

The Salt River Journal.

A. H. BUCKNER, Editor & Proprietor.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

G. B. PRICE, Publisher.

VOL. 7--NUMBER 31.

BOWLING-GREEN, MO. SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1840.

WHOLE NUMBER 343.

TERMS—\$2 50 if paid within three months.
\$3 00 if paid during the year.
\$3 50 if not paid during the year.
Subscribers may discontinue their papers at any time by paying for the time they have received them, but not without.

Those who subscribe for a year, and do not at the time of subscribing, order a discontinuance at the end of it, will be considered subscribers until they order the paper to be stopped, and pay all arrearages.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
\$1 00 per square, for 12 lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance.
Advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions that are requested; otherwise, they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. No variation from these rates in any case.
Advertisements from a distance, and from persons with whom we have no current accounts, must be accompanied by the cash, or some responsible reference in town.
All letters addressed to the editors, must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.
Communications of a Personal Character, will be charged double the rates of advertising.

Miscellaneous.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

A Tale of Truth.

"—of one who loved not wisely
But too well." OTTIZO.

In the beautiful little church of St. Roche, a marriage ceremony had just been completed, and the priest was raising his hands to heaven to invoke a blessing on the newly married couple. The bride was young and beautiful, but her extreme paleness, and her eyes suffused with tears, told most forcibly that it was not a marriage of affection; the young man who was now her husband, seemed as if he dared scarcely raise his eyes to her who was his bride; he held her hand listlessly in his own, some vague and irresolute feeling seeming to have completely taken possession of him, and it might also be said that, like the bride, he was a mere passive actor in the scene; his age might be about twenty; in person he was remarkably handsome, and he was just united to Elise Berthaud, the only daughter of one of the first nobles of Brittany, and the most celebrated beauty of the province, but the bridegroom felt that he was only Henri, Lenoir, the son of Count Berthaud's Steward.

The mighty events which were then taking place in France had destroyed all distinctions in society, and the highest and the lowest were then equal. Count Berthaud, a few months before this strange alliance had taken place, had seen himself stripped by the Revolution of all his wealth, and he had also seen his own steward become the purchaser of his estates. Moreover, he had to feel that at the moment of the greatest peril, even when the scaffolds were deluged with blood, the steward had at the risk of his own life, saved that of his master. The humble but honest steward, who disclaimed to be a niggard, in his generosity, had offered to the Count the restitution of all his property, merely requesting that the only daughter of the Count might be united to his son. The Count had not hesitated what course to pursue, he saw that such a step was still necessary for his own preservation, though the steward had not said as much; his daughter gave her hand where her father commanded; and the Count, previous to the ceremony, in token of the degradation he could not help feeling, had covered over the portraits of his ancestors with black crepe—for the course of his nobility was ended.

An hour after the ceremony, all was silent in the chateau—no rejoicings marked the event; it might have been a funeral that had taken place, judging from the air of solemnity that hung around. Elise was in her own room, she was seated near the window, her head resting on her hands, and she no longer strove to conceal her feelings, for the tears chased each other rapidly down her cheeks; the door opened and Henri entered.

You are weeping, he exclaimed with a voice rendered tremulous by emotion.

At the sound of his voice, Elise started, but quickly recovering herself, her features assumed an air of calmness and dignity.

You are in grief, replied Henri, when I would have given my life to spare you a single moment of anguish; yes—yes, Elise, I can see it all; it is not such a marriage as you have contemplated in your day-dreams; had you been free, your choice would never have fallen upon the humble Henri Lenoir.

Sir, replied Elise, I have obeyed my father's commands, and from me you will never hear one word of complaint nor reproach.

No!—no! Elise!—it is not that; but you are suffering, deeply suffering. I will be all to you that man can be; your every wish shall be my most anxious care;—my whole life shall be devoted to you. You turn from me! alas, it is true, then, you love another.

Sir!
It must be true; but I will not question you; and yet one word from you would make me the happiest of men. Elise, I have long loved you, and heaven knows how truly;—nay, do not turn from me thus. I tell you so now, to-morrow I cannot. You have ever been the brightest object of my wishes; before me by day, present at night in my dreams; and oh! what pictures of happiness have I not painted, in which you were most prominent; and now the most darling object of my heart is attained—you are my wife—

A slight emotion escaped from Elise, but Henri quickly continued.—Pardon me, Elise, if I tell you of that which interests you little; you do not wish for love so ardent, and which is not according to the cold forms of your great world. You cannot be happy with me; it is in vain I should strive to gain your affection, and I love you too well to cause you that pain I have the means of sparing you. I am about to part from you forever—

How?
Why you see, Mademoiselle, that we of the humbler class in life have for our guides our hearts and our consciences. It is our all—it is enough; my own happiness matters little to me; yours is my only care. You do not wish for me!—France—my county—calls for me. I am now an officer in the 16th Lancers, if at some future time you should hear of some daring feat where my name is mentioned, remember it was love for you that prompted me to it.

