

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1854.

Number 24.

Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

Lines on the Death of Little Clarence.
Oh! can it be that we no more shall hear
The gushing music of thy merry voice;
No more behold thy brightly beaming eye,
Whose fondest look was answering to our own.
Thy fair hair parted o'er thy noble brow,
Thou'rt sleeping now, a long, adreamless sleep;
And o'er thy beautiful face is cast the hue
Which all men wear, whom Death hath garnered up
For purer mansions in the Father's love.
No more thy little feet shall bounding come,
With eager steps, to greet the well known voice:
Thy little form is pale and very cold,
As sculptured out from Parian marble;
And with tears thou dost not heed, we lay thee
To that calm rest, beside that infant sister,
Whose face, so much like thine, thou never saw.
There sweetly rest,
Mid blossoms fair, that early spring shall wake
To life and beauty, on thy grassy grave.
The fairest blossom, early faded, thou:
Faded? ah, no! but fairer, brighter now,
Transplanted to the paradise of God,
Thou bloom'st, a lovely flower, that ne'er can fade.
To lay the heart's bright treasures, one by one,
In the cold grave; to know that never more
Shall we behold the darling form, that once
Was both our joy and pride; to miss the light
From out our household gone; to know the star,
The dearest, sweetest star, in all our life's
Fair horizon, has now forever set:
To feel the deep, the utter loneliness,
That creeps into the heart at eventide;
All this is bitter, agonizing grief.
But when, with eye of faith, we look above,
And there behold the sinless, spotless one,
Enfolded in their Saviour's loving arms,
To go no more forever out from thence;
Shall we not then rejoice that they are free
From all life's stains and sorrows, toils, and sins;
And strive, with upward course, to follow on
The heavenly way, till we arrive at last
At its bright portals, and the Master's voice
Is heard: "Come in, thou servant faithful, true,
And dwell forever with thy cherished ones,
In the bright presence of the Lord thy God."
CHICOPEE, NOVEMBER, 1854.
WINNIE WILLIS.

Select Tales.

[From Lippard's Revolutionary Legends.]
THE THREE WORDS
WHICH FOLLOWED BENEDECT ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE.

When we look for the traitor again, we find him standing in the steeple of the New London church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves of fire that roll around him, while the streets beneath flow with the blood of men and women and children.
It was in September 1781, that Arnold descended like a destroying angel upon the homes of Connecticut. Tortured by a remorse, that never for a moment took its vulture beak from his heart, fired by a hope to please the king who had bought him, he went with men and horses, swords and torches, to desolate the scenes of his childhood.
He saw this beautiful river, flowing so calmly on beneath the light of the stars; flowing so silently on, with the valleys, the hills, the orchards and the plains of Connecticut on either shore.
On one side you behold the slumbering town, with the outlines of Fort Trumbull arising above its roofs; on the other, a dark and massive pile, pitched on the summit of rising hills, Fort Griswold.
All is very still and dark, but suddenly two columns of light break into the starry sky. One here from Fort Trumbull, another over the opposite shore, from Fort Griswold. This column marks the career of Arnold and his men, that the progress of his brother in murder.
While New London, baptised in blood and flames, rings with death groans, there are heard the answering shouts of murder from the heights of the fort on the opposite shore.
While Benedect Arnold stands in the steeple, surveying the work of assassins, yonder in Fort Griswold a brave young man, who finds all defense in vain, rushes toward the British officer, and surrenders his sword. The Briton grasps it by the hilt, and with an oath drives it through the American's heart, transfixing him with his own blade.
That single corpse of the heroic Leyard, stabbed with his own sword, should speak to us with a voice as eternal as the justice of heaven.
While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of the conquered fort, the flames from the burning town spread to the vessels in the river, and to the light of burning roofs and sails Benedect Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.
Soon afterward he sailed from our shores, and came back no more. From this time

forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!
When he stood beside the king in the House of Lords, the weak old man whispered in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable lord arose and stated that he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him, while by his side there stood—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!
He went to the theater, parading his warrior form, amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen, than the whole audience rose, while from the pit to the dome the cry was echoed—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant, that ate his bread, and earned it too, by menial offices, whispered in contempt to his fellow lackey as he took his position behind his master's carriage—BENEDECT ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!
One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A visitor now advanced; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters heard his name. "Go!" said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand—"Go! and tell the man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son—by ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble lords and reverend men were there—and breasting his antagonist with his fierce brow, he spat full in his face. His antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek:—"Time may spit upon me, but I can never pollute my sword by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in Nova Scotia, his plantation in the West Indies. One night his warehouse was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—asssembled in that British town, in sight of every window, they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
When the Island of Guadalupe was retaken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put aboard a French prison-ship in the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated through the course of years—was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson—the name once assumed by John Andre. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel approaching him, whispered that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to secure the treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the side of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore, and in broken English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
There was a day when Tallyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Tallyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail.—He was going a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.
"Is there an American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the new world."
The landlord hesitated for a moment, and then replied:
"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman, I am unable to tell."
He pointed the way, and Tallyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince, prime minister, ascended the stairs. A venerable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.
In the far corner of a dimly lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his

arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead.—His eyes, looking from beneath the down-cast brows, gazed in Tallyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline—the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.
His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.
Tallyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.
He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English.
"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the new world, without a friend or a hope. You are an American. Give me, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be paradise to a career of luxury in France; will you give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."
The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Tallyrand never forgot, he turned toward the door of the next chamber, still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brows.
He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:
"I AM THE ONLY MAN BORN IN THE NEW WORLD WHO CAN RAISE HIS HAND TO GOD, AND SAY—"I HAVE NOT ONE SINGLE FRIEND—NOT ONE—IN ALL AMERICA!"
Tallyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied those words.
"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room—"Your name?"
"My name—" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is Benedect Arnold!"
He was gone. Tallyrand sunk into a chair gasping the words—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"
Thus you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room of that inn at Havre, his crime found him out and faced him, to tell his name—that name the synonym of infamy.
The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from which darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.
The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we can not doubt that he died utterly friendless, that his cold brow was unmoistened by one farewell tear, that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, O ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
It is a remarkable fact that the most renowned dentists in the world are American, and nearly all the crowned heads of Europe have their teeth kept in good order by Yankees. A few years ago a Vermont was the dentist of the family of the Emperor of Russia, and another Yankee was the dentist of the King of the French, Louis Philippe. In Rio de Janeiro, Havana, and the principal parts of South America, the chief and fashionable dentists were born under the stars and stripes. Another American dental celebrity has just turned up in Paris, named Evans, of whom a letter writer gives a brilliant account.

A CASUS BELLI.
Madame Rumor says that so determined is Santa Anna, the new Dictator of Mexico, to go to war with the United States, that should nothing else turn up, he is determined to demand his leg, which is now in Barnum's Museum. Greeley considers this a legitimate cause of war.—We understand that not only will Barnum refuse to give up the leg in question, but offer five thousand dollars for the leg the Dictator has still left, although it happens to be the right one, we hear. We will bet Barnum, if he sets about it, will get every bit of Santa Anna in his glass case, before long.—Lantern.

THE COTTAGE BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

BY KATR CAMERON.

Among the many scenes pictured by memory upon the tablets of my heart, there is one which awakens many an emotion, both pleasant and sorrowful. It is of a quiet retreat among the beautiful mountain scenery in which some parts of New England abound.
Years have passed since last I gazed on that lovely landscape, and as I look back upon hours spent in that secluded spot, I almost doubt if it be not all a dream, for the picture glows with the hues of fairy land, undimmed by the shadows that stern reality always casts.
The cottage was a weather-beaten dwelling of the olden time. I half believed it haunted by forms of "long ago." It was a calm, a quiet happiness; that stole over me there. The very rustling of the pine tree that shaded the house fell on the ears with soothing power, while the murmuring brook rippled forever over the shining pebbles with a "dull, monotonous sound."
How I loved to watch that silvery stream, which reflected the clear blue heavens, and over which the graceful willows drooped their long branches; fair flowers fringed its margin, and the meadows thro' which it flowed were of a rich emerald green. In its transparent depths the tiny minnows sported—a tempting prey for the youthful angler.
The merry carol of the birds was wafted upon every breeze through the long summer days. The bee and the butterfly flitted here and there amid the bright blossoms that grew in such profusion, on the straight old-fashioned beds leading from the rustic gate to the cottage door. Under the window too, were rose-bushes, bending beneath their wealth of fragrant buds. All these charms combined served to render that quiet nook a hallowed shrine, on which the pure affections of childhood were poured freely forth.
But it was not these attractions alone that endeared that place to me. There, kindly voices fell on my ear; true and loving friends were round me, with words of tenderness, or gentle admonition. Age was there, with silvered locks and furrowed brow; it was the eventide of a day well spent, and the frosts of autumn had not chilled the fount of youthful feeling within. That peaceful home seemed indeed a little heaven below, as the voice of prayer and praise ascended from the family altar—and those pilgrims, who for many years had trod life's pathway, did in truth "nightly pitch their moving tents a day's march nearer home"—even the glorious angel home above.
But those sunny hours have fled; the brook still murmurs, the flowers bloom, the birds sing as sweetly, and the grass is as green and fresh, through the months of summer.
Autumn's golden sheaves, blushing fruits and crimsoned foliage, are as bright as of yore. The pure snow rests, as it was wont, upon the boughs of the pine tree, and on the distant meadows. Seasons come and go, but there all is changed. Another dwelling stands where rose those cottage walls, and other forms gather around the hearth-stone.
But this seems as naught, when I remember that the sun-light falls upon the last resting-place of those loved ones—that the wind sighs a sad requiem over their graves.
Though I shall meet them no more on this side of eternity; although those scenes may never again greet my eyes, long shall I cherish sweet thoughts of the hours spent in the "Cottage by the Brook-side."

