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### I Love the Ladies—Every one.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The laughing ripe brunette,  
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,  
With tresses black as jet.  
What raptures in their glances glow!  
Rich tints their cheeks disclose,  
And in the little dimples there  
Young smiling Love reposes.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The blonds so soft and fair,  
With looks so mild and languishing,  
And bright and golden hair.  
How lovely are their sylvan-like forms,  
Their alabaster hue,  
And blushes far more beautiful  
Than rose-buds bathed in dew.

I love the ladies, every one—  
E'en those whose graceless forms  
Are rugged as the oak that's borne  
A hundred winter's storms.  
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,  
The short as well as tall,  
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,  
Oh! yes, I love them all.

I love the ladies, every one—  
None but a wretch would flout 'em;  
This world would be a lonely place  
If we were left without 'em.  
But lighted by a woman's smile,  
Away all gloom is driven,  
And the most humble home appears  
Almost a little heaven.

I love the ladies, every one—  
They're angels all God bless 'em!  
And what can greater pleasure give  
Than to comfort and caress 'em?  
I call myself a temperance man,  
So I'll drink their health in water—  
Here's to the mothers, one and all,  
And every mother's daughter.

### Later from the Plains.

The St. Louis Republican of the 4th, publishes the following from Fort Laramie, Aug. 26th.

The tide of emigration is on its last ebb. For some time past the pilgrim faces have been few and far between, and now only the few stragglers whom chance or change prevented from starting earlier, bring up the rear, and, Ruth-like, follow the reapers on their trial to the promised land. The greater part of the Mormon emigration, which this year is estimated at five thousand persons, has already passed this point, and the tail-end is closely wagging on after the advance. Up to the 16th inst., the register kept here exhibits the following items: men 39,506; women 2,421; children 609, horses 23,172, 7,559 mules, 36,116 oxen, 7,323 cows, 2,105 sheep, 9,927 wagons, deaths en route 316. I am certain that not more than four-fifths of the persons who pass here en route to California and Oregon registered their names. At that rate, the number of persons would equal about fifty-five thousand, wagon, &c., in due proportion, and thus may we only form any fair or definite idea of the actual amount of this year's pilgrimage.

**THE TOBACCO CROP IN VIRGINIA.**  
The hard storm of the 23rd ult., did great damage to the growing tobacco crop in Virginia. The Richmond Whig says:

The tobacco planters seemed to be doomed people this season. A series of disasters has befallen them from the outset, which human care could have averted. A great scarcity of plants, a backward spring, terrible freshets and at a latter period constant rains had almost driven them to despair, when their cup of misery was filled to overflowing by the recent unexpected misfortunes. It is impossible to say with any certainty, but there is every reason to believe that the tobacco crop will not amount to more than one-half an average yield and the quality of what is made will be very inferior. A crumb of comfort is afforded, however, in the high prices which it now brings and must continue to do.

## THE COUSINS;

Or, Fireside Sketches.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATE FERRIVAL," &c.

Mine is a simple tale, yet scorn it not, Fair reader, with thy young and sunny brow; Oh! let its gentle teachings move thy heart, And bind thy spirit, as a magic spell, To all that gladdens home!

"I suppose you are going to Mary Wright's this evening," said Julia Lawton to her Cousin Fanny Day, as she seated herself one morning in her uncle's breakfast room.

"No, Julia, I expect to be at home to-night. I sent a note to Mary, yesterday, declining her invitation."

"Not going! I am surprised to hear you say so; it will not be a very gay party, and there will be no dancing. What are your reasons for staying away?"

"I have several," replied Fanny, smiling. "Will you have the most important first or last?"

"I do not care which, only tell me."

"Well, then, to begin with the most trivial, perhaps, somewhat selfish reasons, I seldom enjoy evening companies. I cannot be animated and interested in conversation about 'nothing'; I am not brilliant, and so cannot entertain the company with bright and witty speeches, and, therefore, neither receive nor give pleasure."

"But I am sure some intelligent persons may be found at every party with whom even fastidious Fanny Day might enjoy a chat."

"So there may; but, then, ladies are seldom allowed to converse together for more than a few minutes without interruption."

