



# THE CONNECTICUT ORGAN

VOL. I. HARTFORD, CONN., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854. NO. 10

## POET'S ORGAN.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of walking winds and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and bare,  
Heard in the hollow of the grove,  
The withered leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust,  
And to the rabbit's tread,  
The robin and the wren are down,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow,  
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
That lately sprang and stood,  
In brighter light and softer air,  
A beautiful sisterhood,  
Alas! they all are in their graves,  
The gentle race of flowers,  
Are lying in their lowly beds,  
With the fair and good of ours,  
The rain is falling where they lie,  
But the cold November rain,  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth  
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,  
They perished long ago,  
And the briar rose and the orchid died,  
Amid the summer glow;  
But on the hill the golden rod,  
And the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,  
In autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,  
As falls the frost on men,  
And the brightest of their sunbeams were gone,  
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
As still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home;  
When the sound of dripping eaves is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
The waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers,  
Whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood,  
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in  
Her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
And faded by her side;  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely,  
Should have been a life so brief;  
Yet not unmet it was that one,  
Like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers.

## EVERYBODY'S ORGAN.

**The Ebenezers—A Curious Religious Community—2,000 White Slaves.**—The editor of the Democracy, published at Buffalo, New York, gives in his paper of October 21st, an interesting account of a singular religious sect, of over two thousand members, which has for some years existed in the immediate vicinity of that town. His attention was particularly called towards the society from seeing the female members, old women and delicate young girls, laboring painfully in the harvest fields.

The Ebenezer Association is of German religious origin. It was founded about one hundred and forty years ago, by a piously impelled journeyman saddler, named Frederick Rock. The Count Zinzendorf had previously established the Herrhutter Communities near Herraug, and in the old Marienborn convent. Against him rose Rock the saddler, and preached much, and with vehemence—varying prophecy somewhat with prophecy. He foretold the destruction of Frankfurt, Dresden, Berlin and other large German cities, whose places yet are on the maps.

The Ebenezer Association, passing through the painful experience of new sects, came in process of time to be tolerated by the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. They rented from the nobility old convents and the estates attached to them. By and by the Government of Hesse accorded to them the privilege of gathering upon these estates all the believers in their peculiar faith. In these little societies which were thus aggregated, were skillful mechanics, and even metallurgists, who understood working in gold, silver, and indeed all kinds of metals. The several members were harmonious, submissive to authority, and industrious. But jealousy was excited by the growth of the society, the increase of the property of the leaders, and the impoverishment of many members of the middle classes, whose funds got absorbed into the associate strong box. The "Consistory" inquired into the Ebenezer business, and reported to the Government that the members were cheated both in their spiritual and in their worldly estate. Before the authorities took action on this report, the Secer of the Ebenezers was instructed by the Holy Spirit to announce to the faithful that the time had fully come for them to flee from Babylon, and go to America. The Secer accordingly departed, and arrived in Buffalo in the winter of 1842—"three corner pillars of the Ebenezer temple with him," as the editor's German informant says—one a doctor, another a tailor, and the third a saddler. They looked around in several States for a home—returned to Buffalo, where, at an inn, the Holy Spirit communicating through the landlord, informed the Secer that there were one thousand acres of choice Indian land near Buffalo for sale, and suggested to him to buy it. The "four pillars" viewed the land, cyphered up the quantity of timber upon it, regarded it in its spiritual, agricultural and political aspects, and went and bought one thousand acres. Subsequently they bought more, and, we believe, they now own seven thousand five hundred acres of as beautiful land as man can

desire to see. They have a large water-power, and possess a flouring mill, oil mill, saw mills, cotton factory, woolen factory, a tannery, brewery, furniture factory, blacksmith shops, tool factory, cooper's shops, wagon shops, and every thing necessary to an independent community. They have their own stores, filled with goods bought at wholesale in New York city.

Religion and hard work are the life at Ebenezer. Hard work is high piety, and the direct avenue to future bliss. Idleness is crime. Old men work—little children work. To earn something, to fetch money into the concern, is the animating purpose. Hands too aged and feeble to hold a hoe, can yet knit woolen gloves—and gloves are knit by the woolen. So of stockings and woolen caps. Their net earnings are immense. Accordingly, Ebenezer is a money lender. On good landed security, the Secer's agent will lend you gold, and a tip top Gentle mortgage can easily be sold there for current cash.

There are thirty-two trustees, we understand—law English for owners, copartners, under a charter. These own the property in unequal interests. Four of them, one of whom is the Secer, own most of the concern. The land cost various prices, from ten dollars to thirty-six dollars an acre. Every acre of it is now worth an average of one hundred and fifty dollars. The culture of it is pe.ect.—There is not better farming in America. The fruit is of the choicest—the cows are of the best, and their name is legion—the sheep are of the best, and carefully tended by shepherds and dogs—and altogether, the Ebenezer Settlement is on the highway to wealth and fame, as well as to the city of Buffalo. And why not? Is it not a masterpiece of economy to persuade a broad backed German, to work year after year for the Kingdom of Heaven, his food, firewood, lodging, light, and money wages not to exceed thirty dollars per annum? No Yankee capitalist can purchase labor on those terms—not even the King of Heaven being anywhere current in America, as a legal tender for hard work. The Ebenezer Secer, however, has no trouble about making spiritual payment for coporeal labor. In no case is base gelt extracted from the treasury in payment for work, to exceed thirty dollars a year. Out of this the slave must purchase his clothing. Imitating that reciprocity which confines the advantage of the handle to one side of the jug, the trustees pay no interest on deposits, tho' they invariably exact interest on loans. One of those fellows obviously has studied arithmetic, and is as sharp as all Lombard street in the wisdom of the growth of money. The member who falters in faith and strength, and wishes to withdraw, takes out what he put in, but with no increase. If the sum is very large, he gets only half on withdrawing. The residue is paid him at the convenience of the trustees, without interest.—Did he not have a chance of eternal happiness? What does he talk of interest for? Possessed of highly absorbent qualities like a sponge, the Ebenezer Treasury has been known to render back not a cent of principal in a case where a depositor of twelve hundred dollars wanted at the expiration of six years' pious labor, to take himself and his dimes out among the Gentiles.

Hope is a considerable circulating medium between the trustees and the brethren. To those who hold out to the end is promised a share of the material property, not to speak of the spiritual. Music is a profane disturber of laborious inclinations, and a waster of precious time is interdicted. To every twelve workers is an overseer. The perfection of simplicity is in their creed. It makes the Secer infallible as a teacher, and absolute as a guide and governor. They believe in detail in a God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—disbelieve in a Christian Church—believe in a community of saints (to wit, the Ebenezer Saints)—disbelieve in baptism—believe in the Lord's supper, which is administered whenever the Secer feels like it. This feast is celebrated in three classes, into which religiously and socially the brethren are assorted. 1st. Are the called of the Holy Ghost, who have their feet washed. 2d. Those who have got to improve before they can "receive the favors" of the first class. 3d. The weak in faith—husbands and wives—who beget children—"young men and maidens who long for matrimony," and those who marry, or intend to marry, with or without the consent of parents. These wreathes are put in the same class with the children, and are also parted in the meeting from the first two classes.—To prevent "the exchange of amorous looks in the meetings," there are six meeting halls—three for women, three for men. In the meetings a chapter of the bible is read, songs are sung, each says prayers, and then from 6 till 8, overseers devoutly give warning to the brethren and sisters, and enlarge on the pious nature of hard work. To finish off, the Secer takes a turn at inspiration, and thro' the Holy Ghost, pronounces some old or new declarations. In politics the saints of Ebenezer are as simple and economic as in finance. They are marched to the polls, and, to save time, which at Ebenezer is always money, votes are handed to them by an overseer, which they deposit, and then return to labor. Sometimes the saints vote the Whig ticket and sometimes the Democratic, and for a consideration we presume they would vote for the Know-Nothings.

