from the Church to the Bar. "He would have made a splendid Jesuit," says some Colonel Perceval, or Lord Dungannon, as he reads this passage and expectorates a sigh of regret. No doubt he would;he would be splendid in any rank which afforded room for action. Had he taken orders, he would have been, without doubt, at this moment Archbishop of Dublin,and scarcely less powerful than he is a member for Dublin. But it was not so destined. In 1794 he became member of Lincoln's Inn; in the books of which society his name is still seen written "Daniel O'Connell."—During the four years which followed, and while he was keeping the terms necessary to qualify him for pratice in the Hall of the Courts, it is probable that his uncle died. This may have been the reason why, in 1798, he was called to the Bar by that society as Daniel O'Connell. Whatever the reason, the books testify to the fact, and Daniel returned to Ireland qualified at all points to wear a wig and gown and spend his money in posting after the Judges.

Notwithstanding the established reputation and undoubted talent of many of his competitors, he soon acquired a name,as a Nisi Prius lawyer,which opened to him a vista of ambition which was terminated only by the Irish Woolsack. One thing only kept him from it—his religion. That was an impediment which O'Connell was not inclined to avoid by means of converson, so he immediately applied himself to the task of hurling it out of his path.

Now commenced the great labor of his life; that mighty labor which, now accomplished, has conferred upon him an immortality. It was a vast thing for a young lawyer, without aristocratic connexions, with no party to back him, with all the wealth and noble of his country, and the whole of England violently hostile—even to think of. It was an attempt which the common herd of men would, and did, term madness.

The ardent, sanguine, zealous spirit of O'Connell saw nothing to despair of. He had, indeed, no party—no supporters. He was, as since declared, quite alone—left to gesticulate to the air and harangue empty benches. He was pished at as an empty-pated fellow, and if it had been possible that he could be put down, he would have been extinguished in his first campaign. He only changed his operations. His reputation upon the circuit was supreme—he made use of it to commence his agitation. In every circuit town he could gather a crowd,and O'Connell took care that the crowd should never disperse without implanting in every individual's breast a conviction which should spread far and wide—that the one soul resource for all the evils under which Ireland labored was the want of Catholic Emancipation.

With O'Connell to harangue, and an ignorant audience to listen, who can wonder that the effects soon became apparent? The Catholic gentlemen had striven for themselves, but they had never thought of enlisting *the people* in their cause. O'Connell first appealed to *them*,and they answered him with shouts of welcom and confidence.—Thus was the ground broken.

It is not in my province to narrate how the snow ball, thus set in motion, gathered as it rolled. A history of the struggle which ended in Catholic Emancipation would be, indeed, a most interesting work, but is not one that can be composed within the limits which I am confined to. The hand which created the engine never for a moment lost the guidence of it. Other men have called a power into being, as great as that which O'Connell evoked, and then, terrified at what they had done, suffered to depart unquestioned,or else resigne the office of commanding it to firmer hands. O Connell looked upon it unabashed and with familiar gaze; and no sooner had obtained power over it than he used it to do his bidding.

Now shone forth his extraordinary practical genius, his great and ready resources, his imperturable presence of mind,his unslumbering activity, and his wonderful capabilities for action. Now did he organize his associations, which he employed as the fuglemen of agitation; and when these were assembled, chosen as they were from all Catholic Ireland, from their talent, zeal, and impudence of all Ireland was compelled to bow to O'Connell as the master spirit. This was a dangerous crisis of his career. Many shrewd men would have avoided it,many able men would have sunk beneath it. Nothing but a thorough consciousness of his own intrinsic superiority could have tempted him to risk it—nothing but the complete possession of that superiority could have superiority could have sustained him through the experiment. If, among the whole multitude which formed the Catholic association, a greater than O'Connell had been found, that greater man would have torn the wreath from O'Connell's brow, and would have usurped the place of the leader of the movement. In affairs such as this,success is the true meter of greatness—the leader is always the master mind.

One incident there is which occurred about this time, that may not be passed over unnoticed,since it had a most powerful effect on his career. I alluded to his duel with D'Esterre, in the the year 1815.

