

# GALLIPOLIS JOURNAL.

"Truth and Justice."

THE JOURNAL

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## THE JOURNAL.

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My Old Coat.

Translated from Beranger.

Stick to me still, old coat, beloved though poor!

Alike we feel this coming on of age;  
Ten years my hand hath brushed thee—  
and what more

Could have been done by Socrates  
the sage?

If cruel Fortune to thy threadbare stuff  
Should never encounters send,  
Like me, philosophize, to make thee  
tough:

We must not part, old friend!

Good is thy memory: I remember well  
The very time when first I chanced to  
don thee:

My birthday was it, and our pride to  
swell,

My comrades, singing, heaped  
appluses on thee.

Despite thy seedy, creditable air,  
Their arms they still extend:  
And still for us their kindly fetes  
prepare:

We must not part, old friend!

Thou hast a patch behind—I see it yet—  
Still, still, that scene is treasured in  
my heart:

Feigning one night to fly the fond  
Lissette,

I felt her hand forbid me to depart.  
This outrage tore thee; by her gentle  
side

I could not but attend—  
Two days Lissette to such long work  
applied:

We must not part, old friend!

Song.

Air—"Bonnie Doon."

Father, my heart with thee has strayed,  
And sought an earthly idol here!  
Hope's wild vision round me played—  
It left my heart so cold and drear!

Take thou my erring spirit back,  
Revive it, Father, by thy smile!  
The storms which swept its earthward  
track.

Dimmed its resplendent light  
the while!

Thus like a tempest driven back,  
On ocean's cold and restless wave  
I sink and rise! What visions dare  
Hide the sure refuge of the grave!

Thou, whose beloved son didst tread,  
The darkest paths of human woe,  
Spare us the throbs of grief, the dread  
The wasting care we shrink to know.

RICH.—An exchange says, when  
Jenny Lind first appeared at the Ladies'  
ordinary, at the Irving House, New  
York, she had no comb in her hair while  
every other lady wore a comb. The  
next day she said she wished to dress  
like American ladies, and went to dinner  
with a comb in her hair. On glancing  
up and down the table, not a comb was  
to be seen.

Paper from tow is stated to have been  
invented and made, at Berlin, so difficult,  
if not impossible to be counterfeited,  
that it will supercede all other fabrics  
for bank notes, stamps, &c.

The way to be happy, is to pay the  
Printer, love the gals, and always walk  
in the sunshine. The latter will keep  
you in spirits, and the former in good  
appetite.

A fugitive slave lately appeared to  
two leading abolitionists for aid, and re-  
ceived from one five and the other six  
cents! This is nearly as bad as hiding  
fugitives in the cellar, setting them out  
to sawing wood, and cheating them out of  
their breakfast.

Weak doses of washboard are now  
recommended by physicians for ladies  
who complain of dyspepsia. Young  
men troubled in the same way can be  
cured by a strong preparation of wood  
shaving.

Lady Suffolk, the celebrated race-  
ing, has won \$40,000 for her master, who  
purchased her, originally, for \$112—  
She is now 13 years old, and valued at  
\$25,000.

Both the Mississippi and Wisconsin  
rivers are frozen over so as to bear load-  
ing wagons, at Prairie du Chien.

## THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

Self laudation has become promi-  
nent as an element of American  
character. The rapid growth and  
almost unprecedented expansion  
of our political and commercial im-  
portance form themes upon which  
our countrymen build theories, or  
advance speculations concerning the  
"manifest destiny" of American prin-  
ciples and American power; trust-  
ing forward upon every occasion,  
till their idolization of country has  
passed into a proverb. Whether we  
view this subject in the light of  
our past history, or examine it in a  
spirit of vain glory or exuberant pa-  
triotism, we are alike liable to leave  
the regions of sober sense, and soar  
aloft upon the wings of an excited  
imagination. Speculations concern-  
ing our political influence upon other  
countries, or adulatory expres-  
sions relative to our present position  
as a nation, form appropriate themes  
for Fourth of July orations, to that  
purpose we willingly confine them.