**The Old Man.** Bow low they head boy; do reverence to the old man, Once young, like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with inspirations coequal to any that you have felt; aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are, perhaps destined to be. Once that form stalked through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beaux ideal of a rook; now the hand of Time, that withered the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once at your age, he possessed a thousand thoughts that pass through the brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a nook in fame, again imagining like a dream, that the sooner he awoke from it the better. But he had lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is near at hand; yet his eyes ever kindle at noble deeds of daring and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low they head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.

**A Word to Boys.** You were made to be kind and generous. If there is a boy at school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign to him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a large or stronger boy has injured you, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances, how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

### Horace Greeley's First Day in New York.

We have been favored, says Life Illustrated, by the Messrs. Mason Brothers, the publishers of the forthcoming life of Horace Greeley, with a glance at some of the proof sheets of that work: it will be a volume of fascinating interest, and one that will do good. We are permitted to extract a passage for the entertainment of our readers:

At sunrise on Friday, the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley landed at Whitehall, close to the Battery, in the city of New York.

New York was, and is, a city of adventures. Few of our eminent citizens were born here. It is a common boast among New Yorkers, that this great merchant and that great millionaire came to the city a ragged boy, with only three and sixpence in his pocket; and now look at him! In a list of the one hundred men who are esteemed to be the most successful among the citizens of New York, it is probable that seventy-five of the names would be those of men who began their career here in circumstances that gave no promise of future eminence. But among them all, one who on his arrival had so little to help, so much to hinder him, as Horace Greeley.

Of solid cash, his stock was ten dollars. His other property consisted of the clothes he wore, the clothes he carried in his small bundle, and the stick with which he carried it. The clothes he wore need not be described; they were those which had already astonished the people of Erie. The clothes he carried were very few, and precisely similar in cut and quality to the garments which he exhibited to the public. On the violent supposition that his wardrobe could in any case have become a saleable commodity, we may compute that he was worth, on this Friday morning at sunrise, ten dollars and seventy-five cents. He had no friends, no acquaintance here. There was not a human being upon whom he had any claim for help or advice. His appearance was all against him. He looked in his round jacket like an overgrown boy. No one was likely to observe the engaging beauty of his face, or the noble round of his brow under that overarching hat, over that long and stooping body. He was somewhat timorous in his intercourse with strangers. He would not intrude upon their attention; he had not the faculty of pushing his way, and proclaiming his merits and his desires. To the arts by which men are conciliated, which unwilling ears are forced to attend to an unwelcome tale, he was utterly a stranger. Moreover, he had neglected to bring with him any letters of recommendation, or any certificate of his skill as a printer. It had not occurred to him that any thing of the kind was necessary, so unacquainted was he with the life of cities.

His first employment was to find a boarding house where he could live a long time on a small sum. Leaving the green Battery on his left hand, he strolled off to Broad street, and at the corner of that street and Wall, discovered a house

that in his eyes had the aspect of a cheap tavern. He entered the parlor, and asked the price of board.

"I guess we're too high for you," said the bar-keeper, after besting him a glance upon the inquirer.

"Well, how much a week do you charge?"

"Six dollars."

"Yes, that is more than I can afford," said Horace with a laugh at the enormous mistake he had made in inquiring at a house of such pretensions.

He turned up Wall street, and sauntered into Broadway. Seeing no house of entertainment that seemed at all suited to his circumstances, he sought the water once more, and wandered along the wharves of the North River as far as Washington Market. Boarding-houses of the cheapest kind, and drinking-houses of the lowest grade, the former frequented by emigrants, the latter by sailors, were numerous enough in that neighborhood. A house, which combined the low grocery and the cheap boarding-house in one small establishment, kept by an Irishman named M'Gorlick, attracted his attention. It looked so neat and equal that he was tempted to enter, and again inquire for what sum a man could buy a week's shelter and sustenance.

"Twenty shillings," was the landlord's reply.

"Ah," said Horace, "that sounds more like it."

He engaged to board with Mr. M'Gorlick on the instant, and proceeded to test the quality of his fare by taking breakfast in the bosom of his family.—The cheapness of the entertainment was its best recommendation.

After breakfast Horace performed an act which I believe he had never spontaneously performed before. He brought some clothes, with a view to render himself more presentable. They were of the commonest kind, and the quality was very low, but the purchase absorbed nearly half his capital. Satisfied with his appearance, he now began to regard the printing office; going into every one he could find, and asking for employment—a word, as soon as he was refused. In the course of the morning he found himself in the office of the Journal of Commerce, and he chanced to direct his inquiry, if they wanted a hand, to the late David Hale, one of the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Hale took a survey of the person who had presumed to address him, and replied in substance as follows:

"My opinion is, young man, that you're a runaway apprentice, and you'd better go home to your mother."

Horace endeavored to explain his position and circumstances, but the impetuous Hale could be brought to no more gracious response than, "Be off about your business, and don't bother us!"

Horace, more amused than indignant, retired, and pursued his way to the next office. All that day he walked the streets, climbed up upper stories, came down again, ascended other heights, descended, dived into basements, traversed passages, groped through labyrinths, ever asking the same question, "Do you want a hand?" and ever receiving the same reply, in various degrees of civility, "No."

He walked ten times as miles as he needed, for he was not aware that nearly all the printing-offices in New York are in the same square mile. He went the entire length of many streets which any body could have told him did not contain one.

He went home on Friday evening very tired and a little discouraged.

Early on Saturday morning he resumed the search, and continued it with energy till the evening. But no one wanted a hand. Business seemed to be at a stand-still, or every office had its full complement of men. On Saturday evening he was still more fatigued. He resolved to remain in the city a day or two longer, and then, if still unsuccessful, to turn his face homeward, and inquire for work at the towns through which he passed. Though discouraged, he was not disheartened, and still less alarmed.

The youthful reader should observe here what a sense of independence and what fearlessness dwell in the spirit of a man who has learned the art of living on the mere necessities of life. If Horace Greeley had, after another day or two of trial, chosen to leave the city, he would have carried with him about four dollars; and with that sum he could have walked leisurely and with an anxious heart all the way back to his father's house, six hundred miles, inquiring for work at every town, and feeling himself to be a free and independent American citizen, travelling on his own honestly-earned means, undegraded by an obligation, the equal in social rank of the best man in the best house he passed. Blessed is the young man who can walk thirty miles a day, and dine contentedly on half a pound of crackers! Give him four dollars and summer weather, and he can travel and revel like a prince incognito for forty days.