O'Connell was then fighting one of his early battles with the Dublin Corporation; and, at a public meeting in behalf of Catholic Emancipation, he fixed upon it the appellative of "the beggared Coporation." D'Esterre, a vain young man of respectable connextions,suffered himself to be persuaded that this was a good opportunity to commence operations in the Irish way, of fighting himself into notice. He wrote a letter to O'Connell, asking him if he had used the words reported of him: and O'Connell told him, in reply, that no words he could use could adequately express his contempt of the Corporation.

The next letter, O'Connell sent back unopened, and little D'Esterre trotted about in a fume,threatening to horsewhip the Liberator. Every carman in Dublin knew there was to be a fight between big Dan and the little Coporation,but a week passed, and nothing was heard about it. D'Esterre and his friends had threatened bravely, but had sent no message.

Now the Irish boys are the last fellows in the world to be balked of their fun. They kicked up such a row that the Corporation saw it was absolutely necessary to put forward their champion; and at length Sir Edward Stanley delivered the longexpected message. It was at once accepted. The men met about 13 miles from Dublin, near Lord Posonby's seat, and were put up at ten paces distance. They had two pistols each given them, and were told to fire away whenever they liked. They fired nearly at the same moment—D'Esterre's ball fell short, and he received O'Connell's in the thigh, and fell! A few days afterwards the wound proved mortal.

O'Connell is said to have behaved with great tenderness to his adversary, after he was down, and to have felt great horror at being the cause of his death. Perhaps D'Esterre was to be pitied,for he was young, vain, and foolish; but he certainly allowed himself to be put forward by a knot of bloodthirsty scoundrels, who wished to have a formidable enemy taken off, and had not the courage to do it themselves. It will be a noble line of panegric on O'Connell's tomb, that among a nation of duellists he made and kept a resolution against duelling, yet incurred not their contempt, nor lost their love.

Nor yet, however, was O'Connell's influence at its height. It was the contest which ensued between the Catholic Association and the British Parliament which inspired all Ireland with that thorough confidence in the skill and caution of their leader which sunk so deep in the minds of his countrymen that where he led they followed,secure not only of victory, but also of safety. The resources of his mind appeared inexhaustible. No sooner had an Act of the British Parliament struck the Association down in one form, than, Proteus like, it sprung up again in another; and so cool and cautious was this sanguine man of genius, that never did he afford one of his multitudinous and ever watchful enemies an opportucity of entangling either him or his followers in the meshes of the law. The people saw him parry Act of Parliamnet after Act, by his profound legal acumen, until they laughed at Acts of Parliament; and, while O'Connell was at their head, they looked with little fear of what the people at Westminister might do.—Never was there such a terrible fellow for driving coaches and six through Acts of Parliament as this same Daniel O'Connell.

His election for Clare, and the great scene which ensued, when he stood the chief figure in the grand historical picture, battling against the whole House of Commons, thundering at its portals, and carrying the war even within its walls;this scene is not for me to paint. I allude to it only to show the giant growth of his power. This, which short sighted men censured as useless and extravagant, was a great stroke of policy, and effected more than could have been done by fifty public meetings, or a thousands petitions. The Commons saw the enemy among them. The roar no longer came upon them in echoes faintened by a distance of 1409 miles—it was there, present in their own chamber. The leader of the movement stared them in the citadel of their power. Then came the consummation—the breaking down of their barries—the triumph of the great cause which O'Connell had singly taken up when it appeared hopeless and without adherents. The Protestant Ascendency fortifications fell in a moment, like the fall of scenic ramparts at the finale of a melo drama; and O'Connell marched in, as the Devil usually does on such occasions, equipped with a most portentous tail.

Here I might leave him. When the son of the huckster walked into the House of Commons as the member for Waterford,after beating the Beresfords upon their own ground, he might have felt that the business of life was accomplished, and that he could hope for no new accessions of glory. The Liberator of his country and the emperor of all Irish hearts, could hope to arrive at no higher altitude. He had done enough for a single life.

Such might have been some men's feelings—such were Earl Grey's, under somewhat similar circumstances—but O'Connell's practical mind entertained no such idea. To him, what he had already gained offended only the advantage of a higher ground, where he might start afresh with greater prospects of practical advantage. His line of action was now changed, and we have here a beautiful specimen of the versatility and extent of his powers.

