Sprague is genteel?' said Lizzie.

'I mean,' replied Mrs Carter, indignantly, 'that the wide distinction in our families—yours and mine—will forever exclude you from our society.'

'Thanks for the explanation. I was only thinking if Mr. 'George Washington' supplied Judge Sprague with small beer, I should have an occasional glimpse of his yellow ringlets.'

The mention of 'small beer,' was too much for the equilibrium of the dignified Mrs Carter. Gathering up her needles that had escaped in the storm, Mrs Carter bowed herself out of the house.

As soon as she was out of sight, Lizzie burst into a flood of tears, and wept like a child, until Mr Bingham's heavy boots reminded her that to wipe her eyes would be prudent.

He inquired the cause of our elongated visages, and, children-like, we told the whole story.

'So, Miss, you are crying about Carter hey? but, child, he is not worthy to be your slave.'

'You are mistaken, Mr Bingham,' said Lizzie, 'it is neither for the son, nor the insults of the mother that I am weeping, but it is for my poor father.'

'Well, well girl, crying will avail you little less than nothing; so wipe your eyes and look up. I've a plan for you, so don't be discouraged. You had better go to Boston, but not in the capacity of 'servant.' Go to Parson Young's; he will get you a school, and give you a home.'

'Parson Young has grown wealthy too,' replied Lizzie, 'and may not want a poor girl.'

'Grown rich! Well, how came he by his riches? Your father supported him through years of poverty, and helped him to his present ten thousand a year. I guess he will be glad to help the child of his patron. As for your father, he can have my house on the farm, and what land he and Charles can till, free of rent as long as he lives.'

With a light step, and a lighter heart Lizzie hastened to lay her darling plans before her parents. But Lizzie was artless and unsuspecting, and her parents could not consent to sending her alone into a great city.

One pleasant spring morning, I walked over to the Bingham farm to see Lizzie. I found her and Charles, busy as the birds; but Mr Carrolton had been sick all winter with a spinal affection.

'Charley and I,' said Lizzie, addressing herself to me, 'have planted the potatoes and corn, and made the garden; little remained that Charles cannot do. Now, you see what a good girl I have been, can't you invite me home with you to spend a week?'

Mrs Carrolton begged that she would go for she had been housed the whole winter.

At nightfall Lizzie filled her traveling bag and we started for town. She turned back the second time, kissing her mother, and telling her if she got sick she would come home. Lizzie, I thought had grown childish, but trouble had, perhaps, made her so. When we reached the brow of the hill, Lizzie turned and looked towards the old house they had just left. Knowing her love of the beautiful, I supposed she was gazing at the fleecy clouds that half obscured the setting sun. 'It is a glorious sunset, Lizzie,' I said.

'Yes,' she replied, 'but my thoughts are not there. I was looking at our old weather-worn house, and wondering if I should ever see it again. Never, never again!' she muttered, turning from the scene.

'Lizzie, Lizzie! you are mad!' said I, grasping her hand.

'Not mad,' she replied, fixing her large eyes steadily upon me, while her face was hueless as ashes, 'I just now begin to be sane. For eighteen years I have been helpless as an infant, bound all my life by the accursed chains of custom, and for no other crime than that of being created a woman. To-morrow I shall seek a shelter in Boston.'

I attempted to expostulate, but the effort was vetoed.

'Nay Hester,' she said, 'I will listen to your bugbear tales no longer. God never created soul destitute of goodness and human nature in Boston is human nature everywhere. Too long I have eaten the bread of dependence; it has grown bitter, and I will eat it no longer.'

Finding objections useless, I listened to her plans without further interference.

'I have,' she continued, 'leave of absence for a week. At dawn I shall start and walk to the four mile station, to avoid giving trouble to the retail gossipers of the village. Mr Young will help me to a city school, and before I am missed from home, I will write to my father, and tell him of my good fortune, before he has an opportunity to anticipate trouble.'

Next morning I cautiously moved about preparing breakfast for Lizzie. That over, she started, with brother John as pilot, to take the cars at the next station. To shun the villagers, who might be stirring, they took a cross path to the main road. 'Good bye,' said Lizzie at parting. 'Tell Mrs Carter that I forgot to avail myself of her kindness, yet who knows but I may yet be Mrs Judge Sprague's servant?'