On Sunday morning, our hero arose, refreshed and cheerful. He went to church twice, and spent a happy day. In

the morning he induced a man who lived in the house to accompany him to a small Universalist church in Pitt street, near the Dry Dock, not less than three miles distant from M'Gorlick's boarding-house. In the evening he found his way to a Unitarian church. Except on one occasion, he had never before this Sunday heard a sermon which accorded with his own religious opinions; and the pleasure with which he heard the benignity of the Deity asserted and proved by able men was one of the highest he had enjoyed.

In the afternoon, as if in reward of the pious way in which he spent the Sunday, he heard news which gave him a faint hope of being able to remain in the city. An Irishman, a friend of the landlord, came in the course of the afternoon to pay his usual Sunday visit, and became acquainted with Horace and his fruitless search for work. He was a shoemaker, I believe, but he lived in a house which was much frequented by journeymen printers. From them he had heard that hands were wanted at West's, No 85 Chatham street, and he recommended his new acquaintance to make immediate application at that office.

Accustomed to country hours, and eager to seize the chance, Horace was in Chatham street and on the steps of the designated house by half-past five on Monday morning. West's printing-office was in the second story, the ground floor being occupied by McElrath and Bangs as a bookstore. They were publishers, and West was their printer. Neither store nor office was yet opened, and Horace sat down on the steps to wait.

Had Thomas McElrath, Esquire, happened to pass on an early walk to the Battery that morning, and seen our hero sitting on those steps, with his red bundle on his knees, his pale face supported on his hands, his attitude expressive of dejection and anxiety, his attire extremely unornamental, it would not have occurred to Thomas McElrath, Esquire, as a *probable* event, that one day he would be the PARTNER of that sorry figure, and the proprietor of the connection? Nor did Miss Reed, of Philadelphia, when she saw Benjamin Franklin pass her father's house, eating a large roll and carrying two others under his arms, see in that poor wanderer any likeness of her future husband, the husband that made her a proud and an immortal wife. The princes of the mind always remain incognito till they come to the throne, and, doubtless, the Coming Man, when he comes, will appear in a strange disguise, and no man will know him.

It seemed very long before any one came to work that morning at No. 85. The steps on which our friend was seated were in the narrow part of Chatham street, the gorge through which at morning and evening the swarthy tide of mechanics pours. By six o'clock the stream has set strongly down-townward, and it gradually swells to a torrent, bright with tin kettles. Thousands passed by, but no one stopped till nearly seven o'clock, when one of Mr. West's journeymen arrived, and finding the door still locked, he sat down on the steps by the side of Horace Greeley. They fell into conversation, and Horace stated his circumstances, something of his history, and his need of employment. Luckily this journeyman was a Vermonter, and a kind-hearted, intelligent man. He looked upon Horace as a countryman, and was struck with the singular candor and artlessness with which he told his tale. "I saw," says he, "that he was an honest, good young man, and being a Vermonter myself, I determined to help him if I could."

He did help him. The doors were opened, the men began to arrive; Horace and his newly found friend ascended to the office, and soon after seven the work of the day began. It is hardly necessary to say that the appearance of Horace, as he sat in the office waiting for the coming of the foreman, excited astonishment, and brought upon his friend a variety of satirical observations. Nothing daunted, however, on the arrival of the foreman he stated the case, and endeavored to interest him enough in Horace to give him a trial. It happened that the work for which a man was wanted in the office was the composition of a Polyglot Testament, a kind of work which is extremely difficult and tedious. Several men had tried their hand at it, and in a few days or a few hours, given it up. The foreman looked at Horace, and Horace looked at the foreman. Horace saw a handsome man (now known to the sporting public as Colonel Porter, editor of the Spirit of the Times). The foreman beheld a youth who could have gone on the stage, that minute, as Ezekiel Home-spun, without the alteration of a thread or a hair, and brought down the house by his 'getting up' alone. He no more believed that Ezekiel could set up a page of a Polyglot Testament than that he could construct a chronometer. However, partly to oblige Horace's friend, partly because he was unwilling to wound the feelings of the applicant by sending him abruptly away, he consented to let him try. "Fix up a case for him," said he, "and we'll see if he can do anything."

In a few minutes Horace was at work.

The gentleman to whose intercession Horace Greeley owed his first employment in New York, is now known to all the dentists in the Union as the leading member of a firm which manufactures annually twelve hundred thousand teeth. He has made a fortune, the reader will be glad to learn, and lives in a mansion up town.

After Horace had been at work an hour or two, Mr. West, the 'boss,' came into the office. What his feelings were when he saw his new man may be inferred from a little conversation upon the subject which took place between him and the foreman.

"Did you hire that damned fool?" asked West, with no small irritation.

"Yes; we must have hands, and he's the best I could get," said the foreman, justifying his conduct, though he was really ashamed of it.

"Well," said the master, "for God's sake pay him off to night, and let him go about his business!"

## TRUE AMERICAN ORGAN.

**Much Ado About Nothing.** The contest between the Federal Government and the undiscovered spirit of Know Nothingism, incipiently commenced by the decapitation of one or two clerks in the departments, has been enlivened by a couple of farces, which amply illustrates the inability of the administration, backed by the full machinery of executive patronage, to cope with its ubiquitous tormentors. So far from the government being enabled, by the employment of its federal resources, to crush the new political element out of existence, it has merely contrived to excite the contempt of its opponents, and in turn writes before their wondering ridicule and practical sarcasm. Assuredly the dignity of the American nation has fallen, when the Chief Magistrate personally lends himself to the Quixotic task of suffering against an occult association, whose tenets are simply intimated by the titles of newspaper conductors. No reasonable man can believe that any body of Americans could combine together the senseless title of Know Nothing, and further, in all their pretentious exposures of constitutions, &c., not a single line can be detected breathing anything beyond the doctrines openly avowed by us and kindred journalists. We have no pretensions to Know Nothingism, indeed we only have to regret knowing too much of the degradation, sycoopathy, corruption and degeneration of politicians, high and low, in order to conciliate the fanatical prejudices of Papist and foreign citizens against those whose misfortune appears to be the accident of a birth upon American soil and a staunch adherence to the religious maxims of their fathers.—Exchange.

**Men of America.** The greatest man, "take him all in all," of the last hundred years, was General George Washington—an American.

The greatest Doctor of Divinity was Jonathan Edwards—an American.

The greatest philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers—an American.

The greatest of living historians is Wm. H. Prescott—an American.

The greatest ornithologist was John James Audubon—an American.

There has been no English writer of the present age, whose words have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace than those of Washington Irving—an American.

The greatest lexicographer since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster—an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of benefit to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Finch, Fulton and Whitney—all Americans.—Exchange.

**The Workhouses of Dublin.** We learn from the Dublin Nation, the relative state of affairs in the Emerald Isle; for it we may draw an abstract idea of the material from which our "better citizens" are made, after a voyage to improve their condition. We present the following as food for reflection:

The guardians of the North Dublin Union held their usual weekly meeting Wednesday, at the Board Room of the Workhouse, North Brunswick street.—Ralph S. Cusack, Esq., in the chair.