The present attempt to note a single  
item in the future of our beloved  
country, is undertaken in no such a  
spirit. Ours is not a destiny, in  
which speculation form a basis, nor  
is it one in which theory takes the  
place of reality. It is an end point-  
ed out by the truthful hand of practical  
wisdom; the evident tendency  
of our great system of labor and en-  
terprise which is now unfolding it-  
self in rapid strides.

Our history, thus far, has been one  
of progress. Brilliant, like the mete-  
or, we have moved forward majestic  
as the mighty comet, till our scintilla-  
tions of liberty have enlightened the  
world. So rapidly has the re-  
public, yet scarce a generation old,  
assumed importance and respect,  
that enemies have attributed to us a  
preconsciousness that argues a speedy  
downfall. Lovers of the "hereditary  
right" prophecy our approaching  
end. The growth of American in-  
dustry, enterprise and power, con-  
tains no element of precocity. Our  
country is yet in its infancy. Her  
advancement is but the legitimate  
consequence of a proper appreciation  
of republican institutions. While  
to the eyes of monarchical Europe  
she seems to have sprang, Minerva-  
like, completely armed, from the  
head of her British Jupiter, we be-  
hold nothing but a vigorous growth,  
the spontaneous up-springing of a  
living acting principle.

America contains within herself  
the germ of her prosperity. "Liberty,"  
says another, "is the American  
policy; liberty is her glory." A truer  
sentiment has seldom fallen from the  
lips of an American. Liberty, in  
the true sense of the word, is at  
once, not only the policy and glory  
of America, but in a more exalted  
view, it may be said to be the very  
altar from which the orations of her  
free people ascend to the God of the  
Universe. Republican principles are  
but developing the internal resour-  
ces of her exhaustless fountain of  
wealth and power. The contemplation  
of what we have been, and  
what we are, pictures on the dark  
back ground of the future, what we  
must and shall be. Comparatively  
but a small portion of our extensive  
territory is at present inhabited, and  
even that is but thinly populated.—  
Yet see the immense resources with-  
in these few acres. Electricity and  
steam are careering over it, playing  
a fearful game of strength and speed.  
An iron net-work of railway binds  
manufactures and commerce; a single  
thread of wire brings the remotest  
parts of our country within a  
flash of each other; a stronger than  
triple bars of brass cements our  
union, and fastens it round with  
bonds of intelligence, and might.—  
The fabrics from our clattering mills,  
moved by every stream in the land,  
borne on the swift wings of the dar-  
ling steamer, that pushes its prow  
through our many rivers ere they  
are a day old find themselves toss-  
ing upon the waves of the wild At-  
lantic. Yet, there is a power be-  
hind all these; an agency so intima-  
te, combined with others, so acting  
upon them all, as to become indispen-  
sable as a motive power—the Archi-  
medean lever with which this new  
republic has moved a people of un-  
cultivated forests and barbarous peo-  
ple—the press. Every village has  
its newspaper; every party its organ;  
and every author its publisher. How  
eagerly the public seize upon the  
sheet yet damp from the press, to  
absorb themselves with events  
which eleven days before were  
transpiring three thousand miles  
away. In a country where every  
fourth man is a public writer; every  
tenth man an inventive genius;  
every twelfth man a public orator;  
and every man a living volcano of re-  
sistless energy and insatiable ambi-

tion, it is not strange that in pictur-  
ing its future we become enthusias-  
tic.

The present position and circum-  
stances of our country are but an  
earnest of what she is yet destined  
to become. The pathway to her  
present eminence was through no  
flowery fields of ease, or bright gar-  
dens of luxurious repose. The child  
of persecution, from the first, the  
strong hand of tyranny was upon  
her. In infancy the syren song of  
despotism lulled her to repose, till,  
like Hercules, in fabled story, she  
crushed the viper sent to destroy  
her, and stood alone. It was by the  
development of her own internal re-  
sources. Not by the old and slowly  
accumulating process of ages past,  
but by a new and bolder way.—  
By creating means as circumstances  
require them; by shaping events to  
meet the wants of the age; by untir-  
ing industry and unconquering per-  
severance, and by individual energy  
of her resistless and unsatisfied pub-  
lic mind. When we see what has been  
accomplished in so short a space of  
time, with nought but mind and skill  
to plan and to carry forward, what  
will be the result when the same  
mind, skill and energy, aided by the  
developed and developing resources  
of science, knowledge and wealth is  
applied to that vast expanse of our  
domain, hardly yet reclaimed from  
its original owners?

