

# Jackson Standard.



PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY LAIRD & MATHEWS... AT \$1.00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME VII

JACKSON C. H., OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1853.

NUMBER 13.

THE STANDARD.  
OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY  
LAIRD & MATHEWS.

**TERMS.**  
The paper will be sent according to order, per year, in advance, for \$1.00. If not paid within four weeks, \$1.50. To insure a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, all arrears must be paid, and positive directions given to that effect. All advertisements inserted at the usual rates. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**STANLEY & STARKEY,**  
ATTORNEYS  
Counsellors at Law,  
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,  
BOUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS,  
JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTEND to the practice of their Professions, obtaining Pensions, buying, selling, and conveying Land Warrants, Titles and Leasing Real Estate, examining Land Titles, collection of claims, &c.  
All Communications from a distance must be Post Paid.  
Office in Public Building, up stairs.  
May 12, 53-4.

**R. C. HOFFMAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
JACKSON, C. H., O.  
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Vinton and Gallia counties.  
OFFICE—One door south-west of Daniel Hoffman's Store.  
August 9th, '49-1y.

**O. F. MOORE,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.  
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care.  
Oct. 4, 1849—no27y1

**H. S. BUNDY,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.  
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.  
Nov. 22, 1850—1y.

**ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.  
Vinton a, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

**JOSEPH BRADBURY,**  
Attorney at Law.  
WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.  
Keyserville, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

**W. C. ROBERTS,**  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.  
LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.  
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.  
Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.  
April 17, 1851.

**D. A. HOFFMAN,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
JACKSON, C. H., O.  
Office—At D. HOFFMAN'S STORE, where he may at all times be found when not absent on professional business.  
May 15, 1851—4f.

**FRANKLIN HOUSE,**  
JACKSON, OHIO.

The subscriber, has rented the above House, formerly occupied by J. Anders, and fitted it up in good style. The travelling public may rest assured that no pains will be spared to render this house the very best in Jackson. The personal and individual attention of the subscriber will be given to secure to all who visit his house, every thing necessary for comfort and convenience.  
If a stable is also undergoing a thorough repair, which will render it desirable for the horse of the weary traveler. Give us a call.  
Prices to suit the times.  
F. SHOWER.

**JACKSON HOTEL.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a new HOTEL in Jackson, on Pearl Street, near the Baptist Church, and is provided with accommodations for the travelling public. Particular attention will be given to secure all who visit this house, every comfort and convenience. Good stabling is attached to the House.  
WILLIAM FLOWERS.  
Jackson Feb. 10, 1853—7f.

**M. OWENS,**  
DEALER IN DRUGS,  
MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND  
DYESTUFFS,  
GROCERIES,  
CROCKERY,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING;  
INFORMS the public that he has just received from the Eastern Cities, extensive additions to his stock of goods, which he will sell at the LOWEST PRICES. All persons who have MONEY with which to buy goods, will find that this is the place to buy.  
June 12, 1853.

**Wholesale Grocers,**  
AND  
PRODUCE DEALERS,  
No. 55, Front Street,  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

## POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.  
**WEBSTER.**  
—  
ALFRED B. STREET.  
—  
A STARE like night is o'er us flung;  
Our Eagle's wing in grief is hung;  
Its brightest star our sky hath crossed;  
Its lordliest plume that wing hath lost.  
But though the orb hath left our eyes,  
It glides but on to future skies;  
And memories of that plume will bring  
New strength to lift that spreading wing.  
His stately form in death is laid,  
But his proud glory ne'er shall fade;  
On Time's last wave, no brighter fame  
Will glow like that of WEBSTER'S name.

**THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.**  
—  
Smooth the hair and close the eyelids,  
Let the window curtains fall;  
With a smile upon her features,  
She has answered to the call.  
Let the children kiss her gently,  
As she lies upon the bed,  
God hath called her to his bosom,  
And the little one is dead.

