

# The Salt River Journal.

A. H. BUCKNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"POWER IS EVER STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

## THE BARBER'S GHOST.

The following story is old but a precious good one. We laughed heartily over it "long time ago," and presuming many of our readers never heard of it, we serve it up for their edification:

"A gentleman travelling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping as he as well as his horse were almost exhausted with travelling.

"After much solicitation the landlord consented to his stopping provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it had been haunted by the ghost of a barber who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted.

The landlord replied that "shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, 'Do you want to be shaved?'"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the haunted apartment; in going to which, he was conducted through a large room, where were seated a great number of persons at a gaming table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he curiously scanned every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He laid down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying, "Do you want to be shaved?" He arose from his bed, and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again rose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house, that every breath of wind to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation, "Do you want to be shaved?"

Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed and attempted to get to sleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed, and wrapped it round him, and taking the wash basin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opened the door, stalked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you want to be shaved?" Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it; some jumped through the windows, and some tumbled head over heels down stairs. Our ghost taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well; to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, no wonder," replied the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us all out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast and departed, many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

## BULLETIN OF THE QUEEN'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

*One o'clock.* Her majesty's left eye blinks. *Five minutes after one.* Sir James Clarke has taken a pinch of snuff.

*Ten minutes.* Prince Albert has twisted his mustaches twice.

*Fifteen minutes.* Her royal highness, the Duchess of Kent, has just trod upon the tom-cats tail.

*Twenty minutes.* Her majesty has taken a cup of water gruel.

*Twenty five minutes.* Her majesty sneezed. *Half past one.* Her majesty's pulse heavy.

*Twenty five minutes of two.* Prince Albert took a gin toddy.

*Twenty minutes.* Her majesty slapped the face of one of the deputy nurses.

*Fifteen minutes.* Her majesty is in a monstrous bad humor.

*Twelve minutes.* Her majesty has sneezed again.

*Ten minutes.* A prince!

*Five minutes.* Prince Albert, in his joy, has kissed one of the sub-assistant deputy nurses.

*Two o'clock.* The principal nurse has upset a cup of ponado.

*Ten minutes after two.* Her little royal highness has a soprano voice.

*Fifteen minutes.* Sir James Clark and Dr. Lacock have each taken snuff.

*Twenty minutes.* Her majesty's health continues in a most satisfactory state.—[*Baltimore Clipper.*]

## A BOY IN A BAND-BOX.

A man of business advertised in a Philadelphia paper, "A Boy Wanted." The next morning he found at his door a beautiful and smiling specimen of the article desired, snugly deposited in a band-box.

## MORTGAGE ON JERUSALEM.

It is now well authenticated that the Rothschilds hold a mortgage of the Holy City, a circumstance that gives extraordinary interest to the movements of the Jews, and to the signs of the times.

## OLD BACHELORS.

We never could, for the life of us, perceive why old maids should manifest such a mortal antipathy to old bachelors. There is no reason in their wrath. 'Tis spiteful, cruel, and unbecoming—the tramping on a reel already broken. It is like flogging a cripple with his own crutches because he is lame. Few men are bachelors of their own free will. Go to the very vest of misanthrope amongst them, and ask him of his history, and he will tell you of the un-forgotten hours of his earliest affections; and his eye will light up again with its wonted energy, as he relates the story of his love, for one who proved faithless, or whose affections were repressed by the rude hand of arbitrary authority, or who had gone down to the church-yard—a beautiful had plucked from the tree of being, to open and expand in a brighter and holier sunshine, where no worm could gnaw at its bosom, and no blighting deced upon it;