The pursuit of wealth is another  
characteristic of our country and  
age. Its application to our country-  
men, has become universal, and we  
are half suspected of carrying about  
us a talisman that converts every-  
thing we touch into gold. To this  
practice, disreputable only when car-  
ried to excess, we owe much, if not  
all, to our national greatness. This  
haste to be rich has opened a new  
era upon the world—the era of la-  
bor. The epoch of idleness, when  
bloodshed and a worthless aristocra-  
cy of birth and a hereditary wealth  
of broad acres and slavish vassalage,  
was held in check only by the strong  
arm of despotism, has given place to  
the age of labor, where the only  
aristocracy is that of honest toil, and  
the only wealth that bequeathed to  
the earnest and enduring laborer,  
upheld and sustained by a free govern-  
ment. Labor is the richest blessing  
a country can possess. Without it  
there can be no wealth, nor enjoy-  
ments. Destitution, misery and  
want reign where there is no labor.  
It is a people's greatest treasure,  
and it has given to our institutions  
their firmest prop—an enlightened  
and labor-loving citizenship. The  
universal desire after riches, which  
has become so engrained upon our  
population, although it often leads  
its votaries to irremediable ruin, yet,  
like other pursuits which become  
evils only when abused, has been  
turned to some good account. It has  
made us eminently a nation of la-  
borers; that labor has raised our na-  
tion to its present position; entailed  
upon it a hardy race of laborized  
supporters and bequeathed to us a  
destiny which laborious toils and  
painful effort only can fulfil.

Our form of Government fosters  
and protects this spirit. With the  
conventionalities of rank thrown off,  
each man may aspire to equal his  
neighbor; and wealth being within  
the reach of all, each pursues the  
golden bubble as best suits himself.  
The mania for accumulation builds  
our cities; it loads our merchantmen  
and sends our caravans to whiten  
every sea; it drives our mills and erects  
our manufacturing villages; it hur-  
ries our inhabitants across the coun-  
try, breathless in its pursuit; it anni-  
hilates time and space, and fastens  
to a single thread of wire the whole  
artillery of heaven. In this very  
pursuit of wealth lies the grand se-  
cret of our unparalleled prosperity.  
The acquisition of territory—the de-  
sire for national wealth in broad  
land and extensive domain, entangled  
us in war, at least questionable in  
its justice. The result of that war  
has opened to the world a treasure-  
house, inexhaustible in its supply,  
and to our money loving population,  
a new mode of satisfying their de-  
sires in the gold placers of Califor-  
nia. The intimation which has led  
so many respectable men into this  
dangerous and uncertain search for  
gold, is greatly to be deplored; yet,  
when the effect which it is evident-  
ly destined to produce upon the des-  
tiny of the country is taken into con-  
sideration, it becomes almost a mat-  
ter of regret that it was not sooner  
opened to our energy and persev-  
erance.

West of the Rocky Mountains  
lies a vast extent of territory, equal  
in all respects and superior in many  
to the soil this side of them.—  
The resistless energy of American  
character and influence is already  
beginning to be felt there. Farther

on, and beyond this region borders  
a great ocean. Within and across  
that ocean we find an archipelago  
and continent. From those islands  
and that continent emanates the most  
extensive trade in the world. Hither-  
to that trade has been the property  
of other nations, carried on across  
a vast extent of ocean, and occupy-  
ing a long period of time in the  
transportation. But the moment is  
at hand, when a change is to be  
made in the direction of that com-  
merce. The money-genius of America  
that has overcome so many obsta-  
cles, will soon employ its energies  
upon that object. America is des-  
tined before many years to become  
the grand carrying place between Eu-  
rope and the East Indies. American  
ships will transport the merchandise  
across the Pacific; American rail-  
roads will carry the same goods  
from one side to the other of her  
own continent; and American ves-  
sels will again receive them to bear  
them over another ocean to their  
place of destination.

