

The Legislature of last Winter.

We received a few days since, a copy of the laws of last winter, and although we had been prepared by a residence at the city of Columbus during most of the last session for a monster, yet the book exceeds our most sanguine expectations.

The volume contains 30 closely printed pages of general laws. This when added to the 238 pages of the session 1852 makes a beautiful comment on Democratic meddling and legislative sessions.

One of the principal reasons urged on the people of Ohio by the Democratic party for the formation of a new Constitution, was the fact that there was too much legislation. They promised the dear people that under the new constitution, if they were permitted to form one, we would have legislative sessions to meet once in two years, thereby saving to the people a large expense necessarily incurred under the old. The people believed them, elected delegates and formed a new constitution providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature.

The first Legislature under this new constitution convened at the Capitol on the 5th day of January 1852, and after a session of unusual length adjourned to meet in November and finish the first biennial session by holding two sessions in one year—a slight improvement on Wooster's large Dictionary.

The first two sessions of our legislature immediately preceding the adoption of the New Constitution enacted 221 pages of general laws.—The first Legislature immediately succeeding its adoption 775 pages. This increase we presume is owing entirely to the progressive principle of the age. If we continue to progress, the world will not contain the books that will have to be written.

These may all be necessary for the growing prosperity of the State, but if the State continues to grow thus rapidly a division will very soon be necessary—our legislature even with biennial sessions under Webster's improvement, will not be adequate to the task of legislation.

We invite the voters of Ohio to examine the cost of legislation in the last two years under the Whig rule: compare it with the expense of these two years, and vote at the next October election as their judgment dictates.—North Western Whig

EUROPEAN INTERVENTION WITH CUBA.

The New Orleans Delta, with the view of impressing upon the Government of the United States the importance of Cuba in a commercial point of view, gives the following statement of our export and import trade with that island:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Exports, Imports. Data for 1849, 1850, 1851.

The clearances from Cuba to ports in the U. S. in 1847 amount to a tonnage of 100,722. To show the danger of permitting Cuba to fall into the hands of any other power than Spain, the Delta adds that the annual value in 1847 of the American trade passing through the Gulf is two hundred millions, employing an aggregate tonnage of 200,012.

Mr. Threshers' resolution, offered at Memphis, gives this Gulf trade at present at \$300,000,000, employing ten thousand ships.—Ed. Rep. One fourth the commerce of Cuba as alleged by the Delta is to be with the United States; it concludes its article with the following expression of opinion:

"Looking at these facts, the continuance of Cuba under the dominion of Spain, its cession to another and formidable power, or its acquisition by the United States, the question of its destiny is one of the most important and momentous of the present time.

"We will not waste argument in attempting to demonstrate that Cuba could neither become an independent sovereignty nor fall in to the possession of an European nation. The United States will resist to the last extremity the establishment of any foreign power in America. The very statement of such a desire bears its absurdity upon its face."

GRAIN ELEVATORS AT OSWEGO.—The Oswego Times gives the following account of the facilities for elevating and storing grain that either now exists or are in course of erection in that city:

"The Ontario Elevator, on the west side of the river, will hold 300,000 bushels of grain and elevate over 30,000 bushels per day. The Pitts Elevator, on the east side will hold 100,000 bushels, and has power for elevating and delivering 20,000 bushels per day. These with two floating Elevators, will be sufficient in the present emergency.

In this connection we will state that Penfield, Lyon & Co. will soon erect a large Elevator, with modern improvement, on the site of their mill, capable of holding 300,000 bushels of grain. Mr. George Ames is preparing to erect on which will hold 200,000 bushels; and the Abbey Elevator now in course of erection, will hold 150,000 bushels, with capacity for elevating 2,000 bushels per hour. Fitzhugh & Littlejohn are erecting a large Storehouse for the forwarding business, which they intend will be finished in sixty days. Great activity prevails on the burnt district, and we are confidently assured by parties that the storehouse, &c. will be completed in time for the fall business.