## SELECT STORY.

### WAEN BAERLE, THE BUTTER MAN.

A frontier village of Alsace, called Mardort, resided not many years ago, that is to say, some time in the present century, a Dutchman. During the wars of the Revolution he had been taken prisoner, married a French woman, and settled down at Strasburg as a dealer in money. He was a *changeur*. He changed notes for gold, and gold for notes, bought up old coins, bullion, advanced money on small properties, but, above all, lent little sums on security, at high interest, to the poor. He was, in fact, a surreptitious pawnbroker. In this way he amassed wealth, and became a proprietor. At the age of fifty he found himself a widower, with a daughter and a son, and the Revolution of 1830 happening at the time, he grew alarmed, retired from business, leaving to Jean Baerle, his son, a small capital and his outstanding debts. The Dutchman was always called Waen Baerle, though what his real name had been no one ever knew. Well, he was as it may be, Waen Baerle took up his quarters in Mardort, a small out-of-the-way village, picturesquely situated near, it is true, a high road, but quite out of its sight. His house was pretty. It was built of stone. The lower story contained four rooms, the second but two, a balcony running round the whole house. By the side was a court-yard with a well, and behind was a large garden, which now that he dealt no longer in gold, became the favorite amusement of Waen Baerle, as well as of Annette his daughter. Here Waen smoked his Holland pipe, while looking to the growth of his cabbages, potatoes, and other vegetables, which with fruit and flowers divided the space. Annette willingly aided in tending the flowers, but as, while dealing in precious metals, Waen had not gone very deeply into the mysteries of gardening, he was compelled to call in old Pierre, from time to time, an immortal gardener to the little proprietors of the village. Waen soon knew all who resided in Mardort, and had selected his acquaintances. He grew even intimate with several families, and had them hospitably of an evening to see him. There were old fogies to smoke with, or to play at cards, and young ones to admire Annette at her piano, or to laugh over love, or to talk of the latest news, and other such recidive topics of conversation as occur in villages. All the respectable young men of the place contrived to get introduced at different times, the main's son, the three proprietors' sons, the young officers on leave of absence, and all were, ere long, suitors for the hand of the money-changer's daughter, who was to have a goodly share of his fortune, which was considerable, and well invested.

And Annette was well worthy of the admiration she excited. She was a pretty girl of twenty, fair, with blue eyes, that sparkled brightly, and a heart as bright as her eyes. She was a model of a daughter. Good-tempered, quick, affectionate, she was the delight of the Dutchman, who, despite his somewhat doubtful calling, was at bottom a good man. He kept a maid-servant, a man to look after his horse and queer cabriolet, and a little girl to wait on Annette, but he was never happy but when his daughter performed little offices for him. It was she who gave him his coffee of a morning, it was she who looked up his linen, about which he was very particular; it was she who transferred his tobacco from a thick blue paper parcel to a brown pot with quaint figures on it, and who every morning placed his pipe, with neatly-cut paper lights, on a table near his hand. Then she would read and play music, or sew or run in the garden, or visit the dames and damsels of the village, and thus was very happy, showing no desire to leave her home, or to listen to the protestations of any sweet-heart of them all. And so she told them heartily; and yet still she came, with good-humored perseverance, the young lieutenant of the hussars asking only three months to carry the citadel by storm. One of Annette's passions was a love of birds. She had turned the whole of her great balcony into an aviary. Well

roofed over, with wire sides, shutters inside, and glass windows, it was stocked with trees, bushes, and flowers, on which perched canaries, linnets, and other feathered songsters, with one or two pet doves. Early of a morning Annette would step into her aviary from her bedroom, to the great delight of the whole winged tribe, who would rush towards her, perch on her shoulders and arms, in expectation of her morning meal.—Seen through a glass window, that reached from roof to floor, Annette looked charming indeed in her morning costume—a straw hat with ribbons, a short peacock-dress, white stockings and sandals,—and all who passed could not but gaze with pleasure.