Cities will spring up on the shores  
of the Pacific; railroads will cross  
those Western prairies in all direc-  
tions; the clatter of machinery will  
be heard along the streams of Ore-  
gon; the lightning will speed across  
the Rocky Mountains; and the Sab-  
bath stillness of those wide-spread  
solitudes will resound one day in the  
week to the echo of the church-going  
bell. Then who will say that Califor-  
nia emigration, as forming a nu-  
clear around which may cluster  
one out of the vast mercantile road  
which America is destined to become,  
will not be of advantage?

This is no vision of a heated imagi-  
nation. Already the grand project  
is on foot. A railroad to the Pacific  
is no longer a visionary scheme.—  
Men of mind and men of influence  
have given it their attention, and  
pronounced it practicable; every one  
sees its importance, and it will be con-  
structed. Many plans for its accom-  
plishment are already before the pub-  
lic, awaiting only the sanction of pub-  
lic acceptance to be carried out. The  
immense trade of the Pacific; China  
and Asia itself, will eventually reach  
Europe mainly by way of America.  
The natural energy of our inhabi-  
tants will not allow this matter long-  
er to remain unquestioned. With  
the wealth of India flowing into our  
coffers, and our immense western  
world filling up with republicans,  
what American citizen can contem-  
plate the destiny of his country with-  
out feelings of pride and satisfaction!

Many years may, and probably  
will elapse, before this will be ac-  
complished. Generations of men  
may yet pass away, but come it  
will and come it must. The grand  
idea which led Columbus across the  
ocean—even so many years after he  
has gone to his last account, will  
eventually be carried out. The  
search of a nearer passage to the  
wealth of the eastern world, which  
gave a new continent to the old  
hemisphere, will finally be rewarded.  
The grand problem which Colum-  
bus based on the rotundity of the  
earth, after so many centuries have  
passed away, and the continent he  
discovered in attempting to establish  
it, rivals the one which holds his as-  
hes, in wealth and power, shall be tri-  
umphantly solved.

What a thought it is, that after  
so many ages have notched their  
passage upon time's eternal calendar,  
and the very names of those who  
sought this great blessing have gone  
into oblivion, that strangers, foreign  
both to the discoverers and discover-  
ed, shall accomplish the idea which  
led them to peril wealth, reputation,  
and life itself. Little did Colum-  
bus imagine, when unknown to him-  
self, even, he discovered a new con-  
tinent, that so many years after,  
when his bones had decayed in the  
grave, a new race of beings spring-  
ing up almost in a single night, ac-  
tuated by motives of selfishness alone  
should solve the problem, the very  
proposition of which brought upon  
him ridicule and persecution. But  
such are the inscrutable ways of  
Providence. Never, perhaps, has the  
oft-quoted passage from the world's  
master-hand, been applied with more  
truthfulness than in this connection:  
"There is a divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

This, then, shall be the destiny of  
America: To carry out the project  
conceived by the bold Genoese, and  
attempted by his hardy crew, of  
discovering a shorter passage to the  
wealth of the Indies.

OLD FILES.—On New Year's day,  
the editor of the Washington (Pa.) Re-  
porter was presented by a subscriber,  
with complete files of that paper for the  
seventeen years immediately preceding  
1831. The editor was very glad to  
present the gentleman, in return, with a  
receipt for the paper for seventeen years  
in advance.

## Isabella II, of Spain.

The letters written by the young  
Queen Isabella are the most charm-  
ing things in the world; to say not  
only her courtiers, but her enemies,  
and those who have read them, de-  
clare that if her Catholic Majesty  
was not Queen of Spain, she would  
very certainly be a blue stocking.  
Besides, although a sovereign, or  
rather because she is a sovereign Is-  
abella II, is a veritable lioness; not a  
lioness as understood in the fashiona-  
ble world, but in the true accepta-  
tion of the word, a lioness like the  
noble partner of the king of the forest.  
If the young Queen ever loses  
her crown, she will not do it with-  
out having defended it sword in  
hand. She fences like Griser, and it  
is her favorite amusement.

This is the way she employs her  
time. At three o'clock, not in the  
morning, but in the day, she rises.—  
As soon as dressed, and her toilette  
is the least of her occupations, she  
orders a very elegant, light equipage,  
a present from her royal sister  
of England, and goes out alone;  
but sometimes she is accompanied by  
her husband, to his great despair and  
terror, for he believes it a miracle  
every time he re-enters the palace safe  
and sound, for the young Queen is  
her own driver, and generally urges  
on her horses to their full speed.

