

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

For the Chronicle.

THE MOON.

By ROSE ELWOOD.

The sun, the orb of light departs,
To other lands away;
And o'er each hill and valley green
The parting sunbeams play.
Each sheet of water, calm, reflects,
A flood of golden light;
And the bright rays leap swiftly o'er,
The mountain's dizzy height.

But as the last rays disappear,
The sombre shades stalk forth
And in their gloomy mantle soon
Enfold the sleeping earth.
Now softly glides the dew to fall,
And soon each leaf and bud,
Holds on its breast one treasured drop
Caught from the crystal flood.

Now one bright golden star peeps out
From the celestial plain,
And soon another joins the first
Sweet twinkler of the night.
One more, and yet one more steps forth
With slow and stately mien,
Till all assembled twinkling stand
As waiting for their queen.

Now o'er the hilltops rising high,
Sweet Luna rides aloft,
And o'er the starlit face of heaven
She throws her glances soft.
The stars a joyous welcome give,
And sparkle still more bright
And each with its own voice proclaims
Fair Luna queen of night!

As towards the zenith swift she hies,
She to the earth looks down,
And chiding quick the shades away,
That met her with a frown,
She looks into each dewdrop's eye,
And turns a rainbow there,
She makes each line distinct and clear,
Then tints with colors rare.

Then to the water's bank she goes;
To see her own fair face,
Reflected in the sparkling depths
That show each dimpling grace.
And blushing to behold herself,
In beauty shown so plain,
She leaves a silver band behind
And hies away again.

To every house she now rides up,
Not one does she pass o'er,
But in each room she peeps and leaves
A moonbeam on the floor.
Where'er the sick and suffering lie,
She throws a cheering smile,
And tries to soothe the mourner's heart
By every loving wile.

Up to the prison house she goes
And gliding through the grate
She cheers the prisoner by her rays,
His misery to abate.
Then men and stars together rise
And by her rays so bright,
They all in union glad proclaim
Fair Luna queen of night!
Bridgeport Sept. 4th 1855.

THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

HOW MR. TATNALL OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

In one of the new towns of Maine, some thirty years ago, lived a man named John Tatnall. He was a close-fisted man, and never scrupled to make the best end of every trade.

Once a neighbor lost a fine ox just at a time when he was fulfilling a contract for cutting down and hauling out lumber. The contract was worth a thousand dollars, and he was to forfeit one half if the job was not done at a given time. He knew that Tatnall had plenty of oxen, and he went to buy one. Tatnall saw his neighbor's necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would not sell unless he could sell a pair, and they at an enormous price. The poor man entreated, but it was of no avail, and he was compelled to pay Tatnall double what the oxen were worth. Then Tatnall bought the odd ox for one third its value, making seventy-five dollars off his poor neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all his neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected, for he had money, and many people depended on him for work, though their pitance for such work was begrudging in the extreme. Mr. Tatnall's large farm was situated upon a large river, and there was a good mill privilege on it. Two years previous to the opening of our story, two men came to examine the fall of the river, and they talked of buying and building extensive mill works. Tatnall knew that if such was done, the value of all good land about him would be advanced, and he bought all he could, so at the time he owned a thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had broken up, a man called on Tatnall, and wished to examine the mill privilege. His name was Lemuel Farnsworth, thirty-five, full of enterprise and integrity. Tatnall accompanied his visitor to the river, and after examining the premises, the latter expressed himself very much pleased with them.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tatnall, "this is the finest privilege in the State. The water cannot fail, and there is power enough to drive a number of mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth, but he did not express all he thought. "If I buy here," he continued, "I should want some forty or fifty acres of land to go with the water lot, for I should want lumber enough to put up all my buildings, and some besides, of my own, &c."

"You can have all you want," was Tatnall's reply, and they returned to the house.

"Now, what is your price?" asked Farnsworth, after he had declined to take a glass of rum which had been procured out for him.

"Well," returned Tatnall, thoughtfully, "I haven't thought of selling, for I have had some idea of putting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood.

"But you will sell, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"Then what will be your price?"

"Well, I have thought I would sell the privilege, with six acres of land, for a thousand dollars; and then if you want the fifty acres, I should say about seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in surprise, "do you consider how this mill will enhance the value of your other property?"

Now Tatnall knew that this would be a vast benefit to him. The nearest mill was now six miles off, and that a poor flimsy concern. Such an establishment he saw would draw quite a village together in a few years, and then his land would make him independently rich. But he thought he had the power in his own hands—and he meant to use it.

