

Jackson



SHAM HOUSE,
BY MAIN AND BROADWAY,
JACKSON, OHIO.
S. S. PROPRIETORS.
Proprietors would respectfully
call the attention of the public to
the fact that the above House
is fitted up in the most modern
style, for the accommodation
of the traveling public, and
by the way, a call on the
latter themselves, by which
able to render entire
merit a share of the
TABLE will at all times
the best market can
the best style. Every
as to render it a
ST CLASS HO
any in the West.

Ed.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY LAIRD & MATHEWS.

VOLUME VII

JACKSON C. H., OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1853

THE STANDARD.

OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL,
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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. These terms will be rigidly adhered to. To insure a discontinuance at the end of the time subscribed for, all arrangements must be paid, and positive directions given to that effect. Advertisements inserted at the usual rate. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forlaid, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE.

DR. H. ADAMS,

PROFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.

OFFICE—At Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church, June 16, 1853. 12—4f

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 16, 1851—4f.

WM. S. WILLIAMS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.

OFFICE—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to. June 23, 1853. 12—4f

STANLEY & STARKEY,

ATTORNEYS

Counsellors at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
COUNTY LAND & PENSION AGENTS,
JACKSON, OHIO.

ATTENDING to the practice of their Professions, obtaining Pensions, buying, selling, and conveying Land Warrants, selling 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—4f.

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. 28, 1850—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.

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

JOSEPH BRADBURY,

Attorney at Law.

WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson, Pike and Vinton.

WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. April 17, 1851.

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.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,

JACKSON, OHIO.

THE subscriber, has rented the above House, formerly occupied by J. Anders, and fitted it up in good style. The traveling 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 their horses, every thing necessary for comfort and convenience.

His 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.

DR. C. EWING,

DEALER IN DRUGS,
MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND
DYESTUFFS,
GROCERIES.

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POETICAL.

I've been Gathering Flowers Mother.

BY H. S. WILLIAMS.

Oh, I've been gathering flowers, mother,
For Julia's grave, to-day;
Oh, I've been wandering down the glen,
Where once we used to play,
And there, beside the grape-vine swing,
Where mountain flocks repose,
I found this dear soft silken band,
Twined round a lonely rose.
Oh, mother, 'tis the braid of hair
Dear little Julia used to wear!

And farther down the vale, mother,
Where morning zephyrs rise,
I found this red little book,
These ribbons and these toys;
And there I found this little doll,
Within our play-house shed;
Its little hood and silken shawl
Lay on a violet bed.
Within the book, dear mother, see,
Here are the words, "Remember me!"

Now I have plucked the rose mother,
The silken band to save,
And gathered all the summer flowers
For little Julia's grave.
I've plucked the daisy from its mould,
The lily from its lair,
For such were all the gems, mother,
Dear sister used to wear.
Now gently, 'mid the sweet perfume,
I'm going with them to her tomb.

SELECT TALES.

THE TWO DAGUERRETYPES.

CHAPTER I.

Jim Scroggins, though in the main an honest, peaceable, quiet, harmless fellow, had a teasing habit of getting drunk whenever a fit opportunity presented itself; and unfortunately, because where there's a will there's a way, the opportunities were both fit and frequent.

Jim owned a comfortable homestead, that he had almost paid for. Mrs. Scroggins was a 'real worker,' and no doubt did her full share in buying the homestead.—She was endowed with a great deal of energy, good judgment, and people were so malicious as to say she was the smartest man of the town.

Be this as it may, Mrs. Scroggins was an industrious woman, and took a good deal of pride in it; a little place which had been bought by their mutual industry—and the thought of having it wrested from them by a cold-hearted creditor was in the highest degree disagreeable; but to such a calamity her husband's infirmity, as the good minister of the village called it, seemed to point.

The habit grew upon him, as it almost always does upon those who are in the habit of imbibing too freely. The miseries of the drunkard's wife had been too often presented to the good woman's understanding, to be regarded as simply creations of imagination, and she looked forward with alarm to the prospect of enduring them, and losing the little place.

But what could be done? She had exhausted her eloquence upon the infuriated man, without producing anything but a temporary effect. She pointed out to him, kindly, the inevitable effect of his indulgence, and Jim promised to do better; but alas for the vanity of human expectations! he got tipsy the very next day.

Then she appealed to his love of money—to his satisfaction in being the owner of a cottage and ten acres of land, and warning up with the importance of the subject, declared that she would not enslave herself any longer to pay for the place, and then have it taken away from them to pay a rum bill.

Jim listened patiently to the good dame's eloquence, and, as usual, promised to do better; but, also, as usual, he came into the house the very next day, as tight as a fiddle string.

Mrs. Scroggins was in despair; 'what to do she didn't know,' as she expressed it to Person Allwise, who was sympathizing with her in distress. She had entreated, she had scolded, she had threatened, and all to no purpose. 'What could a body do?'