About a year after her arrival in the village, Annette was thus occupied one mornin, when her attention was drawn without by the sound of a horse galloping. Looking out, she saw, just about making his horse walk gently, a young man, handsomely dressed, of exceeding noble but grave mien, who as she looked raised his hat and bowed profoundly, fixing his eyes with extreme vivacity on the speaking countenance of the young girl, who blushed crimson, slightly curtsied, and turned away. The cavalier rode on, quietly, and she noticed that as he went every one bowed to him with marked respect. There was great beauty and marked intellect in that face, and Annette could not help thinking of him all day, so much so, that when evening came, and curiosity would have made her inquire of some of her friends his name, she felt too conscious to do so. But, imagine her surprise, when, next morning at the same hour, again he came up the road, bowed as gravely and respectfully as before, and once more rode on. Annette remained looking after him thoughtfully. At the end of a week, the same occurring every day, Annette grew alarmed. She felt a mysterious interest in the stranger. Was it love? No! She knew neither his name, nor his character. His countenance was unfamiliar to her. It could not then be one of her suitors, trying this mode of exciting her attention. She often thought of the saying of the hussar, but was sure that the change from uniform to plain clothes could not make such a difference in any one. It was not love, then, but it was curiosity. She was intrigued, worried, mystified, pay, alarmed. She had good sense and education enough to know that such feelings often end unwillingly in passion, and she resolved to appear no more when he passed. But this would look as if she were offended or frightened, and neither feeling did she wish to manifest. She therefore continued at her daily work, quietly returned the bow he made, and tried to think then of something else.

It was in vain. She did think of him, weary herself about him, and that until her usual pleasures became vain, until she forgot her father's pipe of a morning, and gave him unsweetened coffee. One morning, however, while at breakfast, she noticed that her father was very pale, his eyes were red, and he refused his coffee. "But what is the matter with you, *mon petit papa!*," asked Annette, anxiously. "I don't know, *chere*. But I did not sleep last night, my head swims, I feel hot and feverish, I must go to bed." And to bed he went, and Annette sent for the doctor. While waiting for his arrival, she watched her father, who got worse every hour. He talked at random, much about his poorer clients, whom he had somewhat hardly used, and said he was an old miser, a usurer, and God would never forgive him. Annette was dreadfully distressed, for she knew not what to do. At last the doctor came and he saw that the old man had an attack of brain fever, for which he at once began treating him. No other thought now for poor Annette but her father; she never left his side all that day and the next night. About morning she slept, and Annette was about to seek repose herself in a chair by his side, when the maid-servant announced the visit of a strange gentleman.

"A strange gentleman!" exclaimed Annette, rising, "say my father is very ill, and I cannot leave him."  
The servant went out and returned instantly, with a card in her hand. She handed it to Annette, saying,  
"The gentleman says that it is on the subject of your father's illness he wishes to see you."  
Annette read on the card, *JULES DE MERCEUR, Docteur en Médecine.*  
"Let him come in," replied Annette, who followed the servant into the parlor, where she found herself in one moment in presence of the unknown.

"Mademoiselle," said he politely and gravely, without appearing to notice her confusion. "I heard this morning in the village that your father was ill. I am twenty-seven. Since the age of sixteen I have studied medicine in London, Edinburgh, Paris, and Germany. I have compared every system from love of the art, and I believe I could do your father good. M. Duobis is a very good man, but is too tied to *routine*. Give him my fee, but let me see your father *en ami*."  
Annette was so overcome that she could only point to her father's chamber, which the young man immediately entered, followed by the young girl. At that instant the old doctor entered. At the sight of the other he started.

"You here, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, with a profound bow; "then I retire. The patient could not be in better hands."  
This was said without a *sinle* intonation in his voice that could suggest any professional jealousy.  
"No my dear Duobis, come as usual,

and give me your advice. I am going to use the following treatment."  
"Don't tell me anything," said the other; "I don't want to know any of your magic. I only know that when you come in the door, death generally flies, so good morning.—I have lots of patients waiting my visits. Good luck attend you, Monsieur."  
And Duobis hurried away.