STARVATION IN SPAIN.—It appears that the miserable condition to which Ireland was reduced a few years ago, is paralleled by what is now taking place in Spain. A writer in a French paper says:

"In vain the venerable Bishop of St. Jacques, in presence of more than six hundred unfortunate resembling moving corpses, who daily besiege his gate, has sold his mules and his carriages. In vain has he reduced himself and his servants to the merest necessities, in order that he might give the rest to those who perish of hunger. All that he or the other bishop do, according to all that the government can do, and clergy to the Episcopatus, is but a drop of water to extinguish the conflagration. When we speak of the government, however, we must remember that a last contribution made by it of 3,000,000 francs, has not been distributed. In the mountains, the starving die by dozens, and in many places fever of the most dangerous character are joined to the famine. Hundreds of sick expire for want of nourishment and medicine. The streets of our city are encumbered with old men, women and children, with rags of corpses, covered with misérable signs and even worse, troubling themselves no longer except to die in quiet, and so imploring with loud cries the aid of the public charity. At the gates of the Archbishop's Palace, more than a thousand people wait for daily bread; and I hear that one day lately 4,500 poor assembled to receive the alms distributed in the city by one gentleman."

Of What is the Old Man Thinking?

BY T. HAYNER BAYLY. Of what is the old man thinking? As he leans on his oaken staff; From the May day past no shrinking. He shares not the merry laugh. But the tears of the old man flow, As he looks on the young and gay; And his gray head moving slow Keeps time to the air they play. The elder around are drinking. Oh, of what is the old man thinking, As he leans on his oaken staff.

'T is not with a vain repining That the old man sheds a tear; 'T is not for his strength declining. He sighs not to linger here. There's a spell in the air they play, And the old man's eyes are dim, For it calls up a past May-day, And the dear friends lost to him. From the scene before him shrinking— From the dance and the merry laugh; Of their calm repose he is thinking, As he leans on his oaken staff.

It is at this period of life, that the mind delights to wander back to those blissful days of childhood's innocence, where the soul exists in its primeval purity, and the mind free from all the cares, strifes and jealousies of after life.

It is a source of the greatest pleasure, for the aged man, who has lived or nearly lived out his three score years and ten, to wander back in imagination, up the stream of time, to the point from whence he started over half a century ago, and enjoy again all that he enjoyed in childhood's days, and endure all that he must endure, when called upon to enter upon the busy scenes of active life and buffet with its stormy tide alone.

Although there are times, even in youth, when the mind is weighed down by disappointed hopes, that the contrast may be seen, in its true light, between the sweet innocence of childhood and the faults and follies of after years; yet it was not until the frosts of life's winter have begun to collect and whiten the dark locks of former days, that we can realize all that we have lost by their departure.

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A Glance at the Past.

In glancing backwards, along the dim vista of bygone years; to the time of our earliest recollection, be those years few or many, we can see much to regret; yet some things over which to rejoice.

We regret the flight of childhood's days; for upon them depends man's true enjoyment upon earth.

'T is true, there may be much enjoyment, even in this work-day world, after the spring-time of life is past, but none so pure and unalloyed as that belonging to the period of childhood.

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THE JOURNAL.

FREMONT, OHIO. I. W. BOOTH, Editor. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853

WHIG STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR, NELSON BARRERE, of Highland.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, ISAAC J. ALLEN, of Richland.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE, HENRY BRACHMAN, of Hamilton.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE, NELSON H. VAN VORHES, of Athens.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL, WILLIAM H. GIBSON, of Seneca.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE, FRANKLIN T. BACKUS, of Cuyahoga.

FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, JOHN WADDLE, of Coshocton.

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" (Thus passes away the glory of the world.) Life has its days of innocence and pure enjoyment—wild and extravagant enjoyments, but chaste and ecstatic. It has its hours of romance and poetry—hours in which we glide smoothly and rapidly along, on halcyon wings of rainbow hue, onward towards our infinite and Eternal Home.

Such are the days and hours we spend with the friends of our childhood and youth. Such days we have had. Among the friends of those departed days of unalloyed happiness, was one who was a noble, talented, great-hearted boy. He was the very image of health and strength—in symmetry as perfect and as beautiful as the statue of Apollo.

