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For the Gallipolis Journal,
TO MY COUSIN, M. DODDRILL.

Sorrowing wife of one departed,
Widow, in thy youthful years,
Pensive mourner, gentle hearted,
Thou art oft subdued by tears;
In thy loneliness forsaken,
True hearted as the widowed dove,
Thou dost in my soul awaken
Deepest sympathy and love.
But to thee I am no stranger,
I oft have seen thy face before.
Yet I may go, a weary ranger,
Ne'er to look upon it more;
Yet in many a scene of gladness,
Though unmet by other eyes,
That sweet face in all its sadness,
Will before mine own arise

Thy children, I shall see thee fold them
To thy young and anguished breast,
Telling, what thou oft has told them,
That their father is at rest;
That his dust in silence sleeth,
But his spirit dwelleth where
Tears no more the fond eye weepeth,
And that they shall meet him there!
May they be a light to cheer thee
In the path thou tread'st alone;
May they so love, love, reverse thee—
Him replacing who is gone!
So may'st thou, thy griefs forgetting,
Loved and loving, onward move,
Till with him thou art regretting,
Thou shalt meet in Heaven above.

GLENDORA.

EWINGTON, 1852.

PROPHCY OF NAPOLEON.—The
following is a suppressed passage
from both French and English edi-
tions of Las Casas' Journal:

"Before the sun shall have revolu-
ted many periods round its orbit,"
said the Emperor to me one day, as
we stood viewing the sea from a
rock which overhung the road, "the
whole European system will be
changed. Revolution will succeed
revolution, until every nation be-
comes acquainted with its individual
rights. Depend upon it, the people
of England will not submit to be
governed by these bands of petty
sovereigns—these aristocratic cabi-
nets. I was wrong in re-establish-
ing the order of nobles in France,
but I did it to give splendor to the
throne, and refinement to the man-
ners of the people, who were fast
sinking into barbarism since the re-
volution. The remains of the feudal
system will vanish before the sun of
knowledge. The people have only
to know that all power emanates
from themselves, in order to assert
their right to a share in their res-
pective governments. This will be
the case, even while the boors of
Russia—yes, Las Casas, you may
live to see the time, but I shall be
cold in my grave, when that colos-
sal, but ill-cemented empire will be
split into as many sovereignties—
perhaps republics—as there are
herds or tribes that compose it.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Mon-
day evening, at eight o'clock, the
great feat of walking sixty consecu-
tive hours without sleep or rest was
accomplished by Capt. Tompkins, at
the White Hall, on St. Louis street,
New Orleans. Vast crowds assem-
bled to witness the conclusion of the
performance. The trial was institu-
ted by the Medical Faculty to test
the full extent of Nature's endurance.
For this feat, which has never before
been accomplished, Capt. Tompkins
was awarded the sum of \$5,000.—
So says the New Orleans Daily
Times.

A large petition for the repeal of
the "Maine Liquor Law," has been
presented to the Maine Legislature
from the Town of South Berwick.—
It is the first re-active movement in
relation to the subject that has taken
place in the State.

HON. JOHN WELCH.

The following is an extract from
the late speech of this gentleman in
Congress. We only give such por-
tion as relates to the Tariff:

I wish now to say a few words
upon another subject, which is not,
in fact, connected with this bill at
all, but which has been adverted to
by the gentleman from Massachu-
setts, [Mr. Rantoul]—I mean the
tariff. I cannot for my life see what
connection that has with the subject
under consideration—the construc-
tion of these railroads. The gentle-
man placed his advocacy of this
measure upon the principle that it
would be a great public benefit to
construct this road its entire length,
but, like other gentlemen, fell into
the mistake of taking it for granted,
that if these roads in Missouri were
constructed the balance of the road
would be constructed by the people
themselves. It is true that the peo-
ple have taken this matter in hand;
that they have exerted all their en-
ergies; that they have left no stone
turned. They have resorted to every
means, to taxation, to every
description of bonds—county bonds,
corporation bonds, and railroad
bonds; but, I tell you, you must not
and cannot safely take it for granted
that the middle portions of this road
will be closed up and completed.—
We are just in the condition in which
the man was when he called upon
Hercules to help him out of the
mud. One lift from Uncle Sam,
even with his left hand,—his little
finger, would take us out of the
mire and set us on our feet. It is
not true that there is any reasonable
hope that, within any time not in-
definitely remote, these roads can be
completed by the people unaided.—
Now is the very time to extend to
them this aid. I assure you it would
be most acceptable.