THE POOR IN CITIES.
The Earl of Shaftsbury states an instructive fact of those thirty-three thousand women, earning hardly nine cents a day, by fourteen hours' work, in London. His Lordship offered two hundred and fifty odd of them a dollar and a-half a week, besides lodging, in the North of England; but his formal offer was not accepted. London, with all its privations, was more agreeable than two or three times the wages in a small country place. A similar thing is true of much of the suffering nearer home.
The negro emperor of Hayti, Solouque, it is said, had Uncle Tom's Cabin read to him twice in French, and was so delighted with it, that he sent a letter to Mrs. Stowe, thanking her for the pleasure he had derived from her book.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

The city of Mentz, in Germany, is entitled to the honor of being the birthplace of Printing. Strassburg and one or two other cities have laid earnest claims to this high honor, but it is generally conceded by historians, that it belongs to Mentz.
Gutenberg invented, and first used separate letters or movable types, in 1442. As early as 1423 he had printed with lines cut on wood, but that was only a small mechanical advance on what had been done for many years.
Xylographic printing, or the taking of impressions from wooden tables, on which letters or figures were engraved, had previously been practised in Germany. This was an eastern invention. It came from China and Japan, where it is still in use. Among the Japanese, from time immemorial, the art of taking impressions in wax has been exercised, and these curious and isolated people claim the merit of having originated Xylographic printing.
Typographic printing, or the taking of impressions from immovable wooden or metal types, began properly in 1499. The oldest work typographically executed was a Latin Bible, which was published in 1455.
A man named John Faust, or Faustus, became associated with Gutenberg and did much to improve the art the latter had invented.—The Bibles then extant were in manuscript, and the writing of them gave profitable employment to many Monks. In 1462, Faust went to Paris to sell the Bibles he had printed, when the Monks, fearing his business would so interfere with theirs as to render their copying labors unnecessary, opposed him bitterly, and appealed to the prejudices and superstitions of the people by declaring that he was leagued with the Father of lies. Faust became alarmed, on account of the violence of their persecution, and fled from Paris, hence arose the tradition that Satan mysteriously conducted the printer to his invisible kingdom.
From Germany, printing was first carried into Italy; it was next practised in France. It was introduced in England by William Caxton, about the year 1474.
Gutenberg, at first took impressions from his types by fastening them upon a table—coloring them with writing-ink—spreading the paper over them and pressing it with a rubber of horn.
Faust invented printing ink, and Gutenberg constructed a rude printing press. Iron presses were earliest employed by Lord Stanhope of England.
It was not until 1746 that the titles of books were printed on a separate page—titles to chapters had been used as early as 1470, but then there were no capital letters, nor any marks of punctuation.
Printing was regarded with marked suspicion by the powers of even cultivated England. For a long series of years printers were obliged to take out license. As it was the foe of the selfish monks, who persecuted Faust, so it has everywhere been; and must ever be the direct foe of tyranny and bigotry—of illiberality and prejudice; and, therefore, it is true that in every country in the world, but in America, it has been, and is now subject to more or less embarrassing restriction.
The men who came to the shores of New England had more enlarged ideas of the power and usefulness of printing, than the mass of their fellow Englishmen—among whom they towered like church steeples among business edifices on our city streets—and yet after many years their descendants and the descendants of those who joined them in the New World, were extremely cautious how they encouraged printing. It was watched and guarded as a medium of great good or great harm, according to the liberty or license granted.
The first Printing Press set up in America, was "worked" at Cambridge, Mass. in 1629.
Rev. Jesse Glover procured this press by "contributions of friends of learning and religion," in Amsterdam and in England, but died on his passage to the New World.
Stephen Day was the first printer. In honor of his pioneer position, Government gave him a grant of three hundred acres of land.
The third book published by him was "The Psalms in Metre." In 1661, the New Testament, and Baxter's Call, translated into the Indian language by Elliot the great Missionary, were printed at a cost of £3,200. The title might be recommended on account of its obscurity and high sounding character to some of the writers of books now-a-days. It was "Wusku-Wutsheliennum Yut-Lordumus Jesus Christ Nuppoqvuusuanmun."
The whole Bible was printed in this language in 1663. The nation speaking it is now extinct.
Pennsylvania was the second State to encourage printing. William Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, established a printing press in Philadelphia; its first issue was an almanac for 1687; it was but a sheet. The first book printed by Mr. Bradford was a collection of essays by Francis Bacon. It appeared in 1688, and was called "The Temple of Wisdom."
In 1692, Mr. Bradford was induced to establish a printing press in New York. He received £40 per annum, and the privilege of printing on his own account. Previous to this

time, there had been no printing done in the Province of New York. His first issue in New York was a proclamation, bearing the date of 1692.
The first paper mill erected in America, was at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, which William Bradford, Royal Printer of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, purchased 1728.—In 1729, the second went into operation at Boston, the Legislature of Mass. granting aid.
In time of the Protectorate, the Governor of Virginia congratulated his people in the following words: "I thank God there is not a printing press or a free school within my Province." It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New England, before one would be tolerated in Virginia. The colonists had no printing done among them till 1727.—Parlor Magazine.