**State of the Workhouse.**

Paupers in the House on 2d inst.	2,495
Admitted during the week	149
Born	1
Discharged	118
Died	8
Remaining in the House, Sept. 9,	2,515

It will be seen by this that the tax payers have a high premium to pay upon indolence, vice and real want. No wonder, therefore, that they should be seized with a desire to promote the cause of emigration. No wonder that we are blessed with better citizens from such sources.—Exchange.

**The Agents of Satan.** Father Rad-dan, says an Exchange, in a letter dated at the South, says, that as the chief aim of the 'Know Nothings' is to destroy the

Papal church, and as this is the precise aim of the devil, it is clear that the Know Nothings are agents of Satan. 'Clear' yes, clear as the native mud of Erie. The Jesuits of Rome have from time immemorial, acted as the agents of his Satanic Majesty, and served him faithfully. We cannot therefore understand why he wishes to get rid of them for a new and unknown party.

**Popey in New York.** A correspondent of the New York True American complains to that paper that bands of foreigners parade the streets of that city on the Sabbath, with music, playing jolly airs, and on a week day, accompanied with a rabble of boys and idlers, disturbing the quiet of the Sabbath, and the peace of neighborhoods and churches, after the manner of cities in Papal countries.

**FEMALE BATHING.**—Sir Ashley Cooper was a great believer in female bathing. For the benefit of the sex, we annex the following programme:—

Immediately on rising from bed and having already previously taken off your night dress then take up from your cabinet a pan of two gallons of water, a towel quite wet but not dripping; begin at your head rubbing hair and face, and neck, and ears well then wrap yourself behind and before, from neck to chest, your arms, and every portion of your body. Repeat your towel into the pan, charge it afresh with water, and repeat once all I have mentioned, except the tow, unless that be in a heated state, when you may do so, and with advantage. Three or four times will now have elapsed. Throw your towel into the pan, and then proceed with two coarse long towels, to scrub your head, face and body, front and rear, then wash and rub hard your face, brush your hair and complete your toilet, and trust me, this will give your rest to your existence. A mile of walking may be added with advantage.

**CAPACITY OF CRANIALS.**—According to Dr. Morton, the races, or subdivisions of the great human families, dwelling on this continent, differ as follows in the capacity of their craniums: The Teutonic races with an average cranial capacity of 42 cubic inches; the Celtic, 87 inches; the Chinese tribes of American Indians, 84; the Yatican family, 77; the German average 90; the Anglo-American 90; and the English 96. The lowest measurement of the American, as compared with his English progenitors, is owing to the fact that Dr. Morton's tables included only the skulls of the negro for crime. A notable feature in the negro skull is the fact that American-born negroes have one cubic inch less than the native African families.

**MAIL ARRANGEMENTS IN OLD TIMES.**—The following advertisement, from Franklin's newspaper, shows the locale of the post-office, and the speed with which the mail was carried, a little more than a century ago.—Oct. 27, 1737.

Notice is hereby given that the post-office is now kept at B. Franklin's, in Market-street, and that Henry Pratt is appointed Riding Post Master for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport in Virginia, who sets out about the beginning of each month, and returns in twenty four days, by whom gentlemen, merchants and others may have their letters safely conveyed and business faithfully transacted—he having given good security for the same to the Hon. Col. Spotswood, Postmaster General of all His Majesty's dominions in America.

**A LEARNED LADY.**—The American lady, Mrs. Putnam, a Baptist, has perhaps no equal in the world for critical knowledge of languages, for she converses readily in French, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish, and Hungarian, and is familiar with twenty modern dialects, besides Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic. The extent of this linguistic acquirement is paralleled only by Cardinal Mezzofanti, Elinu Burritt, and some half dozen other great names of both worlds.

**ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHORESS OF "FASHION AND FAME."**—Mrs. Stephens is a native of a rural village in Maine, which State has produced one-third of the literary men and women of the United States of the present day. Willis, Longfellow, Dr. Cheever, the authoress of "Northwood," Mrs. Seba Smith, "Jack Downing," John Neal, William Cutler the poet, Grenville Mellen the poet. Mrs. Frances S. Osgood were natives of Maine, with many others of note.

**AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN A TURKISH HAREM.**—The two Turkish delegates to the Crystal Palace Exhibition, who have been in this country the past year or two, left Boston in the Liverpool steamer on the 26th of October. Louffy Effendi, one of the Turkish ladies, carried away with him a Boston lady whom he had married, and who, of course, will form a member of his harem, on her arrival in Cairo.

**A LIVE DOCK.**—Such a dock is now being built, or grown, at La Crosse, Michigan. It is constructed entirely of willow twigs, about twelve feet long bound in bundles one foot thick, which are so ingeniously arranged and woven together, that it is impossible for sand to work out or the water to work in. Each bundle contains about a hundred small trees and it will take fifty thousand of these bundles to complete the work. It is said that the willows will sprout and grow, rooting firmly together, thereby forming a living superstructure, which will last for ages without least tendency to decay. Docks like these are said to occur very frequently on the Rhine in Germany.

In Delaware there appears to be less of secrecy among the order of Know Nothings than in other sections of the country. On the 11th inst., at Delaware city, Mr. Clayton made a speech, in which he took occasion to define his position upon the American question and to give his platform, and upon which, if we rightly understand him, he would be pleased to co-operate with the Know Nothings and Native Americans. We should like to have published this speech, but most of our outside was in type before it was received. The speech contains nothing of particular importance, independent of the distinguished position and exalted character of its author. The peculiar position of parties and present condition of affairs will inspire to give it an extensive reading by the American party. This speech embraces much of sound American doctrine, and very much that is objectionable—very much that makes it exceedingly obnoxious. A considerable portion of this speech is a real, though not apparent, defense of that infamous Nebraska swindle, against which the entire North has, with extraordinary emphasis, denounced. After showing that this new party should be, in its principles and measures, pre-eminently national, he says:

Ignoring the slavery question as a proper element of party organization, and as utterly unfit for party combinations, it would refuse to test the suitability of any man for public office, by the question whether he was for or against the mere extension of slavery in some territory of the United States.

Now the extension of slavery into any territory of the United States may be, to Mr. Clayton and many other Southern whigs, a very small matter, but to the North it is a question that no considerations can induce it to forego. Slavery, in the States where it exists, is a matter for those States to look after—a matter over which the North, or the federal government, has no control—a matter for whose influence it has no responsibility; but the territories of the United States are the property of the nation; all laws that are allowed to exist therein, whether good, bad or indifferent, are made and sustained by authority expressly derived from the United States. Every voter who consents to the extension of slavery, or does not do what he constitutionally can to prevent the establishment of slavery therein, virtually employs his suffrage to reduce free men and women to the condition of chattel-slavery. This is the feeling of the North; the overwhelming vote recently given is a protest against the extension of slavery. Who believes that the Know Nothings will be dragged into this crusade against freedom? Slavery is not an American institution. It is of foreign origin. Our fathers denounced the government of Great Britain for introducing slavery into the Colonies, and for refusing to allow it to be abolished. The South don't call it an American institution, but a "peculiar institution of the South." To be national it should be American. It is a sectional institution, and as such it is an outrage upon the North to attempt to make it a party to its extension in its own jurisdiction.