But I was going on to remark,
that it was taking this view of the
question and starting from this point,
that the gentleman from Massachu-
setts branched off on to the tariff,
and made an onslaught upon it, the
pertinency of which I could not see.
If his remarks were in order, it will
certainly be in order for me to reply
to them.

I wish only to notice one or two
propositions, which seemed to be the
sum and substance of all that the
gentleman said in regard to the
tariff. The first proposition of the
gentleman from Massachusetts was
this: that the price of the produce
exported from the United States for
the four years ending in 1842, and
also for the four years ending in
1850, exceeded, by \$125,000,000,
the price of the same articles ex-
ported during the four years that
commenced in 1842. The gentleman
seemed to wish to deduce from this
an argument against the tariff of
1842. That seemed to be the drift
of his argument upon this subject,
throughout. But grant the gentle-
man's facts, and what do they prove?
If it be true, that articles of domestic
produce commanded higher
prices during the last four years than
they did during the middle term,
that proves nothing. You will re-
member that during the period,
prices were regulated, and regulated
at very high notches, by the inflated
state of the currency. During the
latter period, terminating in 1850,
we had, in 1847-'8, the famine in
Europe, and in 1849 we had the
failure of the wheat crop here, and
these facts are sufficient to account
for the fact—if it be a fact,—that
prices were comparatively high dur-
ing this latter period.

The gentleman's estimates of pro-
duce exported during the twelve
years named consisted mainly in the
very large amount of cotton ex-
ported. He has not seen proper to
place in comparison the prices, dur-
ing that period, of the staple arti-
cles of the produce of the North,
such as wheat, flour, and pork. We
all know how it is with cotton.—
The price of that article depends
upon the quantity produced; no
anti-protectionist ever denied that if
you were to take away from the
cotton growers their domestic mar-
ket for cotton, and leave them the
European market alone, that the
effect would be to diminish the price
per pound of cotton. It is not
possible that it should be otherwise,
provided the crop grown were the
same. You cannot eat cotton as
you do wheat. It must all go to
market, the entire crop. It must all
go to the manufacturer, either here
or elsewhere. Now, is it probable
that one market for a crop, all of
which must go to a market, will
afford a better price for that crop
than two markets? Since the enact-
ment of the tariff of 1842 the tables
show that the domestic manufacture
of raw cotton has decreased to the

extent of about 160,000 bales per
year. Of course, if the amount of
cotton grown during that period
was the same as formerly, this ad-
ditional amount would be thrown into
the European market. The question,
then, is, whether the price per pound
would be diminished. As an ab-
stract proposition, no one can deny
that it would have the effect to de-
crease the price per pound. If it be
a fact, that during this latter term of
four years, as the gentleman from
Massachusetts says, the price of
cotton has ranged higher, it must
have depended upon some other
cause—it must have depended upon
the amount of the crop grown.—
But why did not the gentleman
extend his comparison a little fur-
ther? Why not include 1851?—He
saw proper to leave that year out
of his calculation. Why did he not
inquire what was the present price
of cotton, and compare that with
the price at former periods? He has
not seen proper to do so. I will call
the attention of the gentleman to
one sentence from the London
Economist, of a late date—within a
few weeks. In speaking of cotton, it
says:

"Although it [cotton] is now above the rates
of July last, it has been lower but once within
the last ten years."

The purpose of the view taken by
the gentleman from Massachusetts,
evidently was to show that the effect
of the tariff of 1842 was to diminish
the price of domestic produce, and
that the effect of the tariff of 1846
was to increase that price. How
can the gentleman believe that—
Can he look at these tables, which I
must charitably believe he has never
looked at, and come to that conclu-
sion? Let me call the attention of
the gentleman to some extracts from
those tables—I speak particularly of
those contained in the report of the
Secretary of the Treasury during
the present session of Congress.