Elise raised her eyes for a moment to fix them on her husband, but they were quickly withdrawn, and her glance turned away; some strange conflict was evidently working in her breast.

If, Mademoiselle, you wish for ought that I can do, one word brings me to your feet; and if it is the chance of war that I am to die, our marriage contract gives you all our fortune.

Oh! Lenoir! I do not wish for that!
I am sure, Mademoiselle, you are too good, too generous, to wish for my death; all I ask of you is sometimes to remember me! think that there is one who, wheresoever fate may lead him, still dearly—fondly loves you. Farewell!

Henri pronounced these words with much emotion, and left the room abruptly. Elise's eyes were again suffused with tears, not for the liberty she had lost, but for love. "Henri!" she exclaimed; it was, however, too late.

Eight years passed away, and the Count Berthaud was no more; the steward, too, had followed his master to his last resting place; and the only person residing at the chateau was Elise, changed somewhat from the Elise of the earlier date of our story; she was no longer the young timid girl, but the grave and austere woman, upon whose countenance an air of melancholy had habitually fixed itself; the love toward Henri that had slightly kindled was now effaced by time, and the still beautiful Elise had become a politician.

She was one day seated at her secretaire, busied in some matter pertaining to her favorite pursuit, when her servant announced a visitor. He was a man about fifty years of age; tall with quick penetrating eye, and a brief and sudden form of speech; it was M. Massol, one of those men who float on the surface of all political troubles, and who seem to mix in all the political intrigues, and yet insure safety for themselves.

Elise was holding a pen in her hand as M. Massol entered; she paused an instant, and then suddenly throwing it down, she exclaimed, no—no, M. Massol, I will not do it.

And why not, replied the other with an insinuating expression; and why not, 'tis mere childishness—Henri is but a short league hence; in an hour he is here, and if you but say the word he is ours. Remember, Madame, if you but gain him to our party, one half the army are sure to follow him. You cannot hesitate how to act in such a case!

Indeed, I cannot.—No! no; suppose he were to imagine that I loved him?

Well, madame, what of that? is he not your husband? is it any such great sacrifice in a noble cause for a woman to love her husband for a time; that is to say you have told me that he loves you—a man in love is surely an easy conquest, you may mould him as you will to your purpose.

In truth, M. Massol, 'tis hard to decide; he loves me I know, and he is brave and generous; and were he but of rank equal to my own, I would—

Love your husband! Come—throw away this false pride; he was not noble when you married; at least he is now. Come, write—come—'tis but a line on this sheet of paper, and see the ink is in the pen.

You are deceived M. Massol; Henri Lenoir would not even for me betray his sovereign. Napoleon has made him what he is, given him rank and honors, I know he will not deceive him.

Madame, you know little of the world; or history would have taught you, it is always those on whom sovereigns have been most lavish of honor and rank, who have betrayed them; it is nature. Man is but a creature of self-interest.

But should he refuse me—I have committed—degraded myself to no purpose.

Refuse you!—absurd. What Henri Lenoir, the son of the humble steward refuse the advances of the noble and illustrious Countess Berthaud! why he would be overwhelmed with your graciousness and condescension. Write Madame, write; and I pledge myself that in an hour you see him at your feet—all love—all duty devotion to your service—surely then you make him all your wish. Write—write!" and M. Massol placed the pen in her hand, and guided it to the paper.

Elise wrote scarcely knowing what, and in an instant M. Massol had taken the paper and left the room.

Stay! Elise cried, stay: I command you, Sir, I will not write! but he was gone—it was too late.

The noise of horses entering the courtyard, attracted Elise's attention. Two officers were below; one of them a man evidently of high rank, who throwing the bridle to his companion, entered the chateau, and demanded to be shewn to the Countess. It was Henri Lenoir.

On entering the presence of his wife after eight years absence, it was clear by his emotion that his feelings were still as ardent as ever; the quick fond gaze that he turned towards Elise, told how fondly he still loved her. The Countess on her part, was much embarrassed, not only at the presence of her husband, but a rapid glance told her how much she was mistaken; she had imagined to see the rude peasant of former days, with his rude yet frank manners—uncouth and embarrassed in his actions; but the person before her was widely different; it was a bold dashing soldier; his face somewhat scarred by here and there a saber cut, but still handsome in the extreme; his manners were easy and elegant, whilst the rich uniform, decorated with the crosses he had worn upon the battle field, showed both his rank and his courage, and Elise felt that such a man she could love with all a woman's adoration.