It is the veriest nonsense to pretend that a party that is opposed to extending slavery in the territories of the nation, is sectional. That is the sectional party that aims to force the nation to become a party to extend a sectional institution. After tapping Mr. Douglass' theory of non-intervention on the head, he favors us with his idea of true non-intervention. He says:

True non-intervention would have left the people of Nebraska and Kansas, after a suitable number of people had emigrated to those territories, to have elected their own Governor, as well as their Legislature, and would have left the question of slavery in the meantime—that is the question whether, under the Constitution and existing laws and treaties, a slave-holder could carry his slaves to those territories as a question to be decided solely by the Courts of the United States.

Mr. Clayton is probably aware that Judges are men, and subject to the infirmities common to humanity, and as liable as merchants, clergymen and other classes to be swayed by popular prejudice; if not, the north is fully indoctrinated in this idea. Southern statesmen, planters, merchants and divines, regard the right to take their slave property into any Federal territory to be guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and hence they consider this anti-Nebraska doctrine of "you shall do no such thing" as an insult and outrage upon the South. This is not only the sentiment of the slave States, but a considerable minority of the free States profess the same sentiments. Mr. Clayton is also probably aware—if he is not, the North is—that a majority of the U. S. supreme bench, before which these cases would ultimately be brought for adjudication, is southern. Every one knows how these cases would be decided, if delays, postponements and appeals ever allowed the courts to give a decision. We have heard of a man who caught the itch for the pleasure which the necessity of scratching afforded him. But this admitting slavery into the territories for the pleasure which labor, effort and expense would afford, in deciding it to be unconstitutional, puts the itch catcher entirely in the seat.

Convicted.—Capt. James Smith was convicted for being engaged in the slave trade, by the U. S. Circuit Court in New York, a few days since. The penalty is death, by our laws. Sentence has not yet been pronounced.

GEN. WOOL, it is reported, has been called to the city of Mexico.

that it sounded in his ear like a fire-bell in the night?

There are no native Americans who will not heartily endorse this sentiment. But what constitutes a "geographical division" is a question upon which they differ. Mr. Clayton will differ. This country was established to promote freedom, not slavery—to transmit freedom, not slavery, to our posterity. Slavery, at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was allowed to remain undisturbed, as a temporary evil—an evil that would, in the language of Mr. Pinckney, die by the natural operation of events. To meet its gradual decay, the foreign slave trade, the source of supply to domestic slavery, was allowed to remain for 20 years. If then, the nation was organized to promote liberty, and if it be a fact that the continuance and extension of slavery was not contemplated but on the contrary its ultimate extinction anticipated, and if it be a fact that one section of the country is laboring to make this institution general, then it follows that those who are laboring to keep slavery within its present limits constitute the national party, and those who would extend it, the sectional party—a party that would "create geographical divisions."

After speaking of Mr. Douglass' bill and its influence, Mr. Clayton says:

Yet I had no Northern prejudices against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line—a line established by the act of 1820.

Well, it is natural to suppose that the North will have some prejudice against these views of Mr. Clayton.

We shall notice this speech more at length in our next.

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. William F. Leonard, son of Mr. Spicer Leonard, of Middletown, was fatally injured, near East Haddam Landing, by the accidental discharge of a gun loaded with duck shot. Young Leonard, with Capt. Cook, had gone down the river in a scow, taking their guns with them. When near the landing they went ashore in the boat, the guns lying in the bottom of the boat. In attempting to push the boat from the shore his foot came in contact with the muzzle of one of the guns which immediately discharged its contents through his right foot, and into his leg mauling it in a shocking manner. Mr. Leonard was conveyed to Keeney's Hotel, where every attention was paid him, and where it was found requisite to amputate the leg a few inches below the knee. The operation was performed by Dr. Fuller, of Norwich, assisted by Dr. Babcock. Mr. Leonard lingered until 3 o'clock Saturday morning, when death ended his sufferings. He was about 22 years old. Mr. L. was brother of Mr. W. B. Leonard of this city, and was a young man much respected by those who knew him.

THE COURANT.—The Courant office, of this city, was sold on the 9th inst., we understand, to Mr. Thomas M. Day, for \$24,000, half cash and balance in six months, to be transferred on the first of January next. The Times thinks that the Courant will take a less equivocal stand on the Maine Law than it has hitherto as Mr. Day is a radical friend of the Maine Law. We trust the prediction of the Times will be realized, as the past and present course of that paper on the influence of the Prohibitory Law has been vastly more detrimental than that of the Times, which has always been a bold and uncompromising opponent to the law, while the Courant has professed friendship for the law while working against its enforcement. A quaint old poet once said that

"A bold and open foe may prove a curse, But a cowardly friend is ten times worse."

We rejoice to learn of the change, and so far as Temperance is concerned, we don't think any change could be made for the worse.

DR. GRAHAM'S SENTENCE.—This pugnacious individual who escaped the gallows, by the peculiarity of the jury system, for the murder of Major Loring in a drunken fit, a few months since, was on Friday last, a few weeks sentenced to seven years hard labor in the penitentiary—the longest term permitted by law. Liquor was the cause of Major Loring's death—the cause of seven years imprisonment of Dr. Graham. The proprietor of the St. Nicholas, the palace of a grocery in which the murder was committed, was one of the most efficient workers for the rum and Seymour ticket at the late New York election. He had the boldness, the impudence, to append his name to a circular, denouncing the proposed Maine Law as unconstitutional, and its advocates as fanatics. The time is coming when men who will persist in selling liquors as a beverage will share the fate of Dr. Graham. The present course of the opposition will, not many years hence, force the temperance hosts to adopt this policy.

POLICEMAN NOTT.—This young and faithful officer is doing all he can to carry out the provisions of our prohibitory law. All the foreigners and enemies of the law are exceedingly severe upon him, but this does not in the least deter him from following the line of his official duty. The friends of prohibition in Hartford will see that an officer so worthy and valuable as Mr. Nott will not be displaced at the approaching election.

CONVICTED.—Capt. James Smith was convicted for being engaged in the slave trade, by the U. S. Circuit Court in New York, a few days since. The penalty is death, by our laws. Sentence has not yet been pronounced.

GEN. WOOL, it is reported, has been called to the city of Mexico.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The delegates to this Convention convened in accordance with the call of the President, in the Melodeon in this city on Thursday, 16th inst., at 11 A. M. The weather was very unfavorable for a large meeting, yet every county, with the exception of Fairfield, was represented. B. Hudson, Esq., took the chair, and called the body to order. Rev. Mr. Bush was appointed Secretary pro tem. Rev. Mr. Lindsey offered prayer.

The President appointed the following gentlemen a committee to prepare business for the Convention:

- C. B. Lines, New Haven; B. W. Tompkins, Norwich; Herman Baldwin, Litchfield; J. H. Goodwin, Hartford; Josiah Barnes, Middletown.

Some time was then devoted to prayer by Rev. Messrs. Tompkins and Brown. By invitation of the President, several gentlemen spoke upon the religious bearings of the temperance cause, among whom were Messrs. Hawley and Tompkins, and Rev. Messrs. Bush, Lindsey and Brewer. Many interesting facts were elicited to show that our prohibitory law not only sends its violators to prison, but many of the former victims of the traffic to church, to the prayer meeting, and to God, and their children to the Sabbath-school. These statements were listened to with great interest.

