

The Salt River Journal.

A. H. BUCKNER.

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GREAT VALUE OF THE SUGAR BEET.

The exertions of the public spirited men who a few years since succeeded in introducing the culture of the Sugar Beet into this country have been abundantly rewarded—not precisely in the way they anticipated, namely, the production of Sugar, but in the still more valuable products of the dairy and supplies for the larder, as well as in the improvement of every kind of stock. Two tons of hay per acre, is regarded as a fine crop, whereas more than twenty tons of the Sugar Beet may be raised on the same extent of land. By means of this juicy and highly nutritious root the refreshment and other useful qualities of some pasture may be secured to cattle and every other kind of domestic animal through the whole winter. The advantages derived from this source to the dairy in the increased quantity and improved quality of milk and fresh butter, during the absence of pasture, are incalculable, & are every day becoming more and more highly appreciated.

Sensible of the importance of extending the culture of roots, the Philadelphia Agricultural Society offered premiums last year for the best crops of sugar beet, ruta baga, mangel wurtzel, sweet parsnip, and carrot, and at a meeting of the society held on the 1st inst., a report was made by the Committee for awarding premiums to the successful competitors, some of whom had raised upwards of seventy tons of the roots mentioned, which they are still feeding out to their stock. On this occasion the President of the Society, took the opportunity to put questions to several of the highly respectable members, who had been engaged in the root culture, for the purpose of gaining some precise knowledge drawn from actual experience, of the relative value of particular kinds of roots. The information thus elicited may be highly useful to those who are desirous of raising roots for their stock the present season—and in stating it in a condensed form we take occasion to remark that the conclusions arrived at by the different individuals evince singular unanimity.

The results from feeding with the sweet parsnip entitles it to be regarded as the most nutritious of all the roots named. The carrot is highly nutritious. Although large products may be obtained, they exact more care and labor in their cultivation than most other roots, especially at the commencement of their growth when the weeds have to be kept under. Fed to cows, the parsnip and carrot impart their flavor to the milk, an objection, which, of course, does not diminish their value as food for other animals.

The testimonials in favor of Ruta Baga were very strong as a nutritious and highly valuable article of food for stock. For dairy purposes, however, it was liable to the same objection that has been made to the parsnip and carrot, although the taste communicated to milk and butter was so slight as not to be perceptible to some persons.

Every one agreed in giving a decided preference to the sugar beet over all the other roots mentioned, a decision founded upon the facility with which it may be cultivated, the large quantity of the product, its nutritious qualities, and, for dairy purposes, the precious advantage of greatly increasing the quantities of milk and butter without communicating any objectionable flavor.

The mangel wurtzel was by common consent pronounced inferior in every respect, not only to the sugar beet, but to all the roots referred to.—[Philadelphia National Gaz.]

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

A story is told of a Sergeant who travelled through the woods of New Hampshire, on his way to the American Army, which will show the character of the Indians.

He had twelve men with him. Their route was far from any settlement; and they were obliged every night to camp in the woods. The Sergeant had seen a good deal of the Indians, and understood them well. Early in the afternoon, one day, as they were marching, on, over bogs, swamps, and brooks under the great maple trees, a body of Indians, more than their own numbers, rushed out upon a hill in front of them.

They appeared to be pleased at meeting with the Sergeant and his men. They considered them their best friends. For themselves, they had taken up the hatchet for

the Americans, and would scalp and strip those rascally English for them like as many wild cats. 'How do you do pro?' (meaning brother,) said one, and 'How do you do?' continued another; and so they went about shaking hands with the Sergeant and his twelve men.

They went off at last and the sergeant, having marched on a mile or two halted his men and addressed them thus: 'My brave fellows, we must use all possible caution or before morning we shall all of us be dead men. You are amazed; but depend upon me, those Indians have tried to put out suspicion. You will see more by and by.'