She dines at 5 o'clock, eats very  
little and very fast, and as soon as  
her repast is finished, she exercises  
some time with the sword, then she  
mounts her horse and takes a ride.  
These exercises ended, she becomes  
a young and pretty woman; she dances,  
sings, and in fact, takes all the  
possible pleasure of her sex and age.  
But when one o'clock strikes, the  
Queen re-appears, and Isabella as-  
sembles her council, over which she  
presides in person. The council is  
prolonged more or less according to  
the gravity of the affairs discussed.  
When she perceives that, without  
respect to her, sleep has invaded the  
brains of her councillors, she sends  
them home, and remains till seven o'-  
clock in the morning, the hour at  
which the Prince, her husband, rises,  
and then alone she retires to bed.

To these details, which are perfect-  
ly exact, we give a trait which per-  
fectly points the character of this  
young woman.

A few weeks ago, as she was go-  
ing to attend a State ceremony, the  
Queen left the palace in the royal  
carriage, escorted by all her suite.—  
A young officer, belonging to one of  
the first families of Castile, rode by  
the side of her Majesty's carriage.—  
About half way, he fell from his  
horse, and was killed on the spot.—  
The Queen showed no sign of emo-  
tion; but ordered the cortege to pro-  
ceed, without paying any attention  
to the event. On her return, she  
ordered the young officer's horse to  
be brought to her. The courtiers  
opposed her wishes, telling her that  
the horse was old and vicious. She,  
however, would listen to no opposi-  
tion, and the horse was brought.—  
When she saw him in the court,  
she descended, and in spite of the  
supplications of the King and her  
terrified courtiers, she mounted him,  
made him gallop, trot, pace, walk,  
and, in fact, obey her will as if he  
had been the most expert of grooms;  
then, when she re-entered the pal-  
ace, she said with the greatest sang  
froid, "You see very well it is only  
awkward people who get killed."—  
This was the only notice she took of  
the unfortunate young officer.

I could relate many such stories,  
showing Isabella II to be less a wo-  
man than a Queen, and less a Queen  
than a woman.

One day last month, from surprise  
to almost noon, the people of St.  
Paul, Minnesota, witnessed one of  
the most superb solar exhibitions ever  
yet seen. Three suns of equal  
brightness, and too dazzling for the  
naked eye, apparently rose at once,  
in the horizon, and the ground being  
covered with snow, poured a deluge  
of light, by far more intense than is  
usually witnessed. A stream of  
powerful refracted rays was blazing  
down from the real sun of the centre,  
like the blazing beard of a fiery com-  
et while on each side of the sun, like  
the segments which form a paren-  
thesis—thus ( ) hung a brilliant sun-  
dog, with a local point in the centre  
of each, intensely luminous, so that  
these two suns, the offspring of the  
true sun by refraction, shone in equal  
splendor, all in a row with the great  
Father of Light.

CAN'T BE BEATEN.—There is a  
family in Muskingum co., containing  
fourteen children. The husband is  
72 years old and the wife 42; the  
ages of the children being 21, 20, 19,  
16, 14, 12, 10, 9, 8, 6, two boys,  
twins, 4 years, and two daughters,  
twins, seven months old, which we  
think bears off the palm.

## The Green Bay Advocate of the 24th ult., has news from Lake Supe- rior, derived from Mr. W. H. Stevens, who came across the country from Green Bay, on his way to Washing- ton.

"The mines are represented as  
doing well this year. Fifteen hun-  
dred tons of copper have been ship-  
ped, of which the Cliff Mine, the  
largest, shipped 800 tons. The  
whirlwind of speculation and fraud  
has now passed over, and there are  
no 'fancy' operations; and every com-  
pany organized has got a real loca-  
tion, and is doing an actual business  
in getting out copper.

"One of the greatest expenses in get-  
ting the copper ready for shipping is in  
the cutting it up into moveable masses,  
which is effected by a tedious process,  
with chisel and hammer. Various have  
been the expedients devised to facilitate  
this operation. The miners are now  
about trying a new plan; they are con-  
structing a gigantic furnace to melt the  
masses and cast them in such pieces  
as can be handled.

