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[For the Gallipolis Journal.]  
CHARITY.  
13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians.  
Sweet charity, who art of heavenly birth,  
Descend not down with mortals here on earth;  
May they be taught to know thy precious worth,  
For nothing can compare with thee on earth.  
The soul that charity doth ever fill,  
Vaineth not itself, thinketh no ill,  
Is ever ready to forgive a brother,  
And never speaketh evil of another.  
If hidden mysteries we could unfold,  
Had knowledge vast and mighty, yet untold,  
If charity is wanting in the heart,  
We surely have not chose the better part.  
The gift of angel's tongues cannot avail,  
If thou in charity shouldst ever fail;  
Give all thy words with those in need,  
Is not the charity which we plead.  
Although thy faith could ever mountains move,  
It all were nothing if thou lackest love;  
The saint may suffer martyrdom in vain,  
If charity doth not his heart contain.  
Charity suffereth long; seetheth none,  
Seeketh the good of others, not her own;  
Endureth all things, hopeth unto the end,  
Whether it be of enemy, or friend.  
Sweet charity how beautiful thou art,  
Why best thou image dwell in every heart;  
More precious than than rubies, all must own,  
And better than great riches or renown.  
But floods of sorrow o'er the heart should roll,  
Let charity pervade, and guide the soul;  
Soon we shall leave this ever varying scene,  
And love immortal then will be our theme.  
Those 'loves' magnificent that roll around  
In airy clouds, with views so profound,  
But pleasanter it is to all to know  
That charity doth make a heaven below.  
Thou great eternal, infinite, sublime,  
O guide us through the stormy path of time;  
May charity and love in all abound,  
And war and carnage cease the earth around.  
ZILFHA.  
WILKESVILLE, Ohio, May 11, 1853.

Spare My Heart from Growing Old.  
Old time, I ask a boon of thee—  
Thou'rt stripped my heart of many a friend,  
T'ken half my joys and all my grief—  
Be just for once to make amends:  
And, since thy hand must leave its trace,  
Turn locks to gray, turn blood to cold,  
Do what thou wilt with form and face,  
But spare my heart from growing old.  
I know thou'lt taken from many a mind  
Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,  
And only lingering left behind  
O'er wit experience, bitter lore.  
'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,  
Feel wit grow dim and memory cold—  
Take these, old time, take all away,  
But spare my heart from growing old.  
Give me to live with friendship still,  
And hope and love till life be o'er—  
Let be the first the final chill  
That bids the bosom bound no more.  
That so, when I am passed away,  
And in my grave the slumbering cold,  
With fond remembrance friends may say  
"His heart, his heart grew never old!"

The Fun of Riding in the Stage.  
Creeping through the valley,  
Crawling o'er the hill,  
Splashing through the branches,  
Rumbling by the mill;  
Putting rogues 'goumen'  
In a towering rage;  
What is so provoking  
As riding in a stage?  
Feet are interlacing,  
Heads severely bumped;  
Friend and foe together  
Get their noses thumped;  
Dresses act as carpets—  
Listen to the sage,  
'Life is but a journey'  
Taken in a stage.  
Spinners 'fair and forty,'  
Maiden in youthful charms,  
Suddenly are cast in—  
To their neighbor's arms!  
Children shoot like squirrels  
Darting through a cage—  
Isn't it delightful,  
Riding in a stage?  
Bonnets crushed around us,  
Hats' lock wore for wear,  
Teeth, at each concussion,  
Fly to take the air;  
Shrieking maiden ladies,  
Peep a certain way,  
Groan forlornly—'Dreadful  
Riding in a stage!'  
Jolled—thumped—distorted—  
Racked, and quite distracted—  
'Oh! cries one, 'what duties  
Ours are laid on corn!'  
Mad, disgraced, angry,  
In a sweating rage,  
'Tis the very mischief,  
Riding in a stage!

How To Manage Temptation.—  
Some years since, three Indians in the  
neighborhood of Green Bay became  
converts to temperance, although pre-  
viously surpassingly fond of the "brain  
thief." Three white men formed the  
charitable resolution of trying to draw  
them back. Placing a canteen of whis-  
ky in their path, they hid themselves in  
the bushes to observe the effect. The  
first Indian recognized his old acquaint-  
ance with an "ugh!" and making a high  
step, passed on. The second laughed,  
saying, "me know you," and walked  
round. The last one drew his tomahawk  
and dashed it in pieces, saying,  
"ugh! you conquer me, now I conquer  
you!"