They concluded finally to adopt the following scheme for defence. They encamped for the night near a stream of water, which protected them from behind. A large oak tree was felled and a brilliant fire kindled. Each man cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it up nicely in a blanket and put his hat on the end of it, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might take it for a man.

Thirteen logs were fitted out in this manner, representing the sergeant and his twelve men. They then placed themselves with the loaded guns, behind the fallen tree. By this time it was dark but the fire kept burning until midnight. The sergeant knew that if they ever would come, they would come now.

A tall Indian was seen through the glimmering of the fire, which was getting low. He moved towards them skulking as an Indian always does. He seemed at first that a guard might be watching, but seeing none he counted the thirteen men, sleeping as he supposed by the fire.

He counted them again, and retired.—Another came up and did the same. Then the whole sixteen in number, came up and glared silently at the logs, till they seemed satisfied that they were fast asleep. Presently they took aim, fired the whole number of guns upon the logs, yelled the war whoop and rushed forward to murder and scalp their supposed victims. They were fired upon by the sergeant and his party and not one of the Indians, was left to tell the story of that night. The sergeant and his party reached the army in safety.

"PROSCRIPTION PROSECURED."—Kendall's Expositor contains an extract of a letter from Bennettville, Alabama, which states that Geo. Holloway, at that place, not having been dismissed, has dismissed the department. The letter says: "At the close of December, he informed the Department that he would not hold office under a Whig Administration; he has received no notice of the appointment of a successor, and now he has informed the Department that he will not open the mail after the expiration of sixty days!"

This is truly a singular case. Either the letter must have miscarried, or this is one of the "unimportant offices" which the Journal mentioned the other day, which thus far had escaped Mr. Granger's notice. What in the world could have made the Abolition Postmaster General so careless as to keep an independent Democratic Postmaster in office so long, is a mystery. The fact is, he has been so busy in "reforming" Democrats out of the more important offices, and hunting up pipe-layers to fill their places, that he has had no time to attend to the case of the impudent Locofoco in Alabama. Never mind, Mr. Holloway, your turn will soon come—the "huge besom of reform," as *Pentecost* says, is coming down upon you "like the rushing of many waters," and you will shortly be twirled into retirement so suddenly as to make your head swim.

P. S. It may be that Mr. Granger is at a stand because he can find no pipe-layers in Alabama on whom to bestow his appointments. If Mr. Holloway is in such a hurry to be superceded, let him advertise for the greatest Federal rogue and swindler to be found, and when he gets a first rate application, send his name and a particular list of his qualifications to Mr. Granger, and the very swiftest mail that comes to Alabama will bring the necessary "documents." Until he can do that, let him forbear his proscriptive course of policy against the Post-office Department.

[From the N. Y. Herald.]
DETERIORATION OF THE PUBLIC MORALS—CONDITION OF PHILADELPHIA.

The tendency of every thing in the way of morals in this country, seems to be downward. We are gravitating towards the bottom, with fearful rapidity. Whether this is inevitable under our form of government, and in the nature of our institutions, remains to be seen. Certain it is, that forgeries, defalcations, swindling, stealing robberies, and bank explosions, are multiplying around us in such numbers, as to exceed all precedent, and almost defy belief. Philadelphia is at the head and fountain of this new state of morality. There the act of swindling is more thoroughly understood, and more extensively and successfully practiced, on scientific principles, than in any other part of the country. From Philadelphia, knowledge of this business has spread to the south and west, and at the last advices, roguery was having a pretty fair swing at New Orleans.

The disease is not expected to rage there with as much severity as at the source of the malady. The New Orleans people took no inoculation; but the Philadelphians had it in the natural way.