I have before remarked that the fact of his being able to change his policy, in order to render himself effective in the House of Commons, and still to retain his influence out of doors, is a proof of practical powers for managing a democracy. He is now as great a favorite with the House of Commons as he was with his clients upon a circuit, or with a crowd at the Corn Exchange.

That the man who has done all this must be a master spirit in his age cannot admit of a doubt; that he required his power fairly and notoriously, will hardly admit of discussion. Whatever, however, he has used it to the best possible purpose will be much disputed. That personal ambition first started him upon his course, I have no doubt, nor is this any thing to his discredit. I would not give an atom of chaff for the assistance of a public man who is inaccessible to personal ambition; but I question whether that personal ambition has not been made by O'Connell the sole object, instead of only *one object* of his acts. Ireland has yet to ask why he sacrificed the 40s. freeholders—and O'Connell, let him abuse the catechist as he may, can render no sufficient reply.

In private life, O'Connell is a very magnificent fellow, and keeps up the old Irish hospitality at Derrynane, in glorious style. No Englishman, whether Whig, Tory, Radical or Chartist, need hesitate to knock at his door. King Dan is the representative of his country, and he does the honors of hospitality for her.

Spirit of the Age.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT:

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1842

WOOD! WOOD!!

☞Our farmer—friends who find it so hard to get money these days, can bring us wood in any quantity—and all sorts of produce. tf

BLANK NOTES!

Of first rate quality—and cheaper than dirt, for sale at this office. tf

The Chaplaincy made political.—It will be seen that the Rev. Rufus L. Harvey, of the Methodist persuasion, who has officiated as the Chaplain of the State Prison for many years, has been set aside by a coon legislature (probably at the instigation of Milton Brown,) and E. C. Tracy, who has, we understand, been out of the ministry for some seven years,'chosen in his place. What is the secret of this matter, if it be not that Mr H. is a democrat and Mr T. a federalist? That is it; and is it not pushing proscription a point beyond any former precedent?—*Vt. Patriot.*

Mr Tracy is the editor of the *Chronicle*, published at Windsor, professedly a religious paper, but which occasionally throws its influence into the political scale in favor of the coons. The Chaplaincy was probably given in payment for "party services."—*Vt. Statesman.*

The worst of it all is that the *Rev.* E. C. Tracy is not so very *reverend*, after all. Our impression is that he has not attempted to officiate as clergyman these ten or fifteen years. Mr Wardner of Windsor put him in nomination, and upon the question being put directly to him, by Mr Vilas of Chelsea, "is Mr Tracy a Clergyman?" replied that "he had been!" Mr Harvey is a methodist, a democrat, and a clergyman. Mr Tracy is a 'White House' man, coon and the editor of a federal religious paper. The *Chronicle* is the highest-toned federal paper in the State. It is proper that it should have a little pap.

Messrs. Haskell & Palmer of this village, have just published a new *Vermont Almanac and Statistical Register*, for 1843, an extraordinary neat and elegant affair. The work contains 144 pages of well-arranged matter, and is, in all respects, superior to any thing of the kind we have seen.

New England Seminary. We have received a catalogue of this Institution; which shows the number of students within the last year to have been 119.

Lebanon Institute—at Lebanon, N. H. The annual catalogue shows 150 students within the year.

SWETT'S MURRAY. Mr J. Swett, Jr. of Windsor has lately published a new Grammar of the English Language, upon the basis of Murray.

The work, so far as we have been able to examine it, seems to be a good one and an improvement upon works of that kind, hitherto published.

It is supposed that during the late Ohio election, a number of Federalist *staid at home*—that is, remained in other States where they belonged, instead of going into Ohio to vote as they did in 1840.

PENCIL-PAPERS.

I.

"I have had my share of sorrows—more than the common lot, perhaps—but I have borne them ill. I have *broken* when I should have *bent*—and have mused and brooded, when my spirit should have mixed with all God's creation. The men who learn endurance are they who call the whole world brother. I have turned from the world, and I pay the penalty." Boz.