"Bob, where is the State of Matrimony?"  
"It is one of the United States. It is bounded  
by laughing and kissing on one side, and babies  
and cradles on the other. Its chief products  
are population, broomsticks, and staying out  
late o' nights. It was discovered by Adams and  
Eve in trying to find a North-Western passage  
out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you  
pass the tropics of house-keeping, when equal  
ly weather sets in, with sufficient power to keep  
all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the prin-  
cipal roads leading to this interesting State,  
consult the first pair of blue eyes you run  
against."

Here is the way they argue the question  
down south, as the reader will see by the fol-  
lowing extract from the Mobile Evening News.  
There is more in it than meets the eye at the  
first glance:  
The more vice, the fewer marriages. Destroy  
our brothels, and in less than six months there  
would not be an old maid in the country! Im-  
morality is a procreant of bachelors as it is  
of misery and full-boxes.

WASHINGTON'S COURTESHIP AND MAR-  
RIAGE.  
Beautifully situated on the banks of  
the Paumunkey, is the mansion known  
as "the White House." It stands on  
the site of the one in which Washington  
was married. From Custis's Life of  
Mrs. Martha Washington, we extract  
the account of his courtship and mar-  
riage:  
It was in 1758 that Washington, at-  
tired in a military undress, and attended  
by a body servant, tall and militaire as  
his chief, crossed the ferry called Will-  
iam's, over the Paumunkey, a branch of  
York River. On the boat touching the  
southern or New Kent side, the soldier's  
progress was arrested by one of those  
personages who give the beau ideal of  
the Virginia gentleman of the old regime,  
the very soul of kindness and hospi-  
tality. It was in vain the soldier urged  
his business at Williamsburg, impor-  
tant communications to the Govern-  
or, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose  
domaine the militiae had just landed,  
would hear of no excuse. Col. Wash-  
ington was a name and character so  
dear to all Virginians, that his passing  
by one of the castles of Virginia, with-  
out calling and partaking of the hospi-  
tality of the host, was entirely out of  
the question. The Colonel, however,  
did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly  
maintained his ground till Chamber-  
layne, bringing up his reserve in the in-  
timation that he would introduce his  
friend to a young and charming widow,  
then beneath his roof, the soldier capitu-  
lated, on condition that he should dine  
—only dine—and then by pressing his  
charger and borrowing of the night, he  
would reach Williamsburg before his ex-  
cellency could shake off his morning  
slumbers. Orders were accordingly is-  
sued to Bishop, the Colonel's body ser-  
vant and faithful follower, who, together  
with the English charger, had been be-  
queathed by the dying Braddock to Ma-  
jor Washington, on the famed and fated  
field of Monongahela. Bishop, bred in  
the school of European discipline, raised  
his hand to his cap, as much as to say,  
"Your orders shall be obeyed."