Never did any boy give fairer promise of becoming one of the most brilliant stars in the galaxy of fame, and of his Country's glory. He was the intimate—one of the dearest friends—of our youth. We were joyous schoolboys together. We were merry—light-hearted playfellows together. Many golden hours—bright as the dreams of "the better land"—we whiled away together.

But, "There is no union here of hearts, That finds not here an end." We parted. Time—years sped rapidly away. We met. The noble boy had grown to a noble man. He had graduated at one of our best Eastern Colleges, and borne away in triumph his highest honors.

During this short meeting—our last meeting—we were sitting one sunny day beneath the spacious shade of a great old oak, talking of "Thy smiles, the tears of boyhood years, The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken."

When in the course of our conversation we alluded to an old chum of ours, whom we both loved with a brother's love, who was then dead and in a drunkard's grave, he exclaimed, looking steadfast into a little brook that went dancing and sparkling along at the foot of the little hill on which we sat, "sic transit gloria mundi." "How like a God," he continued, "is a noble man; yet how easy tempted to turn away and leave the road to honor and his native heaven." Ah how prophetic of his own sad fate!

Again we parted—parted for the last time—parted to meet no more on this side of the "dark cold river." Never shall we forget the morning of our final separation. It seems but yesterday since taking us warmly by the hand he said rather playfully though sadly, in one of the most melodious tones of his musical voice; "Farewell my dear old friend, may heaven take a liking for you." Four years passed away; and in the mean time our friend had passed through all the stages of the occasional drinker, the moderate drinker, the fashionable drinker, the habitual drinker, the fashionable drunkard, the dogged drunkard—and was dead. He died far from the home and the friends of his youth. As he lay on the pavement in one of the streets of the City of P—, drunk—dead drunk, he exclaimed in a feeble inarticulate voice, "This is the end of the moderate drinker—sic transit gloria mundi," and his lips were still—his heart was still—he was dead. Ah, yes, "this is the end of the moderate drinker—thus passes away the glory of the world." Young man, beware; take not the first steps, there is the fatal error. Remember that "a man with the talents of an angel may yet be a fool," and fall.

The press, pulpit, and the platform have discharged their heaviest artillery. The miserable drunkard, the heart broken wife, the ragged and starving child, have all made their touching, eloquent appeals. Alms-houses and prisons, crowded with wretched inmates, have sent forth their piteous tales. A countless company of liquor-sellers, ruined in body, estate, and reputation, have lifted their voice of warning; and that the whole earth might know the wickedness, and the blighting and damning nature of their business, God has uttered his voice of warning, and pronounced a woe upon him who dares to put the bottle to his neighbor's lip. But all these appeals, and expostulations, warnings, and woes, have been disregarded.

MATRIMONIAL. ANECDOTE.—Among our marriage notices this week is recorded the wedding at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, of Mr. Briggs, gardener, to Thirza, second daughter of Mr. Smith, of Harverhill. Mr. Briggs is a hale and hearty young man of seventy-nine. At the conclusion of the interesting ceremony, the youngster was asked his age, when he boldly exclaimed seventy-nine! At this the bride gave a faint shriek, exclaiming, "Oh! if I had but known it! Oh, why has he been palming himself off on me as only sixty six! Oh, I had no idea of such a thing."—Cambridge (Eng.) paper.

The Cleveland Herald says that CHARLES SWEETZER, of Delaware county, is an applicant for the post of Minister to St. James, if BUCHANAN declines.

What next! Charles Sweetzer at the court of St. James. Well there is no accounting for tastes now-a-days—especially in the democratic party. His morals might suit that court; but it don't seem portions of Ohio. We suppose the next thing we shall hear will be that of Jake Finn's applying for the mission to Austria, now so ably filled by Dr. Foot; and B. P. Leister asking to go to France.

We should not wonder at it nor be surprised to hear of their appointment, it would be in accordance with the appointments already made.