The traces of ancient mining continue  
to be found, and in greater numbers  
and extent, and these prove of great  
service to the miners of the present day,  
by directing to the best locations, and  
in prospecting the mine excavations  
which could only be effected in years of  
labor. The people there estimate their  
age to be at least two thousand years.

In regard to the route from Green  
Bay, the Advocate says:—"A road from  
Green Bay to the most southerly point  
of Keeweenaw would be less than 200  
miles in length, and while it would  
shorten the travel over the present route  
at least 100 miles, would open one of  
the most beautiful and fertile sections  
in the Union—a section which will re-  
main unknown and uncultivated until  
such a road is opened by the govern-  
ment. The Lake Superior people need  
it most especially for procuring sup-  
plies, driving cattle, &c. The traveller  
finds the whole distance to within a few  
miles of Lake Superior abounding in  
every resource which will make a coun-  
try wealthy and prosperous. Clear,  
beautiful lakes are interspersed, and  
these have plenty of large trout and  
other fish. Mr. S. informs us that  
speckled trout a foot in length, are found  
in them. Water and water powers are  
every where to be found, and the timber  
is of the best kind—maple groves,  
beech, oak, pine, &c.

"Slavery among the Germans."

We feel it to be our duty to define  
our position in relation to the subject  
of Slavery. There are several men in  
the Valley of the Salt Lake from the  
Southern States, who have their slaves  
with them. There is no law in Utah to  
authorize Slavery, neither any to pro-  
hibit it. If the slave is disposed to  
leave his master, no power exists there,  
either legal or moral, that will prevent him.—  
But if the slave chooses to remain with  
his master, none are allowed to interfere  
between the master and the slave. All  
the slaves that are there appear to be  
perfectly contented and satisfied. When  
a man in the Southern States embraces  
one faith, and is the owner of slaves,  
the church says to him, if your slaves  
wish to remain with you, and to go with  
you, put them not away; but if they  
choose to leave you; or are not satisfied  
to remain with you, it is for you to sell  
them, or to let them go free, as your  
own conscience may direct you. The  
church on this point assumes not the  
responsibility to direct. The laws of  
the land recognize slavery; we do not  
wish to oppose the laws of the country.  
It is a sin in selling a slave, let the  
individual who sells him bear that sin,  
and not the church. Wisdom and  
prudence dictate to us this position, and  
we trust that our position will hence-  
forth be understood.—Frontier Guar-  
dian.

AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM.—In Munich,  
Germany, all the boys found in the  
streets asking alms, are taken to an  
asylum established for the purpose.—  
Soon as they enter the doors, and before  
having been cleaned or their dirty  
clothes removed, a portrait of each one  
is taken, representing him in the same  
form as when found begging. When  
the portrait is finished, he is cleaned,  
and presented with a new and neat suit  
of clothes. After going through a regu-  
lar course of education, appointed by  
the directors of the asylum, they are  
put to learn a trade, after they have  
earned enough to liquidate all their ex-  
penses from the first day they entered  
the institution. When this is completed  
they are dismissed from the institution  
to gain their own livelihood.

At the same time the portrait, taken  
when they first entered, is presented to  
them, which they swear they will pre-  
serve as long as they live, in order that  
they may remember the abject condi-  
tion from which they have been redee-  
med, and the obligation which they have  
been under to the institution for having  
saved them from misery, and given  
them the means of feeding themselves  
for the future. Such an institution  
might do good in this country.

Three Englishmen, who had been  
out on a locks buffalo hunt on the head  
waters of the St. Peters, returned to St.  
Paul's Minnesota, on the 10th ult., bring-  
ing intelligence of the massacre of  
twenty-five Western Sioux, by a band of  
the Assiniboine Indians.

