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## THE JOURNAL,

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**Aim High and Persevere.**  
Student, on the hill of science,  
Toiling up the tedious way,  
Hero, bidding bold defiance  
To the world's opposing sway.

Artist, calmly, meekly bending  
O'er your ill-rewarded toil,  
With your purpose still ascending,  
Never let your strength recoil.

Statesman, versed in legislation,  
Toiling for the country's good;  
Teacher, giving education  
To a friendly brotherhood.

Poet, weaving brilliant fancies,  
Which in breathing lines appear;  
Though adverse in circumstances,  
Still aim high and persevere.

Through the lapse of distant ages,  
Shines a brightly gleaming light—  
Let the thought of self-made sages  
Cheer you for a higher flight.

Every passing hour improving,  
Leave no time to run to waste—  
Every obstacle removing,  
On and upward, still make haste.

Raise your guardian standard higher;  
Seek a higher excellence—  
Good that comes without desire,  
Is of little consequence.

Thoughts that perish with the speaking,  
Never give their author fame;  
Gems that are not worth the seeking,  
Leave the searcher still the same.

Virtuous deeds and noble daring,  
Such as noble hearts possess;  
Sanguine hopes and manly bearing—  
Those alone, insure success.

Onward then, and upward tending,  
Be a moral conqueror—  
Let your watch-word, high ascending,  
Blaze and burn—EXCELLENCE!

Let your courage fail you never.  
Though adverse your course appear—  
Labor with a strong endeavor—  
Still aim high, and persevere.

"Did you say women can't enter the military service?" asked Mrs. Partington's second niece.

"Yes!"

"Hi ho! but I suppose you'll give the women the credit of supplying your troops, won't you, Mr. Impudence?"

Caulye asking, "What thing to admire has America ever done?" has been fairly answered thus: "She produced a girl, deaf, dumb, and blind, who, with her own hands, did sewing enough to send a barrel of flour to some of your countrymen, sir."

"Once, a long long ago, I ven into mine apple orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beeches to make mine vrow a bum budding mit, and ven I gets to de tobermost branch, I valls from de lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of de vence, an likes to shove my outsides in."

Wilton A. Jones, a member of the Illinois Legislature, was "duped" out of \$275 in New York, on Sunday last, by a very tastefully dressed female, with whom he went home, having found her promenading Broadway. Mr. Jones can tell his constituents that he was robbed in the same room in which the notorious Helen Jewett was murdered, some fourteen years ago.

PHILOSOPHY.—A love-smitten professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of—"Will you have me?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain. But I must answer no."

"Well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now suppose we change the subject."

Three persons were recently burned to death in Thetford, Michigan, a grand-mother and two of her grand children, by their clothes taking fire.

## The Grave of those we Love.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms, which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other would we seek to heal—every other affection to forget—but this would we consider it a duty to keep open; this affection we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though but to remember, be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No—the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No—there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring nothing but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies beneath him?

But the grave of those we love—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death! with all its stifled grief! its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assiduity! the last testimonial of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling—pleasure of the hand! the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

AY, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unrequited, of that departed being, who can never, never return to be soothed by the contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend that hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungracious action will come thronging back upon thy memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and

utter the unheard groan, and pour out the unheard and unavailing. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave, console the broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; and take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

## A Singular Adventure.

Once on a time a traveller stepped into a post-coach. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singular, mild and happy aspect which distinguished his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life, and the art of making the aged comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who said he always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying that he had eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly "high" for seventy years—adding that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstaining from political or religious controversy; and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the rest; his hair was less gray, and there were more of it—a placid smile denoting a perfectly upright conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that by ten years he was the oldest man in the coach.

"How!" exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it that you have thus preserved the freshness of life?—where there is one wrinkle on your brow, there are fifteen on that of each of your juniors—tell me, I pray, the secret of your long life?"

"It is no mystery," said the old man, "I have eaten meat, and I have eaten vegetables, I have held a public office; I have dabbled in politics, and I have written religious pamphlets. I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset, and at noon; but—I always paid promptly for my newspaper!"