"Of course not. It is only polite in the gentlemen present to endeavor to entertain them; but, surely, Fanny, some of them are very sensible and pleasant."

"Yes, they are, when with two or three ladies, or during a social evening visit; but in a large company there are so many to claim their attention, and so much of the pleasure of the party depends on the varied exercise of their entertaining powers, that they have little opportunity of entering into rational discourse, and when they have, are not in a mood to do so. I have listened, Julia, with surprise and disappointment to the witty nonsense with which really intelligent men have thought proper to entertain ladies on such occasions—yes, those whose conversations have afforded me pleasure and instruction at home."

"You are really severe, Fanny.—You must remember that women generally like such conversation, and gentlemen wish to please them. No one expects to talk gravely at an evening company."

"But ought we not to talk sensible at all times? I cannot respect any gentleman or lady who, with a cultivated and well-stored mind, can spend a whole evening without giving any evidence of it. While the present tone of conversation prevails, there can be, in my opinion, but little rational enjoyment in attending these large companies."

"If you are so fastidious, Fanny, why do you not frequent them and exert your influence to promote a reformation?"

"One against so many could not effect much, and, besides, a young lady's motives are so often misunderstood if she endeavors to lead her companions to converse in a sensible and connected manner. She renders herself liable to be called pedantic and self-conceited."

"But you who set up to be a female reformer, ought not to shrink from such epithets."

"I do not wish to assume such a character or position," said Fanny, earnestly, "but have only given this as one of my reasons for declining to attend Mary Wright's party. I am not willing to give up all the pleasure of an evening at home for the excitement of such a scene. If I were to go and be silent, I should be called reserved and dull, or, if I were to join with spirit in conversation, I should say many things, as I always do in such cases, to be regretted afterwards, and should, also, lose so much real pleasure by going. Father is generally at home in the evening, and as William is often obliged to be absent, he and mother are less entirely alone when I am out, and, of course, miss me very much."

"But, surely, Fanny, uncle and aunt do not desire that, at your age, you should always be at home with them?"

"They never expressed any wish on the subject, Julia," said her cousin warmly; "I prefer to do so. I have a thousand times more pleasure in reading to father, who cannot see very well by lamp-light, and in listening to his conversations, than in going anywhere."

"So you are about giving up evening companies altogether. I shall report, then, that Miss Fanny Day has turned nun!"

"Oh no, Miss Julia," replied her cousin, laughing; "only that she prefers home to any other spot. You know I was at Anna Tyson's party night before last. She is a particular friend of mine, and I thought I ought to go; but Mary Wright is only an acquaintance."

"Well, I do not know what you can find so agreeable in an evening at home," said Julia, shrugging up her shoulders; "I think them exceedingly tiresome. Father reads the papers until he falls asleep; if Ned is at home he pores over some dry book or talks politics with father or with any one who may call, and mother and I soon exhaust all our topics of conversation."

"But are you not interested in listening to the gentlemen?"

"Interested in politics! Why should a woman trouble her head with such matters?"

"I do not admire female politicians, Julia, but I think every American female should feel an interest in the welfare of her country, and should have enough information respecting the constitution and principles of its government, to be able to listen intelligently to the conversations of those who have knowledge and wisdom on these topics. Forgive me, dear cousin, when I say, that if you felt thus you would not find your evenings at home pass so heavily."

"I never read the newspapers, Fanny, unless they contain tales.—Why need I be interested in the election news? I am sure I do not know who is the best candidate for the presidential chair."

"Your father or brother could easily explain their opinions on this matter to you, and I am sure they would be gratified by your interest and attention to their discussions.—I have just finished reading to father a very valuable and simple work on 'Political Economy,' by Professor Mayland. I will lend it to you with pleasure, Julia. Indeed it is so pleasant for a woman to feel that she is treated as an intelligent companion by her father and brothers! The admiration and praises of strangers can never be half so sweet to me as to hear my father say, when he finds a well-written article in the papers, 'Here is something for you, Fanny; and to see that William is pleased with my approval of his sentiments.'"

