FREMONT JOURNAL:

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

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FREMONT JOURNAL
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We would say to those of our friends who are in want of such work, you need not go abroad to get it done, when it can be done just as well at home.

I. O. O. F.

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January 1st, 1852.

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RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all operations relating to the preservation and beauty of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial teeth, on pivot, gele or silver plate, done in the neatest manner. He is in possession of the latest improvements now in use, consequently he flatters himself that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to those who may desire his aid in any branch of the profession.
Lethean Ether administered, and teeth extracted without pain, if desired.
Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr. Rice's office.
Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

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DR. R. S. RICE.
Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.
OFFICE, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Deal's new building.
Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Important to those Afflicted!
DRS. STONE & PATTERSON,
ECLECTICS,
WOULD inform the citizens of Clyde and vicinity that we have permanently located here, for the purpose of Practicing Medicine: and by our prompt attention, and successful cures, we hope to gain a liberal share of patronage.
To those who have been afflicted for years, and have tried every body, (as they say,) we would call their attention to this advertisement. We don't pretend that all diseases in all stages can be cured, yet there is a curable stage to all diseases and a great many can be cured after they have been pronounced incurable by many; and others relieved so as to be comfortable and enjoy life. It is unnecessary here to enumerate all the diseases which flesh is heir to, and plant out the crable stage of each, but call and we will tell you, without any charge, whether your particular case can be cured or not.
Especial attention will be paid to Females who have Diseases peculiar to themselves.
L. C. STONE, M. D J. PATTERSON, M D
July 31' '52.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853. NUMBER 34.

Poetry.

LILLY DALE.

BY H. S. THOMPSON.

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light,
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed,
Of my poor lost, Lilly Dale.

CHORUS.—Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale

Her cheek that once glowed,
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale,
And the death-damp was on
The pure, white brow
Of my poor, lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"I go," she said,
"To the land of the blest,"
And 'ere my strength shall fail,
I must tell you where,
Near my own lov'd home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

'Neath the chesnut tree
Where the wild flowers grow
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble
Their songs in Spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale,
Oh! Lilly, &c.

Miscellaneous.

Amusing Anecdote of General Taylor.

We have heard an amusing story told, in which Old Zack figured when President. He had been but a short time in the White House he found that ladies would call when it was not convenient to see them, he gave orders to the door keeper not to admit them at certain times. The door keeper was formerly a soldier and knew the old hero well; but nevertheless he disobeyed orders one day, and permitted three ladies to see the President. After the interview was over, down came the old man in a rage—so much so, that a gentleman who was present, and who tells the anecdote, was roughly told, as he met the General at the foot of the steps, to "go into that room," waving his hand in military style to the room he meant. Gen. Taylor then approached the trembling janitor, and fixing his teeth in a firm position, exclaimed, "Why didn't you obey my orders sir? What did you send those women up to me for sir? I'll court martial you sir!" and before any answer could be given, he raised his right foot, and gave the derelict door keeper a kick, which landed him on his back two or three yards off. Old Zack then moved off, calling to the gentleman, "Come to my room, come to my room."

By the time the President arrived there, however, he was somewhat cooled down, and taking the visitor's right hand in both of his said:

"What can I do for you sir,—what can I do for you?"

The interrogated was somewhat of a wag, and thinking that Taylor would relish a joke, replied:

"Well General, you may give me one of them interesting things you just now gave the door keeper."

No sooner said than done—the General up-foot and planted a blow in the wit's posterior, which sent him into the passage, and locking the door, he returned to the business he was at, when interrupted by the ladies.

The kicked visitor, in passing the door keepper remarked—

"The old man kicks hard—don't he?"

"Oh, sir, he kicks like a jackass!"

"You had better go and tell him so."

"Not me, by the powers, sir: but I mean in the hardness of the kick, and all I cared about it was the indignity sir."

"But that was not half what I cared for, said the retreating gent to himself, for I shall feel so sore for that joke, that I shall take care how I try to be funny with Old Zack again so long as I live."