The Business Committee submitted during the day the following resolutions, which elicited an animated discussion from Messrs. Brewer, Tompkins, Lathrop, Lines, Terry, Hawley, Clark, Campbell, the President, and others whose names have escaped our memory, and were adopted.

Resolved, That we joyfully thank God that He has so guided the public affairs of our beloved State as to secure to us, and as we believe, to those who are to come after us, the inestimable blessing of sound and efficient legislation for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

Resolved, That the universal experience of the people under the operation of our excellent prohibitory law, fully confirms our most sanguine expectations, and establishes upon a firm and sure basis, its wisdom, efficiency and power.

Resolved, That in order to realize the full benefits of our present position, as connected with existing laws, and to transmit them to our children with all their humane and elevating influences, we must rigorously insist upon a thorough and universal enforcement of its penalties upon all offenders of every class and condition, without partiality, cessation, or compromise.

Resolved, That inasmuch as our recent legislation is severely interfering with the righteous and enormous gains of the liquor dealers, we must expect a united and vigorous effort on their part to reconstitute themselves in their old traffic by removing the hindrance which now meets them whithersoever they turn, in the two edged sword of the Statutes of Connecticut, and that we must not fail of a full preparation for such an emergency.

Resolved, That while we gladly recognize the general disease of intoxicating beverages throughout the State, at social entertainments, we deeply regret that the custom continues to exert its baneful influence in some influential circles, and would express our earnest hope that the benevolent efforts of the friends of humanity will not long be embarrassed by this pernicious practice.

The nominating Committee presented the names of the following gentlemen for the officers of the society for ensuing year:

- President.—B. HUDSON. Vice Presidents. New Haven Co.—H. W. Benedict. Hartford " Henry Stanley. Fairfield " Jay Peck. Litchfield " H. Baldwin. Middlesex " B. Douglass. New London " P. L. Berry. Tolland " Thomas Clark. Windham " Erastus Lester.

Executive Committee.—Alvah Holt, Walter French, E. Stoddard, J. G. Baldwin, and Asa Hill.

Corresponding Secy.—E. M. Gorham. Recording Secy.—T. H. L. Talcott.

The fourth resolution elicited quite an energetic discussion. The pernicious influence of introducing wines at social parties, was pretty thoroughly handled. This custom, in what is denominated upper ten, is more common than is generally supposed. The afternoon session was at a late hour adjourned to 7 o'clock in the evening.

The evening meeting was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Bush. In introducing the following resolutions, Mr. Lines said that he was in favor of holding a series of temperance conventions during the coming winter. The great benefits resulting from such a policy were shown. After a short discussion, in which Messrs. Baldwin, Tompkins and Phelps participated, the resolutions were unanimously passed.

Resolved, That for the purpose of stimulating the friends of the cause throughout the State to vigorous efforts in the prosecution of the law, the President be requested in consultation with the Executive Committee, to convene one or more conventions during the winter, as they shall judge expedient.

Resolved, That we regard the various Leagues and other associations that have been organized for the purpose of prosecuting offenders against the liquor law and sustaining the public authorities in the discharge of their duties as worthy of special encouragement and approbation.

Several highly interesting reports of the workings of our prohibitory law followed.

Rev. Dr. Patton of New York delivered one of his instructive and amusing speeches. Charles Chapman, Esq., of our city, responded to a call, by a speech of masterly power and glowing eloquence. We regret that the pressure upon our columns and the late hour that we go to press prevents our publishing it in extenso. At the close of Mr. C.'s speech, the convention adjourned to the call of the President.

FINED.—The Warden of the Borough of Williamantic has been fined \$20 for selling liquor contrary to law.

THE TIMES versus THE KNOW NOTHINGS.

The Hartford Times man, of Tuesday, after learning of the Massachusetts election—of the awful conflagration of the shavings, chips and stubble of old party organizations, groans from the very depth of his soul. He sees in it another whig conspiracy to break up the democratic party. Old Massachusetts, as a State, comes in for a share of the editor's censure. He says:

The religious intolerance, which has never been eradicated from Massachusetts soil, was ripe for a political onslaught upon the Church of Rome, and Know Nothingism afforded a chance. But amid it all, with the secret order professing to know no party, the whigs have contrived, as they generally do, to work in their own sort of material.

Soft words will no longer answer the present emergencies. The democracy must not be allowed to be made the miserable tools of whig office hunters. The alarm must be sounded, and if needs be, severe censure and denunciation employed. The whigs, of course, must be exposed and their policy laid bare to the vision of hungry, thirsty and loyal democrats. The following stab upon the order of Know Nothings is decidedly rich, and will, no doubt, be appreciated. This resembles the big talk of the Grand Sachem of the White House. What a pity that these mischievous fellows, the Know Nothings, will disturb the quiet and repose of the great national democratic office seeking and office holding party! What a pity that native born Americans will not quietly submit to the control of the run defunding, slavery extending and Popery upholding democracy! Strange, marvellously strange, that they should wage a war—a selfish war—upon republican principles, and bring such unhappy influences upon our national prosperity! The Times assures its readers that there is no democracy in the dark underground, star chamber, stab in the dark, Know Nothing movement! If by "democracy" is meant the heartless policy of the democratic party—that trampling upon all humane, liberal and moral principles, which has characterized the so called simple democratic party we are strongly impressed with the conviction that the Times is about right—we believe that on that point the Times and Know Nothings would most cordially agree. The Know Nothings, who have heretofore co-operated with the democratic party, will feel highly complimented by being coupled, by the Times with the pagan Chinese.

But we are detaining our readers from a dainty bit which we have selected for their hear him:

(It is the sickens at nothing that carries a vote and it intends to reap advantage from this star chamber, stab in the dark Know Nothingism, which is rousing the worst passions and breeding the worst of notions. It is anti-republican, selfish, and is bringing unhappy influences upon our national prosperity. There is no democracy in such dark underground, as the Know Nothingism. The order is not of the Chinese customs and usages, but of the unprincipled American principles. The pizen stories annals, shames and despising, as they stand as corner stones of Know Nothingism, and the frosts of winter or two will of course crumble them.)

FRAUD IN ELECTIONS.—The American party in N. Y. city have had several large public meetings in the Park, with the view of bringing to light the frauds upon the ballot box, that gave the Mayoralty to Fernando Wood, the Popery, whig, roly, slavery and democratic candidate, instead of Mr. Barker, the candidate of the Know Nothings. At the last meeting a series of resolutions were adopted, declaring that, but for the fraudulent proceedings and illegal voting, J. W. Barker would have been fairly elected Mayor, and that a committee be raised and funds contributed to contest the legality of the election of Mr. Wood. The committee consisted of the following gentlemen, well known to the public for their prominent positions, integrity and intelligence.—Erastus Brooks, Express office; Simeon Baldwin, Merchant's Exchange; J. R. Spalding, Courier and Enquirer; Hon. J. S. Harper, Jas. O. Bennett, Samuel Hotelling and Jas. Falemer. Col. Snow, the champion of temperance H. Farrington, E. W. Andrews, Sander Jones and others spoke. In the course of his speech Mr. Jones remarked that

"Je-suitry is located in this city. I tell you it controlled the Reform Committee of this city in its nominations. [A Voice: So it did.] That is a fact, and by means of the nomination so made our candidate was well nigh beaten. I will not say beat, gentlemen, for there is not one wit in sound of my voice who does not feel and know that James W. Barker was legally elected. I ask you, then, if we shall not take action and demand our rights? [We shall.] I ask you if we are to let the sixth or the fourth ward cheat us out of our candidate? Shall we, free and intelligent men, succumb to this mass of corruption? [Cries of No.] There are many men in the country who are honest at heart, but who are governed by superior Jesuitical intellects. Shall we submit to them? If friends had no present legal votes, then let those now present come here on the 1st of January next, and make Fernando Wood and his Jesuit supporters walk over their dead bodies before we let him take the Chief Magistracy's seat." [Loud applause.]