The Colonel now proceeded to the  
mansion, and was introduced to various  
guests, (for when was a Virginia domicil  
of the olden time without guests) and  
above all, to the charming widow. Tra-  
dition relates that they were naturally  
pleased, on this, their first interview—  
nor is it remarkable; they were of an  
age when impressions are strongest.—  
The lady was fair to behold, of fascinat-  
ing manners, and splendidly endowed  
with worldly benefits. The hero was  
fresh from his early fields, redolent of  
fame, and with a form on which "every  
good did seem to set his seal, to give the  
world assurance of a man."  
The morning passed pleasantly away,  
evening came, with Bishop, true to his  
orders and firm at his post, holding the  
favorite charger with one hand, while  
the other was waiting to offer the ready  
stirrup. The sun sunk in the horizon,  
and yet the Colonel appeared not.—  
"Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,"  
surely he was not wont to be a single  
moment behind his appointment—for he  
was the most punctual of all men.  
Meantime the host enjoyed the scene  
of the veteran at the gate, while the Co-  
lonel was so agreeably employed in the  
parlor; and proclaiming that no visitor  
ever left his house at sunset, his mili-  
tary guest was, without much difficulty,  
persuaded to order Bishop to put up the  
horses for the night. The sun rose high  
in the heavens the ensuing day, with  
the enamored soldier pressed with his  
spur his charger's side, and speeded on  
his way to the seat of government,  
where, having despatched his public busi-  
ness, he retraced his steps, and, at the  
White House, the engagement took  
place, with preparations for marriage.  
And much hath the biographer heard  
of that marriage, from the gray-haired  
domestics who waited at the board  
where love made the festal and Wash-  
ington the guest. And rare and rich  
was the revelry at that palmy period of  
Virginia's festal age; for many were  
gathered to that marriage, of the good,  
the great, the gifted, and they with joy-  
ous exclamations, hailed in Virginia's  
youthful hero a happy and prosperous  
bridegroom.  
"And so you remember when Col.  
Washington came a courting of your  
young mistress?" said the biographer to  
old Cully in his hundredth year. "Ay,  
master, that I do," replied the ancient  
family servant, who had lived to see five  
generations; "great times, sir, great  
times—shall never see the like again!"  
"And Washington looked something like  
a man—a proper man—hey, Cully?"  
"Never seed the like, sir—never the  
like of him, though I have seen many in  
my day—so tall, so straight; and then  
he sat on a horse and rode with such an  
air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else—  
Many of the grandest gentlemen in the  
gold lace were at the wedding; but none  
looked like the man himself."  
Strong, indeed, must have been the  
impression which the person and manner  
of Washington made upon the "rude,  
untutored mind" of this poor negro,  
since the lapse of three-quarters of a  
century had not sufficed to efface it.  
The precise date of the marriage the  
biographer has been unable to discover,  
having in vain searched among the re-  
cords of the vestry of St. Peter's church,  
New Kent, of which the Rev. Mr. Mun-  
son, a Cambridge scholar, was the rec-  
tor, and performed the ceremony, it is  
believed, about 1759. A short time af-