Mr. Speaker, I was mistaken as to
the character of my abstracts.—
They relate to quantities and not
prices. No tables are needed to
show the present low prices of
breadstuffs as compared with those
of 1846 and 1847. Before calling
attention to my abstracts, then, I
ought to state the gentleman's second
proposition, which was, that the
exports of domestic produce per
year, under the tariff of 1846, had
exceeded those under that of 1842.
I might say, again, what of that?
What does that prove? As I have
already stated, of course, if you
diminish the amount of the domestic
manufacture of cotton one hundred
and sixty thousand bales, that quan-
tity goes to a foreign market, and to
that extent swells the amount ex-
ported. The question, therefore, is,
whether you can find a foreign mar-
ket for that additional quantity.—
That is the difficulty. Cotton must
find a market, if it is only at one
cent per pound. You must put it
into the hands of the manufacturer
and take such prices as he can afford
to give.

Having accounted for the increased
amount of exportation since 1846,
by the fact that 160,000 bales of
cotton, formerly manufactured here,
were sent abroad, I proceed to show
that the amount of exportation of
articles of agricultural produce, other
than cotton, have been greatly and
uniformly diminished by the tariff of
1846, and increased by that of 1842.
The tariff of 1842 did not, to any
extent, get into operation before
1843, nor was its career materially
broken off before 1847. The capital
invested was not withdrawn to
any considerable extent until about
the latter period. But in order to
be fair, I have put the year 1847—
the year of the famine—into each
period, making the first period run
from 1842 to 1847 inclusive, and the
latter from 1847 to 1851 inclusive.
Here is the table:

Value of breadstuffs and provisions
exported annually from 1843 to 1851,
inclusive—omitting fractions.

In 1843	\$11,000,000
In 1844	16,000,000
In 1845	17,000,000
In 1846	27,000,000
In 1847	68,000,000
In 1848	37,000,000
In 1849	38,000,000
In 1850	26,000,000
In 1851	21,000,000

Now here is a regular flight
of steps. You have to go up one set
and come down the other. It is as
plain as argument can make it. It is
like a swell in music. And yet the
gentleman from Massachusetts argues
to Missouri farmers that the quan-
tity of exports of agricultural pro-
duction has increased under the tariff
of 1846, and diminished under the
tariff of 1842. As I remarked, I
am bound charitably to conclude
that he has not looked over these
tables. Commencing with 1843,
the swell increases regularly till

1847, and then diminishes down to
the present time, thus: 68, 37, 38,
26, 21. At 1851 you are almost
brought back again to the original
eleven millions from which you set
out in 1843. If the gentlemen do
not believe that the tariff of 1842
increased the quantity of exports,
here are the figures, and they may
examine them for themselves.

But here is another table: This
gives the entire amount of exports,
including cotton, and also the entire
amount of imports; showing, also,
the amount of specie exported, and
the balance against us, from 1843 to
1847, inclusive, omitting fractions.
These items the gentleman from
Massachusetts has wholly omitted.—
This table shows that the exports
from 1843 to 1847 were:

Domestic produce	\$529,000,000
Specie	23,000,000
Re-exported	32,000,000

Making in all	\$589,000,000
Total imports	568,000,000

Balance, for us \$31,000,000
Showing a balance of \$31,000,000
in our favor, with an exportation of
specie to only \$28,000,000; so that
we might have kept our specie at
home, and still been creditors to the
amount of \$3,000,000.

That is from the period from 1843
to 1847, inclusive. How is it with
the period covered by the present
tariff, from 1847 to 1851, inclusive?
It is as follows:

Total imports and exports from 1847 to 1851,
inclusive, omitting fractions.

Exports—Specie	\$51,000,000
Domestic produce	731,000,000
Re-exported	41,000,000

Total exports	\$823,000,000
Total imports for the same period	\$851,000,000

Balance, against us, \$28,000,000

This balance against us, added to
the \$61,000,000 of specie exported,
makes a total balance against us,
from 1847 to 1851, inclusive, of
\$86,000,000. In the other case,
from 1843 to 1847, inclusive, the
same balance was \$3,000,000 in our
favor. Here is a difference of \$89-
000,000 in the way of debtor and
creditor.

But let me call the attention of
the gentleman from Massachusetts,
[Mr. Rantoul], and of the House, to
another table, and that is the one
which shows the effects of the two
tariffs upon the iron interest.

The importations of iron from
1843 to 1851, inclusive, omitting
fractions, was as follows:

In 1844	89,000 tons.
In 1845	96,000 "
In 1846	69,000 "
In 1847	60,000 "
In 1848	153,000 "
In 1849	289,000 "
In 1850	337,000 "
In 1851	341,000 "

I have not the amount for the
year 1843, but I believe it is larger
than that of the succeeding year.

