

"GOING TO OHIO."

A few years ago the rage for emigrating from the Atlantic states to Ohio, threatened a material diminution of our labouring population. Let those who still have a hankering after the "leeks and onions," of the western states, read the following account of the situation and prospects of one of those emigrants, as given by himself in the Ohio State Journal:—

"I came into this country about five years ago, with a family of four small children and ten dollars in my pocket.—I agreed for the purchase of two hundred acres of land with a large land holder, for twelve hundred dollars.—I went on to the land, built a log cabin, and at the end of three years notwithstanding the sickness of two of my children for six months, I with the greatest exertions of which I was capable, and the utmost economy, paid three hundred and ninety three dollars towards my farm. I could do no more. The mortgage which I gave upon my land, was forfeited and put in suit. I asked indulgence; none would be granted. My land was swept from me without mercy, and my family and myself turned out upon the wide world, from the cabin which we loved for the shelter which it had afforded, and the farm which I had seen improved by my labor, and by which I expected to be supported in my old age, and give to my children as a hard earned inheritance—but let that pass. My farm was purchased by the land holder, and not satisfied with receiving all my earnings and the benefit of my labor for three years, he issued a writ against me for my body. My blood boiled with fury—my heart was bursting with vengeance when the officer explained to me this writ. My helpless family—the wrongs which I had already received, made me act like madman. I resisted the officer—I was indicted for it—dragged me from my family before the Court. I am now in prison suffering an ignominious punishment to expiate a crime which arose from the madness of despair. My children are in want and their father is disgraced. Let them perish. I have borne all that I am capable of bearing, and the fountain of parental love is dried up—* * * the world is no longer a resting place—* * * the darkness of the dungeon is pleasing to my soul,"

TRADE TO MEXICO. English merchants are at this time carrying on a most profitable trade, on the pacific side, with Mexico. Their multiplied agencies are rapidly extending to every township and village in California. The Baltimore Gazette expresses a fear lest the British influence in the Mexican colonies should be used to the prejudice of the United States' manufactures. At present our coarser fabrics have obtained a great advantage over those of England in the South American market, on account of their cheapness and durability. The probability of a similar advantage in Mexico may stimulate the English Agents to attempt their prohibition. The following is extracted from a letter from Santa Fe, (New Mexico,) published in the last Gazette.

"It happens, however, that many of the articles most in demand here are extensively manufactured in the United States from materials of our own growth, as for instance, coarse and fine cotton stuffs, various descriptions, printed, colored and white. Coarse woollen stuffs might be bought here to advantage, also, if they were not prohibited.

"I suppose, that full half of the goods sold here for much profit, consist of cotton goods manufactured in the United States and of this, the far greater portion is white and brown shirtings and sheetings, such as usually cost from 12 to 25 cents a yard in our cities on the Atlantic. Of this article there

is a very great consumption in this territory and the state next below, which, I have no reason to doubt will continue greatly to increase. But it happens unluckily that this very article is so excessively taxed by the Mexican government, as to almost effect its exclusion, for instance all the white stuffs are subject to a duty, of about 14 cents a yard, not square yard, so that all the coarsest kinds pay duty very nearly equal to the original cost at our factories.

"Our manufacturers are not a little concerned in this matter; and I should suppose it not unworthy of some interference on the part of our government."

Parricide and Murder.—A shoemaker, named Champion, residing in the commune of Onnaing, and arrondissement of Valenciennes, was tried on the 24th January, before the court of Assize of Douai, for the murder of his father and sister.—The following are the facts of this horrible case:—The father of the prisoner had sometimes maltreated him, because he refused to break off his connection with a girl by whom he had a child. His sister, it appears, encouraged her father in his harsh treatment of her brother, and the latter conceived the diabolical project of murdering them both. On the 3d of last November, Champion supped with his father and sister. Immediately after the meal the two latter retired to bed, leaving Champion at work. About eleven o'clock, Champion took a heavy hammer and a small anvil, and after putting out the light, went to his sister's room, stole softly to the bed side, ascertained by passing his hand lightly over the pillow where her head lay, and then struck two such violent blows with the hammer on the skull, that the brains were scattered about the room, and the unfortunate girl expired without a sigh. The murderer, then went to the room where his father slept, and struck at his head with the hammer; the blow took effect upon the upper jaw which it broke. The old man threw himself from the bed, seized his son by the collar, at the same time crying out, "Miserable man what have you done?" At the voice of his father the wretch hesitated for a moment, but soon recovering his ferocity, exclaimed, "I have gone too far to return, I must finish." A struggle then took place between the parricide and his victim, which ended by Champion getting his father under him, when he got his knees upon his chest, and continued striking him on the head till every sign of life had disappeared. He then took from his father's pocket the key of a cupboard, in which was a bag containing 1,000 frs. This sum he took with him into a barn, where he slept, and concealed it together with his blood stained cloths, under some bundles of hay.—He then went to bed, and slept soundly until the morning. On getting up he went to one of the neighbours, and told him that his father and sister had been robbed and murdered during the night. The commissary of police was sent for, and to him he very calmly related the same story. Some scratches being perceived upon his hands, the commissary ordered him to be stripped and examined; but no trace of blood was found upon his body, only a few stains of blood upon one of his fingers; for this he accounted by saying that he had bled at the nose the evening before. He was then taken into the room where the bodies of his victims lay. The commissary felt his pulse at the time that he had ordered the face of the father to be turned up. The parricide fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the fractured skull, broken jaw and ribs of his ill fated father, without showing the slightest symptoms of emotion, either by change of countenance, or irregularity of pulse. In the mean time, the bag of money and the blood stained clothes were found in the barn, and Champion was in conse-

quence sent off to the prison of Valenciennes. On the way he acknowledged being the murderer. On his trial he repeated the same avowal with the most imperturbable sang froid, and heard his sentence without the slightest apparent dismay. He merely expressed a desire to be allowed to live for some time longer than the usual period allowed to murderers, for the purpose of repenting.