"Well, really," said Julia, laughing, "you are quite excited, my fair coz! You must excuse me for declining your kind offer of the book you mention; I am afraid I should sleep over it. I leave you to be entertained by such topics. I do not esteem the reward you hold out to me worth the trouble and self-denial it would require on my part to gain it. I hope you will find your father and brother agreeable companions this evening. I shall seek more congenial society than mine would be to me; and shall carry off all your beaux; even Charles Lawrence, if I can."

"So saying she rose, and gathering the folds of a rich shawl around her graceful person, the cousins separated."

When Fanny returned to the breakfast-room after Julia's departure, she did not immediately resume her sewing, but stood in a musing attitude by the fire gazing intently on the bright coals.

"Yes, Mr. Lawrence will certainly be there, for he is Mary Wright's cousin," she said to herself; and then her thoughts reverted to a very pleasant evening she had passed a few weeks previous with the above mentioned individual, during which he had paid her much attention. Indeed, they had both been so much absorbed in conversation, that the time had flown unheeded, until she had become conscious that the notice of her young companions had been attracted towards them, and she had as soon as possible terminated it. The impression left upon Fanny's mind by this interview was still vivid, for the intelligence and many sentiments of her companion, expressed warmly and frankly, and in tones of peculiar depth and sweetness, were well calculated to interest the heart of the gentle maiden. She had met him occasionally since, and her high opinions of his character and attractions had not been at all diminished, and a slight feeling of disappointment crossed her mind when Julia's words reminded her of what pleasure she would derive herself by remaining at home that evening. It was but a transient emotion, for her heart smote her for its selfishness. "What, prefer the admiration of one who is almost a stranger to me," she thought, "to the society and comfort of those who

have claims upon me that I can never discharge! No—no; my dear parents shall never want a cheerful companion while their daughter goes forth to scenes of gaiety to enjoy the attentions of any gentleman. Here in my own home will I be sought or nowhere!"

Within that same pleasant apartment a family group was gathered that evening, needing no artist's skill to render it lovely to a discerning eye. In a large rocking-chair by the fire, in a richly embroidered wrapper and slippers, sat an elderly gentleman a little past the prime of life. The long silken locks of his white hair, put back from his brow, revealed a broad, intellectual forehead, that, with fine, dark eyes, undimmed even by the cares and sorrows of many years, and the benevolent expression that lingered round his mouth, made his face striking and attractive. Faced him sat a lady, on whose mild and faded, yet still lovely face, his gaze often rested. She was knitting with the ease and rapidity so habitual to elderly females, while her eye wandered from one loved face to another, often resting attentively on the bright and beautiful countenance of a young girl, who read aloud from a volume that lay on the table beside her. Her sweet, clear voice was the only sound to be heard in the silent apartment, save now and then the heavy breathing of a pet dog that slept at the foot of his master. She sometimes paused to ask questions that elicited information from her father, or to make a pertinent or arch remark, that called forth a smile of gratified pride and approval from her listeners. Their only son was absent, nor did he return at his usual hour that evening: As it grew late, Fanny prevailed upon her parents to retire, and remained alone to wait for him. She drew the table nearer to the fire, and opening a small volume, was soon absorbed in its sacred contents, gleaming from his holy pages the hope of that better and more enduring inheritance, of which her own sweet home was a faint yet beautiful type.

When her brother entered he seemed surprised and grieved to find her there. One glance at his troubled face was sufficient to awaken the anxious fears of his sister. Her affectionate inquiries he appeared at first unwilling to answer, but longed for the gentle and cheering sympathy of one in whose judgement and discretion he had confidence, he yielded at length, and unfolded the anxious cares that had oppressed him during the day. He had recently entered into business for himself, and in the harassed state of commercial affairs, found many difficulties to perplex him. Sweetly did Fanny cheer the drooping spirits of her depressed companion, and it was with a heart lightened of half its burden by the tender sympathy of woman, that he bade her affectionately "good-night."

When Julia Lawton laid her head upon her pillow that night, it was with painful and conflicting emotions; busy at her heart. Her cousin's words had been vividly recalled to her mind when, attired for the party, she entered the parlour in which her parents sat, to leave a message for her eldest brother, Edward.