"I cannot take a cent less," he said. "If you will take the whole for seventeen hundred dollars you can have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a partner, and I must see him first. I will explain the case to him, and see you again."

Tatnall began to meditate thus: "If these two men have got their minds made up on this mill," he said to himself, "they won't stop at trifles. Of course they have got lots of cash, or else they wouldn't be going into such extensive business. I'll feel of 'em."

Tatnall said this with a sort of chuckle, and he clasped his hands together just as though he had a helpless man in his grasp.

Mr. Farnsworth soon returned, and with him came his partner. They at length concluded to pay the \$1700; it was a heavy sum—much more than the property was worth, but they had set their hearts upon building the mill in that section, and they did not wish to give it up.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tatnall, with a very bland smile, after their offer had been made, "that price was not a fixed one. You may now have the whole for twenty-two hundred dollars."

"But, sir," uttered Ridgely, "that is monstrous. The mills may not return us a cent for years. Why, sir, for six years at least, you will make more by the mills than we."

"The property is worth what I ask," said Tatnall.

"But you will take off something?"

"Not a single cent less than twenty-two hundred dollars."

Many a man would almost have given them the mill privilege in consideration of the benefit that would thereby accrue to the other property. But he cared not for that.

The two men went away, and left the matter for settlement in one week. Tatnall rubbed his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure they would come back, and he had made up his mind that he would have \$2200 for his lot.

The next day the two partners took a stroll down the river, and at a distance of seven miles from Tatnall's place, came to a water power far superior to his. As soon as the young men had fully realized the splendid nature of the discovery they had made, they fairly danced with joy. They set off at once to find the owner, and they found him to be a Mr. Simon Winthrop, a poor, honest man, and the very one whom Tatnall had imposed upon in the ox trade. Mr. Winthrop owned enough land on the river, and the circumstance upland, for quite a township. It had been left him by an uncle.

ther in fields, mills or stores. What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both, the young men in a breath.

On the next morning, early, Tatnall was at Winthrop's door. He wanted to buy a large lot of intervalle woodland, which lay next to his own on the river. But Winthrop would listen to nothing of the kind.

"Tatnall held on, for he felt sure of the mill being built on his own land, and he wanted all the neighboring lumber. He swore at Winthrop for his obstinacy, but the latter only laughed.

That afternoon Farnsworth and Ridgely called upon Tatnall, and told him they had concluded not to buy his land, but to build a glass of rum which had been procured out for him.

"Very well, gentlemen," coolly returned he, for he thought they were only trying to bring him down.

So they turned to leave, and as they bade him "good bye," Mr. Tatnall turned pale.

He began to think they were really in earnest.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, "are you really in earnest! Aint you really going to put up the mill?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—don't be in a hurry. Perhaps we can—come in, come in. Let's talk the matter over."

"There's no need," answered Farnsworth, "for we have made up our minds."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer of two thousand."

"No, sir."

"But hold on a moment. Rather than have the thing blow over now, I would come back to my old offer of seventeen hundred dollars."

"No, sir. It's no use; we don't want your land."

"But," cried Tatnall, in a phrenzy of alarm, "let the land go and take the water privilege, and give me what you like for it; only put up a mill there, even if you—take it—for nothing!"

"Your too late, sir," returned Farnsworth, with a look and tone of contempt. "Had you at first acted the part of a man, you would not only have got a round price for your water privilege and the land which we wanted, but all your property would have increased one hundred per cent. You thought we were in your power, and you would overreach us, but you will find in the end that this time you have overreached yourself."

The young men told Winthrop that they should accept his offer. So papers were made out at once, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely & Winthrop commenced business in good earnest. The saw mill was commenced up immediately, and men were set at work cutting out the canal. No less than eighty men were thus employed, and the store was built at once. The greater part of these men took pay for their work in land, built houses, and moved their families in.