Not all those whom the world calls brave, are brave. Many a coward has led armies and commanded navies, subdued empires and cities, and lived and lives upon the tongues of men as the bravest of the brave. Many a brave man has worn his tow-frock, dug his potatoes,eat his crust, never lived upon men's tongues at all—only lived in himself—and passed away from the world as of no account at all in its doings. He is the bravest man who best learns *endurance*. He is the greatest coward who most illy submits to the irremediable necessities of life, and like a whipped dog, whines at every stroke of misfortune's lash. Life, existence, is inseperable from suffering. It cannot, nay, it should not be otherwise. The ore must be melted—else how shall we get the fine gold from the dross? The air must be purified—Yet how shall it be done but by storms, thunder and lightning? The rainbow, beautiful as it is—did you ever think?—it is the child of the tempest? It never spans the sky, with its glorious arch,till the storm has gone before. Not a sorrow—not a temptation, not a disappointment dims the eye, besets the heart or weighs down the spirit,but is for our good—our purification. All are angels of mercy, sent to separate the gold fiom the dross—to purify the atmosphere, and build over the intellect the magnificent bow of that peace that is born of a faithful endurance of suffering. *To suffer is to know*, and to suffer bravely like true men, is the highest philosphy. Look upon the portraits of Jesus of Nazareth—such imperfect ones as we have! See how calm endurance,& patient suffering is the prominent characterstic of that noble face and that majestic brow. He, the bravest being history has ever spoken of—look at his life as a man—patiently suffering, calmly enduring all that was written for him to suffer, all that was written for him to endure, leaving to history a most perfect specimen of man-life. Look at Martin Luther, John Knox, and an hundred others that might be named; brave as lions, these men! And yet, how much they suffered! how much they endured! They did not bear their lot illy—they did what was set before them to do, like brave and faithful men. They never complained—and yet their lives were a perpetual warfare. They bore well,and they have their reward.

He who yields one moment to the circumstances of life, fortunate or unfortunate; I mean, he who allows circumstances to throw him from his mancentre, is a weak fellow—a weak fellow indeed; and he who shrinks and skulks when the rains descend and the storms beat is a coward; no less than that; and farther, he who broods and grows sick-hearted and wrong-headed over his fortunes, and does not, when he should, "mix with all God's creation," is a fool. All the mighty struggles of the spirit only reveal its power—bring out its strength and give it prophet-eyes. We wrong the glorious and the god-like within us when we cramp it down tewhine and mewl under the lash of a little trial. It would not do so—but we force it. That spirit hath a part in "all God's creation," from the cloud that is under his feet to the flower in the wall. Let it out!—let it out! and you shall see with this glorious world before it, how little it will grow sad and misanthropic,and hypacondriac, and dispectic.