The Want of a True Aim.
"I respect the man," says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact, that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut." Is not this an exact description of most men's strivings? Every man undertakes to build his tower, and no one counts the cost. In all things the times are marked by a want of steady aim and patient industry. There is scheming and plotting in abundance, but no considerate, persevering effort. The young man launches into life with no definite course in view. If he goes into trade, he has perhaps a general desire to be rich; but he has at the same time an equally strong desire for present gratification and luxurious living. He is unwilling to pay the price of his ambition. He endeavors to secure the present, and lets go the future. He turns seed-time into harvest, eats the corn which he ought to plant. If he goes into professional life, he sets out with a general desire to be eminent, but without considering in particular the price of the boon. So he divides his time and talents among a great variety of pursuits, endeavoring to be all things, he becomes superficial in proportion as he is universal, and having acquired a brief reputation as worthless as it is short lived, sinks down into hopeless insignificance. [The Art of Life]

VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.
Each man occupies an original position. Every great fact comes straight to him. Every appeal of duty must run through the alembic of his reason, his conscience, and his will. The cope of Heaven bursts above him, the unfathomed depths open beneath him, the miseries of God and immortality come streaming in with their awful splendors, and truths that have confounded the loftiest intellects, truths that in all ages have roused up the soul from its foundations, and baptized it with reverence, and kindled it with love, environ him as intensely as if he were the first-born of men, set face to face with fresh and unresolved problems.—Chapin.

How few while in health, realize what an inestimable blessing they enjoy. Doubtless it is for this reason, many times, that God sees fit to snatch from us the precious boon. How hard for those who have never been prostrated by disease, to know how to sympathize with one who has long been in its cruel grasp. But he who has been for months, nay, perhaps years, groaning under disease, can look back on days gone by, when health and activity were his, and appreciate its worth.

"Friend Franklin," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, "these know almost everything; can they tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble they thy small beer any more."

A foreign paper says:—There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of 26, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

"We sincerely pity the man who has no enemies."

The Weekly Journal.

OHIOPEE, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1854.

S. M. PATERSON & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 113 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

WE SHALL SOON HEAR FROM WATERLOO.

Before the issue of our next paper the great question will have been decided; uncertainty, which has so long reigned triumphant, will be dethroned; idle speculations will be reduced to positive results—people can breathe freer, and not say "I don't know anything about it," in reply to every question concerning politics.

There is a cause for everything, and nothing can be more apparent than the real reason for the strangeness of the present campaign. The know-nothing element has turned things 'inside out,' and the strength of that organization is the direct result of the success of the anti-fusionists. Now this statement is as correct as the multiplication table. The people of Massachusetts were in favor of a union. But Boston cotton whiggery, which has controlled the state for years, was opposed. Very well, it succeeded in thwarting the will of the masses, but what has been gained by the operation? The voters have been shrewd enough for the Boston dictators. When the curtain rises next Tuesday morning, and reveals the dead, wounded and missing, there will be food for thought, and plenty of room for fun. No! Messrs. Lawrence, Elliot, Appleton & Co., you are not omnipotent, and your clique does not embody all the respectability, wisdom and forecasts of the universe.

A union was important for this reason:—It would aid in the destruction of the old parties, and thereby give the slave power a severe blow. There is nothing truer than the fact that slavery has heretofore achieved its many triumphs through the existence of these same old parties, as they have both always been willing to bid for its support. Is not this a good reason why there should have been a union? The Springfield Republican, the ablest political paper in New England, deserves great credit for its unsuccessful efforts in favor of fusion.

But, thank heaven, "there are more ways than one to kill a cat." If the old organizations can not be broken down in one way, they certainly can in another; a new smashing process has been discovered, and you may depend it that the old parties in Massachusetts are now under the entire supervision of the grim ferryman, who has been engaged to row them safely across the river Styx. Oh! will it not be a glorious affair to witness the old organizations completely on their backs, with no kind voice to cheer and soothe them in their distress? Pardon us, if we do happen to laugh a little over the result.

In New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Iowa, Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, the people have risen in their herculean might, destroyed old party names, hurled from power the supporters of the slave oligarchy, and stamped the word infamous upon the administration. Politicians can not have everything to their own liking; they must bend before that immense popular current which is rolling over the free states, or be submerged beneath its waves. The political leaders of Massachusetts have gone directly contrary to the will of the people, and they are about to receive their pay for it in coin which can not be disputed. There is to be a new order of things established; the old regime has become stale and uninteresting.

