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John Thompson's Daughter.
A fellow near Kentucky's clime,
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she, John Thompson's daughter."

"We've fled before her father's spite,
With great precipitation—
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation."

"They've missed the girl, and purse be-
sides,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit."

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you over the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rains their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew dreary,
Just back a piece, came the police,
Their trampling sounded near.

"Oh, haste thee haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny;
I'll leave the light of lovely eyes,
But not my father's money."

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing place—
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For, by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in
woe,
Across this stormy water,
But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, oh, my daughter."

"Twas vain; they reached the other
shore,
(Such dooms the Fates assign us),
The gold he'd piled went with his child,
And he was left there, mine."

SKATING.—Hastings of the Albany
Knickerbocker, has been skating—
Here is his account of it:

"The skating on Saturday was real
excellent. We put on a pair of 'rock-
ers,' cut two spread eagles, plunged
into an air hole, and then cut for home.
Time—3 min. 2 sec."

THE DESTITUTE EXILES.—We ex-
tract the following from the Journal
of Commerce:

"We visited, a day or two ago,
the wife of a Polish officer, who
fought under Kossuth, but now oc-
cupies the garret of a small house in
a certain central part of the city,
with four children. One chair and a
box constitute the furniture of her
apartment. All the property brought
over with her, had been parted with,
in order to procure food. Even a
part of the children's clothing and
the few articles of bedding, with the
exception of two sheets and a cover-
lid, are in the possession of the pawn-
brokers. The husband is a well edu-
cated man, but the wife says cannot
procure work, and 'Poles cannot
beg.' The wife is a lady, both in
appearance and by birth. She is ill
at present. Cases such as these
should not be left unrelieved."

CHEROKEE LANDS FOR SALE.—The
Cherokees have sent a delegation to
Washington to propose that the
Government shall purchase about
800,000 acres of their lands lying on
the border of Missouri. The prin-
cipal part of the proceeds is to be
applied to the payment of the national
debt, and the remainder will be
added to their already large school
fund.

Origin of "The Magyars" of Hungary in the Fifth Century.

From "Kossuth and his Generals," in press of PINEY & Co.
In the mean time, that portion of the Tartars who had settled near the Ural river, after the conquest of their native land by the Chinese, were becoming a powerful nation. As they increased in numbers, they spread around the Caspian sea, until every tribe on its coast acknowledged their authority. Here they assumed the name of Magyars. Restless and enterprising, they became dissatisfied with their rigorous northern home, and resolved to extend their conquest into a more sunny clime. They were taught, by popular traditions, to believe that the country west of the Euxine, where their renowned kinsman Attila had established a vast kingdom, was of unexampled loveliness and salubrity. Regarding that beautiful land as their inheritance, they were eager to enter upon its possession. The Magyar armies turned the heads of their horses to the west. At every step they were met by fierce and resolute warriors. They passed through the most extraordinary adventures and performed the most incredible feats of arms. Moving slowly toward the Euxine or Black sea—overcoming the nations that opposed their progress, and gaining strength by every victory—they approached the Danube. Beginning in the sixth century, it was not until toward the close of the ninth that they had reached the Carpathian mountains, over which five hundred years before, the victorious hordes of their brethren, the Huns, had passed. In the year 894, the Magyars, under Prince Almos, looked down from the Carpathian crags upon the smiling plains of Hungary. Their army consisted of three hundred thousand warriors—but it was not until the year 900 that the subjugation of the country was finally accomplished. Almos had previously died, and was succeeded by his son Arpad, who was not only endowed with the military genius of his father, but possessed all the qualities of a great statesman.

Scarcely were the Magyars established in Hungary, when their predatory excursions filled the neighboring nations with fear and astonishment. Fortune favored them, and they spread the terror of their arms in all directions. While one army was ravaging Germany, and even making inroads upon France, another was thundering at the walls of Constantinople. Botond, a Hungarian hero, it is said, broke the gates of that city with his club. Conquering all the nations between the Adriatic, Baltic, and Black seas, the Magyars invaded Italy, and fought a battle on the Brenta, in which twenty thousand Italians were slain. The German and the Byzantine emperors, unable to resist their armies, were constrained to conciliate them with gifts of the costliest and most magnificent character. "Oh, Lord! preserve us from the Hungarians!" was the universal prayer, even inserted in the liturgy of the churches throughout southern and western Europe.