ter their marriage, Colonel and Mrs.  
Washington removed to Mount Vernon,  
on the Potomac, and permanently settled  
there.  
"This union," says Sparks, "was in  
every respect felicitous. It continued  
forty years. To her intimate acquain-  
tance and to the nation, the character  
of Mrs. Washington was ever a theme of  
praise. Affable and courteous, exem-  
plary in her deportment, remarkable for  
her deeds of charity and piety, unostentatious  
and without vanity, she adorned  
by her domestic virtues the sphere of  
private life, and filled with dignity every  
station in which she was placed.  
Previous to his acquaintance with  
Mrs. Custis, Washington had been pleas-  
ed with other ladies. The author above  
quoted on this point says, that in 1756,  
"while in New York, he was lodged and  
kindly entertained at the house of Mr.  
Beverly Robinson, between whom and  
himself an intimate friendship subsisted,  
which, indeed, continued without change  
till severed by their opposite fortunes  
twenty years afterward in the revolution.  
It happened that Miss Mary Philips,  
a sister of Mrs. Robinson, and a young  
lady of rare accomplishments, was  
an inmate in the family. The  
charms of this lady made a deep im-  
pression upon the heart of the Virgin  
Colonel. He went to Boston, returned,  
and was again welcomed to the hospitali-  
ty of Mr. Robinson. He lingered there  
till duty called him away; but he was  
careful to intrust his secret to a confi-  
dential friend, whose letters kept him in-  
formed of every important event. In a  
few months intelligence came, that a ri-  
val was in the field, and that the con-  
sciousness could not be answered for, if  
he delayed to renew his visits to New York.  
Whether time, the bustle of a camp, or  
the scenes of war had moderated his  
admiration, or whether he despaired of  
success, is not known. He never saw  
the lady again till she was married to  
that same rival, Captain Morris, his for-  
mer associate in arms, and one of Brad-  
dock's aids-de-camp.  
"He had before felt the influence of  
the tender passion. At the age of seven-  
teen, he was smitten by the graces of  
a fair one, whom he called a "lowland  
beauty," and whose praises he recorded  
in glowing strains, while wandering with  
his surveyor's compass among the Alle-  
gheny mountains. On that occasion he  
wrote desponding letters to a friend, and  
indited plaintive verses, but never ven-  
tured to reveal his emotions to the lady  
who was unconscious of the cause of his  
pains."  
"ONE EVENT HAPPENETH UNTO ALL."  
—On the Sunday following the decease  
of Mrs. Fillmore a sermon was delivered  
by the Pastor of the church in Wash-  
ington city of which that lamented lady  
was a member. The subject of the ser-  
mon and the train of thought of the  
eloquent preacher had reference of  
course to the sad event which had just  
occurred, and its truth and pathos  
touched every heart. We give the  
following impressive and beautiful pas-  
sages of it, which a friend has kindly  
obtained for the National Intelligencer:  
"Yes, 'one event happeneth unto all.'  
It is most fit for us, and not without its  
uses, to consider that, both as frail men  
and spiritual natures, we all stand as  
equals before the throne of the Infinite  
Sovereignty. It is a check to human  
pride; it is a rebuke to man's presump-  
tion; it is a lesson to our frailty; it is a  
cheering word to our discouragement;  
it is a comfortable message to our afflic-  
tion. And the lesson comes to us not  
from distant thrones only; again and  
again the highest seat of power among  
ourselves has been shrouded with the  
drapery of death and the emblems of  
mortal mourning. We are taught to  
associate more solemn thought with this  
great office than those of worldly am-  
bition and strife. Twice within a few  
years has the acclaim of inaugural  
honors been turned into the knell of  
Death. 'Once hath God spoken: twice  
have I heard this, that rozes belongeth  
unto God.' And now, again, as if this  
high seat of magistracy were as the  
Ark of God, awful to touch, he that ap-  
proaches it is stricken as with lightning  
and he who leaves it retires in heavy  
sorrow, that clouds the bright termina-  
tion of his public career. The prop by  
his side, the light of his dwelling, the  
share of his care, the helper of his  
honors is taken away. But how shall I  
venture to speak of one whose virtues  
are enshrined in domestic affection and  
sorrow? The sacred names of wife,  
mother, friend and companion  
belonged to her; and were honored in  
her person. A most amiable and esti-  
mable lady, she commanded respect by  
her position, and not less by the kind-  
ness and courtesy with which she filled  
it. How mysterious are the ways of  
Providence! How frail are all human  
reliances! How changed is the scene to  
our view, from the expected visit to the  
South, for which greeting and welcome,  
short and exclamations were waiting, to  
that silent and mournful journey to the  
Northern home! And she was full of  
joy and hope in the expectation of re-  
turning to it. On Monday she said,  
"Make preparation for by Thursday I  
shall be able to go." That Thursday  
came; and her unconscious remains  
were taken up in silence and tears to be  
borne to their long home. Let us bow  
in submission to the great Disposer.—

Let us reverently say, "thy will be  
done!" Let us humbly learn that "one  
event happeneth unto all." And what  
ever befall us, in this brief journey  
through time to eternity, may we learn,  
and may the afflicted, with whom we  
sympathize in their great sorrow, learn  
to say, "The Lord is good;" the Lord is  
good to all; and his tender mercies are  
over all his works."

There is more truth than poetry  
in the following which we find in an ex-  
change:  
THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.  
BY E. M.  
In how many instances, at the  
present day, is marriage merely a union of  
hands—the affections not being ever  
taken into consideration. The question  
on the one side, "Is she handsome? has  
she money?" On the other, "Can he  
support me in style? shall I be able to  
make an appearance?" How much  
better would it be to ask—"Has the  
woman a heart capable of pure affec-  
tion? will she be willing to share with  
me adversity as well as prosperity?"  
Will she forsake all others and cleave  
only unto me through weal or woe?"  
And woman, yes woman—she whose  
very nature ought to stimulate her to  
higher and holier motives for taking  
upon herself the marriage relation—is  
too often only anxious as to the length of  
her husband's purse, and the amount of  
her bank stock. The heart—the mind—the  
intellect—yes everything really  
worth marrying for, being non-essen-  
tials.