Here is another musical swell—
steps up, up, and then down again;
and yet the gentleman from Massachu-
setts [Mr. Rantoul] advances an
argument designed to prove—if it
was designed to prove anything—that
the importation of iron has been
diminished by free trade, and increased
by a protective tariff. By this
table, you will perceive the exports
of iron, from '43 to '47 inclusive,
run down from 89,000 tons to 60-
000 tons, and that from '48 to '51
inclusive, they run up from 153,000
to 341,000 tons. That is the impor-
tation of iron alone.

The gentleman from Massachusetts
says, that in 1840 we manufactured
only 295,000 bales of cotton, and that in
1850 we manufactured 641,000 bales.—
For what is that comparison made?
Why, to prove that the tariff of 1846
has increased the amount of the man-
ufacture of domestic cotton. Does the
gentleman believe that proposition? Can
he believe it? The tables will show him,
as I have said, that the domestic man-
ufacture of cotton has fallen off 160,000
bales since 1846. Let him compare the
years 1846 and 1851, and he will see
that there is that difference in favor of
the former year. He says, that the do-
mestic manufacture of cotton has quad-
rupled within the last twenty years.—
Suppose it has, what has effected the re-
sult? The tariffs of 1828, 1832, and
1842. No thanks, for that result, to the
tariff of 1846. Its work has been all in
the opposite direction.

The same may be said of iron, the do-
mestic manufacture of which, says the
gentleman, has in the last twenty years,
increased from 165,000 tons to 627,000
tons. That is the work of our protec-
tive tariffs of 1828, 1832, and 1842.—
The effect of the tariff of 1846 on iron,
is shown by the tables. It increased
the importation from 80,000 tons in
1846, to 341,000 tons in 1851. How
can the gentleman, then, take any credit
to the tariff of 1846, from the increase
of the domestic manufacture of iron dur-
ing the last twenty years? None is
due to it. He had been under its blight-
ing influences during the whole period,

that branch of business would have
flourished and died out, and England
would now be furnishing us all our iron;
and such will be the result, should that
tariff be suffered to continue for twenty
years to come.

But in the midst of the gentleman's
free trade argument, he says, among
other things, "take off your restrictions
and limitations, and let the raw materi-
als come in free." Why, Mr. Speaker,
that is a tariff argument, and not a free
trade argument. What is that but a
restriction and limitation on commerce.—
It is nothing else, unless you propose to
let everything come in free, and to raise
your revenue by direct taxation. I,
too, say, let the raw material come in
free, or, at least, with discriminations
in favor of its importation. That is one
of the two leading principles of a pro-
tective tariff; low duties on raw materi-
als, and higher duties on the manufac-
tured article. Both look to the encour-
agement of the domestic manufacture.
The gentleman favors one, but opposes
the other.

The gentleman's leading idea seems
to be to open up roads to the West, as
a "means" to prevent the springing up
of manufactures in the West. His
means are good, but his end is, in my
opinion, bad. Has it ever occurred to
the gentleman that there is another good
protective tariff doctrine of his? Means
to keep down, or break down, manu-
facturing in the West, for the benefit of
"manufacturers" on the "Eastern
slope"? That doctrine from a free trade
man! What means? Why, to cheapen
and facilitate the transportation. That
is the same, in effect, as it would be to
remove the duties on foreign importa-
tions, and give to them a cheap and free
transit. A tariff of thirty per cent. is an
obstruction between New York and
London. The hills and rocks and riv-
ers are the obstructions between Liver-
pool and Missouri. It has been the busi-
ness of Missouri to use these means to
prevent the establishment of manufac-
tures on our "Eastern slope," for many
years. It has been ours to counteract
the struggle has continued dur-
ing the whole period of our existence
as a nation. I am afraid we are about
to pull down the barriers, and give up
the contest. If we do, the gentleman's
own logic shows that we will be to En-
gland what he wishes to make Missouri
to his manufacturers on the "Eastern
slope"—hewers of wood and drawers of
water—and that, too, without any need
to haul, or water to draw. The East
will then be more agricultural, through
which to carry the agricultural products
of the valley of the Mississippi to Eu-
rope. In that state of things the gentle-
man thinks he sees the future glory of
this country.