They have an Eastern and a Western Penitentiary, at Philadelphia, both filled with petty rogues, who have stolen either a pair of breeches, to cover their nakedness, or a ham to keep them from starving. But the respectable rogues and financiers, who steal and swindle by thousands, are protected in the enjoyment of their plunder. Under this state of things, one or two courses must be adopted. Either indict all the financiers, who cheat and defraud, and try them one after another, when Dr. Eldridge's case is disposed of—or, if that is not thought best, abolish all courts of justice at once, do away with all legal institutions—break up the whole Penitentiary system—waste no money on the Girard College; but instead thereof inclose both the Penitentiaries with a handsome paling, and exhibit them hereafter as beautiful edifices in ruin—a monument of the folly of those who erected them, in the expectation, that the views of society in a high state of civilization were to be restrained or curbed by punishing petty larceny rascals.

It is to be hoped that all the religious societies which hold their anniversaries here this week, will put up prayers for an improvement in the morals of Philadelphia.—This may have some effect, and it may be well to superadd to that, a liberal bonus to any one who will pick out ten honest men, connected with the higher or financial circles of that devoted city. Five honest men would have saved Sodom. But no prudent underwriter would take a risk on Philadelphia, without ten at the very least.

The Result in Virginia.—The Richmond Enquirer, of the 11th, thus speaks about the result of the late election in Virginia, Mr. Ritchie, for candor, correct knowledge, and strict honesty in his assertions, stands at the head of the press, and his statements may be implicitly relied upon:—

RESULTS.—The R. Whig, the N. Y. Star, Express, &c., are idly exulting upon the vote of Virginia. It is a ridiculous gasconade. We have carried a decided majority of the popular vote. We have increased our strength in the House of Delegates; and we should have carried the State triumphantly, notwithstanding the double voting of the towns, if in a few counties our friends had done their duty. In Stafford, we have been beaten 5 votes; Bath, they say, by 6; Montgomery by 3; Wood, by 7; Hanover by 10. The losses in the Congressional District of Kanawha, where we had not even a candidate in the field, have alone lost us the majority in the House. In the Senate, we have lost one member, on account of the election turning upon a particular Senatorial class; but the class on which the election will fall next Spring, will turn the tables upon the Whigs.

From the Baltimore Republican.
TAKING CARE OF THEIR FAMILIES.

The members of the present Administration seem determined to make the most of their four years—their one term—for the benefit of their own families. First themselves, then their families, next their particular personal friends, and if any thing's left, the balance is handed down to the most noisy and worthless that "spou yarn," laid pipe, sung Tippecanoe doggerel, and drank "hard cider" during the Presidential campaign.—Notwithstanding the columns that were written, and the number of speeches delivered against Mr. Van Buren, because, as they alleged, he "rewarded his friends and punished his enemies"—notwithstanding they looked upon such conduct as "unconstitutional," "demoralizing, calculated to destroy the freedom of elections—and notwithstanding they professed to hold all these things in the most holy horror, and pledged themselves if they succeeded in obtaining the patronage of the Government, that men's political opinions should be held sacred—that no noisy partisan should be appointed—we find them violating every pledge which they made, while they impudently call upon the people to extend still further to them that "generous confidence," which they have so shamefully abused—to send men to Congress to strengthen the family alliance which they are forming around the public crib.

We give below the names of a few of the relations who have already been provided for; and we expect to find when they have completed the list of rewards and punishments, that every country cousin will be provided for, without ever once asking the questions, "is he capable—is he honest—is he faithful to the constitution?"

Mr. Webster had scarcely been sworn in to office, when he turned out the accomplished Chief Clerk of the State Department and put in his own son, with the British title of Under Secretary of State, and a salary of \$1500 a year.

Mr. Crittenden, as soon as he got into power, turned out the only clerk attached to his office, and put in his son.

Mr. Webster, not satisfied with \$6000 a year for himself, \$1500 a year for his son,

has turned his eyes down East, and picked up a brother-in-law, one Israel W. Kelly, and made him marshal of the district of New Hampshire, and also one Joel Eastman, another relative, Attorney for the same district.

Mr. Duralde, who has just been appointed Naval Officer for the Port of New Orleans, is the son-in-law of Mr. Clay.