"God's creation!" live in that, in the great heart of that, like glorious old Will Shakespeare, enduring like a man, all that you meet in living and then you shall be here to some purpose. Bah! let a trial here and a loss there—a house burned, a horse killed, an office intrigued away from you, or a friend estranged, make you grow sick and old-womanish! Get you out into a "God's creation" and be quick for your life! Put on the aspect of a man. Open your eyes and see—your ears and hear,and make the most and the best of everything. I never had any sympathy with these broken-hearted people. I can no more understand than could Ralph Nicholby what is meant by a *broken heart*. God never breaks hearts—he bends them, he bows them, he humbles them. He never lays a blow upon any heart that will break it. It is against his will that his creatures pine and grow jaundiced-eyed till they see nothing beautiful or desirable in all he has made—till they become dead things having only a name to live. He never laid a blow upon a heart but that he gave that heart the power to endure it, and meant that it should endure it and be the better for it. But we, cowards as we are, give up at the first lash, and beg and cry, and say we can't endure it! we must die! Fiddlestick! I have the utmost contempt for such fools. There is not the shadow of a man about them! or woman either.—A true man allows nothing to daunt him, nothing to darken the light that is within him, and whatever fortunes he meets he learns to s'and up to them like the eternal hills, immovable. It is only in this way that he ever becomes true and strong, and he should be thankful for the vicissitudes that try and temper his spirit. Think you that splendid weapon with which Saladin clove the pillow, was tempered with the heat of new milk or in the hottest fire? Plant two trees, one upon the top of a bald hill—the other in the midst of a forest. Let them grow a century. Now clear away the forest, call up the whirlwind and mark which tree endures the longest. The one upon the hill, has warred with whirlwinds for an hundred years and the breath of its nostrils is no new thing to its giant arms. In a thousand storms it has grown strong and god-like. Its gnarled old heart has become like the rock, and its arms like steel, and it plays with the whirlwind,sways its limbs to and fro and does not care enough for its strength to defy it! But the other, alas! it has grown up in the shade—slender and delicate. It has passed all its days sheltered and protected by the surrounding trees, in quiet dalliance with the summer breeze, and in rocking the tiny wood-bird to sleep in its arms.—The whirlwind dashes it down like a stalk of barley. There is no strength in its heart. Think you, when the Almighty has anything to be done in this world of his, he chooses your elder-pith men to do it? No,the oak-hearted fellows that have been or can be strengthened in the storms and made brave and lion-like that he chooses;men who would laugh at a world in opposition—who have no fear of hatred, scorn, contumely, inquisitions, diets, kings, faggots and death itself. Who shall say, when he is writhing in the struggles of most accute suffering, *for what all that is?* Who shall say, that the Almighty is not trying him, as in the fire, to see of what sort of stuff he is made? Who shall say that God hath not a great work for somebody to do,and is selecting the instrument from the millions he has made? And who shall say, that, at the very moment, when in thought, even, you waver, the blade snaps in his hands, and he throws you aside as useless in that work! Ah! if this be so, and who *can* say it is *not*, what do we lose by momentary and unmanly faltering in the great business of life in this world! I say again we should be thankful for all the trials we meet.—They fit us to do some-*thing*. The old oak—was it fortunate that it was planted upon the hill? The poor tree in the valley is gone? Where shall all the cattle of the field shelter themselves from the sun and the wind? Where shall the birds of the air build their nests? Where? beneath the arms and in the branches of the brave old oak that wrestled so long with the whirlwind that it became its master. And if the oak could speak would it not be in thankfullness for the struggles that had made it so strong and gave it the power to defy the storm and stretch its green arms for a shelter over the flocks of the hills and raise its branches on high for a resting place to the birds of heaven? *Bear all, then, endure all, like a man, for you know not what you may be.*

New kind of Coin.—We see it stated that Mr Riddle, of the United States Mint,in New Orleans, is at present occupied in making experiments on alloys of metal, to ascertain which description of alloy is most suitable for forming small coin, to be used as a circulating medium. He proposes to coin a three-cent piece of a composition or alloy of silver and copper, which shall be intrinsically worth that much. The size of the coin will probably be that of a half dime, but thicker, and its color nearly that of silver.

The Treaty. The *Madisonian* of the 10th inst. contains the President's Proclamation, announcing the ratification of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, on the part of England, and the exchange of ratifications by the two governments, and declaring the same to be the public law of the land. The treaty is also officially published, being included in the proclamation.

We learn from the New York papers that Col. Webb is again indicted on the "duel" affair, and bail demanded and given for $10,000.

Nathan Hale, Jr. Esq., has retired from the editorial department of the *Boston Miscellany*, and is to be succeeded by H. P. Tuckerman.

On dit.—That the "gentleman from Townsend" is about to print his speech on "compost manure', delivered in the House of Representatives, during the late session, which carried the Geological Survey Bill by 65 majority!

Vermont is good for 8 or 10,000 majority for Henry Clay and John Davis. Gov. Paine will have 3100 more votes than Smilie.

Good for the Star that never sets—we'll show you an echo of the same tune in the old Bay State on the second Monday in November.—*Boston Daily American, Sept.* 23.

Did'nt you get your foot into that rather deep-ish?

There is another means, besides Phrenology, of determining one's character for honesty. He who punctually *pays for his paper*, must have "*Conscienciousness large*"—and *vice versa*.

John Adams a Hard Money Man. In a recent historical work published by George Atkinson Ward, member of the American Historical Society, the following passage occurs. We commend the subject to the serious attention of all those who never embrace an idea, however good, unless it have the sanction of high, ancient authority:

"In an unpublished letter of John Adams to Colonel Joseph Ward, dated Quincy, Oct. 24, 1809, he says:—'If I was the witch of Endor, I would wake the ghost of Hutchinson, and give him absolute power over the currency of the United States, and every part of it; provided, always, that he should meddle with nothing but currency. As little as I revere his memory, I will acknowledge that he understood the subject of coin and commerce better than any man I ever knew in this country. He was a merchant, and there can be no scientific merchant without a perfect knowledge of the theory of a medium of trade. It will be in vain to talk of public credit, until we return to a sure, unmixed circulation of standard gold and silver. There can never be a government of laws in money matters, without a fixed philosophical and mathematical standard. Contracts can never be inviolable without a stable standard."