Soon the armies will be drawn up in battle array, and the word of command given. After the smoke has cleared away, Messrs. Whig and Democrat will look very much like a man who has just got through with a drunken spree.

LORD RAGLAN.

Lord Raglan, the commander of the English forces, is, without doubt, an able and brave officer; but it does seem to us that he showed fool-hardy courage after the bloody battle on the heights of Alma. Almost immediately after that engagement the allied forces proceeded to march upon Sevastopol; and Lord Raglan, with his staff—comprising some of the ablest officers in the British army—were, all the while, a great distance in advance of the troops. If that body had been captured by the Russians, the English army would have been in quite an unpleasant predicament. Courage is a noble quality; but the commander of an army should be cautious as well as courageous. Fool-hardy bravery never pays even the first dividend. It is said that Raglan did this to show his contempt for the Russians—an act hardly justifiable.

ELECTIONS.

New York.—Seymour is probably elected. The temperance question has "raised the deuce" with New York. The legislature, however, is right, and nearly all the congressmen.

New Jersey.—This state has gone very strongly for freedom—administration men completely routed.

Michigan.—All right! The republicans have elected every member of Congress, the state officers, and secured a large majority in the legislature.

Illinois.—Another volcanic eruption, which has blown the Douglasites to—Halifax. The entire republican ticket for congressmen elected; everything else ditto.

Wisconsin.—This state has also gone for freedom.

Friends! don't these elections mean something?

NONSENSE.

There was a caucus in Springfield on Monday evening, to nominate a civil armory system candidate for member of Congress for this district. Chas. Stearns was nominated by acclamation. He accepted on the spot, and stated that the armory question was the only one of any real importance now before the people. Gracious heavens! it seems that we have all been mistaken in our ideas of progress. Anti-slavery, anti-hanging, land reform, universal education and social equality must all be thrown aside; for the civil system subject is the great, universal, omnipresent, omniscient, never-ending Alpha and Omega of all that is noble and sublime. We have all been fretting about nothing, and must now embrace the newly discovered goddess, or "hang our harps upon the willows."

FACTORY GIRLS.

What is the reason something can not be done to elevate the condition of the factory girls in Ohio? Their position is certainly anything but enviable. Now it strikes us that a good reading room, well furnished with suitable productions, would do a great deal to improve them. It would not be necessary to purchase any books; second-hand ones might be contributed, and there are probably a plenty of families who would be willing to do. Citizens of Ohio! what say you to our suggestion?

A GOOD IDEA.

Hereafter the Ohio merchants will close their stores at 8 o'clock p. m. The idea is a good one; clerks need rest and recreation as well as any other laboring class. There is no sense in being obliged to stand behind a counter from sunrise until nine o'clock. "There is reason in all things." We hope the reform will be generally adopted.

P. S. The stores will be open until 9 the remainder of every "settling week," and also every Saturday night.

THE AMES CO.

The Ames Co., of Ohio, have been engaged for several months past in manufacturing cannon, bomb-shells and grape-shot for His Most Serene Highness, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. Of the last named article, two hundred tons have been engaged; and we do not believe that the old one-legged hump will have killed a hundred men after they are all used up.

POLICE REPORT.

Nov. 9, Ellen Downing was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before J. M. Stebbins, Esq., on a complaint charging her with selling liquor contrary to law. Found guilty, and fined ten dollars and cost—the fine to the use of the town of Ohio. Appealed to the December term. Wells for defense.

A farmer, named Hughes, in Missouri, shot himself dead recently, on account of the drouth. He apprehended suffering in his family on account of a short crop.

The product of the silver mines of Mexico for the year 1850, it is said, exceeded that of the rest of the world by one million of dollars, the total yield being thirty three millions.

A few days since a man crossed the Mississippi at the town of Chester, Ill. by swimming, for the sake of saving five cents ferrage!

A larger quantity of the public lands has been sold the present year than during any one year in the past eighteen. A vast amount still remains to be disposed of.

To a talkative young man, Zeno once said: "For this reason we have two ears and one mouth, that we may hear more and speak less."

The Chippewas have now ceded to the United States the remainder of their lands lying east of the Mississippi river.

For the Weekly Journal.

TO "MEDIUS."

My first article appeared in the Journal of September 16. Mr. Pratt replied in the same number. My second appeared on the 23d—again Mr. Pratt replied. Yours appeared on September 30th, as a review of mine of the 16th; no allusion was made to mine of the 23d; Am I not justified in believing that your article was written, and possibly handed in for publication, before the 23d? If either, was it not thrusting yourself between Mr. Pratt and me? Was it not paying him a poor compliment?—I see you have read "Æsop's Fables." You must have read then of a very small mouse liberating a lion from his net. Moral:—Small men may render a great service; and great people are not apt to trample on their benefactors.

According to your own showing, I put the word *all* in my reply. Your charge about my not quoting correctly is wrong in substance.