Before night the whole village was in commotion. Lizzie Carrolton was seen before light, skulking through Esquire Carter's pasture with a strange gentleman. Some evil was afoot, that was certain. If she was going off in the cars, why did she not wait till they came along? and why shun the highway?—Mrs Carter was about with her knitting again. She always knew Lizzie to be an imprudent girl. Mr 'George Washington' guessed that people would begin to learn that other reasons besides Lizzie's poverty prevented his making her his wife. Mrs Higgins 'spected as how Lizzie would turn out when she was dressed up and sent off to school. Aunt Patty said no good ever came of edikating gals; they were sure to run off with some good-for-nothing feller.

Before the end of the week, Mr Carrolton had heard the whole story with an extra finish. He came into our house one morning, and sank into a chair, looking as if he was sitting for a daguerreotype of despair. Without suspecting the real cause of his wretchedness, I sent for a glass of water. 'It is my child I want,' said the old man; 'in heaven's name, where is she? lost? ruined?'

Half dead from fright, I told him the whole story.

'Thanks be to God!' he said clasping his hands, 'my child is not lost! Parson Young will protect my child, the child of his old friend.'

The day of Lizzie's arrival in Boston she presented herself to Mrs Young, and told her poverty, her hopes and her wishes. Mrs. Young did remember her when a little girl, but she had certainly acted very imprudently in leaving home alone, and without the consent of her parents. Suddenly remembering an engagement she begged to be excused telling Lizzie she would see what could be done for her. An Irish girl kindly took Lizzie into the kitchen, and seated her by a smoking stove.

'Surely,' said Bridget, 'such a delicate little Miss as you, must be after wanting some supper and a bed.'

'I do want both,' said Lizzie.

'Indeed' marm, and you may share both with me, for that was mistress' orders.'

Next morning, Mr Young walked into the kitchen, bowed to Lizzie, and asked if she wished a situation as servant. Lizzie, poor child, did not even guess that he knew she was the daughter of his old friend; so with the artlessness of a child, she repeated her whole story. After she was through he said—

'I know who you are. Mrs Carter wrote us last fall about your father's mismanagement, and requested us to get you a situation. We did so, but you did not choose to accept it. However, you can have it now, and if you are faithful and honest, you will be kindly treated.'

Without giving Lizzie an opportunity of replying, he called Patrick from his coal shovelling to go and show the young woman the way to Judge Sprague's.

'Judge Sprague's at last,' thought Lizzie. But anywhere rather than in a corner of that smoky chimney.

Patrick took Lizzie to the door of Judge Sprague's mansion, rang the bell, and went whistling back to his reverend master.

Lizzie introduced herself to Mrs Sprague, and asked employment.

'Oh, yes!' said Mrs Sprague, 'I told Mrs Young, last evening I would take you for a chamber girl.'

For a whole year Lizzie toiled uncomplainingly, but she felt that her low wages were insufficient for her own, and the wants of her family.—At last, she summoned courage to tell Mrs Sprague the story of her poverty, and the absolute necessity of seeking employment that would command higher wages.

'You are a noble girl,' said Judge Sprague, who had overheard the conversation. 'I'll see what can be done for you.'

In a few weeks, the Carroltons were snugly quartered in a nice little house of Judge Sprague's. Charles was clerk in a store and Lizzie was teaching in one of the city schools. The broad earth contained not a happier family than the Carroltons. Judge Sprague and wife often visited them, never forgetting that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

The sky was not designed to be cloudless. Ere many months passed, Mrs Carrolton was taken ill of a fever, which kept her for some months confined to her room. The whole care of the family and of the invalid, now devolved upon Lizzie. Judge Sprague sent his family physician to attend Mrs Carrolton, and succeeded in persuading Mr and Mrs Young to call once. They were sorry to find the family in such deep affliction—hoped it would result in saving their souls; but they were careful to give them nothing which would result in saving of their bodies.

Dr. Summerfield gave Mrs Carrolton and a few other patients into the hands of his junior partner, a young man of wealth and high reputation.—Dr. Lee, it was thought, was not only too attentive to his patient, but to the daughter also. He passed with them the long winter evenings, in reading to the family, or teaching Charles book keeping.