How do you do, dear? said Mrs. Partlington, smilingly, shaking hands with Burbank, in the Dock Square omnibus, as he held out his five dexter digits towards her. "Fare ma'am," said he, in reply to her inquiry. "Well, I'm shore, I'm glad of it, and how are the folks at home? Fare, 'ma'am," continued he, still extending his hand. The passengers were interested. "How do you like Boston?" screamed she, as the omnibus rattled over the stones. "Fare, ma'am," shouted he, without drawing back his hand; "I want you to pay me for your ride." "Oh," murmured she, "I thought it was some one that knowed me," and rummaged down in the bottom of her redicule for a ticket, finding at last five copper cents tied up in the corner of her handkerchief—the "last war" handkercief, with the stars and stripes involved in it, and the action of the Constitution and Guerriere stamped upon it. But the smile she had given him at first was not withdrawn—there was no allowance made for mistakes at that counter—and he went out with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket to catch t'other coach.—*Boston Post.*

When Audubon arrived in the city of Cincinnati, his poverty was so extreme that he humbly requested of a drayman to pull a few hairs from his horse's tail. The novel request was granted, and these the Audubon manufactured into rings, which he disposed of for a few cents.

There are eight hundred ways of earning a living in New-York. The number of expedients for getting your living earned *for* you by others has not been mentioned in any census.

ADDRESS.

BY MRS. M. L. KEATING,

Before a meeting of the Temperance Ladies of Clyde, delivered, Sept. 8th, 1853.