You have sent for me, Countess, and I am present; without your command, I should not have forced myself upon you?

It was no command, Sir, said Elise, hesitatingly; it was a request!

What matters a word, Countess; the important still the same, call it what you may; still I like the word command best—it is as it should be.

Elise was evidently ill at ease; but raising her eyes to Henri, she exclaimed with considerable hesitation, have I not the right to complain of you for more than a week you have been near the chateau, and you have never been to it—nor to me?

Madame the chateau is your own. I do not exercise the right of master here; nothing told me of a kind welcome, nor that you ever remembered me by name; save when the unhappy circumstances of our union recalled to you the chains that bound you to me despite yourself.

Nay, you are deceived! Time—circumstances are changed. You might have thought that after all the dangers and troubles you have passed, some repose was necessary, and you might have felt that there was one whom your presence would have gladdened.

Have you entertained such feelings for me, Elise? or are you but mocking the poor Henri Lenoir? Ah! you know what it is to feel as I have done;—to look around a field of fearful carnage and think, when the kind and gentle hand of woman ministered to the last wants of the dying, that I must fall, with no more to shed a tear of pity over me; for even in death there is a sweet consoling spirit in woman's love, that softens many a bitter pang. Tell me, Elise, are you behaving with frankness towards me?" and he seized her hand within his own.

Henri, you have wronged me in your thoughts; but you know not what a woman feels. Often have I been on the point of writing to you, and yet I dared not, as the thought crossed me that your love might have changed. I have watched you in your course; seen with proud satisfaction how nobly you have won your fame, and looked forward to the day that would bring you to me again!

Heaven bless you, Elise, for those words!—my own dear Elise!—what a weight have you removed from my heart!—this moment repays me years of anguish—to think that you should love me—that I should have earned that love at last, for which I would have gladly laid down life itself!

But, Henri there is one thing;—you must give me one—only one proof of your affection!

Is it Elise would ask a proof of Henri Lenoir—what wish of yours is there he would not gratify?

"Henri, you love—as I do—your country, and would not see it thus under the iron rule of an usurper. France wants repose, which it can never enjoy under Napoleon, but only when the legitimate sovereign regains his throne. Henri! in the army you are all powerful; a word from you would do all that can be done. You will obtain the favor and gratitude of your lawful sovereign, and with it, Henri, my love!

The color at once flew from Henri's countenance, and he allowed the hand of Elise to fall by her side, as he exclaimed, with much feeling: And your love is to be purchased at the price of my dishonor. Oh! fool—fool, that I have been!

Henri! exclaimed Elise, with all the tenderness she could throw into her voice, Henri!—listen to me!

Madame, when you despised and hated me, France threw open her arms towards me. I have fought for her and she has overwhelmed me with her gratitude; and you ask me, as the price of your love, to betray

her, and you say you can love the man who, covered with disgrace and infamy accedes to your proposals. Madame, I refuse you.

Then your love for me was but an empty speech; it withdraws before a slight sacrifice, a false principle of honor is worth more to you than my happiness and your own. No—no! you have never loved me?

Never loved you!—I have loved you more than man ever loved woman. My life; all—that man could lay down was at your feet; but my honor is sacred—it is not mine to give. Nay Elise, give me your love; but seek not to cover me with infamy!—Love me as I am, but not as a degraded being—despised by all the world. You will not! and he turned toward the door. Farewell!

Stay Henri, listen to me? the conflicting feelings which agitated the breast of the Countess, making her speak with much vehemence. Stay, Henri?

One word, Elise and I am yours forever; but, mark me, if I leave the chateau, it is forever.—But one word. Henri, agree to my proposals!

Never!—farewell!—and may heaven forever bless you.

The Countess essayed to answer, but Henri had left the chateau, and the noise of horses, urged to their fullest speed, rang upon her ears.

Years rolled on and the destinies of France often changed by the mighty events of its mighty yet restless master, but the battle of Waterloo—the proudest page of English history—was the downfall of the revolution, and swept away at one blow all the vestiges of years and years of misrule and misguided ambition. It was on the eve of the last of the eventful days of the battle of Waterloo, when the French armies were evidently dispirited and defeated, that one of the most distinguished generals was seen using the utmost exertions to rally the troops; for a moment he had succeeded, for he was one to whom the soldiers were devotedly attached; it was, however, but for a moment, that the rally took place; for suddenly the general was observed to drop the bridle of his horse—his head fell back, and he faintly murmured "France—France—my poor lost country!" It was Henri Lenoir.