DEATH.—Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that tree was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, "This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this is the yeoman, this is the plebeian bran."—*Denne.*

A LIBERAL BEQUEST.—Dr. Thomas Hartford, a man of considerable wealth, formerly of Canton, Ohio, but for some years past a citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa., died recently, and provided in his will, that his "Executor shall leave his property in Ohio until the decease of his wife, and within two years thereafter to sell the same, and the avails thereof to be used for the benefit of the poor of the town of Canton, in the way most likely to do the most good."—The Doctor owned a large tract of valuable land in the vicinity of Canton, and it is thought that if judiciously disposed of, ten thousand dollars might be realized from it.

The Death of Pontius Pilate.

A legend is popular among the people of Vienna concerning the death of Pontius Pilate. The story is of a strange character, and throws a wild and pleasing interest over the locality which commemorates the event. Not far from Vienna is situated a small Roman Tower; its walls are built square, and rise to an unusual height. Its lattice work overlooks the waters of the river, and the lofty shadows of its exterior envelope the abiding gloom, and seems to borrow an additional feature of melancholy from the character of the deed which is presumed to have been enacted there. This place is called the "Tour de Manconsel." Pilate broken in spirit, retired to the tower to indulge in his grief, and to conceal his lamentations from the eyes of his unbelieving people. Here, violently susceptible of the great wrong and wickedness he felt himself to have participated in, in a paroxysm of despair he threw himself from the lofty windows of the tower, and perished in the river. The Swiss have likewise their traditional account of the death of Pilate. At the foot of one of the Alpine mountains, called by the name of Pilate, stands a small lake; its waters are constantly in a disturbed state, and solitude are the leading characteristics of this unfrequented place, which presents but a wild and ill-boding picture to the eye of the traveler. Enfeebled in body, and his mind a prey to ceaseless remorse, Pilate is said to have reached the margin of that lake, and there to have seated himself and drank of its waters. An alien from his country and race without friend or solace, he assigned himself to the bitterness of his reflections, and finally threw himself into the waters at his feet. The tranquility of the scene is said to have changed from that time. The waters are often visited by severe and unaccountable agitations, which the legends say are the writhings of the troubled spirit of Pilate. The adjacent mountains are shadowed all the year through, and the superstitious inhabitants of the district affirm that apparitions are frequently to be seen in the neighborhood; and lamentations are heard upon the winds waking the echoes of the mountain fastnesses. The subject has been before referred to by the English travelers, and particularly allusion is made to it in Hughes' Itinerary.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The London Times has a letter from Captain Penny, which contains a statement in regard to Sir John Franklin, not before made public. It is one in which all who have felt an interest in the missing navigator will regard with interest. Capt. Penny says:

I have lately been at Peterhead (my native place), and have learnt a very important fact, which I am sure you will think of sufficient interest to make known to the public, from my old acquaintance, Captain Martin, who, when commanding the whaler Enterprise, in 1845, was the last person to communicate with Sir John Franklin. The Enterprise was alongside the Erebus in Melville Bay, and Sir John invited Captain Martin to dine with him, which the latter declined doing as the wind was fair to go South.—Sir John, while conversing with Captain Martin, told him that he had five years' provisions, which he could make last seven, and his people were busily engaged in salting down birds, of which they had several casks full already, and twelve men were out shooting more.

To see such determination and foresight at that early period is really wonderful, and must give us the greatest hopes. I asked Captain Martin why he had not mentioned this before. He said that he did not at first think it of any importance, and that when Lady Franklin was at Peterhead about two years ago, he did not like to intrude upon her ladyship, not having the honor of knowing her, during her short stay. He is a man of the strictest integrity, whose word I can depend upon.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN CALIFORNIA.—Our latest California papers say that in the county of Calaveras, there exists an immense cavern, under solid stone, which has been called by the miners of that district, for some time Solomon's Hole. A mining claim has been located at the spot, the cave having been explored to the depth of three or four hundred feet. The cavern is situated on Wadie's Creek, one of the tributaries of the Cooti Creek, and is six miles distant from Carson's Hill.

Don't Waste Your Time.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so favorable a character, that we think it will be productive of good. Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearlstreet, New York, were very intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed. For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that whilst his friend was being the tutor of Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, first acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior, in the store, of the other, and of course ranked over him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much down cast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France, to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, provided I could speak French; but as 'Oul' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child.—What a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. They will put the question all around, out of politeness; and as none of us can parley nous—why, somebody will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning, Tom was called before the firm, and, in glowing terms, were the advantages set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly smiled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation, if you could only speak French; but, as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry—great pity, &c."