Mr. Miller, appointed Post Master in Ohio, is a connection of Mr. Tyler.

Mr. Taylor, the son-in-law of President Harrison, has been appointed to the lucrative office of Post Master at Cincinnati. We should not say a word against this appointment, if it had not been in violation of General Harrison's own pledge not to turn any good officer out for opinion sake. We sympathize with the family of the deceased President, and would be happy to see provision made for any member of it, by appointment to any office which he may be fit for; provided, always that it can be done with a violation of principle.

These are but a few of the relatives that have been provided for; and we refer to them with a view of showing the public that while the very amiable and feeling secretaries are providing for their own families and relatives, they are going down to low water mark to push the poor boatmen and light house keepers out into the stream, without chart, provisions or compass—careless whether they sink or swim. Whilst Mr. Ewing is rewarded with the sum of \$6,000 year, for this party services, poor Shaw, with eleven children and a wife, are stripped of their \$350, simply for voting his sentiments as a freeman! But this is not "proscription!" Oh! no, its merely turning out!

From Kendall's Expositor.

A FABLE.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS DOGS.

Uncle Sam had two dogs, Caesar and Pompey.

Having but a single bone one day after dinner, he gave it to Pompey and laid down to take a nap. He was scarcely asleep before Caesar began to quarrel with Pompey, who was quietly gnawing his bone in the corner. Caesar growled at Pompey, and Pompey growled back at Caesar. Caesar showed his teeth and bristled up his hair, and so did Pompey. Caesar put his paws on Pompey, and Pompey knocked them off with his paws. Caesar tried to bite Pompey, and Pompey tried to bite Caesar. In short, they got into a fierce fight for the bone Caesar got it and Pompey to keep it.

In the midst of the fight, one of Uncle Sam's sons came in. "Pompey," says he, "what are you quarreling about?"

"Caesar wants my bone, and I am trying to keep it," said Pompey.

"You vile dog," says Daniel, "how dare you fight for your bone? Father gave it to you to gnaw, and not to fight about!"

"Here, Caesar, take the bone," and so saying he kicked Pompey out of doors.

By this time the noise had awakened the old gentleman, who came out to see what was the matter.

"Dan," says he, "what is this about?"

"The rascal, Pompey," says Dan, "has been fighting for his bone, and knowing you did not give it to him to fight about, I gave it to Caesar and kicked him out of doors."

"How come he to fight for bone?"

"Caesar attempted to take it away from him."

"So Caesar began the fight?"

"Yes sir."

Ah, my son," said the old gentleman with a sigh, "you have done wrong. Pompey would not have fought for his bone if Caesar had not tried to take it away from him; so that Caesar is the worst dog of the two.—Indeed, Pompey was only defending the bone I gave him, and yet you punish him and reward his assailant. If you want to prevent quarrelling among the dogs about the bones I give them, you must first kick out of doors those who fight to get them; if those to whom I have given them, then make a disturbance, kick them out too; but I seldom knew a dog quarrelsome so long as he was permitted to gnaw his bone in peace."

"Take a lesson from this, my son, and if you ever get to be President, and wish to prevent contention about the offices, first kick out of doors the office-seekers, and then kick after them every dog of an officeholder who will not gnaw his bone in peace."

"Bankers receive a profit on what they owe, from those whom they owe, and for a thing within itself of an intrinsic value."—[Jefferson.]

That great man never uttered a truer sentence. The banks actually receive interest on their obligations, while the citizens pay interest on their obligations. Yet with this advantage, the banks are allowed by the Legislature to withhold payment just as long as they please, while individuals are forced to pay all their obligations promptly. What folly, then, is it, to talk of Equal Rights! Disguise it as far as you can, and the people can still see that bankers exercise privileges which are denied too their citizens. Is it not time that this inequality should be destroyed—that all should possess the same rights and privileges?—[Valley Star.]