The Commander-in-Chief of our "Buz-bodies," was run over, a day or two since by a cart load of truth, and severely hurt.

HOPEFUL YOUTH.

A few evenings since while sitting at an office window, we observed a young urchin who had just doffed his nursery clothes, coming down Main Street on a sort of dog trot, stopping only to charge on the dogs he met with, until coming up to a man sitting on the door of his—, he stopped, eyed the man, who little dreamed of what was about to befall him, when all of a sudden the young scamp sprang at him, and hit him such a rap on the side of the head that he reeled not a little to one side. The poor man's face turned very red as he looked daggers after the little rascal who ran off apparently as little disconcerted and unconcerned as though he had only gently pulled pussy's tail. The scene was so ridiculous and ludicrous, we could not help laughing, though we honestly thought the young hopeful "needed to be leech'd education" by the good old "Rule of Hickory With." The next exploit of the promising little hero was to take hold of an old gentleman's coat-tail and give it such a pull as to set him reeling as though he had been fuddled. He next charged furiously on a flock of geese "and put them all to flight." Even the "old sturdy gander" himself, could not withstand so formidable an enemy. The old hero after a short resistance gave way, before the young stripling, and away went gander, boy and all, until lost in a cloud of dust, they disappeared.

This rank growth of scion should never be "spilt by teachin' him this taral education." You see to "t'ma" that no "unfeelin' teacher ever mak's the back of your darlin' boy," stinging by a judicious and wholesome application of hickory oil. "It would spile him."

The Hamilton Intelligencer announces that Mr. Traber, Treasurer of Butler county has proved a defaulter to the tune of six or seven thousand dollars, and resigned his office. The Intelligencer asks "why is it that Butler county is the scene of so many defalcations," and solves the question with a single word—"Locofocoism." The stealing practice seems to have grown into a Willerism.

"Young America" is supposed to be ahead in Sandusky County.—Old fogeyism, since the Presidential Election, has been napping. There is fun ahead, and we mean to look on, and may be induced to take a hand in the fight, before it is over.

The coming contest this fall will be a spirited one, and we would suggest now to our whig friends throughout the County and district, to get ready for the ring. We intend to be in; but more anon, as our coat is already off.

We regret that no preparations have been made to celebrate in this place the Anniversary of Croghan's Victory, on Tuesday next. Such occasions should be looked upon as sacred and be appropriately remembered by freemen. We mean to have something to say on this subject another time.

GRAND TEMPERANCE RALLY. On next Tuesday evening, Aug. 2d, there will be a grand rally of the friends of temperance, at the Court House in Fremont, at early candle-lighting. Let all turn out, old and young, male and female, citizens of the town and citizens of the country, and let us have a meeting that shall tell for the great cause of humanity. Let us all turn out without respect to religion or party, in the true spirit of patriots and philanthropists, determined to wage war against one of the greatest enemies of man, until he shall be conquered and exterminated. Come one, come all, come everybody, to the rescue! Let us reason together—let us have a good time together—let us make one grand, united charge upon our common enemy.

RILEY FAMILY. This family gave two concerts, in Buckeye Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday nights last. We have heard worse performers and we have heard better. Young Fannie is certainly a good fiddler. They are good painters, as we should judge from their faces. We were particularly pleased with their singing of that very beautiful and touching song entitled, "Dream on Young Hearts."

We do not think it could be easily surpassed. "I should like to marry" was well executed, and elicited deservedly rounds of applause, as did several other pieces, which they executed with great skill. This troupe is destined to be a popular one. Success follow them.