He was condemned to be led bare-footed, and his face covered with a black veil, to the public place of Valenciennes, and to have there his right hand and head cut off.

DREADFUL MURDER AND EXECUTION.

Extract of a Letter from Brussels.—I gave you an account, in January last, of a dreadful murder perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Vilvorde. A young man, named Jean Baptist Michel, accompanied by a female with whom he cohabited, were proceeding from Brussels to Vilvorde; they overtook, in the Allieverte, a servant girl, who had been sent by her master to pay a sum of money to a person who resided near the prison at Vilvorde. The unsuspecting female continued her journey with the two strangers, and was imprudent enough to mention that she was intrusted with a bag containing gold and silver. When they reached the bridge near Trois Fontaines, Michael and his paramour desired the young girl to proceed, and they would shortly overtake her. Here they formed the plan of robbery and murder. When they joined their victim they demanded her money, and snatched a reticule, in which it was contained, from her hands. The poor girl resisted their attacks with all her strength, but was soon overpowered and thrown upon the ground, Michael struck her with a thick stick several times; and the blows were inflicted with such ferocious violence that the skull was fractured in five or six places, and when the wretched girl was discovered, the spot where she lay was covered with brains and gore. It is said, from marks that were observed on the body, that the companion of Michael had trodden upon the prostrate victim, and wounded her neck and bosom with the thick heels of her shoes. These wretches were shortly afterwards arrested, and being put on their trial, were sentenced to death. They solicited the king's mercy, and his Majesty was pleased to commute the punishment of death passed on the female to hard labour for life, and to be branded J. B. Michael was ordered for execution yesterday. Previously to his being taken from prison, and whilst the executioner's assistant was cutting off his hair close to his neck (an office which is always performed on the morning the culprit is led to the scaffold in order that the fatal knife may meet with no impediment) he requested the Rev. B. Lanvers to grant him a last interview with his companion in guilt. Michael had already been informed that she was not to suffer with him. When the unhappy woman made her appearance, he fell upon her neck, and weeping most bitterly, exhorted her in the strongest language to a sincere repentance, of her crimes. Pointing to the hair that was on the floor of the cell, he begged her to preserve it for his sake, and whenever she looked upon it to remember him in her prayers. The scene was heart rending and awful. His hands were tied behind his back; his coat and waistcoat taken off, and his shirt pulled over his shoulders below his breast. These preparations for death being completed in the presence of his miserable companion, he said in a low voice, that he was ready, and looking at her with the deepest despair, he exclaimed,—"Farewell, dear Mary for ever!" She fell upon the ground and fainted.—He ascended the cart which was to convey him to the Grande place. The

guillotine was erected opposite the principal entrance of the Town-house, and can easily be seen at some distance from the market place. When the scaffold, which is painted of a blood colour, caught his eyes, he suddenly turned aside his face, as if unable to behold the dreadful spectacle. He mounted the steps of the guillotine with haste, his body was strapped to the board, and the executioner, pushing him forward, his bare neck was placed under the ponderous axe. By some neglect of the executioner's assistant, the knife which falls and separates the head, the very instant the culprit is in the above situation, did not descend—the screw or pulley did not act. The wretched man remained two minutes looking into the red coloured bag into which the head was about to fall, his eyes fixed, the color of blood, as if ready to start from their sockets.—He uttered not a word, yet he must have suffered the most inexpressible pain which the human frame is capable of enduring. The rope was at length adjusted, the knife fell, and the culprit's head, passing through the bag, bounded on the sand ground beneath.

LIVERPOOL, May 5. Disturbances in the Manufacturing Districts.

Amongst our latest news last week, briefly noticed the disturbances which had taken place at Blackburn, Accrington, Whiteash, Clithero, and some other places, and the destruction of a number of power looms. We regret to add that these outbreaks did not terminate with the loss of some lives; and this is the more to be lamented when it is considered that the rioters were chiefly ignorant men, driven to a sort of desperation by hunger and disappointment, and we sincerely hope that the exertions making in every direction for their redemption will be successful, and be the means of restoring tranquility, until a revival of trade shall enable the masters again to give employment. We now supply a brief account of the disturbances since our last.

On Wednesday night the misguided mob, chiefly from Haslingden and Newchurch, after destroying 190 looms at Ratten stall, proceeded to Holme, where they destroyed the factory of Mr. Aiken of Clitherton; but were stopped in their progress near the works by about fourteen riflemen commanded by Col. Kearney and the same number of dragoons, accompanied by the magistrate, Wm. Grant, Esq. The latter gentleman read the riot act, and exhorted them to return home, but without effect; the factory was soon surrounded by a mob who, in all directions, pelted the soldiers with stones. Colonel Kearney, finding the lives of his men endangered, and being himself struck with a large stone, at length ordered the troops to fire, which they did first over the heads of the people; but that had no effect but to encourage them. Riflemen began to take deadly aim, and several persons fell, some mortally wounded. The mob then gave way, and part of them were pursued by the military, which action was thus drawn off from the premises, but no sooner were their backs turned than the work of destruction recommenced. The whole of the looms, forty-six in number, were completely broken. The military returned from the pursuit, and went back to the factory, where they made a number of prisoners, driving the mob entirely from the premises to the neighbouring hamlet. Some of the rioters returned afterwards to the factory (the military having gone to Rambottom with their prisoners) and broke two machines which had previously escaped their notice. The rioters were, during the encounter with the military extremely desperate. Some of them defied the soldiers, holding up their handkerchiefs, and