Talk not to us of the sorrows of old maids! They are light as air in comparison to those of bachelors—the patter of the small rain to the overwhelming of the deluge. Old maids can commune together, and mingle in the charities and kindly offices and sympathies of existence. It is not so with the bachelor. He has no home—he has no happy fireside—no child to ask his blessing—no beautiful creature of smiles and gentle tones to welcome his coming, and melt away the sternness of care with the warm kiss of affection—no patient watcher at his couch of sickness, stealing with a hushed and gentle step around him, like the visitation of a spirit. True—his sorrows are some what of a negative character. But what is it save positive agony, for him to gaze all his life long upon the Paradise of Matrimony, like a half starved school boy upon the garden whose enclosure he cannot scale?—[*Hartford Review.*]

## SUBTREASURY vs. BANK.

We have not seen a happier hit at the difference between a National Bank and the Independent Treasury than this. A writer in a Virginia paper, when alluding to the incomparable horror manifested by the Whigs whenever they hear the word Sub-Treasury, says: "The word Treasury in itself carries no terrors with it, but that portentous prefix Sub, conjures up gloomy phantoms of danger. A Gorgon's head is unveiled and a thousand ghasts shriek together in the hollow wind." Our schoolboys can tell that the preposition 'Sub' means 'under.' Sub-Treasury therefore means under the treasury; and every body knows that the treasury is under the Secretary of the same—the Secretary is under the President, and the President under the people who elected him, and whose servant he is. This is a republican subordination. By this regular graduation, we trace power back to its true source, the people—in America, the fountain head of all political power. But suppose instead of putting this alarming preposition 'Sub' before the word treasury, we place it before the word United States Bank, so as to make it the Sub-United States Bank, and then see how it works.—First, the Sub-United States Bank is under its officers, well—secondly, these officers

are under the board of directors—very good; thirdly and lastly, the directors are under the stockholders. And this is the end of the chapter. Are the officers of this Bank chosen by the people? No. Are the directors elected by the people? No. Are the stockholders appointed by the people or in any way just representatives of the people?—No. The word Sub is inapplicable—it is not in the nature of a National Bank to be subject to any authority but the dictates of its own interests; it is under no power but the divinity of gain. The word Super, however, may be properly used in this case—the Super United States Bank or the Above United States Bank—that is the bank which at once towers, like Diana among her attendant nymphs, supereminently above Congress and above the people."

## HARD TIMES IN 1839 AND 1819.

But few of our citizens who are now engaged in the active business of life, have forgotten the grievous distresses under which the whole country labored in 1819 and on up to 1826, and even later.

It needs but a slight examination into the history of those times to convince even those who have no recollection of them, that all the embarrassments of the people were brought about directly by the United States Bank, which went into active operation about the beginning of 1817, and the eighteen branches which were established in various portions of the country the same year.

Mr. Cheves, the President of the Monster Bank in 1819, made an exposition of the execrable manner in which its affairs were conducted from the first of its discounting, in which he says that the Bank commenced by the most prodigal issues—the Western branches discounted without limit, and their notes were received in Philadelphia nearly at par, and the result was that in eighteen months after the institution began its operations, it was obliged to condescend a rapid and heavy curtailment of the Banks and its offices."

He says:

"Curtailments were ordered, from time to time, at the Southern and Western offices, to the amount of seven millions of dollars, and at the parent Bank to the amount of two millions, though at the latter they were made to the amount of \$3,600,000 and upwards between the 30th of July, 1818, and the 1st of April, 1819. No curtailments were ordered at the offices of New York and Boston, because there was no room for them, yet necessity obliged them to reduce their business very much. The curtailments at all points within the above mentioned dates, being eight months, were Six Millions Five Hundred and Thirty Thousand One Hundred and Fifty-Nine Dollars forty-nine cents."

At this period the Bank was so utterly prostrated that those who were most intimate with its affairs, considered it impossible for it to keep open doors much longer. Mr. Cheves was astonished at this situation of its affairs, and says that in Philadelphia the suspension of the Bank was generally expected.