A large procession then formed and marched to the residence of Mr. Barker and greeted him with nine cheers

LIQUOR PROSECUTIONS.—A few still continue the traffic on the sly, but the vigilance of the Carlew League brings most of the enemies of law and good morals to the courts. There have been five arrests for drunkenness this week, up to Thursday noon. Three of these divulged on different dealers, and one owned up on four small traffickers. Three of the dealers promptly paid up, and the balance were in the works when we went to press.

LIFE OF HORACE GREELY.

It is quite the rage at the present time to publish the lives of living men—of those who by their own inherent abilities and exertions, have struggled through poverty and adverse circumstances up to affluence—from obscurity to commanding positions in those departments to which their talents were devoted. As a general thing, the influence of these publications cannot but be favorable upon the young—upon those who are deprived in their early years, of those advantages of education, social position, and the refining influences of cultivated associations, which wealth secures—upon the gifted and ambitious, those who are discouraged and almost ready to sink under the combination of circumstances which stand in the way of their advancement—upon those who see lads vastly their inferiors, taking positions above them simply by the influence of wealth and friends—we say to such, their publications cannot but be favorable. They will demonstrate that a oneness of purpose, persevering industry, and moral integrity, constitute the great lever of their success—the royal road to eminence. In the forthcoming life of Horace Greeley, a brief sketch of which we insert, on our first page, these traits will pre-eminently shine forth. Mr. G. is entirely a self-made man, and in many respects one of the most remarkable men of this country. With a massive head, a Platonic forehead, a face of exquisite beauty and sweetness, eyes beaming with intelligence even in repose, a full bust, tall figure and well proportioned, a small and elegantly modeled hand—a hand that many of the ladies of upper ten in the fifth avenue palaces, would exchange half their fortunes to possess—in fact, with a tout ensemble, that only required training, and the skill of a tailor, to turn out one of the handsomest men that promenade Broadway—yet with all these advantages which a bountiful Creator had lavished upon him, he has a carelessness, nay a slovenishness in dress, a stooping posture, a waddling gait, which exhibits a weakness or derangement of the muscular system, that renders him the very personification of a green horn. His dress and awkwardness of manner, have been great barriers to his personal influence. But his mind and habits soon enabled him to rise above all these obstacles.

Thirty years since, when we first saw him, Horace was a marked lad. Said Dr. Kendrick, uncle, we believe, of Prof. Kendrick, of Hamilton College, to a young lawyer of great promise, but who subsequently filled an inglorious drunkard's grave, "that boy," pointing to young Greeley, "as with head bent forward, and swinging along under a half run, by his house, if he lives, will become an extraordinary man; he now knows more of politics than half the men in town, and he writes like a book?" To which the limb of the law replied, "You are right, I have never seen a lad so industrious and studious, and so well informed. He is bound to make his mark."

In 1826, whoever might have chanced to have gone into the office of the Northern Spectator, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., might have seen this artless lad either industriously at the case, or poring over an old Latin grammar, and, perhaps, occasionally breaking forth in a semiaudible "anabam, anabam, anabat," or reading Washington, Franklin or Rollin. A small circumstance transpired in the Spring, we think of 1826, which made something of an impression on our mind. It was a short time previous to town meeting, Mr. Mallory was then the Republican representative in Congress from that District, and the great gun of those parts, and in fact of those times, Greeley, a la Franklin, sent an anonymous letter to the office, upon, we believe the peculiar condition of the party, and the necessity of action, or something to that effect. The communication embodied so much of earnestness, fact and logic, as to leave the impression upon the mind of the seven by nine editor, E. G. Stone, and brother of the late Col. Stone, of the N. Y. Spectator, that it originated from some Schemer of the Party, and a council of the large loads of the political piddle, was at once convened, and this communication was made the subject of much conversation and wonderment. "If it ain't Mr. Mallory's, whose can it be?" said one. "It is not his hand, but it sounds just like him," said another. The council was dissolved, without being able to arrive at any definite conclusion in relation to its authorship. Young Greeley's mind at that early age, seemed bent upon the study of historical facts. It was a marvel to us how he acquired so much knowledge upon political and religious matters—when he learned so much of the history of so many distinguished men of ancient and modern times.

The boy Greeley, like the man Greeley, was always industrious. His wakeful hours, nay minutes, were always improved, either at work or study. Time appeared to him too valuable to be employed in sports common to a lad of his years. Then as now, human improvement—an idea that the condition of men and society could be improved, was a part of his philosophy. Then as now, his actions were governed, not by what would be most pleasing or convenient, but by what was right and duty. Benevolence, and a sense of justice, constitute the leading moral features of Mr. Greeley's character. Attachment to friends is another very strong trait. The hundreds of needy persons whose wants have been relieved by his charity, can testify. But his benevolence is diffusive, and partakes of a general character—it aims to reach individuals through the improvement of society. Mr. G. regards the poverty and crime, as the product of false associations. Hence when Fourierism, that conglomerate of fact and fancy, a skillful blending of the ideal with the

real—that powerful analysis of society, that revealing in bold relief, the terrible antagonisms of civilization—that ingenious, but superficial solution of the causes of these conflicting elements—that masterly and glowing description of the new association or Phalanx, scientifically organized—we say, when Fourier's system for the re-organization of society, was presented to Mr. Greeley, he hailed it as the great embodiment of all reforms—the great lever that was destined to elevate the world of mankind. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition against the new sect, Mr. G. entered upon its defence with all the earnestness and enthusiasm of a new convert. He considered the system correct and beneficial, and no opposition, no pecuniary sacrifice could induce him to desert.

Mr. G. in his physical organization, is somewhat timid, but in defence of what he esteems right and duty, he is a stranger to every thing like fear.

Intellectually, his mind is constructed upon a grand and comprehensive scale. His brain is massive, and his temperament of the most delicate texture, and his nervous system, is very strong, fine and harmonious. In argument Mr. G. is skillful, logical and profound, and wields a club of Herculean dimensions. As a writer, he is rapid, logical and vigorous. His style is vivacious, often beautiful. He is a locomotive encyclopedia of events, facts and figures. Whoever enters the field of debate with him, on any subject with which he is familiar, might as well take with him his epitaph.

The amount of labor that he can accomplish in a short time, it is astonishingly large. His work is always well done. His glance at Europe, a book written during a hasty ride in 1851, through a portion of the European continent, is one of the best books of the kind we have ever read.

Many of his articles upon the necessity of protection to American manufactures, and the production of the American farmers, are among the most able ever produced upon that question. His literary and political writings brought him directly in contact with the first minds in the nation. No one agency contributed more to the elevation of Gen. Harrison, in 1840, to the Presidency, than the Log Cabin, a campaign paper under his direction, of immense circulation, and conducted with masterly ability. The Log Cabin laid the foundation for the N. Y. Tribune.