But oh, the misery which too often  
follows such marriages. The husband,  
when it is too late, laments his blindness  
and folly. The wife is made to realize  
that riches take to themselves wings  
and fly away; and then comes the con-  
sciousness of a want of sympathy and  
congeniality of feelings. Each are  
thrown back upon themselves, for not a  
chord in the breast of one vibrates in  
unison with the other. Let the young  
beware how they enter the marriage  
state from such motives, lest they awake  
too late for the delusion. Consult the  
judgment and hesitate when that says,  
"beware!" Let the property be in  
rather than with the companion.  
Oh, the loneliness of an unwedded  
heart. The hands may be united; but  
to feel that in heart you are separated  
must be misery indeed. True, the  
routine of duties might be regularly  
performed, and with that exactness  
which would exclude the possibility of  
a complaint; but with the knowledge  
that it was not prompted by love; that  
it is not the spontaneous expression of a  
heart all your own—life may be endur-  
ed, it can hardly be enjoyed.—  
Many, alas, too many, can testify to the  
truth, from practical experience. Let  
their experience prove a warning to  
others against the shoals and quick-  
sands of this uncertain sea.

Examine the heart, not the purse;  
the soul, the mind, not the tenement it  
dwells in. Consult judgment, not fancy.  
Let pure, heartfelt affection be the  
incentive to marriage. To think of  
being obliged to associate for life with  
one who has not a feeling in sympathy  
with you, and who is moreover in sen-  
timent, taste, and feeling, directly op-  
posed to you—how revolting the thought.  
Then, let love, not ambition, lead you to  
form those ties that ought but death  
can honorably sever.

PAULLIN'S AERIAL FLIGHT.—We  
learn from Mons. Paullin that on leaving  
the city lot in the car attached to the  
balloon, on Friday afternoon, he passed  
in a direction due south, where he  
struck a current of air which for a mo-  
ment held him stationary, at an altitude  
of about one and a half miles, from  
which he had a beautiful view of Cin-  
cinnati and the surrounding country.—  
The scenery presented a splendid ap-  
pearance and was beyond description.  
The river, reflecting the rays of the sun,  
bore a resemblance to a silver mine,  
and was, in the language of the  
aeronaut, one of the most beautiful and  
grand sights he ever beheld. After  
throwing out a quantity of ballast he  
ascended to another current of air,  
which bore him almost due east.—  
Rising almost imperceptibly he entered,  
at the height of two miles, a sheet of  
clouds, which for a time being shut him  
out from the beauties of nature and left  
him alone in a heavy mist, which soon  
saturated his clothes.  
The atmosphere here was very cold  
and formed a strong contrast with that  
on terra firma. Emerging from the  
cloud, he was carried in a northern di-  
rection for some five miles, when, feel-  
ing cold and chilly, he prepared to de-  
scend. He soon had the pleasure of  
alighting in safety on the farm of Adam  
Hopper, twelve miles from this city,  
near Mount Washington, and two miles  
north of the Ohio river. On descend-  
ing the laborers on the farm were some-  
what alarmed at his sudden appearance,  
but on learning who and what he was  
they were very hospitable and kind to  
him. The time occupied from leaving  
the city lot to landing, was just one hour  
—being 54 o'clock P. M.  
Cincinnati Enquirer.

On Sunday afternoon a man  
appeared in the street in Philadel-  
phia, when a number of persons at-  
tempted to secure her. She immedi-  
ately rushed at them with great fury,  
causing injury to no less than five per-  
sons.

ROBBERY—SINGULAR DETECTION.—  
Mr. Samuel B. Parmelee, Wallingford,  
Ct., had \$1,750 in money, a watch  
worth \$150, and a considerable amount  
of jewelry, stolen from his residence on  
Wednesday night. Being unable to  
gain any clue to the thief, he was in-  
duced to consult a "medium," or clair-  
voyant. She stated that the property  
was stolen by a servant girl, about 16  
years of age; that she had burned about  
half the money; that she had secreted  
the jewelry under a stone, and the re-  
mainder of the money in another place.  
They returned and made search, but  
were unable to find any of the lost prop-  
erty.