The young doctor now installed himself in the sick man's room—made Annette take rest, after swallowing a potion which he gave her. She awoke the next morning to her profound astonishment.—She then went down stairs and entered the sick room. She found M. de Merceur leaning over the old man. He was very pale, and looked fatigued with watching.  
"How is he?" she asked, anxiously.  
"The disease is over," replied Jules de Merceur, in a low tone, "but he will not speak to me. He turns his face to the wall, and refuses to reply to any questions."  
"My dear papa," said Annette, coaxingly; "how are you now?"  
"Is that you, Annette?" replied Waen Baerle, in a low and lugubrious tone; "what have you left me. Take away that man, he has turned me into butter."  
"He's mad," cried Annette, while Jules de Merceur clasped his hands in stupefied astonishment.  
"No!" whispered the young man, "he is not mad. But he has an attack of monomania," and drawing the young girl on one side he explained the peculiar hallucination under which the old man laboured.  
"But can he be cured?" asked Annette.  
"Most decidedly," replied the young doctor; "but I must have him under my hand all the hours. I must be with him all day."  
"But your patients!" said the young girl.  
"I do not practice," was the only reply of the doctor, and they returned into the sick man's room.  
"Annette," cried Waen Baerle, in a doleful tone, "take off some of the clothes, I shall melt away. Put out the fire."  
"But the room is nice and fresh," replied Annette.  
"It is all very well for you to say so, who are made of flesh," continued Waen Baerle, in a weeping voice, "but I who am changed into butter, feel different.—But it is a just punishment for my sins, so let me melt away."  
"Nonsense, sir; you shall do no such thing," put in the doctor. "Mademoiselle, I would take off one blanket, it will be too hot. And then give your father his usual breakfast. There is nothing left of his illness but a slight weakness."  
"God forbid. Give me nothing hot.—No coffee, but a bowl of milk, some bread."  
"And butter," put in Annette, innocently.  
"Ah, Annette, don't mention that horrid word!" groaned Waen Baerle.  
The young girl did not reply, but hastened to follow her father's directions, while the doctor went forth into the village to secure, as it afterwards turned out, an apartment. He returned in about half an hour.  
He found a delicious breakfast ready for him in the parlour, near the sick man's room.  
"But I have ordered breakfast in the village," said Jules de Merceur, hesitating.  
"Monsieur, my father, when he recovers, would be offended if, serving him as you do, you refuse to accept his hospitality," replied Annette, seating herself and bidding Anne bring the coffee.  
The young man seated himself, and then consented, at her request, to take his meals in the house, sleeping only in the village. It soon became evident that the presence of the young doctor was absolutely necessary. Waen Baerle recovered his health with rapidity, but he retained his fixed idea with such intense perseverance, that it was at the same time painful and ridiculous to see him. When he got up, he could not venture near the kitchen for fear of the fire, nor out in the air without an umbrella, for fear of melting in the sun; he gave up smoking, as a horrible invention that threatened immediate combustion; and viewed the gradual advance of summer with extreme dread. Everything he ate and drank alarmed him, and it required all the art of the young doctor and his daughter to calm him at times.  
As summer advanced he grew worse, and Annette grew alarmed. She had much faith in Jules, whom she had got to treat as a dear friend, but the state of the *ex* money-changer gave her no rest. It was in vain that de Merceur made her play, sing, read, ride, walk, talk, her constant idea was the unhappy hallucination which afflicted her dear parent. Waen Baerle himself at times was conscious of his infirmity, and shut himself up in his room until the fit was over. Then he would come forth and talk vehemently enough, thank the young doctor for his devotion, and bless his dear girl. But this did not last long.  
Meanwhile the suitors came occasionally, but finding Annette always attending to her father, or in the society of the doctor, they gradually fell off, and the house of the money-changer was left to itself. One day, Annette sat at her piano with Jules by her side; he was whispering timidly, words of affection and love, which were listened to with pleasure.—Annette found him of so noble a character, so elevated in thought and feeling, so superior to the ordinary race of mortals she had known, she had so much to thank him for, that she was really about a

matter of course. But still she in her low reply said but one thing; "I cannot leave my father."  
"You shall not leave your father," replied the young man warmly. "Ill or well he shall reside with us. Say then that on this condition you will be mine."  
"Jules, if my father is willing, I will not refuse," was the young girl's frank reply.  
Jules rose and led her to the window, there to talk as to the best means of opening the subject, to the father; but as he leaned his arm on the railing, stifled groans caught his ear.  
"What is that?" cried Annette.  
"It is your father's voice," replied Jules, springing out of the window into the court.