Mr. G. is an awkward speaker, no orator, in the common acceptance of that term. But there is always so much of pith and point in his speeches—so much of practical and good common sense—such a convergence of fact, illustration, and argument to the main point, to make a strong case—often so many passages of great eloquence and beauty, that make him one of the most popular speakers in the United States, if we may be allowed, to judge in this matter, from the number of invitations to lecture before Lyceums, public institutions—to speak before conventions and societies. You hear of him announced to speak before a convention in Wisconsin, and a few days subsequently, to speak before a Baigor audience. Independent of his editorial labors, there are few men who deliver so many speeches on so many different subjects in a year as Mr. G. In Congress, than his, no man's speeches commanded more attention. His bold attack upon the corrupt usages of the National Legislature—a body so corrupt, said Senator Westcott from Florida, that if the people of the United States knew half the knavery perpetrated at Washington, they would hurl them, (the members of Congress) into the Potomac—his exposure of the mileage, stationery, and other stealings of the members of Congress, brought down upon him the opposition not only of the democratic members, but of the greater portion of those of his own party. But this opposition increased his zeal and determination, and he will never give up the war until those obnoxious practices are abolished by law. There is now probably no one man in the United States, who, independent of office, exercises so extensive a personal influence as Mr. G. At the great River and Harbor Convention in 1845, at Chicago, notwithstanding the odium which his connection with the Utopian views of the Fourierists, he was the lion upon that occasion. Even at the World's Fair in London, which was controlled by the aristocracy of Great Britain, Mr. G. was selected for the most prominent position, from the American delegates.

As a Journalist, Mr. G. has no superior, and probably stands at the head of the press in this country, and as American Journalism, as a science, is superior to the Journals of Europe, he occupies the proud pre-eminence of the leading Journalist of the world. The London Times, and a few other European journals, may excel the journals of this country in the correctness and extent of their reports of the Parliamentary debates—in all the minutia of court proceedings—in the movements of aristocratic circles, but these journals are in the interest of the upper class, whose range of subjects render them useless, comparatively, to the masses, if their enormously high price did not place them beyond their reach. In this country journalism is popularized. Two cents will deliver to the door of the most humble laborer, a daily paper that contains not only a brief statement of the world's doings, but letters, essays upon Science, Agriculture, Literature and Art; upon the various subjects which occupy the attention of men—a body of valuable, fresh, living reading, which, if thrown into a fashionable volume, would make a book of much cost and value.

The N. Y. Tribune, in its able, bold and uncompromising advocacy of popular reform—in its broad and comprehensive range of subjects, adopted to the condition

and wants of the high and low—rich and poor—ignorant and learned—in its frankness and readiness to examine both sides of a newly mooted question, we repeat that in all these things, the Tribune is the reflection of Mr. Greeley's mind. Like its editor, the Tribune is a paper of impulse, of moral convictions. It advocates no question which does not promise something to improve and benefit some one. When it enters upon the defence of a subject, it does it for the love of it.

The Tribune is our best ideal of a newspaper. It is open, frank and fair. The frankness or correctness of its views have nothing to do with the truth of this proposition. That is the true journal that allows its columns, for the discussion of both sides of important questions—that has sufficient confidence in the intelligence and judgment of its readers, to trust them to form their own conclusions.

Prohibition and Anti Slavery have found in Mr. G. a powerful advocate. No one man has contributed so much to bring the advantages of the one, and the dangers of the other, before the American people, than Mr. Greeley. We look forward with pleasure to the introduction of his life to the public.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTIONS.—Gloriously has old Massachusetts, the noblest of the old thirteen, pronounced against the subservience of party to the impudent dictation of foreigners. The Know Nothings have carried the State by over 30,000 majority over all other parties. Whigs, free soilers and temperance men, deserted their old organizations and rallied under the new banner of Americanism. The democracy is completely cut to pieces, and the republican or free soil party is nearly in the same condition. More than half of the whigs were absorbed in this new order. The eleven members of Congress, and about all the members of the Legislature and Senate, are Know Nothings. The rapid growth of this order is without a parallel. It demonstrates that the True American sentiment is not dead, though it had been kept down by the despotism of party for a long time. The men put forth by this party are men who will honor the State and the great principles of that party which has elevated them to office.

The vote for Governor in Massachusetts was as follows: Gardner, Know Nothing, 80,102; Washburn, Whig, 26,640; Wilson, Republican, 6,643; Bishop, Democrat, 13,416; Wales, 313, and scattering 775. Of the 341 members of the Legislature there are 7 party Whigs and 1 party Democrat—balance Know Nothings, Glory enough.

RIOTS AND KNOW NOTHINGS.—The Hartford Times, in censuring the course and policy of action of the Know Nothings, says:

"Look at the riots in New Orleans, St. Louis, and more recently in Williamsburg, for the fruits of the dark order" (of Know Nothings).

Exactly so, Mr. Times. Your views are as clear as mud. The riots at Williamsburg grew out of the challenging of voters to prevent illegal voting. Foreigners were outraged by this outrageous interference of an American citizen. Deputy Sheriff Silkworth was accordingly attacked and severely injured by a horde of foreigners. Americans saw their brother assaulted, and came to the rescue. Foreigners sided with their comrades, and affairs took a serious turn. Mr. Harrison, a worthy citizen, was killed, and several severely wounded. The riots in St. Louis and New Orleans had their origin in similar causes.

Now it is evident that if the wicked K. N. had not interfered at the polls to prevent illegal voting, there would have been no riot—hence these riots, according to the Times, were the fruits of "this dark order," and not of foreign law breakers. There is no censuring of the Times upon those miscreants who would prostitute the ballot box to subvert the base interests of party, but to the friends of law and order—those who aim to secure an honest expression of the popular will at the polls. The men who are patriotically laboring in this city to secure the enforcement of the Maine Law, are subject to censure, and John Clancy, a reputed law breaker, is held up as a persecuted man—a person entitled to the sympathies of the public for the outrage which policeman Nott, an officer who is doing the cause good service, perpetrated upon him by searching his premises, and what is more, finding liquor therein. If the police, in the discharge of their duty, should meet with resistance in searching some house for intoxicating liquors, and a riot should arise therefrom, of course, according to the logic of the Times, the riot would not be the fault of the Irish or German violators of the law, but the fruits of the Maine Law. If some gamblers or counterfeits should resist the ministers of the law in their efforts to procure their implements of fraud, and a row and bloodshed should be the consequence, according to the philosophy of the Times, if such infamous propositions can be dignified by that term, the fault would not belong to the gamblers or counterfeits, but the fruit of the law which declared gambling and counterfeiting a felony.

NEW CANAAN.—A friend from this town furnishes us with a cheering account of matters. In speaking of temperance, he says:

"We have a Division of Sons, numbering over one hundred, with a large fund. A bravo set of men cannot be found ready to face the enemy in any position they choose. It is said good people have also a Know Nothing lodge here, embracing some of the first men in society, and rapidly increasing. In regard to that I know nothing."

GERMANS.—50,000 Germans reside in the city of New York.