Mr. Speaker, my plan is the converse
of all this. I desire, so far as we reason-
ably can, to do our own manufacturing;
to live within our own resources,
and keep out of debt; to husband our
means, and build our own roads with our
own money, and not with money bor-
rowed from England, and for which we
are mortgaging the roads as fast as
made, as well as the lands through which
they pass. I think, Mr. Speaker, that
bankruptcy will be the future of this
country, if we follow out his views.

But I will not follow the gentleman
further. This is no place for a tariff
speech. When a proper occasion oc-
curs, I may say more upon the subject.

HIRAM POWERS.—A statement is
going the rounds of the American
press, that an ingenious and novel
invention of great mechanical impor-
tance, has been lately made by Hiram
Powers. I have recently had the
pleasure of examining the arti-
cle, which is the manufacture of files
by machinery; and the process, like
all great inventions, is equally re-
markable for simplicity and efficien-
cy. The steel is of extremely high
temperature, and the file of greater
thickness than ordinary, and perforated
throughout with small round
holes which let the filings through.
Powers' inventive genius, is as re-
markable as the exquisite taste and
truth which characterize his works
of art.—Cist's Advertiser.

THE PREDICTED FATE OF LOUIS
NAPOLEON.—A Paris correspondent
of the New York Herald writes:

"It is certain that within a month,
the traitor, Louis Napoleon, will be
shot at the Opera, or in the streets,
by some daring man who will sacri-
fice himself upon the altar of his
country. This bloody deed will end
the difficulty; and it is now, at this
epoch, the safest thing to be done in
order to get rid of such an atrocious
ambition." The Paris correspondent
of the Boston Transcript also writes
of Louis Napoleon: "I would bet
\$500 he is a dead man in less than
three months, if he would expose
himself at all. In this case God
only knows what would happen."

It is rather a curious incident, that
when the Americans sent Dr. Franklin,
a printer, as minister to France, the
Court of Versailles sent M. Girard,
a bookbinder, as minister to Congress.—
When Dr. Franklin was told of it, Well,
said he "I'll print the independence of
America, and M. Girard will bind it."

THE DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL.

A SCENE IN NEWARK.

"Can you attend a funeral this after-
noon at 2 o'clock?" inquired a man be-
yond the meridian of life who stood at
my door, with an expression of sym-
pathy upon his countenance—"can you
attend a funeral at the corner of
and—streets? There is a dead man
there, sir, and, altho' he is poor, yet we
do not like to bury him without some
kind of religious services. We should
be very glad, sir, if you could attend."

"I am sorry to say that it is out of my
power to comply with your request," I
replied, "inasmuch as I am previous-
ly engaged to attend a funeral at that
hour in another direction."
"I am very sorry, sir," he replied,
"but after a moment's reflection again in-
quired—"could you not come a little
later if we were to defer it an hour?
Could you not come at 3 o'clock?"
"I think I can," I replied. "At all
events, I will come as near that hour as
possible."

He left me, and at the appointed time
I went to fulfill my first engagement.—
A man of four score years was sleeping
his last long sleep. Relatives and
friends were occupying the comfortable
and well furnished apartments, absorbed
in grief. The services being over, the
lengthy procession moved slowly on-
ward to the peaceful mansion of the dead.
It was not a costly burial, but such as we
could desire for ourselves, plain, sol-
emn, appropriate, nothing extravagant,
yet nothing wanting, and while we felt
that the congeniality also in the place
selected for the last sleep of death, even
our own beautiful and quiet cemetery.

I hastened from these solemn, order-
ly, and appropriate obsequies to obey my
second summons. An open wagon,
with one horse attached, and four or five
individuals were standing near the door.
I felt a chill run through my veins.—
Part of a fearful truth was now revealed.
The keen November wind was blowing,
and the sky wore its gloomy autumnal
aspect, but I feared there was keener
anguish and deeper gloom within. I
entered, and at one glance the tale was
told. It was the funeral of a drunkard.

A small, cold, and desolate chamber
was appropriated for the solemn ser-
vice. Indeed, it was all they had.—
Here for a season had lived, and here
had died, and now from here was to be
buried, a husband and a father, who had
lived and died a drunkard. It was a
dreary place—There in one corner,
upon a rough old rickety table, from
which they had often eaten their cold
and cheerless fare, was placed the cof-
fin, made of rough pine boards, slightly
stained with red, in which was placed
the corpse. He was a man perhaps of
fifty, coarsely clad with grave clothes.—
His countenance, if an index to his state
of mind, bespoke nothing but gloom.—
Around, underneath his head, were
other places, I had often seen the downy
pillow and the rich satin linings, were
stuffed a few of the shavings roughly
taken from the boards which composed
his coffin.