LADIES:—Owing to the late hour in which I received notice of your meeting, and the press of other duties, I have had very little time for preparation, which must be my apology for these brief and imperfect remarks. Indeed under the circumstances, I should have declined addressing you on this occasion, but for the earnest desire to contribute my mite, however small, to this, your first public effort in the great and glorious cause of human reform. And we have every reason to rejoice, that woman is at length being aroused from her long lethargic slumberings ever the evile and oppressions with which earth is filled, to a sense of her duties and responsibilities, to a sense of the true position which she should occupy in society. And now let me ask, what is your true position? Do you suppose, my friends, that our Almighty Father has placed woman in the world with all her powers of mind, her influence, her large affections, and overflowing sympathies, to be the mere butterfly of fashion, or to have her usefulness circumscribed to the narrow limits of the kitchen and pantry, the parlor and boundaries? I unhesitatingly answer, No. And if this is the extent of our usefulness, I think we have not answered the chief end of our being. Not only our own country, but the world, is full of evil and ignorance, of oppression, and wrong doing. And ought we to be prohibited, by custom or prejudice, from entering the great arena of reform? Shall all the noble faculties of mind bestowed upon us for good by our Benevolent Creator, be made to succumb to the frivolities of fashion? Shall our voices be heard discussing the beauty, or deformity of the latest style of dress, while there is no kind voice with words of gentle suasion, to lure the drunkard from his cups? Shall we sit down in supineness and inactivity, with our unbounded influence lying dormant, while borne upon the gentle breeze from the sunny south, comes the wail of the poor slave mother, and the voice of our brothers blood crying to God from the ground? Say not that this remark is inappropriate on the present occasion, for never can I cease to speak, especially when addressing the sympathetic ear of woman, that if it be only one word for the down trodden of our land, foreign to the subject before us, though it may be. What particular branch then of the great family of reform is it that has called us together to day. Why the state of Maine has passed a law—Bye the bye Ladies, the old State of Maine is my native state, and I am proud of her? I am proud of her bleak mountains, and her rocky shores. Not because she is a great commercial state, and her noble ships dot the mighty ocean, and may be found in every distant sea, but because she has taken the lead among all the states of this vast union, in passing a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating poisons within her borders. She has driven out this arch enemy of mankind, and shall not the beautiful state of my adopition follow her noble example. Many of our sister states have already done so, why do we yet linger, are there not men enough in the state of Ohio, who are willing that this law should be recorded upon her statute books? Undoubtedly there are. If the voting population of our entire state could be collected in one grand mass and the question put. Shall Old King Alcohol, with all his attendant train of evils, and vices, of poverty, and wretchedness, bruised limbs, broken heads, and breaking hearts, be expelled wholly, totally and forever, from our state? Could we doubt the result? Ah! methinks that the loud and hearty *aye, aye,* that would be given, would make the welkin ring for many a mile around. But go to these voters, and address them individually. Depict to them as you may, in glowing colors, the horrors of intemperance; tell them of the groans of the worse than widowed, the tears of the more than orphaned; inform them that an independent candidate, and old and well tried friend of the Maine Liquor Law, and the embodiment of justice and humanity, awaits their suffrages, and what answer will a majority of them return? Why, they will readily admit the truth of your remarks, they will even express the wish that he *could* be elected, but they cannot leave party, lest the opposing party should elect their candidate, and thereby triumph over them. Is this manly? Is it worthy the character of an independant freeman—sovereign representative of a sovereign state? Yet this idle game is played from year to year, against justice, against humanity, and the best interests of society. In making these remaks, we are aware that we are straying somewhat, from the prescribed sphere of woman. And we ask pardon of the gentleman present for tresspassing upon their exclusive priveliges, by speaking on the subject of politics. And now Ladies what is our duty in this contest for truth and right? We cannot go to the ballot box, but we can exert all our energies of mind, all our powers of persuasion, to induce our husbands and fathers, our brother and sons, to vote for suffering humanity. I would that I could convince you, particularly the young Ladies, how unbounded is your influence, when exerted in the great cause of truth and reform. I will relate a trifling incident *my* of early life in proof. Being at a neghbors one evening, in company with a small party of ladies and gentleman, in the course of the eve, as was usual in those days, a small table was placed in the centre of the room, containing the usual paraphanalia of decanters and glasses—unmistakable evidence of the approach of old Alcohol, in some one of his various phases. I know not how it may be here, but if we should see such a sight now in the neighborhood where I reside, we should think we had seen a spirit. And if ever it appears to you here, conjure it away Ladies; conjure it away speedily, for its appearance portends ruin, desolation, and death. But I digress. The young Ladies of our company were seated in a semicircle around the room. The gentlemen opposite. I happened to be seated at one extreme. The glass was filled and profered to me first. I refused, I know not whether my countenance betrayed unusual anxiety, for I gave no outward sign by which the others could devine my wish, but I watched it anxiously as it passed to the next, and the next, and still was refused, until, with joy I saw it replaced upon the table, untasted. But I confess I could scarcely repress a feeling of triumph, when notwithstanding repeated invitations, not a young man in the assembly would arise and advance to the table, to partake of the intoxicating draught. Doubtless many wishful glances were cast toward it, for we knew there were those present, who sometimes indulged in rather heavy potations. But no one stirred. There it stood, temptingly, "alone in its glory." That tacit act of disapprobation on the part of the young Ladies, had done its work. And this is only one small instance of what you may do if you will but exert your influence, on the side of right. I beleive there is, in the human mind, I care not how stuborn, how firm or unbending may be the will, a moral law, if I may so term it, which will ultimately oblige it to yield to the invincible power of truth, if frequently and rightly presented. And here permit me to make a few remarks on moral suason.