It was a very hot day, and Waen Baerle had shut himself up in his room with the curtains closed to keep himself cool.—But Jules at once noticed that his window was open, while the groans came not thence. He listened a moment.  
"Pull me up!" cried a piteous voice: "I am cool enough now."  
Jules rushed to the well which was not ten feet deep, and there saw Waen Baerle in a dressing-gown, hanging by the well rope; his feet in a bucket. Jules spoke not a word, but at once hoisted the poor money-changer up, took him in his arms, and carried him to his bedroom, where, despite his cries, he was warmly wrapped up and made to swallow a bowl of hot soup. This soon sent him off into a deep sleep.

"Mademoiselle," said Jules, earnestly, about an hour after this, "we must have recourse to a grand stroke. But I can do nothing here. You must let your father accompany me to my residence. My mother will be glad to see you, the more that I have seen her but twice for three months."  
After some further conversation, Annette agreed, and next day the old man, well wrapped up, and the young doctor into the street, where an open carriage and four horses awaited them. Another carriage stood behind for the servants and luggage, and around was collected the whole village, who took off their hats respectfully, and then cried as the carriages drove off.  
"Vive Monsieur le Docteur!"  
"What mean they?" cried Annette, amazed.  
"They mean," said Jules, quietly, "that I hold before the world the rank of Duke. My name is now *Duc de Merceur-Biacas*. Five years ago, I was a laborious and poor medical student.—Death made me heir to a title and vast estates. I retained, however, my passion for science, and to this hour continue my studies. I live close by, and public rumor told me soon of a charming stranger.—I asked your name. Judge my surprise when I found that you were the daughter of my old friend, Waen Baerle, who, when I was at college at Strasburg, always lent me a few francs, without interest, when I was short of cash. I saw you, and could not but be pleased; I studied your character in the views of others, and loved you. You have accepted the physician, you cannot refuse the Duke."  
"Ah! ah! ah!" said the old man, "what changes! Little Biacas a duke, and a man of butter!"  
"My dear sir," continued the young duke, while Annette leaned back in the carriage, too surprised to answer, "then you approve my suit!"  
"I approve everything. But don't have too much noise. No cookery, no illuminations, no fireworks. Recollect that I am made of butter."  
"You shall have every care," said the duke gently; and then he turned to Annette, to win from her confirmation of her former promise. What could she say? She had said she would be his, and she could not now tell him she had changed her mind.

They soon came in sight of the castle. It was a splendid old monument of architecture of the olden time, with moat and ditch, and battlements, and a host of servants, who hailed the advent of their young lord with rapture. In they drove into the large court-yard, where they were received by the young man's mother, a venerable, but a most agreeable person, who took the hand of Annette affectionately, and by her manner made her quite at home at once.—She that very day intimated her consent to her son's marriage, "for," said she, "we have been brought up under such circumstances, that no room has been left for false pride. I simply ask of my son to give me a good and charming daughter-in-law. He has done so. I am satisfied!"  
"Oh, madam, how good you are!" said Annette with tears in her eyes.  
Madame de Biacas pressed the young girl to her heart, and led her down to dinner.

The next morning Waen Baerle, who had taken over night a sleeping potion, woke in the complete darkness. Not a shadow of light penetrated near him. He stretched out his hand and felt a hard vault above him, a vault of stone.  
"In the name of God, where am I?" said he, in terror-stricken accents.  
Then he heard low voices, and listened.  
"Light the fire," exclaimed one, "the butter must be melted out of him, or he will die."  
"The fire burns well," replied another.  
And Waen Baerle felt a gentle warmth beneath him.  
"Let me out!" he cried, in terror-stricken accents.  
"Stir up the fire," continued one of the speakers.

"Ah! I shall die. Give me air! I won't pretend to be of butter any more—let me out!"—shrieked the unhappy money-changer. "Am I in purgatory, am I suffering the punishment of my sins? What is happening?"  
"See the butter melts, and runs out in buckets full," added one.  
"Save me!" shrieked Waen Baerle, feeling his face, which was all clammy with perspiration. "I am melting."  
And the oven door opened, Waen Baerle was taken out, his head wrapped up in a cloth, so he could not see, and presently he found himself lying quietly in his bed-room. He shook himself, and asked if he were dressing. When he saw his daughter and the duke he was quite rational. He said nothing of what had passed, and never alluded to his peculiar fancy for some days. At the end of a month, however, one day he showed signs of terror at a blazing fire, and declared that there was a conspiracy to murder him.

