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Mississippi Steamboat Court.

Our friend Norton, of the Mt. Vernon True Whig, having gone on a coasting voyage down the Mississippi, writes back to his paper sketches and incidents of travel. We clip from one of his late letters the following report of a trial on the steamboat, which had been several days aground on a sand-bar. He had just returned from a bear hunt on the Arkansas bank.

We returned to the steamboat, on entering which, we were greeted with the sound of many voices in loud laughter.

Called forward by the crier in a loud voice we found a trial on the capstan about to be heard, and soon saw the noted lecturer Prof. Ward, before spoken of, led in as a criminal to answer grave charges preferred against him, to wit: for that whereas the said Professor while the boat was aground and all the men thereon, passengers as well as deck-hands, laboring zealously, and perseveringly to remove the same, then upon the fore-castle deck and among the men working at the capstan refused to lend a hand, or in any way assist in the work then being done by others, although often requested so to do, but with book in hand walked off, thereby showing his contempt for the orders of the captain and mate, and his preference for Fowler's Phrenology, over the history of New Orleans, and his intention to shirk work in time of dire necessity.—The Professor looked grave and demure when the indictment was read, and then still further evinced his stubbornness by refusing to plead to the indictment—a Mr. Ferral stepped forward and volunteered to speak in his defence. Witnesses were called and examined, counsel heard, and thereupon after a full hearing of the cause, the court having come to an opinion on the Professor's case, proceeded to pass sentence upon him in words following to wit:

"Professor Ward, stand up, (the Prof. refusing to rise was supported by the sheriff and his deputy) and answer whether you have anything to say why the court should not pass sentence upon you.

The Professor proceeded to speak of his being from the State of Massachusetts, a public lecturer travelling for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of his favorite sciences; he had traveled through many States and many thousands of miles by public conveyances; always paid his own expenses.—Paid full fare to Vicksburg and was not a going to work like a deck-hand or half priced individual, he was a gentleman, never had worked, and never would, he knew his rights and would attend to his own business in his own way, and they had better let him alone.

The Professor having concluded, the sentence was then pronounced.

PROFESSOR WARD.—The court having heard all the evidence adduced in this case, and having listened patiently to the argument of your counsel and to your own remarks, must now make known their judgment. With deep regret they have been compelled to sit in this case; when a criminal of your great standing, (six feet two) and your respectability (taking your own representations) and wisdom (in your own conceit) is brought before them to be tried for an offence of so heinous a nature—"Piracy upon the high seas" is a crime abhorred by God and man. From treason, heresy and schism, "good Lord deliver us" has been the prayer of the church for ages, and yet we in this our day and generation are compelled to witness the departure from "the line upon line, and precept upon precept" of the Pilgrim Fathers who shed their blood in copious gushing floods on Plymouth's sacred rock, by a degenerate son of Massachusetts. With pious horror we have heard recounted the acts of your disobedience, and to clap the climax of your indefinable infamy we have heard from your own lips declarations sufficient to damn ten

thousand Bay State saints. What adds to the enormity of your offence against the supremacy of the laws of this "great inland sea," is the fact that you are a man of learning and of parts "travelling for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of your favorite sciences." Were you a Hottentot or a heathen it were far better for you, but the high posts which you have filled in society, and the high sounding title you bear in "travelling through many States and many thousands of miles by public conveyances," all as Cicero said—

"Cry out like angels trumpet-tongued
Against the deep damnation of your taking off—
—from work on the capstan!

You bear the title of *Professor*, and are a *Massachusetts Professor* too at that. It is an exalted title, and St. Paul has said—

"Exalted titles like a beacon rise,
To show the wretched where protection lies;
He then who hears unmoved affliction's cry,
His name's a phantom, and his birth's a lie.