"Amicus then goes on to show that two or three of his countrymen have distinguished themselves." I could give you the names of a hundred who have distinguished themselves, during the revolution, and since, as commanders and leaders in the navy and army—not to speak of the rank and file. Our history does them justice, which is more than can be said of you, as any one may see by reading your very stale jest about the "directions of the Irish soldier to his tailor, for the disposal of his breast-plate, &c.," thereby casting a reflection on the bravery of a class of men to whom you, sir, and others, are indebted for the greatness and glory of your country. Ingratitude is not one of the traits of a true American. Name the battle in which the Irish soldiers turned their backs on the foes of your country.

Upon the whole, I like your explanation of "former circumstances." It is what I supposed you might have meant by that phrase.

1st. You assert that the English government were guilty of a "series of oppressive measures over the Irish as a people." These are your cousins over the water—a race of "the same language, blood and religion," according to Ab-but Lawrence and others.

2d. You meant "the doctrines of the Catholic church, which have stifled individualism." This unmeaning phrase is but the cant of the day, but as there is no prospect of you and I agreeing on it, and it would open a religious discussion, I will pass it over.

3d. "Fends." There are feuds in the history of every nation, and America is no exempt. The north is now arrayed against the south, and according to your own showing, prove most conclusively that "a house divided against itself can not stand"—from which catastrophe in regard to America good Lord deliver us!

4th. "The superstition and intemperance of the people, disqualifying them for self-government." The Irish nation was hardly ever so successful as when she possessed an independent government from 1782 to 1800. It was neither "superstition or intemperance" that paved the way for the overthrow of that right; but, according to your own showing, it was the "series of oppressive measures" of which the English government was guilty.

I can not accept your proposal of a discussion on the "naturalization laws," for two reasons:

1st. In relation to Irish soldiers, you evidently ignore the history of your country.

2d. These are exciting times; and as I do not desire to contribute to any unlawful excitement, I must bring this discussion to a close.

I am glad to hear you "kill live."—May you live to think better of all classes of your fellow citizens. AMICUS.

A correspondent of the Washington Union says that "Kansas is one of the most glorious, magnificent-looking countries in the world. You see everywhere at once, the numerous white dots (tribes) indicating the settlements. In the distance they look like stars on the earth. Numerous cabins are going up, and some well finished. The Kansas river is as large as the Ohio, and more water, and a little improvement would make it fit for constant steamboat navigation. The Boston settlement is California out-and-out. Timber is all that is wanting. Soil can't be better. Notwithstanding the scarcity of timber, a steam saw-mill is going up.

An Aged Man, named Billard, lately died in the Union workhouse, Leicester, in his 71st year. He was one of the mutineers of the *Nore*, and was sentenced to execution. The rope was about his neck, and he was on the point of being swung off, when he was reprieved. From that hour to the time of his death—whether it was from a nervous feeling or from fancy, can not be determined—he never wore a neckerchief about his neck.

Good potatoes are now selling at 75 cents a bushel in Trenton, N. J. This is higher, the State Gazette says, than there is any necessity for, as there is no scarcity and no rot, and we confidently look for a farther reduction of the price. Half a dollar a bushel is quite enough for potatoes this season.

RELIGION IN CALIFORNIA.—It is the city of San Francisco, of which so many hard things have been said, there are twenty church congregations, embracing nine thousand members. As religion is attempted to, vice gradually diminishes in the golden city.

A few weeks ago, as the wife of a butcher, of Crossley Wilts, England, was whitewashing their cottage, she pulled away an old board from the ceiling, when \$370 in gold fell to the floor.

From our New York Correspondent.

The daily papers during the past week, have been crowded with affidavits and counter-affidavits, in reference to the private life of several of the principal candidates for office. Statements have appeared which, if true, show the candidates to be eminently calculated for the gally or piratical service,—they would unquestionably shine in those departments. One is said to have robbed himself of his most valuable goods, set fire to his store, and afterwards collected from the Insurance companies the full value. Another cheated his partner, by returning to him false bills of sale, and other little enormities peculiar to the profession of a sharp man. Amid all this, you will not wonder at the difficulty of casting one's vote in such a manner, as that it will be effectual in electing the best man to office before the people. There never was such perfect entanglement, and the confusion can not be cured until after to-day's count of votes. Still, it is believed here, that Clark will be elected by 10,000 over Seymour throughout the State, owing mainly to the temperance issue, which so far as this State is concerned, is the only practical issue before us, and in fact the only one which is likely to result in any importance to the whole country. Of course there will be a strong vote against Nebraska and the Administration, and a fair demonstration in favor of Americanism. It is not likely however, that the Nebraska inquiry will be repealed, or that men and women will become of a sudden more consistent than their fathers and mothers before them; so that in spite of the great moral lessons constantly reiterated, the world will continue to swing pretty much after the same fashion as before, and the self interest of man continue to make slaves of his fellow-beings, until about the day before the millennium, when and when only, we may hope for a universal change.