Next morning he awoke in the oven again, and the same scene was enacted once more. This effectually cured the man of butter. So horrible did he consider the punishment, that every energy of his mind was directed to conquer his hallucinations, which he did. The fact is, this fancy, like angry passions, had habits, and even vices, may be overcome by a firm will. If we once make up our minds to anything solemnly, it is a thing accomplished. Deep grief and hopeless passion, two powerful feelings, have been overcome and vanished in the same person, to my knowledge, after a strong battle, by firm devotion several hours a day to dry mathematical studies. Where there is a will there is a way.

About a month after Waen Baerle's cure the young couple were married.—Jean Baerle, who was not doing very well at Strasburg, came down to Biacas Castle as an attendant steward, and private secretary, the old man riding out with him under the impression that he thus did a deal of business, but never showing even a remembrance of his strange hallucination. Annette proved fit for her new station. She had delicate feelings, a desire to improve, much tact; her husband's society and library did the rest. They live still, and so does Jean; but Waen Baerle is of late gathered to his fathers. But in Biacas Castle all still remember the kind old man, who all his after life was called the Butter-Man.

From the Sacramento Pictorial Union.  
**JOAQUIN, THE MOUNTAIN ROBBER.**  
Every citizen of California has heard of the notorious mountain robber, Joaquin. In the last few months the villainies practiced by an organized band of cut-throats, of whom he is chief, has not only excited the horror, but aroused the vengeance of the whole tier of southern counties of the State. No effort has been spared to capture him, alive or dead; but with the perfect adroitness of an accomplished scamp, he bids defiance to pursuit, by mounting some one of the numerous fleets at his command, and disappearing almost with the rapidity of the winds. Wherever he goes his hand is stained in human blood. His faithful coadjutors in crime imitating the infernal example, slaughter their unoffending victims on all sides, rob their bodies, plunder their houses and camps, and carry off the rich booty to their secret fastnesses among the mountains. Many of them have fallen by the avenging hand of popular justice; but by far the greatest number are yet let loose in community, preying upon its life, and escaping with its substance. A reward of \$1000 for the apprehension of Joaquin, offered by Gov. Bigler, was still further increased by the sum of \$3000, added to it by the Chinese. He is still at large, however. When suddenly surprised, he boldly faces his enemies, and receives their bullets on his breast, which are glanced or flattened by a coat of steel worn underneath his clothing. While it is conceded that he is personally known to most of the Mexicans along the whole line of his depredations, it is believed that many of them, from antipathy to the Anglo-American race, facilitate his escape when there is danger of his arrest, and hold correspondence with him to direct his purpose, through the medium of members of this atrocious band. The following particulars of Joaquin's life and personal appearance are copied from the San Francisco Whig of February last:  
"He was born in the Villa de Cañon, department of Jalisco, is aged 35 years, and ranked among the most crafty and dangerous guerrillas of Mexico.— Though living in California and heading a band of outlaws, he is also chief of a similar organization at this time in the vicinity of Mexico, with whom he holds regular communication. He has been known to enter the capital cities disguised as a friar—has been arrested several times, but through the expertness and influence he wielded among the soldiery has been discharged. He is about six feet in height, and of immense muscular strength; is well versed in the use of arms, and in disposition is cruel and sanguinary. His complexion is dark and sallow, with features of a determined cast, and expressive of great firmness. He has resided at San Francisco, and has frequently obtained information of Mexicans leaving California with money, who have been dogged and robbed by detached portions of his band. In some instances they have been robbed on their arrival at Mexico—the news of their departure and the sums of money they had about them, having been forwarded by means of the associates living along the road. Joaquin belonged to the band of