I looked with a spirit almost crushed
within me, first at this new trophy of the
reign of death, and then at the living
scene around me. Both were expres-
sive of the deepest wretchedness. In an
opposite corner, upon a pile of old
clothes rudely thrown together, sat the
unhappy widow, a tall, spare woman,
pale as the corpse before me. Her dark
eyes were large and sunken, and she
was thinly and poorly clad; and as she
sat, she wrung her hands as if to relieve
the agony she felt within, while with al-
most every breath she gave a low, hol-
low, consumptive cough which told me
too plainly that death had marked her
for his victim also. Several little chil-
dren were standing around and beside
the table where the coffin rested, shiv-
ering with cold, and weeping from some
cause whether they understood the
meaning of a father's death or not—and
the tears rolled down their pale and hol-
low cheeks, upon the uncarpeted floor,
in large and briny drops. A few of the
neighbors had gathered to attend the so-
lemn services connected with the fune-
ral. They were seated some on
boxes, others upon an old worn out
trunk, while others stood. It was a
gloomy scene, gloomier than the day
without, and the anguish keener than
the biting blast.

I stood there in the midst of that
group, a minister of Christ. The
Bible was before me—the Bible so
full of denunciations against sin.—
But as I looked around me, it seemed
as if sin had denounced itself. There
were the visible, tangible, heart-rend-
ing fruits of a godless life, and if
possible, the more revolting specta-
cle of godless death, upon all which
seemed written, forsaken, hopeless,
miserable. I strove to direct atten-
tion to the necessity of religion to
preserve us from the vices and mis-
eries of life, and to its holy consolations
to support us under the trials of
our earthly pilgrimage. But I
feared then, and still fear, that it was
too late for such advice. There
were hearts there that had so long
been accustomed to the treachery of
men, so steeped in sorrow and accus-
tomed to sin, that they could hardly
be led to repose confidence in God.
Having commended them to the care
of heaven, and especially to the God
of the poor, the coffin was carried
down the narrow stairway, and the

drunkard's family, half clad, and
shivering in the keen November
wind, was placed in the one horse
open wagon at the door, and follow-
ing the hearse drove lonely and sad
through the streets of our Christian
city, to the Potter's Field, the last
resting place of the friendless poor,
where the drunkard sleeps to-day
unhonored and unknown.—Sentinel.

The following is from the corres-
pondent of the Cincinnati Atlas,
under date of the 11th inst.

This bill, which corresponds in its
main features with the "Maine Li-
quor law," is now before the House,
and when it will be disposed of, no
one can tell. There has already
been much spouting and skirmishing
and divers attempts at wit and smart
sayings among the members, who
consider it a vexed question—a sort
of firebrand thrown in their midst,
which they fear will flay them up.
Their popularity is sadly at stake,
vote which way they will. No one,
I believe, expects it will finally pass.

As a specimen of the wit in which
our grave legislators sometimes in-
dulge, the following is taken from
the minutes of one of the reporters:
Mr. Ward moved an amendment
that liquor might be allowed to per-
sons when they are going to wash
sheep.

Mr. Weller moved to add "or to
persons very hot, or very cold, very
wet or very dry. Agreed to."
Mr. Bushnell proposed that they
wash their sheep every day. Agreed
to.

Mr. Smith, of Stark, moved that
if the Maine Law passed, all the
whisky in the State should be used
in washing sheep. Agreed to.

Mr. Newburg moved to direct the
Chairman of the Temperance Com-
mittee to excuse those members who
were washing sheep to-day, &c.

The bill fixing the salary of the
Governor, came up in the House
this afternoon. The \$2,000 report-
ed in the bill was stricken out.—
Motions were then made to fill the
blank with \$2,500—lost; with \$2-
200—lost; with \$1,900—lost; with
\$1,800—lost; with \$1,700—lost;
with \$1,600—lost; with \$1,500—
lost.

Mr. Waller moved to insert \$2 a
day and roast beef. Out of order.

Mr. Houk moved to insert \$1 a
day for the time actually employed.
Out of order.

Mr. Deming moved to amend by
farming out the office to the lowest
bidder. Out of order.

A motion for reconsideration was
then made, and the motion was laid
upon the table. N.

THE MORMONS.—