The gristmill was put up in due time, and by the second autumn quite a village had sprung up. After this the colony flourished and grew. Great numbers of hands were employed, and at the end of eight years the new firm were wealthy and respected. A flourishing town had sprung up about them, all upon their own land—their store did a good business, and their land were yielding them immense profits. A school house had been put up for three years, and that fall saw the finishing touch put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tatnall all this while? He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up the river, and he had grown poor in flesh, almost to a skeleton. His power of pinching his neighbors was gone, for no one was obliged to do business with him. He saw that village grow up, and he saw poor, honest Mr. Winthrop become wealthy and respected—and he knew that all this might have been on his own land if he had been an honest, honorable man. But 'twas too late. He could only look upon his own wilderness, and then upon the smiling lands of his neighbor, and the canker ate into his soul and made him miserable. His chagrin and envy had killed him; and he who made it a rule of practice to overreach all with whom he had any dealings, was himself at last overreached by that power against whom no art of earth can prevail.

The Merchant Brothers.

There is something in the subjoined anecdote which, as it strikes upon our feelings, is far more beautiful and worthy of notice for its example, than the magnificence of the donation it was intended to commemorate; and that is, the deep fraternal affection breathing through every line of the heart felt eulogy, which must have been received by the donors as more than an equivalent for the gold so well bestowed. The good sense, the "sound judgment" displayed in the letter, the moral axioms which it embodies, are lost in the favor of a brother's love simply and so truly expressed:

A few days after Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE'S donation of \$50,000 to the Trustees of Harvard College, for the purpose of founding a school for Practical Sciences, his brother ABBOTT wrote him the following letter:

"Wednesday morning, June 9, '47.
DEAR BROTHER ABBOTT: I hardly dare trust myself to speak what I feel, and therefore write a word to say that I thank God I am spared to this day to see accomplished by one so near and dear to me this last best work ever done by one of our name, which will prove a better title to true nobility than any from the potentates of the world. It is more honorable and more to be coveted than the highest public station in our country, purchased as these stations often are by time-serving. It is to impress on unborn millions the great truth that our talents are trusts committed for us when the master calls. This magnificent plan is the great thing you will see carried out if your life is spared; and you may well cherish it as the thing nearest your heart. It enriches your descendants in a way that mere money never can do, and is a better investment than any one you have ever made."

Autumn.

Reader, did you ever go out alone on a rambling excursion upon one of those fine autumn days? If not try it; it is certainly delightful. Each season has its charms, yet I love autumn for it produces a kind of pleasurable melancholy alone peculiar to that season. O, how I love to ramble, over the verdant hill and view the lovely landscape now and then enjoying the sweet odors wafted from some spicy grove or sequestered nook while the cool autumn breeze fans my brow, expands my lungs and invigorates the whole system.

Again how unexpressably pleasant to plunge into the deep forest and follow some meandering path matted over with ivy and wild eglantine while the gentle breeze is stirring the sea of leaves above my head, to admire, that stately oak that has lifted its head high in the blue ether of Heaven, no man knowing how but unmistakably proving the existence of an Allwise Creator. To see the gray squirrel frisking upon the ground then quack as though mounted a tree in quest of nuts—to hear his teeth grating upon the hard shell on the inside of which is the luxury which is to repay him for all his toil—to see the timid rabbit start from its hiding place and bound off at lightning speed, panting with fear at sight of man—to see the chip munk busy gathering and storing away his winter provision from the spontaneous productions of earth.

O, I ask who there is could resist the influence of such scenes, surely 'the woods' has been the mother of more religion than all the sermons that were ever preached or written. To go to the orchard on the hill side and view the beautiful and delicious fruit—

"Nature's care to all her children just
With richest treasures, and an ample state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them."

To go to the summit of some high hill to view an autumn sunset.

How rich is that amber light that gleams from the west as the sun casts his last lingering look upon the world that is soon to be shrouded in darkness but well has he done his office, his genial rays have caused the cells of those wild flowers to burst, and their seeds have buried themselves in the bosom of their mother earth, there to await their resurrection. The sun being sunk below the horizon, gray twilight comes on the time for that innumerable host of insects to come forth from their hiding places and commence their notes of praise to him who has created nothing in vain—and while I listen to their different notes my mind is soothed and its reflective faculties are awakened. I think of the emotions have this day filled their souls—Many unlike the squirrel rather than eat through the shell would give up in despondency, consequently will never be permitted to taste of the sweets of intellectual enjoyments. This day has parted friends that were never before parted—it has seen the brightest hopes forever blighted—it has seen the close of earth elude over father, mother, brother, sister, son and daughter, husband and wife—and many are the pillows that will this night be wet with the tears of heart felt anguish.