guerrillas commanded by the famous Padre Jurata, who was captured and shot during the Mexican war. The Mexicans looked upon him as a brave man, and he is considered a person of some education."  
"Since the days of Robin Hood and Little John, whose exploits in the forests of Lincolnshire secured them a vagabond title to the distinction of posthumous fame, nothing has been seen or heard outside of Spain and Mexico, equal to the villainies of this singularly successful bandit. All Spanish countries have their guerrillas and their ladrones; but a feature of this kind precipitated in American communities, and attended with such unparalleled atrocities, without the power of the people to avenge, is somewhat astonishing and rare, indeed. That Joaquin receives material aid from his countrymen residing in those countries where his infamies have been most severely practiced, is a question admitting of but little doubt. The superstitious veneration with which the mixed blood of Mexico has ever regarded courage in any of its citizens, leads them to bow to that influence as implicitly as to the religious requirements of a priest. A commingled sentiment of admiration and fear operates upon their mind to produce this result; in addition to which, as the gallantry and prodigality of the Mexican robbers is proverbial, they lose nothing by the practice of discretion, as they would profit little in making disclosures. Joaquin is evidently actuated by baser motives in his career of rapacity and bloodshed than that of mere patriotism, as is pretended by some to be claimed for him.—California is not the place of his birth, and he cannot, therefore, have any national jealousies because of the occupancy of the country by the Americans. He seems to murder merely for the love of the sport, and to rob because it is a life of excitement, requiring great risk in its accomplishment, and yielding large profits when attended with good luck. In this career he may be eminently successful for a short time to come, as he has been for a considerable period of the past; but his career of villainy must be limited. The whole country is on the watch for him; and when he least expects it, perhaps, he will be seized upon to expiate his crimes by the ignominious death of the gallows. Avoiding contact with Americans under all circumstances attended by risk, it has been the policy of Joaquin and his associates to prey with particular severity upon the Chinese. Frequent thefts are committed in their camps, and where resistance is attempted they are butchered with heartless cruelty becoming the sanguinary nature of the murderer and outlaws. These people are industrious, economical and timid. When in possession of ordinary diggings, their unremitting labors enable them to accumulate larger profits than any other nation of people, and from this cause it is that a descent made upon their undefended camps, by an adroit thief, such as Joaquin, is seldom a bootless hazard.

**The Valley of the Amazon.**  
In a recent pamphlet Lieut. Maury, has called attention to this interesting region. The Valley of the Amazon is the largest in the world. It embraces an area of two millions and forty-eight thousand square miles, which is more than twice the extent of the Valley of the Mississippi. Its fertility is unparalleled. "The country which is drained by the Amazon," says Lieut. Maury, "is reclaimed from the savage, the wild beast, and the reptile, and reduced to cultivation now, would be capable of supporting with its produce the population of the whole world." It is a rice country, and yields two harvests of that valuable grain in ten months. "Corn, too, may be planted at any time, and in three months is fit for gathering. Thus the husbandman there may gather four crops of corn a year—its seasons are an everlasting summer, with a perpetual round of harvest." It is peculiarly rich in those productions of the earth which enter into commerce.— Besides its mines of gold, silver, and diamonds, its forests abound in the most beautiful woods and most precious herbs, dye-stuffs, gums, medicines. Sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, indigo, cocoa, are produced with little labor. It is a land of oranges, lemons, pine-apples, citrons, figs, tamarinds, bananas and pomegranates. "In those great solitudes, replete with riches, millions of the human race might dwell in plenty and happiness, where nature annually wastes more than would support the population of China in comfort, and where the most luscious fruits and fairest flowers grow and bloom unknown and unnoticed. There is no intertropical country in the world that is so finely watered as is this great Amazon country of South America. The summer is not one drought, and the winter one shower, as in some tropical countries; but the rains fall and the sun shines, just as often and as long as they are needed. In a word, the Valley of the Amazon, as a place of residence, for man, as a field of enterprise for merchants, is not equalled by any other region on the globe. Turnpikes, railways, steamboats, ploughs, rifles, and the other evidences of American civilization and enterprise are yet curiosities to this great and fertile Valley.

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James goes out and presently returns and whispers—"Missus, I couldn't get no more oysters, there ain't only just enough left for the kitchen."

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