We hear it often asserted of late, that moral suasion as it regards the cause of temperance has failed, "Moral suasion has *failed*; writes the editor from his sanctum. "Moral suasion has *failed*, is re-echoed from the so called watchman on the walls of zion, in answer to the anxious query. "What of the night?" "Moral suasion has *failed*," is reiterated by the good citizen, when he sees, with dismay, the dark waters of intemperance rolling around with no one to issue the man late, "thus far, and here let thy proud waves be stayed." Has moral suasion failed, have the eternal principles of truth which Christ came to promulgate failed? My friends, if you will take the trouble to accompany me in imagination, far back into the past, to a little village located on the banks of a beautiful stream, 'away down east," you shall see the beautiful effects of moral suasion, to which I am myself an eye witness. That small village, some twenty-five years ago, was one of the strong holds of the demon of Intemperance. Assault and battery, and other disorderly conduct, was the order of the day. Indeed, there was so much fighting, and so many lawsuits in consequence, that one of the sheriffs of the county, who resided in another part of the town, was in almost daily attendance on professional duties. It was even said that he caused a post to be erected in front of a certain store, expressly for his own convenience in tying his horse, so frequently had it become necessary for the poor animal to stand there. At length, a few of the more sober part of community became convinced such a state of things would not do, and resolved to get up a temperance society. It was a new thing in those days, and it must be confessed, that their first pledge was rather liberal in its requirements, inasmuch as it allowed its signers to quaff wine when they pleased, though other intoxicating drinks as a beverage, were prohibited. But they soon discoved the inefficiency of such a pledge. A more stringent one was substituted and they continued to progress, until the era at length arrived, when not a drunkard was to be seen in their streets. Order was restored, the sheriffs horse was missing from his post, and kindness and good feeling every where prevailed. But I am asked, did such a state of things long continued? I answer, no and why? Because the temperance army, supposing that the victory was completely won—the citadel taken, rested upon their army and slept. Wherein, my friends, lies the secret of the failure of moral suasion. But though the enemy entered, he never again obtained entire possession. Last year I visited the place of which I have been speaking, after long years of absence many white cotages had sprung up as if by magic, and I scarcely recognized the dear little village of my birth. Yet I had the satisfaction of knowing, that no intoxicating drinks were to be obtained within its precincts, I met those whom I had left inebriates, and with joy beheld them "clothed and in their right mind. True the Maine Liquor Law was in force. But pray, had moral suasion nothing to do with the passage of that law? We shall probably be obliged to work hard by way of moral suasion, if we would see a similar law in operation here. We complain that moral suasion has failed, that the partially reformed one, has, after all our labor, returned to his cups. But, temperance men and women, what were we doing at the time that our neighbor, our friend, yielded to temptation. Had we a flourishing, *Total abstinence society* in successful opperation? When we happened to be in town with him, did we anxiously watch him, as if he had been our father, or our brother, and kindly admonish him to beware of the tempter? If we wished to purchase any article, did we enquire for a Temperance Store, and did we inform the rum-dealer, that we would have nothing to do with him so long as he continued to "hold the cup to his neighbors mouth? Did we seek for a temperance hotel, and the little, unpretending temperance grocery, which could hardly keep its head above water, beside its more successful competitors, who deals in the waters of death, and kindly encourage him to persevere by telling him, that he should have our custom, and that we would try to persuade others to become his customers? Did we steadily refuse to furnish the distillery with our grain, to be manufactured into poison for our neighbor? Ah no! well, is it strange that moral suasion *has* failed? Is it strange that the sword of truth has ceased to do execution, with no hand to weild it.

Ladies, let us unsheath this two-edged sword from its scabard, and try our skill in wielding it. If managed with dexterity, it will most assuredly answer our most sanguine expectations. We have every encouragement, then let us be up and doing. A great contest is before us. We must labor diligently, and faithfully, if we would see our noble state emancipated from the curse of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. If you doubt the extent of your influence, I would respectfully suggest to you, that now is your time to test it. Have you not some male acquaintance, who is opposed to this law, and who does not intend to vote for it? It will not be sufficient that you speak to him once or twice or three times, upon the subject. Address him frequently, earnestly, and affectionately, and though you may meet with a repulse, try again. Remember that it is written, be not weary in well doing, for in due time you shall reap if you faint not." Let us be faithful then; and when we arrive at the closing scenes of life, we shall be consoled by the sweet reflection, that we have ever been found laboring on the side of oppressed humanity; that the world, which we are about to leave, has been benefitted by our labor of love, and this thought shall be as a light reflected by ever faithful memory from the far off past; a beautiful sunbeam which shall alluminate our way through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT—The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture delivered at St. Louis, by Thomas F Meagher:—

One fair morning towards the close of the summer. I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious that earth could bring forth.

"That seed," said one who stood by, "come from Egypt."

"It has been buried in the tomb of kings—and laid with the dead for three thousand years. But though wrapped in shrouds, and locked within the pyramids, it dies not. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived under that mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now the dust of kings have been disturbed—that they have been called and moved not—that the bandages are moved and they open not their eyes, behold they giveth forth life. and the fields rejoiced in its glory.