The illumination of the Buffalo Post Office was, it now appears, the act of *the Tyler Committee, who have rooms in that building.* And this is the apology offered for one of the most infamous outrages that the annals of party warfare have ever exhibited in this country. A building occupied as one of the public offices of the General Government, to which all parties and all classes are alike obliged to resort, is, in the first place, used as a place of meeting by the mercenaries of John Tyler, and then illuminated by these same miserable sycophants in token of their joy at the result of an election which has proved disastrous to the party who placed their master where he is! Was ever any thing more infamous?—*N. Y. American.*

"When one of the public offices to which all parties resort," is used by the "mercenaries of" Henry Clay—when in those "public offices," cheers are given for the coons and "damnations for John Tyler" it is all moral, religious and decent, but, when the boot is, for a moment, placed on the other leg "was ever any thing more infamous?"

Georgia. The legislature of this State convened at Milledgville on Monday, the 7th inst. Hon. R M. Echols, of Walton, was elected President of the Senate, having 50 votes to 31 for A. J. Millen, (Whig.) James Jackson was chosen Clerk. In the House, Wm. B. Wafford, of Habersham was chosen Speaker on the fourth ballot, and John H. Dyson, of Wilkes, Clerk, on the second ballot. The successful candidates are democrats.

NEW YORK—THE RESULT—COMPLETE.

MAJORITIES FOR GOVERNOR.

FOR BOUCK.		FOR BRADISH.	
Broome	250	Albany	193
Cayuga	700	Allegany	395
Chemung	795	Cattaraugus	76
Chenango	400	Chautauque	1800
Clinton	343	Erie	650
Columbia	912	Essex	350
Cortland	55	Franklin	100
Delaware	1400	Genesee	835
Dutchess	750	Livingston	750
Fulton	50	Monroe	300
Greene	800	Niagara	341
Herkimer	1375	Ontario	304
Jefferson	834	Orleans	34
Kings	385	Washington,	1050
Lewis	250	Wyoming	20
Madison	600		
Montgomery	500		7,198
New York	2100		
Oneida	1400		
Onondaga	600		
Orange	800		
Otsego,	1400		
Oswego	659		
Putnam	837		
Queens	383		
Rensselaer	120		
Richmond	165		
Rockland	600		
St. Lawrence	1500		
Saratoga	100		
Schenectady	243		
Schoharie	1223		
Seneca	540		
Steuben	1116		
Suffolk	1200		
Sullivan	225		
Tompkins	200		
Tioga	400		
Ulster	550		
Warren	345		
Wayne	453		
Westchester,	715		
Yates	306		
	28,609		

☞Majority for Bouck, 21,411.☜

THE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

Dem. FIRST DISTRICT. *Coons.*
2. John B. Scott. 1. Morris Franklin.
3. Isaac L. Varian.
4. John A. Lott.

SECOND DISTRICT.
1. John Hunter.
2. Robert Denniston.
3. Abraham Bockee.
4. Abraham Deyo.

THIRD DISTRICT.
2. Henry W. Strong. 1. Erastus Root.
3. Erastus Corning.
4. John C. Wright.

FOURTH DISTRICT.
2 Sidney Lawrence. 1, James G. Hopkins.
3. Edmund Varney.
4. Thomas B. Mitchell.

FIFTH DISTRICT.
1. Sumner Ely.
2. Henry A. Foster.
3. William Ruger.
4. Carlos P. Scovil.

SIXTH DISTRICT.
3. James Faulkner. 1. A. B. Dickinson.
4. Cal'n T. Chamberlain. 2. Nehemiah Platt.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.
1. Lyman Sherwood. 2. Elijah Rhoades.
3. William Bartlit.
4. John Porter.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.
1. Abram Dixon.
2. Samuel Works.
3. Gideon Hard.
4. Harvey Putnam.