In April, 1819, the Directors agreed upon the following plan to raise the Bank to solvency again:

1. To continue the curtailments previously ordered.
2. To forbid the offices at the South and West to issue their notes when the exchanges were against them.
3. To collect the balances due by local banks to the offices.
4. To claim of the Government the time necessary to transfer funds from the offices where money was collected to those where it was to be disbursed.
5. To obtain a loan in Europe for a sum not exceeding \$2,500,000, for a period not exceeding three years.

In seventy days, by this means, the Bank was raised from the gulf of insolvency to comparative safety.

A country curtailed of its circulating medium by barely one institution, in the very short period of eight months, to the amount of \$6,530,159 49 must be made to suffer in its common prosperity. This was the case in 1819. What is the situation of the country now, in this particular? Look at our own State. By the special report of the Bank Commissioners, of February last, we learn that the Ohio Banks contracted their loans up to the 31st December, \$3,330,370;—their circulation was reduced in the same period \$3,634,693! Added to this the various devices they have resorted to for the purpose of speculation, without the least benefit to the community, and it will not be wondered at that money is scarce and that the times are hard.

The evils of the present period are of the same character of those under which the people labored in 1816, '20, '21, &c. The only difference is, that the war of the Banks has not been yet so destructive to our prosperity as then, for they have not the same power to exercise. What they can do they are doing—and it is not to their spirit of mercy that we must attribute our not being reduced to that extreme of necessity which others have had to experience.

**DARK DISCUSSION.**—The question was "does

the Sun or a patent lever watch keep the best time?" One of the darkies contended that the watch was decidedly the best chronometer, for simply by winding it up, it went night and day, whereas the sun was not to be seen at all at night, and no one could tell how it went or whether it went at all. The other argued that the reason why it was not seen was very evident; the world, he said, put the sun in its lobe at night, to prevent its works from getting rusted with the dew.—At this logic his opponent gave a loud ya! ha! whouth! "Ah, dat ar gammon may do for white folks," he said, "at telligent colored men won't believe it; you can't git dis child to swaller it no how!"

**PLEDGE.**—During the canvass for Presidency, the Harrisonites promised much reform in the administration of the national affairs, if the people would entrust them; they have succeeded, and we are now to witness in what manner they redeem their promises. That they may not escape recollection, we give a sample of them:

The expenses of the Government, being extravagant, should be brought down to 13 millions of dollars, which they all say is enough.

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That no man should be turned out of office for opinion's sake, to give place to a political friend.

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That within six months after it was known that Harrison was elected, money should be plenty, and in general circulation.

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That wheat should demand one dollar and a quarter a bushel; corn fifty cents; pork six dollars, and other articles of agricultural growth in proportion.

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That the salaries of members of Congress, and all the officers of the Government being extravagantly high, and corrupting to the spirit of Democracy, should be greatly reduced; and that should be one of their first reforms in coming into power.

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That the people being ground down by high taxes—a burthen too intolerable to be borne—would as soon as the people elected Harrison, remove the weight of oppression, and unshackle our prosperity!

**REMEMBER THE PLEDGE:**  
That general prosperity should smile upon the land; distress should be a stranger to the people; wars should be ended; general peace forever established.  
The people will never forget these pledges; and the anxiety already evinced by those who confided in the promises, and the attempt of those who made them avoid the responsibility if they fail, is an earnest of the doom and the disgrace that fate has in waiting for the Administration coming into power by such infamous means.

## TRADE AND COMMERCE OF THE COUNTRY.

One of the most striking results of the present year, is the diminished imports. Another is, the increase of exports, and the fact that the exports exceed the imports.

The imports this year are only \$104,505,391. Last year they were \$162,092,132, and in 1836, the great year of inflation, \$189,938,035. The exports during 1840 are computed at \$131,571,950. Last year they were \$121,023,416; and in 1836, \$127,663,940. The Secretary of the Treasury states, in his annual report, that such a circumstance as the report, at all exceeding the imports has happened only six times since the adoption of the constitution, and then never to an extent beyond about \$8,000,000.—Now, however, (says the report) without any inflation, and in some important articles under contraction of prices the excess of exports is not only more than ever known before, but quite three-fold greater, being computed to equal \$26,765,039.