And thus it is, that the energies, the instinct, the faith, and the vitalities which have been crushed elsewhere—have been entombed elsewhere, in this virgin soil received life, and that which seemed mortal become imperishable.—And thus it is that even here, the seed will multiply; and borne back to the ancient land, will people the places that are desolate; the wilderness shall be made glad.

Children of the old world be of good cheer! Whilest in the homes—by the Rhone, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno, the Shannon, and the Suir—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious Senate provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and forth generation. Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and, in the midst of countless hosts concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and evil lords dethroned!

This shall be the glory of America!"

MONSTER STEAMSHIPS FOR AUSTRALIA.—The Eastern steam navigation Company, of London, have concluded provisional arrangements for the construction of the engines and hull of the first vessel of a new line of steamers to sail between that port [India,] and Australia. The dimensions and powers of the ships are intended to be as follows, viz: length, 600 feet, bredth, 83 feet; depth, 57 feet; with screw and paddle engines; aggregate nominal horse power, 2,000. This extraordinary size the company consider necessary when the nature of the trade in which they will be engaged, and the length of the voyage they will have to perform, are taken into consideration. They will carry a sufficient quantity of coal to perform the entire voyage to Australia or Japan, and home, and will have upwards of 5,000 tons measurment left for merchandize. They will have 500 cabins for passengers of the highest class, and ample space for those of the lower. In increasing the size of the vessels the Company believe they will obtain the elements of speed hitherto unknown, and if hereafter, coal applicable to the purposes of steam can be supplied from the mines of Australia, the carrying capacity of the ships will be proportionately increased. It is believed that the great length of these vessels will enable them to pass throuh the water at a velocity of fifteen knots per hour with a small power in proportion to their tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots an hour.

Instantaneous Blossomings of Flowers.

On Saturday afternoon a few ladies and gentlemen assembled, on the invitation of Mons, Herbert, at Onslow House, Brompton, for a private view of an experiment in the instantaneous blossoming of flowers. The flowers selected for a trial were a rose and a geranium, both of which were entirely destitute of blossoms. Some buds were discernable a distance of about two yards, on the rose tree. As soon as the company had taken their seats in the room where the experiment took place the flowers were covered with circular glass, and some liquids apparently chemical substances, were applied at the side to the interior.—In two or three minutes after, the glass became dim with vapor; and within a quarter of an hour the geranium was uncovered and several full sized blossoms of the ordinary appearance and scent were cut from it, and distributud among the company. The experiment with the rose tree failed, in consequence as was stated, of the soil having been prepared too late. Various conjectures were formed as to the mode in which the effect was produced, but the prevalent opinion attributed it mainly to the application of artificial heat however generated, to the root of the plant. combined with a careful preparation of the soil.—No explanation was offered by the exhibitor, nor were the company allowed to inspect minutely.—*Liverpool paper.*

The Missouri river has opened for itself a new outlet into the Mississippi. On Saturday week it succeeded in cutting a new mouth or debouch, into the Mississippi, across the point of land lying about half a mile above where it has run of late years. It now strikes the Mississippi in a directon which is likely to prevent the washing of the Illinois or eastern shore to any injurious extent. At the last accounts two steamers had passed through the new chute, and this may now be regarded as the main channel of the Missouri.

Some one, we know not who, very shrewdlay defines money to be an article admirably adapted for taking stains out of character.

Gems.

The following description of morning upon the mountains of Scotland, is from the pen of Scott—one of the old poets. To us it has lost none of its melody though the mists of years have settled upon it, since it was penned.

The summer dawn's reflected hue,
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water lilly to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright:
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn,
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry:
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good morrow gave from brake and bush
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace; and rest, and love.

Music of the Past.

"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world—and not one of them is without signification"—many of them are stern and startling—many are sad and touching—many are sweet and entrancing, stealing over the senses like music of an Alpine song—and among the gentlest and the rarest of all, is that honeyed voice that translaies to the mortal ear the music of the past.