## An Item for Greybeards.

The True Union, of Baltimore, publishes the following from "an authentic source." As it may be of importance to some friends "we wot of" we give it a place:

A distinguished General (Twiggs) returned from the Mexican war covered with "glory." He had, however, two marks of hard service which laurels could not hide—as they did Caesar's baldness. One was a head as white as wool, and the other a cutaneous eruption on his forehead. For the latter he was advised to try a mixture of sulphur, and sugar of lead and rose water. In applying it, some of the mixture moistened the hair on his forehead, and after a while this part of his hair resumed its original color. He then applied the mixture to all his hair, and it all became, and is now, of its primitive sandy hue. He communicated the fact to some of his friends in Washington—especially to some ex-members, who are widowers and seeking preferment—and it has been found efficacious in every instance. It does not dye the hair, but seems to operate upon the roots, and restore the original color.

The recipe is as follows: 1 dram Lac Sulphur; 1 drachm Sugar of Lead; 4 ounces Rose Water; mix them; shake the phial on using the mixture, and bathe the hair twice a day for a week, or longer if necessary.

One of the most heartless displays of political feeling ever heard of took place when Sir Robert Peel was on his death bed. A wealthy farmer of Suffolk county caused the bells of the parish of Bures St. Mary to ring a merry peal. In another place a land holder sent a crier round with the news "that the farmers' enemy was at the point of death."

Texas insists that the late President Polk recognized her right to that portion of New Mexico which she now claims. If this be so, what is meant by the passage in his message to Congress, of December 8, 1846, which reads as follows: "By rapid movements the Province of New Mexico, with Santa Fe, its capital, has been captured without bloodshed."—Even. Jour.

## A Tale of Horror.

While traveling a couple of weeks since, we heard from the lips of a friend one of the most heart-rending recitals we have listened to for a long time. He was put off from a steamboat at or near Wolf Island, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, for the purpose of collecting a debt from a man living about five miles back in the country, on the Missouri side, we think. With a carpet bag in his hand, he had followed a narrow path about three miles, when he came across a small cabin. 'Tis cabin' would not describe the place of habitation, for such it proved to be. It was a little dilapidated shed, with no boards on one side and great crevices on the other side and in the roof. He would have passed it by, but moans from the inside told that it was occupied. Wishing to inquire his road, he stopped, and stood before the open side of the shed, and gazed upon a spectacle, which, as he said, was present before his eyes days afterwards, and haunted his sleep. We describe what he saw, as he told us, only saying that strange as the story may seem, full reliance can be placed upon his words.

There was not a bed or chair in the shed, but stretched upon the bare ground lay the body of a young-looking woman, who had evidently just died. Her form was almost a perfect skeleton, yet the face was that of a refined and beautiful woman. On her breast lay an infant of about six months old, with its mouth to the breast of its mother, and dead. And sitting up in a corner of the shed, and staring the traveler in the face with glazed eyes, was what he thought another corpse, but life was yet in it. The figure was that of a girl apparently about ten years old. She could not rise to her feet, and yet she was not sick. She was literally dying of starvation.—By the side of the woman, clasping her hand, lay a man covered with blood and apparently in a dying state. Add to this, the filth of the room and the half naked condition of the sufferers, and we wonder not that the scene long haunted the observer. He went in. The girl could not speak, but the man cried "water," in a feeble voice, and pointed to the girl as if to attract the stranger's attention to her. The traveler, Mr. J., of Cincinnati, hastened away, taking with him a tin pan, and says he never ran harder in his life than he did about half a mile to a small stream he had passed.

On his return, he found the man still alive, and gave him water which he eagerly drank. He could then speak in a whisper. He pointed to the girl and said—"she's starving." Mr. J. gave the girl some water, which appeared to revive her, and she tried to talk, but could not. With much difficulty he learned from the man that there was a house about a mile distant, to which he hurried. On his arrival there, he found only a negro. While getting some provisions and hastening back with the man, the latter informed him that the cholera had broken out in that neighborhood, and the family owning him had left for the time being. He said the little girl of the shed had daily made her appearance there for provisions until about three days back—that the man and woman had been sick for a long time, &c. On their return, the man was dying, and lived but an hour. The little girl was revived by food, and before they took her away, could talk. She said she had been sick herself, and could not walk to the house for food, and that her mother died the day previous, and the baby about the same time—and that her father had tried to kill himself when they died. It was horrid. The child was taken to the house, and the rest of the unfortunate family buried.—The child afterwards stated her name was Mary Williams, and Mr. J. thought, from what he could gather, the family had lived in N. Albany, but in what New Albany he could not ascertain, more than as the child said, there were a great many houses there, and it was evidently New Albany, N. York. The negro said the family had been there several weeks, and came directly after his master had left. As there was not a family in the neighborhood, the person also having gone whom Mr. J. wished to see, the girl, who was sick and exhausted, was left with the negro, who promised faithfully to attend to her. Yet there were but little hopes of her recovery. It has never been our misfortune to hear a more horrible tale of reality than this.—Evans. Jour.