"What—going out again, Julia?" said her father in a reproachful tone, as he lay stretched upon the sofa, where he had thrown himself, complaining of indisposition. Her mother, too, looked depressed; and her sad looks and her father's words haunted her all the evening. She had been an object of much attention to an admiring and envying throng, but had experienced no real enjoyment, and was much disappointed and chagrined by the manner of Charles Lawrence. He had inquired for Fanny, and hearing that she was not expected to be present, after a few minutes conversation with Julia, had left her to be entertained by others, and had spent the remainder of the evening in an animated discussion with a plain matronly lady, evidently many years his senior.

Julia's brother, too, had complained of the long walk which he had taken to be her escort, declaring that he was heartily tired of going out to a party, after being detained as he often was until a late hour at the office. Julia had never tried to be interesting in his pursuits, or yielded her wishes to his even when they interfered with his comfort, or sought in any way to make herself a companion to her brother, and, of course, there was no congeniality of thought or feeling between them. He looked upon her as a weak, capricious woman, whom, as being his sister, he was obliged to escort to parties and places of fashionable amusement, but whose presence, in the desirable event of her marriage, would not be missed from the family circle, whose absence would take no brightness from the domestic hearth.

It was a cold and cheerless evening in December, about two years after the incidents mentioned above, when a lady and gentleman sat alone

in the large and richly-furnished apartment of a mansion situated in one of the most fashionable streets of P—. The rain that fell in torrents was scarcely heard by the inmates of that noble room, where every article that wealth and taste could procure shone in unwon splendour in the brilliant gas light. The lady, whose youth and beauty fitted her to grace so fair a scene, sat in her rich sewing-chair carelessly, and as if her object was to pass away time, embroidering the cover for an ottoman, while her husband, half-reclining in a large rocking-chair, seemed absorbed in the paper he held in his hand.

"Dear me, Henry," said his wife, after an interval of silence, "have you not finished reading that paper yet?"

"Not yet, Julia," he replied, with a smile; "it contains a most noble speech of our great statesman, Daniel Webster. I wish you would let me read it to you. Every true American heart must be stirred by its patriotic sentiments. I am sure you will be interested in it if you will only listen."

"Oh, no; indeed I should not. I never could bear politics, I used to get so tired of hearing father and Edward discuss speeches and laws and Congress proceedings. Do not mention the subject. Why do you not read those tiresome papers at your office?"

"I have not time, Julia. I could not do justice to such an address as this amid all the interruptions of business hours."

"But this is the only time you have at home."

"We are so often out or have company, Julia, that the few evenings we are alone I feel as if I must spend in gratifying my taste for reading and in acquiring the knowledge my position in life requires. You know I am always willing to share my pursuits with you. I love to read aloud to an interested listener."

"Which I never can be, Henry, while you select such tiresome and dry books," said his wife half pettishly.

"Dry! I am sure you cannot call any of Stephen's works dry! Every one thinks them extremely interesting, and they are the only books I have attempted to read to you this winter."

"I do not like books of travel; I never did."

"Nor works of biography, either.—You know I have tried to interest you in them."

Julia was silent;—she could not but acknowledge the justice of her husband's remarks. It was true that, never from their marriage, almost a year before, had she made the least effort to be interested in his pursuits. He had a taste for books, imbibed in early life, before he entered into business, and a love of domestic quiet that, with encouragement from her, would have made him prize home above all other spots, and rendered him a bright example of an intelligent and enterprising merchant; but in vain had he sought to interest his wife in these quiet, home pleasures in which he delighted. History, travels, the biography of the good and great, and even selections from the lighter reading of the day, were alike distasteful to her, and Henry Norris soon found that he need hope for no sympathy on these subjects from the partner of his life. She made no attempt to be a companion to him, and thought to please her companion often to scenes of amusement and gaiety, she never rewarded his self-denial by studying his wishes and tastes. In society she was the life of an admiring throng, but at home, dull, peevish and unenterprising, and ere a year of his wedding life passed away, his fond dreams of domestic bliss had vanished.

"Julia," he said, after the pause that followed his last remark, "here is a beautiful, an almost sublime passage, which I am sure you will admire. For my sake, listen to it."