Proclamation of Santa Anna.  
MEXICANS—On putting my foot on the soil of  
my country, I salute you with the liveliest emo-  
tion. My breast palpitated with tenderness  
from the moment that my eyes began to discov-  
er from the shores the elevated mountains  
which indicated the proximity of a land, every-  
thing in which is dear to my heart, and in  
which everything recalls to me the most grate-  
ful remembrances.  
You have summoned me, believing that I  
should be useful in freeing you from that state  
of anarchy and dissolution into which you have  
fallen; and I have not hesitated to listen to  
your voice. You have me now upon your soil,  
resolved to devote my strength to an object  
so important. But if I have been ready to obey  
your call, it was with the belief that I could  
count upon your hearty co-operation. My firm  
resolution will be of no use, to consecrate my-  
self entirely to the salvation of my country, if  
each one of you does not aid me by co-operat-  
ing with all your power for the attainment of  
these purposes.  
Far from thinking of avenging myself for  
ancient injuries, let all those who have sought  
to be my enemies dismiss all fear. All past  
injuries, and on treading the soil of my coun-  
try, I present to all the hand of friendship.—  
I do not desire to see any party, but I desire  
to see a united people, and I summon all Mex-  
icans to follow it, whatever may have been their  
opinions hitherto. Every one whose heart  
beats and responds to the voice of his country,  
be it my friend—he is my companion.  
Mexicans! We have been too long in pursuit  
of chimerical ideas—too long a time have we  
lost in intestine dissensions. A mournful real-  
ity has come at last to the aid of our suffer-  
ing country. Cast your eye over the map of  
your country, and you will perceive a great part  
of our territory has been lost. Examine the  
condition of your landed estates, and you will  
find a total disorder, abuse, and ruin. The  
first credit among foreign nations? What esti-  
mation do you enjoy among foreign people?  
Where is the army in whose ranks I have had  
the honor to fight—that army which achieved  
your independence—in which it is my glory to  
have had no small part; that army which I con-  
sidered the deserts—and conquering difficul-  
ties which seemed insuperable—led to the  
frontier of the Republic, whose banners, as a  
foreign enemy had invaded, and on which I  
combated, though with little fortune, yet not  
without honor, when your capital was occupied  
by your enemies?  
Mexicans, let us turn our reflections upon  
ourselves. Let us profit by the severe lessons  
of experience. Let us repair the errors we have  
committed. You have me here to contribute  
my part toward those honorable reparations.—  
Labor with me in good faith for the glory of  
our country, and to-day we can achieve for our  
national honor, and a name that we shall not  
blush to publish.  
Soldiers! Companions in arms! Come at once  
to your old General who has conducted you  
heretofore with glory—who has never aban-  
doned you in a moment of misfortune—who  
bears upon his body honorable wounds, and  
who has exposed with you his bosom to the  
balls of the enemy in the days of your reverses.  
Listen now to a voice not unknown to you.  
Come to your General and your friend.—  
Restore yourselves to your noble and illustrious  
profession, from which an attempt has been  
made to separate you. And although the rela-  
tions of friendship which exist among all na-  
tions, and which we ought to cultivate with  
careful attention, do not make necessary  
your arms, yet let us be ready, if the national  
honor should demand it to prove before all the  
world the valor that has ever warmed the  
bosoms of Mexican soldiers.  
Mexicans, of all classes, let the day of your re-  
turn to your country be a day of general recon-  
ciliation; and let the jubilee which causes me to  
find myself among you, assure me that it will  
find you all coming to me, and united around  
the banner of my country, which I have borne  
with the same union and enthusiasm, as in  
1821, "Viva la Patria, Viva la Independencia."  
These are the desires with which I respond to  
your call. These are the views of your com-  
panion and friend.  
ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.  
Hespe, Vera Cruz, April 2nd, 1853.

THE EX-MOVE LEAVY CONVERT.—The trial  
of this notorious offender for the murder of  
Bernard Manley, Parkersville, Columbia county,  
has just been concluded in Portage City, and  
the verdict of the jury was guilty, and the sen-  
tence imprisonment for life. This is in ac-  
cordance with the statute, which makes the  
murder of a man, with the same union and en-  
thusiasm, as in 1821, "Viva la Patria, Viva la Independencia."  
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Hespe, Vera Cruz, April 2nd, 1853.

INSURANCE FRAUD.—Frederick N.  
Camp was tried at Litchfield, Conn.,  
last week for burning his tannery in  
Goshen, with intent to defraud the Hart-  
ford Fire Insurance Co. He was found  
guilty, and sentenced to seven years im-  
prisonment in the State prison.