## Mrs. SWISSBELL'S OPINION OF THE GREEK SLAVE.—"Every woman should see this statue, look at it a long time, and try to learn the outline of the hu- man form divine. See that beautiful sweeping curve down the side from the armpit to the hip and note the difference between it and a whalebone bodice, with the wedge-like seams now in vogue— note the proportion of the waist to the neck. We regret exceedingly that it is not sometimes exhibited in drapery— that it is not used, in fact, for a model by a fashion-plate artist. Modelists should be compelled to fit their contri- vances on a form of this mould, and then let your sketchers and engravers 'follow copy.' This plan would save an incalculable amount of sarsaparilla, cod liver oil tonic, cosmetic soaps and dyspeptic pills, to say nothing of the coffins, bombazine and crapes. If a young woman had a waist like the Greek Slave, consumption and dyspepsia would go out of fashion, and many other diseases would become decidedly vulgar."

LOST CHILD.—About the latter part  
of November last, a little girl, about  
thirteen years of age, named Mary  
Frances Atkinson, a daughter of the late  
Capt. William Atkinson, left the house  
of her uncle, Thomas Atkinson in Ma-  
son county, Virginia, as is supposed,  
for the purpose of returning to her re-  
latives near Lexington, Mo. Since that  
time, nothing has been heard from her.  
She left without money or any of the  
other necessaries for such a journey.  
Of the causes which led to this de-  
perate effort it is unnecessary to speak.—  
Any one who will restore her to her  
or Mr. John M. Ruffner, Broadway, below  
the Newman House, St. Louis, will be  
liberally remunerated for trouble and  
expenses. JOHN BOTTINS.

The grandfather of the child lives  
near Lexington, Mo., and will make  
good his undertaking.

Lexington (Mo.) Rep.

THE HEROINE, MRS. BAILEY, DEAD.—  
We are indebted to a gentleman, who  
came a passenger last evening in the  
steamer from New London, for the sad  
intelligence, that this old lady was bur-  
ied to death yesterday, at her residence  
in Groton, opposite New London.—  
This fatal accident was caused by her  
clothes taking fire, while her attendants  
were absent. Mrs. Bailey was renou-  
ced for her patriotism in furnishing means  
for the prosecution of the battles of her  
country, and has received many per-  
sonal marks of respect and considera-  
tion from almost all the Presidents and  
distinguished Statesmen who have visit-  
ed New England since the important  
event alluded to. We are not fully  
aware of her age, but understand it to  
be upwards of ninety.—N. Y. Paper.

ROBBERING THE NEW CONSTITUTION.  
—As Judge Holt, member of the  
Constitutional Convention, was a  
quietly sleeping "the midnight hours  
away," at his boarding house (Mrs.  
Perry's) on Western Row, on Tues-  
day night, some villain entered the  
Judge's room and appropriated a  
splendid gold watch worth \$200, a  
pair of gold spectacles, a gold pencil,  
and \$40 in money. The thief has  
not, and probably will not be ar-  
rested until some time after the "Jud-  
iciary Bill" is adopted—under the op-  
erations of which, it is hoped to con-  
vict him.—Cin. Atlas.

The St. Louis Intelligencer of the  
7th instant contains a list of the  
steamboat disasters on Western and  
South Western waters during the  
year 1850. The whole number of  
accidents sum up 124, of which 49  
occurred from sinking, by striking  
snags and other obstructions in the  
river; 13 from collapsing flues; 9  
from explosions; 8 from collisions; 14  
from fire, and 26 from other causes.  
The number of boats lost sum 53—  
Lives, (as near as ascertained) 324,  
of which 8 were the result of collisions,  
45 from collapsing flues, 115 from  
explosions, and 156 from fire.

The St. Louis papers announce the  
arrival of large numbers of the  
citizens of Missouri who went to  
California by the overland route.—  
They returned by the way of the  
Isthmus, and seem perfectly satisfied  
with what they have seen and suf-  
fered.

Recent intelligence from Port au  
Prince, represents the Coffee crop as  
almost a failure—probably falling  
one-half short of an average crop.

Documents have been presented to  
the United States Senate from Mr.  
Todd, American Minister at the  
Court of Brazil, on the slave trade,  
going to show that the American  
flag is used in that infamous traffic,  
and Americans are engaged in it.—  
The Report gives shocking details of  
cruelly practiced by the captains and  
crews of slave traders.

A bill exempting from execution  
and sale one thousand dollars of real  
estate, has passed the Senate of Min-  
nesota. Its fate in the House is not  
yet certainly known, but the suppo-  
sition is that it will pass.