This day hath seen the trembling maiden plight her love to him who hath long wooed it, this day hath heard too, from lips that were but yesterday eloquent with love, the first harsh words that will forever destroy the happiness of wedlock. This evening too finds many a loving, but heart broken wife anxiously awaiting the return of a drunken husband and while she is watching over the cradle of sleeping innocence her thoughts are running back when she was the joy of a fond father and affectionate mother—where all this was pleasure, and she was anticipating for herself a long and pleasant life—but alas! to be the neglected, half starved wife of a drunkard is more than she can bear and she gives up in despair. But there is a fairer side to the picture: there are home made happy by kind fathers and affectionate mothers, and many tender ties.

But when I compare the happiness of my fellow beings with their misery my heart sickens and I am disposed to abstract my mind from these reflections, retire to my room and endeavor to forget all in sweet dreams that I may be prepared for the duties of a new day.

CHARLEY.
Rockhill Aug. 31st 1855.

Drunk "Some."

Mr. John Livingston of No. 798 Tent-av. was brought in for being in liquor. Mr. L., when in sober health, probably makes some pretensions to respectability, at least in dress.—The wide shirt-collar turned over the vest, the patent-leather boots, the broadcloth coat, the seal, and watch and chain, and shirt studs showed that the taste of the man are naturally above brandy and intoxication. As he was not perfectly sober when brought in, any little lack of elaboration in the arrangements of his toilette must be overlooked. One of his boots had a hole in it, he having, as he intelligibly expressed it, "stabbed his boot off 'gainst 'carbuncle"—the multitudinous shirt-collar, instead of lying down smoothly over his vest, was crumpled, and its general effect greatly marred by its wilted appearance.—The bottom buttonhole of his coat was fastened to the upper button of his vest—his pants were hooked up by his watch chain to his cravat, and as the last-named article was tucked under his armpits instead of round his neck, the confusion of wardrobe was not as great as might have been expected.

He had undoubtedly made an attempt to put his pocket handkerchief into the hinder pocket of his coat, but had only succeeded in hanging it upon a button; one of his gloves was in his vest pocket, and the other he had turned inside out and placed in his check, evidently supposing it to be tobacco.

His crime was venial. He had in a sort of inebriated free-and-easy way, abstracted a muskmelon from a stall, the female proprietor of which had dispatched an officer to secure the exploit. The M. P. had no difficulty in

capturing the prisoner; he had discovered him had flowed in little rivulets down his cheeks, and the seeds thereof had found a lodgement in his ears, and when he removed his hat, the rest of the pilfered fruit fell on the clerk's desk, save about a quart or more, which remains on the prisoner's head, giving it somewhat the appearance of having been dipped in a bucket of slush.

Mr. John Livingston, like most drunken men, imagined himself to be unusually sober, and dressed up his countenance with an inebriated leer, which, though complicated with a villainous squint, he undoubtedly intended for an annihilating look of offended dignity.—But the extent of his "goneness" was not discoverable until he began to speak, although from his general appearance no one would have taken him for a temperance lecturer.

As he was very anxious to be put on oath in order to put to flight the preposterous idea of his intoxication, he was sworn.

When he attempted to put his hand on the Bible he first tipped over the water-box and then put his hand in the inkstand, but at last found the wished-for book, which suspicious-looking article he held in both hands, until the oath was read and then bumped his nose with it trying to get it to his lips, when he dropped it. Then he laid down his hat, rolled back his coat-sleeves, and placing his eyes steadily upon the desired article he made a deliberate and studied attempt to achieve the necessary volume; he finally got to the tome within his grasp, and opened it to where somebody had stuck Luke and John together with a red wax, which he mistook for the great seal of the City, and kissed with becoming reverence. The Judge then proceeded to question him.

What is your name?
Pri.—John Livishun.

Judge—where did you get your liquor?
Prisoner—Lickishur. (Liquor. Sir.) Lickishur—han't had any lickishur; mean to shut me, Sir! I'm not to be shut out with punitly; nothing fluid, Sir, has pass my lips for year—eighteen months, Sir.

Judge—But you're drunk now.
Prisoner—Mistake, Sir—all a mistake yeroner; seronner's drunk, can see it seronner's eye, also in seronner's shirt collar. I'm not drunk, Sir; never was in company of drunk man in all my life—present company excepted.

Judge—Are you married?
Prisoner—Not very—not vary, Sir; not very married.

Judge—Have you any family at all?
Prisoner—Pashable, possible, yeroner; yes, come I remember, married my mother when I was nine years old, but we never had any children exshap't myself, I'm sober.