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up, in double quick time, for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good ha, ha, ha!

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—and I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so!" but Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."

A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master.

"What!" said he, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, were you studying?"

"Just so; and you know with what success our time has been rewarded."

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst, by throwing away time, another equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—We quoted, says the New York Organ, some time ago from a correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, an interesting account of Gen. Washington, while he was with the army in Morris County, N. J.—The same writer furnishes the following respecting Mrs. Washington, which he obtained from an old family in Whippany, N. J., named Vail. Mrs. Vail's first husband's mother, Mrs. Tuttle, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought even by those who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors was Mrs. Troupe, the lady of a half pay captain in the British navy. She is described as a lady of affable manners, and of intelligence and much esteemed.

One day she visited Mrs. Tuttle, and the usual compliments were hardly passed before she said—"Well, what do you think, Mrs. T? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you, indeed? Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," answered Mrs. Troupe. "I never was so much ashamed in all my life. You see Madame —, and Madame —, and Madame Budd and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant tulle and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting, and with a specked (check) apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for herself and her husband!"

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, it appears that Mrs. Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions, and withal, in such a way that they could not take offence. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments which are often found in princesses and queens. In the relations she occupied, her knitting-work and her check apron were queenly ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen.

Gen. Jackson and Intervention.

The admiration for Gen. Jackson has not passed away, and the influence of his teachings, we may trust, are not all lost among those who, when he was living, prided themselves upon being his admirers. Let them read what he said about the policy of intervention, and be wise in following his teachings. In his fourth annual message, this passage occurs:

"Somebody says, 'it is curious to look back and see what was regarded as great things in those days. Our fathers thought it was a great thing that Franklin could take the lightning from the clouds and spread it on the earth. Now this lightning is turned to the use of man—is converted into an agent to go of errands.'"

"In the view I have given of our connections with foreign powers, allusions have been made to their revolutions or dissensions. It may be proper to observe that this is done solely in cases where those events affect our political relations with them, or to show their operation on our commerce. Further than this, it is neither our policy nor our right to interfere. Our best wishes on all occasions, our good offices when required, will be afforded to promote the domestic tranquility and foreign peace of all nations with whom we have any intercourse. Any intervention in their affairs further than this, even by the expression of an official opinion, is contrary to our principles of national policy, and will always be avoided."

Choice of Trades.

The prejudice against trades keeps many youths from engaging in them who are naturally highly qualified for success as mechanics. A youth, when he is about embarking in some pursuit in life, finds that certain occupations are considered more respectable than others, and, being anxious to secure all the respectability possible, he will reject the trade for which he is eminently fitted and immerse himself in a counting room or an office, notwithstanding the strong protest his nature makes against such imprisonment.

Every one can see that this prejudice against trades is despicable and that it ought to be scouted universally. If there were no such prejudice we should have hundreds of enterprising youths making choice of mechanical pursuits to the manifest advantage of society as well as to their own benefit. The prejudice is very un-American and thoroughly undemocratic. It is inherited from our ancestors of many centuries ago, and is both ancient and contemptible. It is gradually giving way before the advance of common sense is manifest. The old method of judging a man by the pursuit which he follows will, we hope, be superseded by that which regards his qualities of mind and heart. There are thousands of victims to the wretched old prejudice which we are considering now, suffering all the unhappiness which results from ungenial pursuits. The inmates of many offices would be far happier and more successful were they in workshops pursuing those avocations to which their natures, if consulted, would have directed them. Thus are thousands rendered wretched while the community is defrauded by the prevalence of a hoary old prejudice which all men of sense must despise.

THE NEW GRAFT OF AMERICAN STOCK.