ANOTHER COLLISION CASE.—ALMOST  
—The passenger trains of the Michigan  
Southern and Michigan Central roads,  
on their way in, evening before last, met  
at the fatal crossing. The Southern put  
on the brakes and stopped, so a collision  
was avoided. The Southern road has  
now issued orders to the Conductors  
and Engineers of all trains to come to a  
dead stop at the crossings. We hope  
to hear of a like order from the Michi-  
gan Central to-day.—Chicago Tribune of  
Friday.

The London police had searched Kos-  
suth's house in London, and found large  
stores of arms and ammunition; and it is  
stated that the recent arrests in Prussia  
were made upon information furnished  
by the London police, who had placed  
spies around the residences of the refu-  
gees.

So says the telegraph, and if true, we  
think the London police have been in  
mighty mean business. What shelter  
in England to persecuted foreigners, if  
they are to be watched, searched, and  
arrested in this manner? The London  
police are evidently at the command of  
the tyrants of Europe, and the United  
States is yet the only home of the exile.  
—State Journal.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Your carpets  
being first well beaten and freed from  
dust, tack it down to the floor, then mix  
half a pint of bullock's gall with two  
gallons of soft water; scrub it well with  
soap and with this gall mixture, let it  
remain till quite dry, and it will be per-  
fectly cleaned, and look like new, as  
the colors will be restored to their origi-  
nal brightness. The brush you use  
must not be too hard, but rather long in  
the hair or you will rub up the nap and  
damage the article.

SIX DAYS IN A GRAVE.—An account was  
given a short time ago of two men and a boy  
who had been buried six days and six nights in a  
marl pit at Berrisville, in the department of  
Seine Inferieure, and then revived. A narra-  
tive of the affair, derived from the officers, is  
now given in a Rouben paper. During the  
whole of that time they were without food,  
without water, without light, and almost with-  
out clothes; and they were in such a confined  
place that, with the exception of the boy, they  
could not stand upright. Boitard, the eldest  
man, declares that during the whole time he  
did not sleep more than two hours—but his  
companions, and especially the youngest, slept  
more. They slept back to back. They felt no  
provisions they would not have touched them  
—but that they experienced great thirst.  
On the fourth day they found a little water  
thick with marl, by digging into the bottom of  
the pit. It was this water probably, which  
preserved their strength. At first they heard  
the noise of the pickaxes and spades above  
them—but during the next day, when the  
breathing was loud as to prevent it from  
reaching them, and this circumstance naturally  
increased their agony of mind—they also  
feared the miners were digging in a wrong di-  
rection. One of the boys had fifty candles  
lighted, and a small piece of candle; but  
they often tried, they could not, for  
want of air, cause the candle to burn.  
During the latter part of the time they be-  
came exhausted as to be unconscious of their  
position; but they remember that the boy  
once cried, as if in a dream, "there is the rope,  
Boitard! Let us ascend!" Only one of them,  
Boitard, was able to speak; and when he did  
the boy convulsed him by telling him that  
they were sure to be rescued. The moment  
a breath of air reached them they fainted,  
but soon recovered. The first thing Boitard  
said, on being rescued, was, "I am thirsty,  
and I want to drink." He took a drink of  
"caffin" and he took it with intense delight.  
Galignani's Messenger.