There is no sound that can drown these delightful strains from the hills of old. Like the humming of our neighboring Cataract, they rise above all other din, and freight the listener's heart with tones that memory keeps perpetual. The noise of the busy world—the 'hurrying to and fro in the streets'—the discord of clashing tongues—even the rumbling wheels of the thunder, never interrupt their delicious monotony or render the ear oblivious to their consumate sweetness. Like the 'still small voice' of Deity, they never leave the bosom—in which they shall linger until they are swallowed up in the orgies of the pit or the glorious symphonies of Paradise.

We hear them in the daytime, we here them at night. They are the handmaids of buisness and the companions of slumber. We can do nothing without their attendance—"there is no speach nor language where their voice is not heard." They are a gentle omnipresent from which the soul may not part until the past is merged into the present—until "Time itself shall be no more."

There is much eloquence in this old music. It has "turned many to rightousness." There are few who can resist its tones—for they plead as with an inspiration. It has now smiles and tears from cynics—it has subdued the ferocity of savages, and stayed the hand of assassins. The world owes much to its pleadings and sweet interference.

Turn not thine ear, O, brother-man from its utterances. They will be to thee a sweet sound amid many troubled voices—a sweet balm amid many thorns—a sweet beacon amid many billows. Heaven help the heart whose corridors never echo to the music of the past.—*Buff. Express,*

Beautiful Extract.

Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sins and sorrows, and the toil
Of cares that sear that bosom that they soil,
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link which knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,
Which seems each instant in its backward range
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring, untouched for years, to move,
It is the memory of a mother's love.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.—How few of us at the close of life can say, "I have filled and occupied the portion to which I looked forward when a boy!" In the onward progress of life, how often in some stray moments of thought and reflection, do we not find ourselves inquiring, "Is this as I hoped? have I enacted my dream?" And the answer is invariably—No! We looked forward in childhood—and only looked forward—without reflection. We build up grogeous palaces, we sketch a career of life all gold and sunshine—what are they? And where are they when years sober us?—*True Dem.*

When I gaze into the stars they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent space, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time; there remains no record of them now. Yet Arcturus and Orin, Sirius, and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses—clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—*Carlyle.*

Let us teach our children in their innocent infancy to shun the intoxicating cup as they would a rattlesnake; the drunkard as they would the vagabond; and soon virtuous society will become rid of that impurity; our laws will be made by great and good men; our glorious institutions will remain permanent, and the freedom of our country no longer be in danger.

An inquisitive lawyer, famous for examining witnesses, had a nice old gentleman, and witty withal, upon the stand, questioning him upon his ability to loan money and give credit, resorting to all sorts of interrogatories to draw from him a statement of the amount of his property and in what it consisted—in fact how much he was worth. The old gentleman considering the questions rather impudent, for he was quite wealthy, answered that he had a wife he always called dear—a boy and girl that he would not sell for any mony—a mortgage on two cows down east—a nice litter of pigs and the mother of the same—a barrel of cider that never saw daylight, and "a puppy that knows more than you do, for which I have been offered $25."

Yale College has existed one hundred and fifty-three years, and "educated" six thousand students.

☞ The *Statesman* has at last been brought to acknowledge that the New Practice Act (which it has been so strongly defending and for a criticism on which, it endeavors to "baste" the *San. Register*) is a *"leetle"* faulty, and with wonderous magnanimity opens its columns for *suggestions.* It is indeed singular that the Statesman should discover any defect in this precious act, of the Locofoco Legislature of last winter. It even hints at excessive *expenses.* Funny, that. But here is an article containing a set of strictures on the Act; read them.

RIGHT OF APPEAL TO DISTRICT COURT.—It is no reproach to that which has been well done, that it may need, in some particulars, amelioration. It is rather a compliment. Those who know how difficult it is to adapt legislation to all new exigencies, before experience has tested it, cannot say that any legislation in this changeful age *is final.* When improvements are necessary, and the necessity for them is apparant, our columns shall be the first to herald them.