## A SCENE IN COURT.

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the ostler, interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind."—"Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the mare's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness, grully. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it—" "Must! I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the ostler, with imperturbable gravity, "Why, then, I had it myself, from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the Court.—The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

**TALENT.**—We copy the following from the Lady's Amaranth:

"Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boetius died in jail; Tasso was often distressed for five shil-

lings; Cervantes died of hunger, Milton ended his life in obscurity; Bacon lived a life of meanness; Spenser died of want;—Dryden lived a life of poverty and died in distress; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from prison; Fielding lies in the burying ground of an English factory; Savage died in prison; Chatterton destroyed himself; and John Keats died of a broken heart."

## CURIOUS CAUSE OF ALARM.

"John, go and bring in an armful of wood," said an office seeking whig to his son, a few evenings since. The boy shook his head, but evinced no disposition to obey the order.

"Come, move along," continued the whig. "I'll be darn'd if I'm going out into that dark wood house," blubbered John.

"Yes you will go too, there's nothing there to hurt you."

"Yes there is something there too—in the dark!"

"What in the name of common conscience ails the boy! what is it that frightens you—what's in the wood house?"

"The D-De—"

"The Devil, eh? You foolish—"

No! no! interrupted John—"it aint him, its something worse than he is!"

"The boy is crazy! What is in the wood-house that frightens you so?"

"Why, it's them darn'd 'democratic whigs' what you said was come this winter—I heard 'em scratching round there last night—their's the critters!"

"Go to bed this minute, or I'll whip your skin off—I'll get the wood myself!"

## VERY AGREEABLE.

"Cousin William," says a merry mischievous girl, the other day, in our hearing, "what do you think a pretty young lady says of you?" William blushed, and looked as grave as the circumstance that a 'pretty young lady' had said something of him would allow.

"I don't know—something good, I hope.—Who was it Coz?"

"Shan't tell you? but it's the truth, a very pretty girl and say something about you."

"Well tell me what it was?"

"I shan't unless you will give me that Anna that I wanted."

"Well, agreed you shall have it, tell me?"

"Well, now—don't blush so—she said you were the ugliest looking man she ever laid eyes on—and off ran the little wretch, with a merry laugh, that made the house ring again."

## SENSIBLE TO THE VERY LAST.

The ruling passion strong in death. We have somewhere read of a hard case whom his friends had tried every way to break of his confirmed habit of drinking. As a last experiment, they took him one night while dead drunk, and placed him nicely away in a coffin. In order to convince him still stronger that he was dead and gone, a friend consented to disguise and stow himself away in another coffin close by, in order to watch the effects and carry out, according to circumstances, the serious joke. Having got over his drunken nap, the hero of the story raised himself slowly in his coffin the next morning and looked around with no little wonder. Seeing the other man in the same bad fix, he shook his muddy head and rubbed his eyes, and said:

"Hallo, stranger, can't you give me an item—?"

"You? why, you're dead and buried."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, but you are."

"Well, you're in the same bad snap, aint you?"

"Yes, I'm gone too."

"Poor fellow! Well, I must have died very suddenly, any how,—I was out on a regular spree last night."

"Oh no, you are mistaken. You have been dead and buried three years."

"The devil, I have? Well, it don't seem long to me."

"How long have you been here, I'd like to know."

"Five years."

"Five, eh? Well, as you have been here longer than I have, and know the place better, just tell me where I can get a good gin cock-tail.—[*N. O. Times.*]

There is an old maid up in Sullivan street who can look so all fired sour that she 'goes out' by the day to make pickles. It saves a heap of vinegar.

**RATHER SEVERE.**—A young buck of the soap look order, who wore an unshaven face, because, as he said, it looked "foreign," lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels as follows:

"I say, fellow, some individuals think I am a Frenchman, and some take me for an *Etalycen*, now what do you think I am?"