Owing to the activity of self-constituted conservators of the peace, the election is passing off with very little disturbance of any kind, and in that particular, there has been a decided improvement over the past few years, when bull-dozing was so common as to endanger a man's coat and nose, in exercising this much vaunted privilege, which too often is made use of to secure the writing down one's self as an ass.

Money still remains scarce, owing no doubt to our immense importations. It is reckoned that the entire proceeds of California gold, go to pay the difference between the over imports and exports; and this is true, notwithstanding the activity given to the produce trade, caused by paying prices abroad. True, the remedy is in the hands of the people, if they will only cease to buy foreign fabrics, but this they are not likely to do, while they have any money or farms during this age of spending and luxury, inflamed by fashion and vanity.

As a matter of course the bipeds of the town are curtailing their coats and vests, but feathers, velvet, ribbons and gauze continue to flutter, wave, and enfold the ladies in the same, if not greater profusion than before. So that though the men may be trenching upon the bowers of Valencia, Brussels, Lyons, and Manchester, will find work in their employments, the women of America,—and as the negro man toils by day in raising cotton for his master, so the white clerk and merchant of this city toils night and day to keep in motion the foreign spindle, and support in luxury the foreign manufacturer. It is do-blet true, that if this country would pursue a little more of the oyster policy, it would become *fat*, while at the same time, there would be little danger of its being taken raw, or stewed, as M. Kosuth would have had us believe.

Since writing the last accounts of murders and casualties in the city, the small number has occurred, including a case of stabbing by a candidate for Alderman, who, in a fit of ruffianry, nearly annihilated one of the police, who attempted to interfere with his conviviality or malice; from these facts, it is properly inferred that the carrying of concealed weapons is much more common than usual, or else the rim is not of so good a quality as heretofore. Failures are announced almost every week of large extent, but in the rushing tide of business and money getting, they are soon forgotten, and are really looked upon as a gamster looks upon an unlucky card.

The whole city has been thrown into wonder and admiration that Miss Pyne could sing in the English Opera and equal Jenny Lind, and yet those who heard her on Saturday night at the Broadway Theater at her benefit, yield to her the triumph of equaling the "Nightingale" in the same style of singing in which Jenny Lind used to excel. She is now in Philadelphia, under the charge of Le Grand Smith, and will shortly go to Boston. Mario still remains too ill to sing, and the 14th street Opera drags. The other places of amusement afford very little amusement at all, though the New York Metropolitan Theater is redeemed by the presence there of Miss Julia Dean.

Severe cold attacked us on Saturday night, and left ice along Sunday in our gutters; since then, a distilling cold rain has converted the accumulated dust that blew into our eyes on Saturday into slime, which to-day, plasters our feet and renders walking uncomfortable, as well as dangerous.

As the polls do not close until five, it is impossible to give anything like even a guess of what the result will be. The general opinion seems, however, that Seymour will go out of the city with a large plurality, and that Fernando Wood will be elected Mayor. Since writing the above, rumor says there has been some disturbance by parties of Irish who have attacked private ticket boxes; none, however, have as yet had the impunity to disturb the inspectors or their ballot boxes. There will, however, be a sweet time to-night, for in many of the wards, rum flows like water, and this will be sure to bring the claret before morning, and a bruised head for the rest of the week.

The American party are proving themselves

much stronger and more energetically united than people had supposed, and in any event, a decided bias has been given in favor of Americans for office.

The prices of provisions remain about the same, and it is a singular fact, that nearly all the articles for household consumption can be bought at retail in Europe, at the same price as in New York, notwithstanding our boast of plenty.

SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.—P. S. Backman, of Painesville, and Julia Hurlburt, daughter of Dr. Hurlburt, of Kirtland, were spiritually married at the latter place on the 15th ult. The ceremony consisted of the following poetical announcement in the presence of friends. "Have you seen the morning sunbeam kiss the opening blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet at the first interview: and as the visible elements of nature unite and blend in one harmonious impulse, so are our spirits affluited into one accordant living force. Whoever are thus united by the eternal laws of affinity, naught has authority to separate. We thus introduce ourselves unto you in the relation of husband and wife."—Ohio Paper.

Nicholas Beelan, who murdered Mr. and Mrs. Wyckham on Long Island, has been convicted of the offense, and sentenced to be hung on the 15th of December next. The prisoner displayed great callousness and insensibility during his trial, a. d. when the sentence of death was pronounced by the Judge, he replied: "Thank you, sir," with an awful affectation of politeness, "and I will leave you my hair for a ring!"

The growth of commerce in Cincinnati exceeds anything recorded of commercial progress. In 1826 the entire value of her exports and imports did not exceed four millions. In 1854 the value of her leading articles of export and import exceed one hundred and ten millions; and if the unenumerated articles could be included, would probably reach one hundred and fifty millions.