He explained to her the circumstances under which the address had been delivered, and then proceeded to read an extract from it. A flush of pride and pleasure stole over his face, and his tone grew almost eloquent. He looked up as he finished. His wife was leaning back in her chair;—one glance told him she was asleep! He uttered no word of reproach, but rising, hastily left the room and the house. An hour afterwards he might have been seen in a circle of gentlemen in the reading-room of a neighboring hotel.

At the same hour on that evening a gentleman was seen walking rapidly up a retired street, a few squares from the fashionable mansion of Henry Norris. He stopped at the door of a neat, comfortable-looking dwelling, and entered. At the sound of his footsteps, an inner door was quickly opened.

"I am afraid you are very wet, Charles," said a sweet and gentle voice.

"Oh, no, Fanny; it does not rain as fast as it did before tea," he replied, glancing fondly at his young and lovely wife, who came forward with a look of anxiety on her fair brow. "I found Harry Gibson much better."

he continued as he laid aside his wet hat and cloak, and followed her into the warm apartment he had left an hour before to make some inquiries respecting a sick friend. Though the room was not large, and its simple furniture bore no evidence of wealth, nothing that could contribute to the comfort of its occupants was wanting. Beside a centre-table, on which lay some newspapers and a few choice volumes of literature, an easy chair had been placed, the slippers on the carpet before it showing for whose use it had been destined. This was, indeed, just such a cheerful, quiet little apartment as the heart of one wearied with the toil and bustle of a day passed in the exciting haunts of business would desire. So, at least, thought Charles Lawrence, as he took the seat assigned him, and looked with fond and confiding affection on his gentle and loving companion.

"And now for Webster's speech, Fanny," he said, after some time passed in conversation.

Fanny smiled approvingly, and handing him the evening paper, took some sewing from a little work-basket on the table beside her. As he read aloud in an animated tone, she often paused in her employment and listened with absorbed attention, until at length, letting it fall, she rested her head on one hand and sat motionless, her dark eyes fixed on the reader and her sweet face mantled with the rich glow of excited feeling. Never had she appeared more beautiful in her husband's eyes than while uniting, with all the enthusiasm of a woman and the discrimination of a reflective and intelligent mind, in his encomiums on the writer. How swiftly and pleasantly to them passed the hours of that tempestuous evening—the raging of the storm awakening in their breasts no feeling but those of gratitude for their own rich blessings, and of pity for the homeless and destitute.

"Fanny," said Mr. Lawrence, as they sat by the fire before retiring for the night, "I met Henry Norris in Chestnut street this evening, as I was returning from Mr. Gibson's.—Where could he have been going in all this storm? He passed me so quickly that I had not time to ask him."

"I do not know, Charles; but I am afraid," replied his wife, with a sigh, "that he does not much enjoy an evening at home."

"Well, it must be Julia's fault, then, for he was never fond of attending parties or any scenes of amusement, and used to descend most beautifully before he was married, on the pleasures of a quiet evening at home with one fair and charming companion. How often did we, poor bachelors, talk eloquently on this theme. I fear he has not realized his high hopes of domestic felicity, while mine, dearest, have far exceeded my brightest, wildest dream!"

"Julia was never regarded as a companion by her father or brothers," said Fanny, after a slight pause, "and she is not fitted to be one to her husband. They looked upon her as an inferior, and she made no effort to interest herself in their pursuits or to be entertaining and agreeable at home. She was made to feel that the chief object of her education was to fit her to appear to advantage in society, and to make a 'good match,' as the world calls it. Her tastes and pleasures all led her from her own fireside, and marriage has effected no alteration in them. Her habits and feelings must be entirely changed before she can make a cheerful and interesting home companion. I do, indeed, pity while I blame her, for her faults are, in a great measure, the effects of education. She is accomplished, intelligent, and really affectionate, but does not understand her domestic duties; and though conscious to a certain degree of her defects in this respect, has no energy to overcome them."

"Harry was dazzled by her beauty and graceful manners," said Mr. Lawrence. "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for him; but he ought not to have chosen so hastily for the partner of his life one whom he had seldom met excepting in society. If he were governed by religious principles, I should hope that he would bear his disappointment patiently, and that the cares and experience of future years might effect a change in his wife; but as it is, I fear that he will be led to seek his happiness in convivial scenes—there are so many temptations to a young man who has not a happy home."