22 democrats to 10 coons.

ASSEMBLY.

Dem.		*Whig.*	
Broome	1	Albany	2
Cayuga	3	Allgany	2
Chemung	1	Cattaraugus	2
Chenango	3	Chautauque	3
Clinton	1	Erie	3
Columbia	3	Essex	1
Cortland	2	Franklin	1
Delaware	2	Genesee	2
Dutchess	3	Livingston	2
Fulton	1	Monroe	3
Greene	2	Niagara	2
Herkimer	2	New-York	2
Jefferson	3	Ontario	3
Kings	2	Orleans	1
Lewis	1	Warren	1
Montgomery	2	Washington	2
Madison	3	Wyoming,	2
New-York	11		
Oneida	4		35
Orange	3		
Onondaga	4		
Otsego	3		
Oswego	2		
Putnam	1		
Queens	1		
Rensselaer	3		
Richmond	1		
Rockland	1		
Saratoga	2		
Schenectady	1		
Seneca	1		
Schoharie	2		
Steuben	3		
St. Lawrence	2		
Suffolk	2		
Sullivan	1		
Tompkins	2		
Tioga	1		
Ulster	2		
Wayne	2		
Westchester	2		
Yates	1		
	98		

93 democrats to 35 wnigs.

Democratic majority on joint ballot, 68—securing of course the choice of a democratic U. S. Senator.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ELECT.

Dist. *Dem.*	*Dist.* *Fed. Whigs.*
1 Selah B. Strong.	3 J. Philips Phœnix, g.
2 Henry C. Murphy.	6 Hamilton Fish, *gain.*
4 Wm. B. Maclay.	13 Daniel D. Barnard.
5 Moses G. Leonard.	14 Chas. Rogers.
7 Joseph H. Anderson.	28 Thom. J. Patterson.
8 Richard D. Davis.	29 Chas H. Carroll.
9 James G. Clinton.	31 Asher Tyler.
10 Jeremiah Russell.	32 Wm. A. Moseley.
11 Zadock Pratt.	33 Albert Smith
12 David L. Seymour, g.	34 Washington Hunt.
15 Lemuel Stetson, *gain.*	
16 Chesselden Ellis, *gain.*	
17 Chas. S. Benton, *gain.*	
18 Preston King, *gain.*	
19 Orville Hungerford, *gain.*	
20 Samuel Beardsley.	
21 Jeremiah E. Cary.	
22 Smith M. Purdy, *gain.*	
23 Orville Robinson.	
24 Horace Wheaton, *gain.*	
25 Geo. Rathbun, *gain.*	
26 Amasa Dana.	
27 Byram Green, *gain.*	
30 Wm. S. Hubbell.	

Democrats, 24; whigs, or coons, 10.

Only one whig member of the present congress is re-elected.

It is said that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, but very few of them can *decline* matrimony.

JOHN C. COLT.

The preparations for the execution of Colt last Friday at New York were all completed. At his request, the sheriff had named the hour of 4 P. M. for the execution, and up to 2 o'clock, he was engaged in taking leave of his friends and in consultation with his spiritual adviser, Dr Anthon.—Among others, his former mistress was present, and it is reported,was married to him in the morning. When the sheriff informed him that 4 was the latest hour to which he could defer the execution, Colt set his watch by the sheriff's, and at 2 o'clock requested to be left alone for a time, and his request was complied with. The remainder of his story we take from the *Herald* extra of 5 minutes before 4 o'clock P. M. Friday.

No one entered his cell till precisely five minutes to four o'clock, at which time Sheriff Hart and Westervelt, dressed in uniform with Dr. Anthon proceeded to the cell, on the keeper opening the cell, Dr. Anthon, who was first, drew back, threw up his eyes to Heaven, and uttering a faint ejaculation, turned pale as death and retired. "As I thought," said the keeper. "As I thought,'said we. And going into the cell, there lay Colt on his back, stretched out at full length on the bed, quite dead, but not cold. A clasp knife, like a small dirk knife, with a broken handle, was sticking in his heart. He had stabbed himself about the fifth rib on the left side. We felt his temples, and they were warm.