Here Mr. L., to prove his sobriety wiped his face with his hat, and borrowing a club from an M. P., attempted to pick his teeth with it. The action did not convince the Justice of his perfect sobriety, and he proceeded to make out his commitment.

Mr. Livingston, I shall fine you ten dollars.

Prisoner—Certainly! certainly, Sir—got changes for a Bungtown copper pay ten dollars pleasure, sir.

The Clerk happened to move his inkstand towards Mr. L., who, construed it into an invitation take snuff, and said, dipped his fingers into the ink for the second and putting them to his nose:

"Take snuff, Sir—thank you Sir, yes, Sir, I always do—give you my word of honor, all ways do, always; eat it for breakfast—with pickles, thank you, Sir; good morning, Sir.

Mr. Livingston here turned to leave the court room, evidently supposing that the object of his morning call was effected, but he was stopped at the door by two officers, with each of whom he shook hands for five minutes, and then apologized to one for mistaking him for a baggage-wagon, and pointed to the star of the other requested to be informed the time of day by his "valuable pastor."

He was finally taken away.—N. Y. Tribune.

MAINE-LAW BIBLES.

The case of Johnson Keener was the most important which came before the consideration of the Court. Mr. Keener was a man of about twenty-eight years of age. He was tall, slim and thin visaged. His eyes were small, gray, and penetrating. His hair was a genuine yellow. He was dressed in light tight pants, somewhat too short, a small thin sack-coat, made of a blue striped material, (a near relation to bed-ticking) a fancy vest, ditto cravat, and a white hat. His socks hung over a pair of cheap patent leather shoes. Mr. Keener talked through his nose with a decided twang, which, together with his other characteristics, bespoke him to be of New-England birth.

Officer Slasher testified that about 1 o'clock on Monday night he was patrolling his beat, when he fancied he heard a noise around the corner. He proceeded to the spot where he found Mr. Keener elevated on a drygoods box making a speech on Temperance to quite a number of persons who were standing about him and laughing at his remarks. He soon discovered that Keener was drunk; and was only able to hold himself in a perpendicular position by keeping hold of a lamp post with his left hand. In his remarks he expatiated largely on the beauties of Temperance, and advised to himself as an instance of the evil effects of using intoxicating liquors to excess, and he advised them all to take warning by his example.—In conclusion, he offered to administer the total abstinence pledge to any who desired it for a sixpence, and for three cents more he offered to give in a drink of brandy to the convert to Temperance. Mr. Keener being

quite drunk, Officer Slasher thought it best to bring him to the Station House, which he forthwith proceeded to do. He brought with him also a basket which he supposed was Mr. Keener's, containing about a dozen Bibles & about the same number of pieces of crockery made in imitation of books.

Judge—Mr. Keener what have you got to say for yourself for getting drunk?

Mr. Keener—I guess the least said is soonest mended.

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"Perhaps yew mean, Squire, from what passage in the book I got my spiritual inspiration!"

"Any way you please Mr. Keener."

Mr. Keener here held up one of the crockery books and pointed to a cork in one of its ends. He drew the cork and handed to bottle (or such it was) to the Judge.

Mr. Keener—There, Judge, smell of that and if yew don't come to the conclusion that a man can get spiritual consolation from that passage, then yew aint much posted up in scripture.

Judge—What do you mean, Sir? (smelling the mouth of the bottle.) This is liquor in this crockery book."

"Waal, Judge, if yew aint 'cute, only hain't learned to call things by their new names. It's what I call spiritual consolation."

"Are you engaged in peddling these?"

"Right agin, Judge; you aint tew be sneezed at by folks that hain't got no noses for 'cuteness."

"Well, Sir, you are amenable for a violation of the prohibitory law, provided the witnesses can be found who have seen you sell these?"

"But you aint heerd the hull story yet, Judge; I sell both kinds; here, Judge is the rule ginooine Bible, King James's version which I carry along with me and I allers offer that first; if they buy it, well and good; if they turn up their noses at the rule unadulterated Gospel, I take the cork out of one of the hard shells and let 'em smell of the counterfeits, and I ask 'em whether I can't still sell 'em some sort of a Bible; they sing a different tune then if they don't buy they treat me with proper respect."

"What kind do you sell the most of?"