'There is no good,' Mrs Summerfield would say, 'in the son of a millionaire spending his evenings with Mrs Sprague's chamber girl. It would throw a shade upon the family, for every body knew that Dr. Lee was engaged to her daughter.'

But things grew daily worse. The son of a millionaire and the chamber-girl were riding and walking together. She was introduced by Dr. Lee to his friends, as coolly as if she was worthy of the honor.

An indignation meeting was at length called, over which Mrs Young presided. Dr. Lee, by particular request, was present. He heard from the whole company the history of Lizzie; how she eloped with a stranger gentleman, who probably left her to starve in Boston, but Mrs Young took compassion on her, and Mrs Sprague afterwards took her for a chamber-girl.

'Now, Dr. Lee, what are your motives in introducing that servant girl into genteel society?' inquired Mrs Young.

'My motives, my intentions! Why I intend to marry the girl, to be sure. What do you suppose I mean?'

Consulting his watch, Dr. Lee begged to be excused, for he had an engagement with Miss Carrolton at seven.

The next morning, the papers announced the marriage of Augustus Lee, M. D. son of Hon. W. H. Lee, of New Orleans, to Miss Lizzie, only daughter of Jacob Carrolton. Mrs Summerfield went into hysterics, and ordered the morning papers thrown into the fire. Miss Summerfield was not heart broken, from the fact, perhaps, that disappointments were confined to the lower class! Mrs Young was happy to hear of Lizzie's good fortune, and lost no time in tendering her congratulations.

Years have come and gone, leaving us a legacy of pleasant and mournful memories.

Mr Carter gave his life a freewill offering upon the altar of Bacchus; but a splendid monument tells little save that "the rich man died and was buried." 'Mr George Washington' is following in the footsteps of his late father.

Parson Young, a little chagrined that Judge Sprague and Dr. Lee had taken slips in another church, felt that duty called him where his labors would be better appreciated.

Lizzie, though mistress of thousands, is the same gentle hearted creature. Like a good angel, she goes about visiting the poor and the sick, clothing the destitute and educating the orphan.

Lizzie Lee will leave her name enshrined in the hearts of the poor and afflicted; and the children's children of the orphans she has educated, will 'rise up and call her blessed.'

☞ The reception of Kossuth as we have before stated has been of the most enthusiastic character. We are entirely unable to give in our column *all* the proceedings attendant thereon. The following is his response to the welcome given him by the Speaker of the House of Representatives in the legislative hall:

In the echo of every step I make on this hallowed ground, in every object which meets my eye, in my being received thus as I am, and in my standing here as thus I stand, there is such an awful and majestic revelation of the most wonderful operation of that Providence which rules the destinies of humanity, that my very voice shrinks from falling from my lips, and I feel as if the spirit of coming events was whispering into my ears: 'Bow in adoration before the finger of God, and follow silently his wink—man has to be silent when history speaks;' and it is history which speaks. Who would have thought that the modest vessel which, two hundred and thirty years ago, landed the handful of Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, was fraught with the palladium of the world's history? Oppression drove them from their ancient European home to the wilderness of an unknown world.—The Mayflower developed into a tree of freedom. Where the wilderness stood, there now a mighty Christian nation stands, unequalled in liberty, unequalled in general intelligence and general prosperity—a glorious evidence of mankind's sovereign capacity for self-government. Oppression drove me from my native land; the battle-field where the destinies of Christendom have been decided in former times and the destinies of Christian civilization are to be decided again. Oppression drove me from that hallowed, martyred land; and I come an exile to the asylum of the oppressed, developed into a house of liberty. But I come not to ask an asylum—not to seek a new home. I come to claim from the happy sons of the Pilgrim Fathers a brother's hand for the oppressed of the Old World; that the old house where hundreds of millions dwell may not be doomed to become a jail to all those millions. And humble as I am, the cause I plead is great. It is the cause of the community in mankind's destinies; and because I plead that cause—because in my very misfortune there is a principle dear to your hearts, you honor the poor exile as no traveller was honored yet.—You honor the misfortune of my people as no success was ever honored. I feel that it is almost presumptuous to say the words, "I thank you."—It looks as if I had the arrogance to think that I have personally a share in the honors I meet; and—God knows my heart—that is not the case.