A PLAN OF UNIVERSAL PROSCRIPTION.

The following cheering announcement—cheering to those patriotic whigs who have begun to feel the sickness of hope long deferred—we copy from the Madisonian of Friday last. It contains the gratifying assurance that the subordinate officers in every branch of Government will be proscribed—in fact that the process of proscription is now going on as fast as the nature of the cast will admit, (though of this we have sufficient proofs without the assertion of the Madisonian)—that it requires just "half an hour" to decapitate a democratic postmaster and appoint his assessor—and that, devoting ten hours each day (we are glad the postmaster-general sanctions the ten hour system) to the work of proscription, it will be just six hundred and fifty days before every democratic postmaster in the United States is removed! We cannot help thinking with the Madisonian that the office-seekers who are not satisfied with this plan of action "upon the matter of removals and appointments," must be "too impatient and unreasonable;" but still there is an excuse for the creatures—they feel that their time is short, and they are desirous of improving it in the most profitable manner. But we will no longer keep the reader from the government manifesto—here it is:—*Globe*.

"The world was not made in a day."—It appears to us that many people are too impatient and unreasonable in their expectations and demands of immediate action by the President and heads of Department, upon the matter of removals and appointments.—Take the case of the Post Master General:

There are some thirteen thousand Postmasters in the U. S. No man will contend that less time than half an hour should be devoted to the consideration of the case of each whose removal is proposed.

Now suppose that the P. M. General neglect all his other and important duties, and devotes ten hours each day to the consideration of removals and appointments.

According to our "refiguring," the matter will stand thus: Thirteen thousand cases—each requiring half an hour, make 650 days.

The number of appointments to be considered by the other Departments is also very great, and they are often of immense consequence, and of no little difficulty.

THE "BALTIMORE VOLUNTEERS."—It was but the other day that we announced the death of Stephen H. Moore, the brave and generous hearted Captain of that gallant and patriotic band of citizen soldiers, who, during the last war, left their homes and their families here in Baltimore, and marched to the frozen regions of the Northern frontier, to stem the torrent of invasion which was about to pour in upon their country, and turn it back upon the insolent foe. Few of them remain! but the name of the "BALTIMORE VOLUNTEERS" is enrolled on the brightest pages of their country's history, and the memory of their patriotic devotion is embalmed in the hearts of their countrymen. It is with pain and mortification that we present in our columns of to day, an address of one of the survivors, to this fellow-citizen! which shows that those who now administer the Government, have but little sympathy with those who defended it in its time of need! The removal and subsequent treatment of our townsman, Thomas S. Williams, of the BALTIMORE VOLUNTEERS, is disgraceful to the Government, and will be revolting to the feelings of our people. But what sympathy could have been expected for the American hearted soldier, who fought for his country, from such as DANIEL WEBSTER, who did every thing but fight for the enemy!—*Balt. Rep.*

AN UNEXPECTED REVERSAL.—The New York Herald of the 14th of May, very politely says:—

"The time is rapidly approaching for the convening of the extra session of Congress, and the dominant party began already to dread the result. One of the leading measures of the party, a National Bank, is already exceedingly unpopular, and each day becoming more so. An attempt was made in the Legislature of this State to get up instructions to the members of Congress to vote for a National Bank, but it was found that only a small portion of the whig members were in favor of a Bank; the project was therefore relinquished. The public at large are convinced from recent developments in the old National Bank, that such an institution is not the best way to attain the desideratum of a sound currency."

Some of our Southern Whigs talk in this way:

I am opposed to an increase of the Tariff unless the Government want more money. I am in favor of distributing the proceeds of the sales of public lands among the States, and then the Government will want more money.

Might they not as well say at once, I am in favor of increasing the Tariff?

Is not a vote which creates a necessity to increase it, in effect a vote for its increase?

Would it not be more frank and honorable to say at once, we go for an increase of the Tariff that we may have money to give to the States?—*Kendall's Expositor*.