The night had scarce cast its shadows around, when a woman, apparently of high rank, was seen making her way amidst the horrors of the field of death; she cast her glances around her on every side, as if intently seeking some object, and for a considerable time, her endeavors seemed in vain; suddenly, however, she uttered a piercing cry, and threw herself at the feet of a dying man. Henri!—Henri! she exclaimed, with the most intense anguish: You will not repulse me now!—look Henri!—it is your own Elise—your forgotten, repulsed wife—look Henri! see me at your feet. Oh! say that you forgive me!—that you will live for my sake—that the past shall be forgotten, and we shall be happy with each other! The dying man raised his eyes, and as they fell upon the countenance of his wife, a beam of pleasure seemed to flash across them and pressing with all his feeble strength her hand, "Elise," he exclaimed, "Elise—my own Elise—my wife—I do forgive you with all my heart; France is no more; and my last and fondest hope is for my own Elise—for—"

His head fell upon his shoulder, whilst a slight convulsive shudder passed across his frame. It was the last. Henri Lenoir was no more!

On the right of the cemetery of Pere le Chaise, a very short distance after entering the gates, stands a simple yet remarkably chaste and elegant monument; it bears but one word elegantly carved to make it as the last resting place of one, who nobly served his country; that word is "Henri," and the idle visitors to this melancholy, yet beautiful spot, may yet observe, at fixed periods, a lady advancing to the tomb, renewing, with her own hands, the flowers scattered around; uttering at the same time a brief but fervent prayer for one lost ere gained; who, like the diamond, dull in its pristine state, bursts forth with all its brilliancy when the rough exterior is softened down.

L. W. F.

LATEST FROM THE MORMONS.—It is known that these people, since their dispersion in Missouri, have collected in great numbers, in and around Commerce, in this state, on the Mississippi river. The name of Commerce, as we have heretofore stated; they have changed to Nauvoo, from the Hebrew or Egyptian, though of the signification of the term we are ignorant.—They hold two great conferences every year—in the spring and fall; and that appointed for the present spring took place last week, commencing on the 6th and ending on the 9th inst. We learn that between 2000 and 3000 persons were present, and that considerable accessions were made to the church from the surrounding neighborhood. Our informant states that the number was 74, all received by baptism, and that the same time thirty of the ablest men were ordained to preach the gospel. The preachers present were Joseph and

Hiram Smith, John Page, Orson Hyde, and two others. Messrs Page and Hyde, with ten others, (probably chosen elsewhere,) were commissioned to go to the Holy Land to preach the gospel to the Jews. They are to meet in Quincy next Sabbath, and from thence take their departure for Palestine.

About 300 houses have been put up in Nauvoo since last October. Some of them are neat frame buildings but the greater portion of them are log cabins, designed for temporary habitations merely. The ground assigned to them are generally one acre, though to some there are five acres.

The increase of population by immigration is very great. Our informant states that several families arrive every day. A gentleman living on the road from Quincy to Nauvoo assured him that on some days at least 15 families passed his house, all bound to the latter place.—Peoria Reg.

Let it be indelibly engraven upon our minds that relief is not to be found in expedients. Indebtedness cannot be lessened by borrowing more money, or by changing the form of the debt. The balance of trade is not to be turned in our favor by creating new demands upon us abroad. Our currency cannot be improved by the creation of new banks or more issues from those which now exist. Although these devices sometimes appear to give temporary relief, they almost invariably aggravate the evil in the end. It is only by retrenchment and reform, by curtailing public and private expenditures, by paying our debts, and by reforming our banking system, that we are to expect effectual relief, security for the future, and an enduring prosperity. In shaping the institutions and policy of the General Government so as to promote, so far as it can with its limited powers, these important ends, you may rely on my most cordial co-operation.—Van Buren's late Message.

From the Young Man's Aid.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—As a general rule, early marriages are desirable; but then they should be under one or two conditions, either that of property, inherited or already acquired, adequate to the usual expense, or that of simplicity and frugality in the style of living, sufficient to reduce the expense within the present earnings. The latter is always the best. It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations, and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest.

Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, have joined heart and hand, engaging to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in her domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while perhaps the little darling sits prattling upon the floor or lies sleeping in the cradle, and every thing seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is true domestic pleasure, the "only bliss that has survived the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all there.

But it has become a prevailing sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years.

This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it mistakes the true economy and design of the domestic constitution; and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females; who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part; and thus many a modern wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help meet," but only a help out.

GOOD DOUBLE PUN.—Somebody asked Birton Rothschild to take venison. "No!" said the Baron, "I never eatish venishon, I don't think it is so coot ash mutton." "O!" said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton were better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "Vy?" replied the Baron, "I will tell you vy—in dish world de peeples alwaysh prefer vat ish deer to vat is sheep."

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD.—A pious divine of the old school says, "a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the wo of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."