With such high authority from the "higher law" courts cited for your benefit, and with the evidence that you have heard unmoved affliction's cry "and when the ship was in distress" and men women and children, for days aground on a sandbar, in the great Mississippi with the stores exhausted, famishing with hunger and crying aloud "for bread," yet you offering them "a stone"—throwing yourself upon your vaunted "rights"—refusing to obey orders and by your looks and presence inciting to mutiny and rebellion, giving a high example of treason on the high seas and thereby setting at defiance the laws of God and man, the Constitution of the United States and laws passed in accordance therewith, the solemn enactment of the capstan court and the long established practice on the Mississippi—we therefore in our capacity and power as the capstan court do hereby break you upon the wheel, depriving you of your exalted title of Professor and forbidding you from again holding forth as a lecturer on this or any other craft on the high seas. This is our injunction, *Esto perpetua*.

And also furthermore, hoping and praying that it may teach you an important lesson never to be forgotten, as inculcated by the *Pope Pius*, we think:—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies,"

and that you and others deterred by this example of the sovereignty of our laws, may know henceforth that "your part" is at the capstan, on all like occasions, and that in such times, the post of honor is there and no honorable man will shirk from work, we for the purposes aforesaid and with the power and authority aforesaid do further impose upon you a fine of five dollars to be expended at the bar for refreshments for the court, its officers and witnesses, and also we do assess a fine of three dollars for the purposes as aforesaid against John Ferral, Esq., a barrister of this court, for his having in this case volunteered to defend the criminal when arrested on a charge which deserves the execration and contempt of all honorable attorneys.

The executive officers of the court will see that these judgments are enforced and will not let loose the parties sentenced or suffer their effects to be moved until the fines are paid and the judgments in all respects fully enforced.

The high sheriff will adjourn the capstan court till ten o'clock to-night, at which time we will proceed with other matters in hand.

The sentence of the court was received with great applause by all present save the Professor and his attorney, and they demurred to the whole proceedings. The Professor in particular waxed exceedingly wroth, but after a little reflection, finding the officers inexorable and fearing the consequences of disobedience on the Mississippi, caved in. The money was shelled out—refreshments had and enjoyed—and in the universal jollity over "the man who had

never worked and never would," all united save the Professor himself, who will ever hereafter have occasion to remember among his "thousands of miles travel," this ride on the Mississippi. Even the attorney, soon "half seas over," forgot the loss of his three dollars as did many that were on the sandbar of Island No. 60. And you, good readers, are you not all of "one mind"—that the judgment of the Capstan Court was right.

Anniversary of Perry's Victory.

We make the following interesting extracts from the oration of Mr. Calvert, delivered at Newport, on the occasion of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

The work Captain Perry had to do was, first to create a fleet, and then with that fleet to beat the British fleet,—work enough for a young man of twenty seven. The American fleet was still growing on the shore of the Lake. Little had been done; of the materials and stores needed, scarcely any had been provided. Not half the mechanics had arrived. Not a cannon was yet on the ground, nor iron, nor cordage, nor canvas. Everything required to equip and arm a fleet had to be brought long distances over bad roads. There was not even a cartridge in the place for defence of the ship yards.—Against obstacles and difficulties, against delays and disappointments, through chagrins and mortifications, Captain Perry worked on with such rapid and intelligent energy, that by the 21st of May all his vessels were launched, two twenty gun brigs and three gun boats.

As an example of the zeal and courage which animated all the fleet the following anecdote is told.

Captain Perry now made a final inspection of his ship. Coming to some men who had been in the Constitution, he said to them: "Well, boys, are you ready?" "All ready, your honor." "But I need say nothing to you," he added; "you know how to beat those fellows." Recognizing some of his townsmen, he exclaimed, "Ah! here are the Newport boys; they'll do their duty, I warrant." Then, taking from his state room a large flag, he mounted on a gun, and calling his crew about him, he addressed them: "My brave lads, on this flag are the dying words of Captain Lawrence! Shall I hoist it?" "Ay! ay! sir." And in a moment, from the mast head of the Lawrence floated the flag, on which in large letters, as the battle cry of the day, were inscribed the words,— "Don't give up the Ship."