Haynau has sent to his government a defence of his conduct, as ferocious as his own administration of the affairs of Hungary.

## Adjournment—California and the Texas Boundary Bill in the House—Other Important Business—Board of Accounts—The Tariff—Present State of Manufactures in Pennsylvania—Mr. Ashmun's Speech.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14, 1850.

There seems now to be no probability of an adjournment before October, and the working members think this session will "run into" the next. The two most important bills that have yet passed the Senate will not be taken up in the House, and they will not pass there without a severe struggle and a good deal of idle debate. The extreme southern men will oppose the California bill, and do everything in their power to prevent its passage, but it is generally conceded in the House that it will go through.

There is more doubt about the success of the still more important measure—the Texas Boundary bill. This will meet with strong opposition from the North as well as the South. The bill providing a territorial government for New Mexico, will undoubtedly pass the Senate this week. There is an accumulation of other important business, in the Committee rooms, that imperatively demands immediate attention. If the House pass the Senate bill providing for a Board of Accounts, it will relieve both houses of the most troublesome and the most neglected branch of their duties—the adjustment of claims against government.

They cannot fail to take up the bill and pass it as early a day as possible, for they almost hourly hear its necessity impressed upon them, by the urgent importunities of impatient claimants, many of whom have passed session after session here, impoverishing themselves and their friends by the heavy expense, besides suffering the tortures of "hope delayed," in begging Congress and the departments to pay claims that are just and undoubted, but to which Congress 'have not time to attend.'

As business in the committee rooms has heretofore been conducted, a shrewd claimant, with money sufficient to give a few dimes, and employ two or three lobby agents, is quite as likely to get a "fancy" or unjust claim allowed as an honest one. By establishing a well organized Board of Commissioners for the settlement of all claims against government, more individual suffering will be relieved and prevented, than in the admission of California, or in the extension of a territorial government over Deseret.

Another measure yet neglected, in the hands of Congress, to which the present ruinous and sinking condition of our manufacturing interests everywhere must have called their attention, is a protective tariff. If we may judge from the tone of the public press in all sections, the country will expect that Congress before they adjourn, shall extend some sufficient and adequate protection over the great and most important resources of the country. Mr. Casey, of Pennsylvania, a few days since made a sound, practical speech upon the subject, and in the course of his remarks made a startling report of the condition of the iron manufactures in Pennsylvania. He had taken great care that his statistics should be accurate and reliable. It appears that since 1790, there have been, in Pennsylvania, in the iron business, 177 failures, and 124 of these have taken place since 1846!—In 1849, at the close of the year, there were 149 furnaces out of 293, that were out of blast, and many more have stopped since. At the close of the present year, about 100 will be out of employ. A decrease of 49 per cent. in three years, of pig metal, and 33 per cent. in two years of bar metal.

In 1847 there was 40,966 tons of railroad iron manufactured, and in 1849 only 18,973; a decrease of 21,993 tons, or 54 per cent. If we enquire into the present state of the manufacturing interests in New England we shall see quite a sad spectacle. Let the people urge immediate action upon their representatives.

Mr. Ashmun, of Mass., is now making a very able speech in defence of the President's Message.—The attention of the entire House is given to him. F. M.

RUSSIAN LAW OF MARRIAGE.—By a late order of the Russian Government, all marriages are forbidden, except where the parties first obtain the consent of the parish authorities, which must, in every case, be withheld, unless the persons asking it are capable at the time of supporting families, and can also furnish a strong probability that such capacity will continue to the end. The increased number of individuals falling a burden on the State during several years past, is the reason given for this edict.

We clip the following from the Lancaster (Ohio) Gazette, a paper we have always read with much satisfaction:

"GOOD ADVICE.—A friend in sending us the name of a new subscriber, throws out an excellent hint or two, which we cannot forbear to publish. He says:

"I wish the Whigs of your county would set about it and endeavor to run up your list of subscribers to what it should be. A very little exertion on the part of each subscriber, would be sufficient to nearly or quite double your list. This is a favorable time too, for making the attempt. The wheat crop is excellent, and the prospects of our farmers are charming. Many are only waiting to be asked to subscribe. I hope they will not have to wait long."