It is stated by a gentleman lately returned from Canada that bears driven from the woods and back places by want of food have been unusually numerous in the open fields. One farmer lost 29 cattle carried off by them, and others have suffered in like manner, though not to such an extent. A crusade against these marauders was made, and about a dozen were shot.

The scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man being brought to life after being frozen eleven months on the Alps. The blood of a living man was infused into the veins of the frozen youth, and he moved and spoke. The experiment was afterwards tried on a hare frozen for the purpose, with complete success.

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can repress, no time destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament; it chastens voice; it gives at once a grace and ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave—a reasoning slave.

The New York Post characterizes the South as a spoiled child, which if refused what it asks for, always threatens to throw itself down stairs; and the North, like a foolish nurse, believes it will fulfill its threat, becomes frightened, and fussily goes and gets for it whatever it may fancy it wants.

If we may believe President Hitchcock, the eminent geologist, nature has made extensive deposits of coal for our country's use. He estimates the area of the coal fields in the United States, at two hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles average thickness fifty feet.

The Egyptian coasting trade in the Red Sea is nearly destroyed. All the coffee which was formerly sent to Suez from Arabia, is now sent to England in British vessels, and thence sent back by the way of the Mediterranean to Egypt.

The Boston friends of the fugitive Burns, whose case has become so noted in our annals, have been informed that he is now dangerously sick of typhoid fever, in the jail at Richmond, where he has been imprisoned since his return to Virginia.

Coffee is now regularly served to the French soldiers when in active service or in camp; and new hay and oats are no longer prohibited to the horses of the army, recent examination having exploded the idea of their being injurious.

An English journal states, with great seriousness, that an emigrant with a wooden leg is not allowed to land in any part of the United States. It adds, that the regulations here are also very strict with regard to the "lame and blind."

The Chinese call a pricking conscience, a "hedge-hog with all the horns turned inwards."

It is understood in London that Lord Raglan will be raised to the rank of field marshal after the operations of Sevastopol. The committee of the House of Commons reported in favor of additional field marshals of repute being made. It is also said it has been decided to give his lords' ip £50,000 in lieu of pensions; his private fortune was merely £10,000.

The subject of a bridge over the Mississippi, at St. Louis, is discussed in the newspapers. It is suggested that the bridge ought to have an elevation of ninety feet. It would cost a million and a half of dollars—an amount deemed insignificant compared with its advantages.

The number of immigrants arrived at New York during the month of October, was 38,738, of whom 20,248 were Germans. The number of Germans in the Alms House, at present, is said to be 20 per cent. greater than that of the Irish—a very unusual circumstance.

An inveterate dram-drinker being told that the cholera, with which he was attacked, was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied:—"Well, that's a comfort, at all events, for it is very difficult to get any in this world."

It exhibited a great lack of shrewdness in Mr. Butman to select a rainy day for his foray into the free soil city of Worcester. The Atlas says that at the depot "he was much injured by persons punching him with umbrellas."

A fop is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-sixth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose.

Count Tracy complained to Foots that a man ruined his character. "So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a villainous one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."

Mr. William Ewing, insurance broker, Glasgow, has contributed the munificent sum of \$10,000 towards the completion of a "sailors' home" there, besides undertaking to make another \$2,500 by his own exertions.

A minister, writing from Sing Sing, says his congregation may not number as many converts as some, yet in the way of persons under "conviction," he can show hands with any clergyman in the state.

The average weight of the mails dispatched from London every evening, is between fourteen and fifteen tons. The newspapers and the bags weigh twelve tons, five hundred pounds.

A certain poor dyspeptic, whose physical inability to work was attributed to indolence, was advised by a medical friend that the only way he could convince people he was sick was to die.

The Indians in Texas seem bent upon war. They are fighting not only with the whites, but among themselves between different tribes. The Comanches are a very warlike people.

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colors with, in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was his answer.

A Glasgow paper describing Mr. Gough's lectures to the fair sex of that city, exclaims with enthusiasm, "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!"

It is stated that there is a wood-sawyer in Boston, whose interest income is \$800 per year, and that his occupation yields him an average income of \$4 per day.

The Catholic Cathedral in San Francisco cost \$200,000, being more than the aggregate cost of any three Protestant church edifices in the place.

The Governor of Alabama was fined ten dollars a few days ago, by a circuit judge, for wearing his hat and puffing a cigar in the court room.

There were committed to prison in Jersey City, during the month of October, one hundred and three persons, of which number only five were Americans!

The debts of the Pope are said to amount to an hundred millions, and the interest alone is \$20,000,000.

Of the five hundred Methodist ministers in the state of Indiana, only three support the administration platform.

It is estimated that there are 300,000,000 pounds of paper used in the United States, annually.

Cato said, "The best way to keep good acts in the memory is to refresh them with new."

A hospital for the cure of wooden legs has been opened in Buffalo.