As the crews of the others caught sight of them, they sent up an enthusiastic shout. And the sick below learning the cause of the shout many of them came up on deck, to offer their feeble services;—such life is there in the dying words of a hero. To one of these, on board the Lawrence, Mr. Taylor said, "Go below, Mays, you are too weak to be here." "I can do something, sir."—"What can you do?" "I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns." He sat down by the pump, and sent the strong man to the guns; when the fight was ended, there he was found, with a ball through his heart. He was from Newport; his name, Wilson Mays.

The ITEM, a new paper just started at Bryan, has the following notice of the Artesian wells, in that place. A late visit there, satisfied us that all the spouting done, is not done by the humans there, by a good deal.

NATURAL FOUNTAINS OF BRYAN.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that within the village of Bryan, are to be found some of the most beautiful, and we might say most useful, natural curiosities in this country. We refer to the numerous Fountains in and around the town. We do not know, indeed, of any other locality in the world, where the inhabitants are supplied with

such an abundance of good water, as are the people of Bryan. Here we are not pestered with pump-handles, or compelled to wind up by windlas a hundred feet of heavy chain, in order to get a cool draught to quench our thirst; nor do we drink from 'mud-holes,' as is reported of some portions of the west, but all we have to do is to put our pitchers under the spout, and in a twinkling, we have the purest and best water that ever flowed from the depths of the earth.

It is supposed by some that there is an underground lake, at the depth of some forty or fifty feet, of considerable extent, as water has been found, when bored for, for several miles around. This is also apparent from the fact that every new well that is bored, affects the strength of others in its immediate vicinity, until its stream is elevated, by means of a stock, to an equal height. The amount of water discharged by these fountains, however, is not proportionate or equal—they vary considerably, in different parts of the town, the strongest ones being generally east of Main street. The water can be raised in proportion to the strength of the stream forced up. There are several that fill a two inch auger hole, at the height of eight feet above the surface of the earth, and others issue a somewhat smaller stream, at the height of twelve or fifteen feet. Some of the larger ones, frequently throw up small fish, and we are told that there is a very strong fountain about a mile east of this place, in which fish, of a blackish color, of the length of three inches, have been seen.

The work of procuring water is simple and easy. There are seldom any stones met with, to obstruct the course of the auger, and but one or two days are required usually, to sink a well, of five or six inches in circumference the necessary depth. Water is found at an average depth of forty-two feet. The auger passes through a loose sand until it strikes what is called the 'hard-pan,' a bed of solid blue clay, of from two to three feet in thickness, and of such a nature that it requires a drill to penetrate it. Immediately below this 'hard-pan,' lies the water, embedded, it is supposed, in quicksand, as for some days, and in some instances weeks, large quantities of fine white sand are ejected by the water; but the stream finally becomes entirely pure and clear, and no sand is afterwards seen.

No season nor state of weather has effect upon these living fountains—the drouth nor the flood can change their current—they are ever the same—their source is inexhaustible, and therefore they cannot fail. The past summer was extremely dry, in this section of the State, and in many places it was very difficult to get water at all, but the people of Bryan had their usual supply. We do not doubt but that this good and wholesome water, has something to do with the health of our town. While some other places in the West have suffered, the past summer, with ague, fever, and other diseases, the people here were entirely exempt from such afflictions.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 10.—John J. Crittenden was this evening elected U. S. senator by the legislature of Kentucky. The democrats voted for Gov. Powell. The vote stood, Crittenden 78, Powell 55.

TO INDIANAPOLIS.—Daily express trains are to be run between Dayton and Indianapolis early in January. A "flying visit" may then be made to Indianapolis, and but one day will be required in the going, staying and returning.—[O. S. Journal.]

Mayor Westervelt, of New York, in his message to the new city council, says that the annual expenses of the city now, exceed those of the government of the four largest states in the Union. The mayor thinks it high time to retrench and reform. The permanent debt of the city is \$9,323,708; funded debt, \$950,000.