Ram and Crime in Boston. The grand jury of Suffolk county, (Boston,) Mass., have made a report of their doings for the last six months. They have been in session 49 days, have examined 479 cases, and found 408 bills, having 1,468 witnesses.—Of the cause of the fearfully abundant crime into which they have been required to examine, they say:

"Of the proximate and obvious causes of crime, they will mention but one. Grand Jurors in this Commonwealth and elsewhere have repeatedly declared their conviction that three-fourths of the crime of the community, might be attributed, directly or indirectly, to the intemperate use of strong drinks. The present Grand Jury have come to the same conclusion. And though it does not belong especially to the function of the Grand Jury to investigate this matter, it does eminently belong to them to mention its pernicious influence.—This cause of crime fills the prisons faster than the community can build them. The means of indulgence are abundantly furnished by numerous shops for the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks—grogeries of all sorts, from the fashionable saloon down to the 'hole in the wall, and the filthy cellar, where the air reeks with stench and blasphemy—the resort of the idle, the thoughtless, the profligate, the ruffian and the barlot. The municipal authorities can remove this nuisance, or at least abate it, whenever they will; it is as much in their power as the offal in the sewers or dirt in the streets."

THE TRIAL OF CORN WHISKY.

A great number of crimes of all degrees, such as thefts, robberies, riots and murders, having been committed in the land; and it having been strongly suspected for a long time, that one Corn Whisky was the instigator and abettor in the most of them, he was arrested in the year of our Lord 1853, in the State of Ohio, and brought to trial.

The trial came on in the highest Court in the State, the General Court of the Whole People; Judge Public Opinion presiding. The appearance of the prisoner, as the Sheriff placed him at the bar, produced a strong sensation of disgust throughout the Court room. He appeared to be about 35 years of age, but his limbs trembled and shook like an old man of eighty. His face was red and bloated, his eyes heavy and bloodshot, and his whole appearance indicated the hardened villain capable of any crime.

The necessary forms having been gone through with, the indictment was read which charged the prisoner as follows:

1. That he had robbed a great number of families of all their possessions, so that they were left to suffer with cold and hunger.

2. That he had instigated fathers to beat their wives and children with cruel blows and stripes, to the danger and sometimes to the destruction of their lives.

3. That he had filled our prisons with the wretches whom he had corrupted, and the poorhouses with those whom he had disabled, and with helpless women and children from whom he had taken away their daily bread.

4. That he had thus added a great burden of taxation to that which the people of the State are already compelled to bear.

5. That he had aided and abetted in the commission of various crimes such as theft, arson, burglary and murder.

To all which charges the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." The witness was then called. And first the Prosecuting Attorney brought into Court an immense crowd of pale, forlorn looking women, of all ages from twenty-five to sixty. The sum of their evidence, for we have not space for details, was as follows:

They had married in youth, with as high expectations, and as fair opportunities for happiness as others. Their husbands had been kind, industrious and good providers, until they became acquainted with Corn Whisky, the prisoner at the bar. From that time they had gradually become idle in their habits, loathsome in their appearance, unkind to their families, and at length spent all their money, and sometimes even the earnings of their wives and children, in the company of this worthless vagabond Corn Whisky. As a consequence their families were reduced to want, and often suffered for lack of sufficient food and clothing.

These women testified also that their husbands who had sworn to cherish and protect them, would return to their homes in company with the villain Corn Whisky, and would at his instigation, without provocation beat their wives and children; and many of these women showed in open Court the marks of this cruelty. Next the Prosecuting Attorney called the keepers of prisons and poorhouses in the State to give in their evidence. The sum of their testimony was that after careful examination of the matter, they had found that more than half the whole number of criminals and paupers were made such by the prisoner at the bar, Corn Whisky. A great number of the criminals themselves were brought into Court. The counsel for the defence objected, but the Judge decided that all testimony should be received for what it might be worth. The criminals testified that they were peaceful and well ordered citizens until they became acquainted with Corn Whisky, which was also confirmed by the testimony of others. They further declared that this villain Corn Whisky, first suggested to them thoughts of crime. "That he so beset them and blunted their sense, reason and conscience by his enticements, that they lost self control, and became mere slaves to his will, that often they did not know what crime they had committed till the fiend deserted them, and they found themselves accused and imprisoned.

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed. The remainder of the trial must be postponed to another number.

For the Journal. Mr. Ed. Permit me, through the columns of your paper to trespass upon the time and attention of your readers by proposing a few plain and simple questions touching their welfare and interests.