We may look upon the Chinese in California as a new graft on our national character and customs, and the estimate of them, by a distinguished man, may be valuable as well as interesting. Prof. Shepherd, recently returned from California, says:

For more than two years I have been conversant, in California, with a large number of that extraordinary people, the Chinese. Invariably have I found them possessed of a happy disposition, very industrious and persevering, patient in the endurance of hardships, faithful in their obligations, and wonderful in imitation. In no case have I discovered any one of them an aggressor in a quarrel, guilty of felony, or intoxicated with drink. They are very eager to gain the language, habits, and customs of the Americans. In the business of gold-digging, I had some contracts with a company of them, executed in their own peculiar mode and hand-writing, which I should have been happy to have presented to the society, had I not lost them, with many other valuable papers, in the wreck of the steamer on my way home. The Chinese are sharp observers, and very solicitous to learn the reasons for, and object of the American mode of worship, so different from their idol-worship in China. In short, there is strong probability that they will soon catch the spirit of our free institutions, and rapidly become Americanized. The same may be said for the Japanese and Hindoos, fortuitously in California.

LETTER WAITING IN CALIFORNIA.

The Alta California says that seventy thousand letters were received at the Post Office in that city by the last arrival from the Eastern States, exclusive of newspapers. About one half of these were directed to offices in the interior, and the other half to San Francisco. The Alta thus describes the delivery of letters:

"From morning until night the office was besieged by hundreds, who stood, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, ranged in long files, which wound around on the platform in such intricate convolutions, stretching around both ends of the buildings, that an unfortunate individual who desired to learn whether there was news for him from home, was not only compelled to spend four or five hours in working his way up to the window in the rain, but ten to one, when half way up, would find himself in the wrong file, to complete his misery."

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, (who resided at a distance, and expected in a short time to be married,) "you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and when you see me next, I think you may see my ribs."

Steamboat Disasters in 1851.

We publish to-day upon the outside page, from the St. Louis Intelligencer, a list of the steamboat disasters on the Western waters during the past year. It is a long and melancholy catalogue, and cries with fearful emphasis against the policy of that party who squander hundreds of thousands annually in profitless discussions, and party legislation at Washington, while the commerce of the West is left to flounder its way unprotected among the snags and over the sand bars, which those wasted thousands would have done so much to remove.

The whole number of accidents of a serious character is forty-six. Of these twenty-six were caused by striking snags and other obstructions in the river. Eight were the result of explosions, six of collisions, five of fire, and the remaining two were boats sunk in a storm. The aggregate loss of life in the 46 disasters, is computed at 227. Of these, nine were the result of sinking, two of fire, sixty-eight of collisions, and 148 of explosions. The greatest loss of life, in any single instance, was at the time of the explosion of the Oregon, in March last, at Island 82 in the lower Mississippi, when from 45 to 50 souls perished. The destruction of property we have no means of ascertaining with any degree of correctness but including all minor accidents it cannot fall short of one million of dollars.

Twenty-six of the disasters, it will be seen, were from snags! If a small portion of the money that has been wasted in Washington annually, had been expended here, these disasters would not have happened.

Let every one read the list, and treasure up its details in remembrance, so that when the politicians who have voted against the improvement of our rivers present themselves again for the votes of the people, the terrible consequences that have resulted from their policy may be brought up in judgment against them, and bring down upon them the condemnation they deserve.

Cincinnati Atlas.

Almost all men of talent, genius, and celebrity have habitually held their heads inclined either to the right or left. Alexander, Caesar, Louis XIV, Newton, Charles XII, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and Byron, all had this habit. Mirabeau, who defied his whole country and race, held his head firm and immovable erect. Napoleon never inclined his head, but looked straight at the battle field, mankind and the world. Robespierre, about whom there are so many opinions, held his head up, but his eyes down, when he addressed the Assembly. Chateaubriand inclined his head to the left shoulder, and looked upward. Beaumarchais looked straight before him, with his chin elevated; but he, like Mirabeau, was persecuted, and persecution aggrandizes and ennoble a man of genius.

It was readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Theristes of Congress—a tongue stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness.—"Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day, "that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and pointing his long, skinny finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out—"rats did I say?—Mice! Mice!"

The following powerful, elegant and classic appeal was made in a Court of Justice, somewhere in the west, by one of the learned heads of the bar:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, do you think my client who lives in Pleasant Valley, where the lands are rich and the soil is fertile, would be guilty of stealing little skeins of cotton? I think not—I reason not—I CALCULATE NOT! And I guess, gentlemen of the Jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty, for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you!"

"Look a here!" said a young lady just commencing to take lessons in painting, holding up a sample of her skill to her mother. "see my painting! you see what this is?" "Ma, after looking at it, for some time, 'Well, I reckon it's a cow or a rose, but I don't know which!'"