His vest was open, the blood had flowed freely, and his hands, which were placed across his belly, were very bloody; he had evidently worked and turned the knife round and round in his haart, after he had stabbed himself, until he made quite a large gash. His body was laid out quite strait on the bed, as if laid out for a funeral by others. His mouth was open and his eyes partially open. Dr. Hosack and others went into his cell and pronounced him dead. The coroner was ready at hand, took charge of the body and locked the cell.

Most strange to say, just at this moment, the large cupolo of the Tombs was discovered to be on fire; and burned furiously; so that, if he had not killed himself, in consequence of the execution being postponed to the last moment,it is very probable, that in the confusion arising from the fire,and the mob breaking into the Tombs, Colt would either have made his escape, or he would have been hung.

The conduct of those concerned needs no commentary. The public will pass judgment on them! We have more to say about his visitors hereafter.

THE BATTLE

Now is close at hand! Are all ready? It will be one that will try men's souls—there will be no chance for running. It must be fought bravely through, like the battles men fight when their liberties and their lives are at stake. Are you all ready? If not—if there is a soldier who is behind hand, now or never begin to get ready. A thousand things remain to be done. Call on your lukewarm neighbor, and entreat him to go to the polls. Stir him up to the importance of the contest—Call on that old soldier,who has bleached his locks in the many battles for the equal rights of men, and who may think himself ready to retire from the turmoils of political strife, and in the language of an experienced General, "Tell him there is one more struggle in which his voice must be heard—tell him that the young soldiers will do the fighting, but that he must come out and *look on*. His grey locks will be like a banner of freedom, to cheer us on to the charge. Tell him he must come out and tell his children how he fought,when the strength of his right arm was nerved in the battles of his country."

RALLY, RALLY, FREEMEN!

Rally from every hill—rally from every vale—rally from your workshops—rally from your fields—rally from your firesides! Old men, rally! Young men, rally!

The preceding is one of the things we "got off" in 1840. It has been pretty extensively appropriated by other papers in all directions But we did'nt care anything about it, till we saw it, original, in the *Boston Atlas*, just before the late coon skinning in Massachusetts, and *that* started us a little, but no matter now, we have n't the heart to say a hard word to the poor coons of the *Atlas* albeit they did "steal the livery" &c.

Improvement of the Western Waters. The Louisville *Journal* forcibly appeals to Western members of Congress to press the subject of appropriations to improve the navigation of the rivers and interior seas of the West, upon the National Legislature. The *Journal* says:—"Is it not monstrous that, while the General Government has done so much for our exterior and coasting commerce, so little has been done for the interior seas, the lakes, and those great national channels that lave the borders of half the States of the Union,all of which stand precisely on the same footing in regard to national care and protection, as the sea coast."

According to the *Journal*, there is on an averages about a boat a day lost on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers! The Missouri and the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio, are forests of snags. In an area of one acre can be seen, not far below the mouth of the Missouri, at one sight, no less than twelve steamers snagged and sunk. The $100,000 appropriated by the last Congress, it is said, is not sufficient to remove the snags below the mouth of the Ohio.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

Returns of votes from every town in the State give the following result. Whole number of votes 117,379; for Morton, 56,234; Davis, 54,545; all others, 6,600, Morton's majority over Davis,1,689. Increase of the democratic vote since 1841, 5,117. Decrease in the federal vote, 1,200. Increase in the scattering vote, 2,879 Morton's nett gain over Davis since 1841, 6,317. Davis' loss last year, compared with Morton's vote and scattering, is over 9000.

The Democrats have 16 Senators, the whigs 10. In Worcester, Essex, Franklin, and Plymouth, no Senators are chosen. 139 Democratic, 129 whig, and 1 Abolitionist have been chosen Representatives.—*Boston Times.*

Ohio. The official returns for Governor stand as follws:

Wilson Shannon (Democrat,)	129,064
Thomas Corwin (Whig,)	125,621
L. King (Abolition,)	5,403

Shannon's majority over Corwin is 3,443, and he is consequently chosen, as a plurality elects.

Democratic gain since Harrison's election in 1840, 24,818!

Arkansas.—The Legislature in this State stan as follws:—

Senate,	15 democrats,	6 whigs
House,	46 "	20 "
	61	26
	26	
	35 democratic majority on joint ballot.	