"I'm sorry to say, Judge, fer the morals of the people, that I sell twenty copies of the counterfeited gospel to one of the ginooine.—But I never offer the counterfeits until I see positive evidences of their being given over to hardness of heart by their refusal to buy by the real scriptures. Yew see, Judge, if they are bound tw be sinners, it don't make much difference if they become a 'little more so.'"

"Sir, I shall have to fine you ten dollars for drunkenness."

"Well, Judge, I guess I can pay it. In one day, with good luck, I kin make it up agin. Only in the future I guess I'll manage not to take much spiritual consolation to myself. So here's the tin."

Mr. Joshua Keener passed over a \$10 bank-note and then left the premises with his basket and bible.—N. Y. Tribune.

Illinois Correspondence.

MORRIS ILL., Aug 10th, 1855.

Mr. Editor—Although I have bid adieu to the State of my nativity—have sought a home in the distant West, and have become an adopted citizen of a sister state of this Confederacy, yet all that relates to the honor and prosperity of my native Ohio inspires me with a fervent interest. Partly because of this interest; but more particularly because I believe that all the Mother states of the Union, and indeed the Southern too, if they could be convinced of it, possess a great interest in common, I have watched with deep anxiety the political movements in Ohio; and with thousands of my fellow citizens in this part of the West, together with many thousands throughout the whole country, I have been rejoiced at the result.

I trust—I doubt not that the fat of freedom which has gone forth from Ohio will meet with a hearty response from every Northern state—that the watchword which inspired the hosts of freemen there, will be caught from tongue to tongue—seeks from the granite mountains of New England—roll its thunders of truth over the broad plains of the West, until the whole North is aroused in the name of Liberty and stands boldly forth to vindicate her sacred cause. Then shall we find that those who have recklessly violated a nation's plighted faith, and sacrificed a vast territory consecrated to freedom to the dark dominion of slavery, will shrink back from the just indignation of an outraged public, covered with shame and confusion.

All honor to Ohio for the steps she has taken to unite the friends of freedom. May she consummate the victory she has already so gloriously begun. The eyes of the freemen of the whole country are upon her—their hearts are with her—with their voices they bid her "God speed!" Her sister States look to her as the standard bearer in the coming contest, and as the battle thickens they bid her lead them on to the mighty conflict with wrong, and perjury and oppression.

In the other Northern States, no man in Ohio possesses a fairer face than Chase.—They remember with pride, his manly and dignified opposition to the Nebraska iniquity. They wonder how there can be any opposition to him among Anti-Nebraska men. If elected, the triumph will be hailed with the greatest joy. If defeated, Ohio will cover herself with disgrace. But this must not be.—Not Ohio alone would be affected by the defeat. It will strike dismay to the friends of freedom throughout the whole North. They could scarcely recover from the shock. While on the contrary victory will inspire them with new life, new energy. It will give an impetus, a vigor to the cause that will render it invincible.

I am glad to see that you wield your pen so ably and fearlessly in behalf of this great cause. Go on then, remembering that the prayers and the sympathies of many thousands of your fellow countrymen, beyond the limits of your own State are with you.

J. W. N.

The Result in Iowa—The Republicans Triumphant.

The Statesman, Enquirer, and other Sag Night papers in Ohio, voted victory in Iowa rather too soon, for, instead of a Democratic victory, we have the pleasure to announce a splendid, Republican victory. The Republican majority in the State will be much greater than it was a year ago. In the counties heard from the Republican majority is rising fifteen hundred—the same counties, last year, gave only 944 majority for GARNER, the Republican candidate for Governor. The Iowa Republican, received yesterday, says:

"There can be no doubt that the Democracy throughout the State has been defeated worse than ever before, and had there been a State officer to elect, the returns would have shown it most clearly. In such counties as Jackson, Davis, and some others, where Bates had a majority, there is how a majority, of several hundred the other way, and that in counties which had been considered hopelessly and irredeemably Democratic, while in Jefferson, Scott, and some few were the Democrats have gained, their gains have been comparatively small. According to the above estimate, the aggregate majority against them in the State will be 3,500."

This will do for little Iowa. The youngest sister of the West has opened the ball in fine style, for the present and future triumph of the Republican hosts.

DONNYBROOK FAIR—Our readers will be surprised to learn that Donnybrook Fair, in Ireland—the Donnybrook Fair which for so many years has been renowned in story and verse, and which has been regarded from time immemorial as the earthly paradise of Irishmen—has departed from existence, and will be the resting place of a careless