"A few weeks since, the subscribers of the Marietta Intelligencer took it into their heads to swell the list; and in the course of a few days we learn they had nearly doubled it. The friends of the paper and the cause, can be much more successful in obtaining new names, than a person connected with the office, and with very little trouble. This is not written in the spirit of complaint—many warm friends have done much for us."

Friend Weaver, that is well said and to the point. We hope our subscribers will follow the example set by the patrons of the Marietta Intelligencer.

We desire that every Whig in the county of Clark, should take the Republican. Let the Whigs of Clark feel a PRIDE in extending to their county paper a good support, and the people we hope will be benefited, while the printer will be enabled to furnish them with one of the best papers in the State. Friends, while we are laboring night and day for you, give us your undivided support.

Springfield Republic.

We publish the above to give our readers an idea how other people talk and act in regard to their newspaper. So far as desiring an increased subscription list, we yield to no one. Will subscribers take it into their heads to increase our list. We should take it most kindly. We are satisfied that with a little exertion by our subscribers in different portions of the county, our list might be doubled. Friends lend us a hand.

TO CURE SORE NECKS OF OXEN.—A neighbor of mine had a pair of working oxen whose necks become very sore.—He covered that part of the yoke resting upon the neck with lead. They got well almost immediately, though constantly kept at work. I suppose the lead being a good conductor of heat drew off the inflammation, and thus enabled the sores to heal.—Agriculturalist.

DEATH OF GEN. L. H. COE.—The Memphis papers announce the death in that city, on the 10th inst., of Gen. Lovin H. Coe, after suffering terribly for sixty-three days from the wound inflicted on him by Jos. Williams.

POPULATION OF THIS CITY.—Jas. McLean, Esq., has at length completed his labors in this city, in taking an enumeration of its inhabitants.

The total population is 7,000, being an increase since 1840 of 784 per cent. 3467 of these are males, 3693 females, being nearly 300 more; 6316 whites, 381 blacks, 483 mulattoes.—1276 are of German birth, 286 Irish, and 163 of other foreign countries. But 31 marriages have been enumerated by the Marshal as having taken place in the city by citizens. The largest holder of real estate is listed at \$210,000.

Chillicothe Advertiser.

## The Cholera in Columbus.

We were in hopes we should be able to announce the disappearance of this disease to-day, but the deaths yesterday threw us back sadly. The weather appeared very propitious, but the report of six cholera cases yesterday, and five to-day, some of them of well-known citizens, has set all calculation at defiance. The disease seems to linger in Columbus longer, and act more severely than at any other city in the West.

## O. S. Journal.

GRATIFYING.—It is a source of much pleasure to announce that the city is almost, if not entirely free from cholera. So far as we can learn, there has been no cholera within the last few days, and but little sickness of any kind. We apprehend there will be a cessation of this disease here, as the season is now far advanced.—Chil. Adv.

Love, Courtship and Marriage—the best safeguard for posterity.

## Wonderful Thief.

An Englishman who was lately traveling on the Mississippi river told some rather tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive humph! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up a business at the Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welch miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" said the Englishman. "And you never have found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst. Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implicable Case.

"Children!"

"Yes; a nigger woman who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and slooped and jined the logs."

"Great heaven! And did you see her do it?"

"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of aff-an-af, while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time, most remorselessly.

"I—I shan't go any further West—I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and his saw logs, too."

"Saw logs?"

"Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night!"

"Is it possible?"

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; had had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would whip 'em away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill ways."

"Good Gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother, one day bought an affired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then set down on the log to play keards just to keep awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keards and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went to sleep, a straddle the log. About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"

"And they setting on it?"

"Setting on the Bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end, which pined down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchers setting a straddle of it fast asleep!"

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar-stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far he'd be down the river before morning.

RAISING PIGS.—There is a good deal said in Agricultural works in relation to raising pigs, but the Memphis Enquirer gives the following singular item in relation to the raising of a thousand pigs of lead, sunk in the Ohio river twenty years ago.

"One thousand pigs of lead were recently recovered from the wreck of the steamer Neptune, which was sunk at the mouth of the Ohio river in the year 1830, twenty years ago. This lead was taken to New Orleans in the steamer Mohawk a few days since."