Our intention just now is, to call attention to the inexpediency of one clause of the law organizing our Courts. Two Jury trials may be had in the same case; one in the Common Please and one in the District Dourt; that is matters of fact may be twice ascertained by twelve men each time. We think that experience has satisfied nearly all of our Lawyers and Judges that no appeals should be allowed in Jury trials to the District Court. The District Court is becoming encumbered with cases, so that it has *not the time to attend properly to one half its business.* It is so in this County, as Judge BATES informs us.

Hence cases are taken up, and hurried along by one Judge only, while the others are busy in other matters; and with little more satisfaction than if the Common Pleas Judges alone were trying them finally This hurry leads to the reservation of cases not really 'important and difficult," but seemingly so, because no opportunity is given to examine them. Hence our reports will become crowded with cases which should not be taken up; and the tendency of this is, to weaken the worth and authority of those decisions which are valuable.

The Lawyers will not more than half prepare an important case in the Common Pleas, either, when they have the privlage of appeal. They regard the proceedings below as a sort of sham fight.

We think the true sphere of the District Court is the correction of errors at law, or in cases in Chancery. This Court should have time thoroughly to try such cases and to so sift them, that the difficult ones only may go up for report. The Common Pleas should be the Court for the Jury, where facts may be ascertained once for all; full time being given for a fair trial, and the right to a new trial always open.

There are other reasons for this reform—expenses to be saved, &c., which will suggest themselves to practitioners. Our colums are open.

Washington Gossip.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON Sept. 4.

The National Wing of the Democracy are greatly incenced because of the appointment of Ezrah L Stephens, an Abolitioeist, and devoted friend of Giddings, to a clerkship in the Indian Bureau.

It is rumored that Mr. Gordon, the Webster Whig Postmaster, of Boston, will soon have leave to retire to private life.

The St. Louis Postmaster question is still undecided. Judge Bowlin is pushing the claims of Mr. Colburn, anti-Benton, vigorously.

The Administration is anxious to please the anti-Bentonites, but dreads the wrath of Old Bullion.

An heiress of wealth, beauty and tender years, eloped from the Academy of Visitation connected with the Convent at Georgetown, D. C., this afternoon, and was soon in the arms of her lover. The affair created great excitement at the Convent. Search was made in every direction, but in vain. The knot matrimonial has probably been tied ere this QUI VIVE.

AN UNFORTUNATE SPECULATION.—The numerous excrescenses that have been erected in the vinicnity of New York Crystal Palace, fortunately for the public, have proved a bad speculation for those interested in them.—The *Journal* of Commerce says:

"The grogeries and puppet shows that sprung up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd, and as plentiful as Egyptian frogs, in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, now present a mournful spectacle. Public sentiment struck them with blight and mildew. And half of them have already disappeared. Buildings are left in an unfinished state, and the omnious words "To Let" are conspicuously placarded. Their owners calculated too largely upon the depravity of the race.

The attention of the "Rum'uns" is, invited to this subjoined extract from the *Ohio State Journal.* It seems that the immaculate Beebe that champion of *Constitutional* Rights, is "taken down" very unexpectedly.

"MR. EDITOR:—Messrs. BEEBE and YATES held a discussion, yesterday, at Portsmouth, on the Maine law. The result is given below in a despatch, over the signature of a responsible man:

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 1, 1853.

WARREN JENINS, *Columbus O:*—Discussion just over. Yates exceeded the most sanguine expectations; used up his opponent completely. The vote, three to one for the Maine law. Enthusiasm over the complete triumph, tremendous. T. H. DAVEY.

Twenty-three years ago, Professor Henry went to Albany from the country, as a teacher upon a salary of $600 a year. He was then a young man, with very limited means and without family influence; but he had industry integrity, indomitable energy, and a resolve to be somebody. He has worked his way up to the hill of science; has now a world-wide reputation—and is a model man for the imitation of the young men of this country. Who will not integrity and perseverance do for man?

Steamboat Poetry.

Amid the crowd there walked a youth
Whose heart seemed charged with woe,
His eyes were bent upon the deck;
His step was sad and slow!
It was not unrequited love,
Nor disappointment's fruits,
That marked with care the cheek of youth,
He couldn't find his boots.