Five years from that evening, had a stranger in P— inquired for Henry Norris, he would have heard of his dissipation, his wasted fortune, his early grave; while on the list of those who, by their benevolence,

their liberal support of all the means devised for the moral and intellectual improvement of their race, and their own personal exhibition of the virtues that noble man, had become ornaments to their age and country, he would have read the name of Charles Lawrence. C.

### Mr. Clay at Home.

On Wednesday morning last, a telegraphic dispatch was received from Maysville, announcing the fact that Mr. Clay had arrived in that city and that he was expected to reach Ashland that evening. The news spread through the city with almost the same rapidity that the telegraphic wires had brought it from Maysville, and there was a universal determination, short as the time was, to extend him a public reception. Every one seemed to feel that such a manifestation of respect and gratitude was especially due to him at this time, when he was returning to his quiet abode after having performed almost superhuman labors during the recent arduous, protracted and at times gloomy session of Congress. It was the noble promptings of generous hearts to a great benefactor, who had so powerfully and effectively raised his arm to avert the threatened blow to our glorious Union; and the spontaneous enthusiasm created by the announcement that Henry Clay was in a few hours to be in our midst could not be repressed.

He arrived about 9 o'clock, amidst the firing of cannon, the ascent of rockets, and the blaze of bonfires. He had chosen to come in the night to avoid all public demonstration, but, as he said, in substance, in the few remarks he made to the vast concourse which greeted him on his arrival, the friendship of his neighbors was too vigilant for all his precautionary steps.

When he descended from his carriage, three loud and long continued cheers went up from the immense multitude who had gathered in front of the Phoenix Hotel. In a few moments he appeared upon the balcony, and briefly addressed the people in that style and with that voice which never fails to produce an electrifying effect. He said that he came home, after his long absence, with feelings far different from those which at times he experienced at Washington, in regard to the safety of the Union, and with it the liberties of the country. But all was now over, and he rejoiced with them in the deliverance from danger. In concluding, Mr. Clay said that he was glad to see them all again—and here he pointed his finger towards Ashland in a manner so irresistibly comic that for some time not a word could be heard from him. When silence was restored, he said that glad as he was to see them, there was an old lady about a mile and a half off, with whom he had lived for more than fifty years, whom he would rather see than all of them, and he retired amidst general, loud and long continued cheering.

We have seldom seen him in finer health or better spirits. And certainly we have never known him to return among us when his return produced so deep and intense emotion. It was no homage to power—no sycophantic adulation to the trappings of office, but the spontaneous tribute of respect and devotion to an aged patriot, whose every pulsation seems to be for his country.

On Thursday, Mr. Clay visited the Fair, and another shout from the congregated multitude attested the affectionate regard in which he is held by his admiring countrymen.

### Lexington Observer.

#### The Arctic Expedition.

Boston, Sept. 26.

The schooner Isabella, arrived at Newburyport yesterday, heard just before her departure, that some Esquimaux Indians had picked up a cask, inside of which was a tin canister, containing papers, which were brought into Indian Harbor, to Capt. Norman's trading post, about the 20th of July. The papers were said to contain information relative to the expedition of Sir John Ross, but the nature of the information Capt. Dodge could not learn, as they were sent to Sandwich Bay under seal, to be shipped to England by the schooner Escort of London, bound home, with salmon and furs. Capt. Dodge touched off Cape Breton Island, and found the inhabitants in great affliction, mourning over the destruction of their potato crop, their principal reliance for sustenance.

**Steamboat Accidents.**—As the steamer New England No. 2, was starting out on her upward trip she was run into by the boat at Bissell's Ferry, and had her starboard wheelhouse crushed, her starboard pitman broken, and her plumper block knocked down.

As the steamer Ocean Wave, in her downward trip last Thursday, was coming under the bridge at Peoria, the draw gates were shut upon her and she was forced against one of the piers, entirely tearing off, in the accident, her starboard wheelhouse, and shattering her guard and other portions of the starboard side. She was detained eight hours for repairs. St. Louis, Int., 30th.