NEW BURTERS.—The Jew butchers do not  
prostrate the animal with the ax, but first  
stab and then cut the throat. This must be  
performed in peculiar manner. It is neces-  
sary to have a long knife, which must be free  
from rust, nick, or any imperfection of the  
cutting edge, one cut only being allowed. If  
more is required, or if any formality is neglect-  
ed, the animal is deemed unfit for food for the  
Hebrews. After the animal is dead, he is  
examined by a Jewish butcher. This is done by  
cutting into the pleural and abdominal cavities,  
running the hands in and feeling the lungs  
and liver. Should these organs be found  
healthy and the operation of the knife has  
been found to be perfect, the butcher places a leather tag  
upon the animal, inscribed with the Gallic  
word "sain," signifying proper or unfit. On  
the contrary, should the organs be found  
diseased, the Jew butcher places a leather tag  
upon the animal, inscribed with the Gallic  
word "malade," signifying improper or unfit. On  
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THE WAGES OF HIS COST  
may be ridiculously short, the tails of it rid-  
dulously long, his boots may be absurdly  
the contents of a whole field of flax; his pan-  
taloons may not come below the tops of his  
boots, and his straps may have air of pre-  
venter-braces to keep the continuations from  
going over his head; he may be, in short, the  
most unrepresentable man you can conceive of,  
and "most unpleasing at court," but beneath  
the unsmoothness of his vest, and the frequent  
barbarisms of his manner, he may be a  
such a soul as only Yankeeism and the  
nineteenth century can produce or educate.—  
Westcott with the intention of making a fourth-  
through-pouch, well-bled, combed, scuffed,  
stuffed, imperturbable, and in no way  
not afraid to try to do anything ever done by  
any other living man, from making a baby a  
go-cart to the construction of an empire; and  
not a bit more afraid to attempt what no man  
ever did, if either money, family power is to  
be made out of it. We are precisely the people  
to make the biggest of all possible fortunes;  
and blow the biggest of all possible double G  
bonanzas on the occasion of any great suc-  
cess and triumph.—Parker's Journal.

FOR RATS.—I was astonished on visiting the  
houses of some of the inhabitants (in Siam) to  
see a huge rat walking quietly about the room,  
and crawling up the master's legs in a cool,  
familiar manner. Instead of repelling it or ex-  
pressing any alarm, he took up in his hand  
and caressed it; and then I learned on the first  
time, to my utter astonishment, that it was a  
custon prevalent in Bangkok to keep pet rats,  
which are taken very young and carefully  
reared until they attain a perfectly monstrous  
size, from good and plentiful eating. These  
domestic rats are kept expressly to free the  
house of other vermin of their own race; and  
so ferocious are they in the onslaught they  
make, that few of the houses are infested  
by rats and mice.—New's Residence in Siam.

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO GOLD.—Put 900  
new sovereigns and 900 new English shillings  
in average ordinary circulation, and in one  
year the former will be worth about 598, and  
the latter about 894.

The malleability of gold can be carried to  
such an extent, that an apartment twelve feet  
square might be carpeted for thirty or forty  
dollars.  
The celebrated Dr. Wallaston manufactured  
a piece of gold wire one-thirty-thousandth  
of an inch in thickness; and it is calculated  
that the gold on the very finest silver  
wire for gold lace is not more than one-  
one-millionth of an inch in thickness.—N. Y.  
Tribune.

A LADY OF FASHION.—A day or two  
ago, says the Philadelphia Sunday Mer-  
cury, while strolling along Chestnut  
street, we saw a lady so superbly dress-  
ed, that the very sight of her suggested  
the thought of empty pockets. Just as  
we paused for a moment before the win-  
dow of a picture store, this "lady gay"  
stopped also, and entered into conversa-  
tion with several of her fashionable ac-  
quaintance, (as it seemed,) who were  
nearly as richly dressed as herself. At  
this instant—horrible to relate!—two  
children with "unkempt hair," begrimed  
faces, and apparel of the most  
wretched description, rushed up, and  
flinging their arms around the superbly  
dressed lady, exclaimed—"Oh, mammy!  
papa says come home right away and  
nuss the baby, while he goes after three  
cents worth of coal to bile the taters  
with!" Reader, perhaps you have seen  
people horrified and astonished—but  
you cannot imagine the anguish and dis-  
may which were depicted in that lady's  
countenance. Well did Poor Richard  
observe—"Silks, satins, scarlets and vel-  
vets put out the kitchen fire!"

THE BEAVER FAMILY.—A family  
consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver,  
and his three sons, all of whom are hard  
"cats," was had often laughed to scorn the  
advice and entreaties of a pious though very  
eccentric minister who resided in the same  
town. It happened one of the boys was bitten  
by a rattlesnake and was expected to die,  
and the minister was summoned in great haste.  
On his arrival, he found the young man very  
penitent, and anxious to be prayed with. The  
minister, calling on the family, kneeled down  
and prayed in this wise—"O Lord, send  
thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because  
a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee send  
a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite  
Bill; send one to bite Sam; and, O Lord, send  
the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the  
old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever  
bring the Beaver family to repentance."

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