Massachusetts thus welcoming unfortunate Hungary as it does, is a revelation of mankind's nobility, it is a revelation in the community in mankind's destiny; it is the spirit of liberty opening the book of the mysteries of the future, that it may be known to the world what it is Hungary has to do, and what it is America will do. Our part is the danger and the suffering. We know it, we accept it with firm resolution and self-resignation. My land is the emblem of resistance. An humble shrub, we stood our place through centuries, and not only resisted the hurricane, threatening to blast Christianity, but checked its course; we will resist the hurricane of despotism, threatening to blast the freedom and civilization of the Christian world, and God and America helping, we will check its course. We bear a double cross in our arms—we bear it in history.—The mountains of Hungary, upon which that emblem of martyrdom was planted, are a golgotha; but golgotha is not the hill of death—it is the hill of resurrection and eternal life, triumphant over the doors of hell. When we had to bear the first cross, a long night of 180 years lay gloomily over our golgotha, and still the day of resurrection came. Now we have to bear the second cross, the night of death will not be so long. The stars of America are bright like a sun. It is from that place here they have risen first, it is from that place here they shine first, a sun of consolation and hope to oppressed humanity; and that place here is so high in moral majesty as that its glorious light should not spread over the horizon of the Christian world. It is not yet three years that Hungary is nailed to the second emblematical cross. The number three is ominous in mankind's history. This is our part. Danger and sufferings and resurrection. The part you will act is glorious. Oppression drove your Pilgrim fathers from Europe.—The sons of the Pilgrims will send back in requital liberty. There is justice in Divine decrees, and there is logic in history. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head-stone of the corner. Hallowed be the name of the Mighty God.

Sir, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,*" is the motto of Massachusetts. Algernon Sydney wrote these words; he wrote it, with that hand which he styled to be hostile to tyrants. Alas! poor Sydney; thy motto led thee to the scaffold, to find the mild tranquility of freedom but in the cold grave. But thy martyr blood was not spilt in vain. Thy motto, deadly to thee, mortal man, became successful reality as an immortal nation. The motto must go round the world, and it will. I have a right to say it is mine; there is no living man on earth who has more right to say—"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis." I have a right to say the motto is my people's. There is no people on earth which has more right to say that it is determined to search with the sword freedom's mild tranquility—and it will find it. Sydney has died on the scaffold, and Warren on the battle field. They were mortal men, and I an an exile. I may die on the scaffold, or on the battle field. I am a mortal man, but liberty has triumphed on Bunker's Hill, and it will triumph around Buda's Hill. The former was the first battle, the latter will be the last. Out of the martyr blood spilt on Bunker Hill the tree of freedom arose, spreading its mighty branches over a republic of more than twenty millions. The last is overshadowed gloomily by the tree of Russian despotism, stretching its branches far over its own field. There is no place on earth for these two trees. One must wither that the other may live. The spirit of this necessity moves through the air of free America.—The instinct of the people, and your far enlightened sagacity is aware of it. The welcome you honor me with is a manifestation of a principle.

I cannot better express my gratitude for it than by pledging my people's word, that Massachusetts may rely upon it, Hungary will do her duty for the spread of those principles which inspired your approbation and your encouragement to the people of Hungary in honoring its cause in its exiled Chief.

The ceremonies being over, Kossuth and his companions and the Committee were escorted back to the Revere House. Upon alighting from and entering the carriage at the State House, Kossuth was received with loud cheering by the assembled thousands. Kossuth dined with the State Committee at the Revere.

EXTRACT FROM KOSSUTH'S SPEECH, AT JERSEY CITY, APRIL 20

I have felt when I left my home that life is not the greatest sacrifice in a patriot's power to make. To be an exile is greater. (Applause.) Oh! I can understand that Venetian, one of the Foscari, who, when an exile, feigned to commit a crime for which he must die but for which he could not be judged safe at home. He feigned the crime only that he might once more cast his glance over the Rialto and St Mark, where he was led to death over the 'Bridge of Sighs.' That I understand. But I am sorry to say that it was in America I had to learn that there are yet more torturing sacrifices in the life of a patriot than the pang of being an exile. (Applause.) Well I can bare all this. When my thoughts are wandering back to my beloved fatherland, and I look up to the Almighty God and ask in humility—shall unscrupulous malignity succeed to prevent me from getting that public and private aid from republican America, and from American republicans, which would enable me either to meet less enemies, or to be more prepared to meet thee? Amer