Person Allwise himself, though he made it a point not to interfere in the domestic affairs of his parishioners, was at last moved to try his powers of persuasion on the poor fellow.

But Jim, unfortunately for the success of his appeal, had but a poor opinion of ministers in general, and of person Allwise in particular, and he told the worthy pastor that he had better mind his own business.

Mrs. Scroggins was shocked at the boldness of her spouse in answering a minister of the gospel in such a pointed manner, and was led to believe that the case was now hopeless indeed.

The filthy stuff happily, did not take effect on his brain till the job was done. The pig pen was cleaned out, but Jim was in a condition which better fitted him to occupy it, than the neat, white floored kitchen of his cottage. But Jim did not realize this unpleasant truth, and therefor, leaving his shovel and hoe in the sty, staggered to the house.

'He was a sight to behold,' as Mrs. Scroggins told the minister. The job he had just performed was essentially a dirty one, and Jim, as we have just remarked, being prudent, had prepared himself to perform it without any detriment to the neat clothes he ordinarily wore. He was dressed in a ragged suit of clothes, and on his head rested a shocking bad hat, with the crown stove in and the brim half torn off. As the liquor began to fuddle him, he moved it over from its perpendicular position, so that it rested quite jauntily on one side of his head.

Jim settled himself heavily in a chair by the cooking stove, looked silly, and seemed disposed to address himself to slumber, his usual resort when inebriated.

Mrs. Scroggins was mad at first, for it was only the day before, that Jim for the hundredth time, had promised never again to drink another drop, not even in case of sickness.

But what was the use of getting mad at such a poor, silly, imbecile thing as he was at that moment? He was not in a condition to appreciate a regulate matrimonial blow up, and she wisely resolved to reverse the vials of her wrath, to be poured out at a more convenient season.

She looked at him and thought of losing the little place—of penury, degradation and the poor house. A lucky thought arose, like the Phoenix from the flames, out of the contemplation of the dark picture; and after a moment's deliberation, she put on her bonnet and cloak and hurried over to the village not half a mile distant.

For a week previous a young daguerreotypist, with a portable saloon—a kind of overgrown omnibus—had been delighting the villagers by giving them the semblance of their faces, at prices varying from nine shillings to three dollars a head, depending on the value of the case.

All the people in the town had been daguerreotyped, and the omnibus had been the most popular person in the village.—All the dames and maidens had been taken, and every Jonathan and Jehiel who could boast of a Susan, a Ruth, or a Sally, was taken, with her by his side in the picture, his arm lovingly thrown around her neck, and looking unutterably affectionate.

But Mrs. Scroggins was not sentimental; she had gotten over that long before Jim took to drinking. She proposed to put the skill of the daguerreotypist to a more practical use than that of getting the good will of a lover.

She entered the saloon, and though her heart did beat a little at the degradation of exposing her domestic matters to an entire stranger, she demeaned herself with all the firmness becoming the trying occasion.

Fortunately for her all the people in town had 'been taken,' and it was a dry time with artists. In as few words as possible she stated the case to him, and the young gentleman readily promised co-operation.

Taking his apparatus under his arm, he accompanied Mrs. Scroggins to the cottage, where Jim was sleeping off the effects of the villainous New England rum.

The inebriate sat in precisely the same position in which his wife had left him.—He was asleep in a high-backed chair, which kept his head up, so that everything was favorable to the sitting.

In a trice Jim Scroggins' old hat, ragged clothes, long beard, dozing, drunken expression, and all, was transferred to the plate.

But the picture did not suit the artist; he thought one taken when the sitter was awake would be a more correct representation. Mrs. Scroggins thought so too, and when the daguerreotypist had put in a new plate, she waked him up.

'What d'ye want?' asked Jim, with a yawn.

CHAPTER III.

Jim Scroggins recovered from his debauch, but the first thing he saw when he came into the kitchen in the morning was two daguerreotypes which lay on the table.

He picked up one of them, and started back in confusion, when he recognised his own distorted features.

He examined the other. It was the countenance of the first, with eyes open, looking ten times more hideous than the sleeping pictures.

'Good gracious!' he exclaimed; 'did I ever look so infernal homely as that?' and he proceeded to scrutinize the pictures a second time.

'Blame me if I thought I ever looked so confounded mean as that, I go down and jump into the river.'

'I have seen them though that looked just like that ere,' continued he; 'but them was drunkards; now I ain't a drunkard, though I sometimes get a little sizzled.—I never lit my pipe at the pump, though. Howsomever, them was taken for me, 'when or where I have no kind o' notion. There's the old hat, and there's the old coat—no mistake.'

The footsteps of his wife caused him to drop the pictures, and he hastened out of the house to avoid the tempest which he thought his wickedness would call down upon his head.

It is a noble fact that he omitted his morning dram on this occasion, and his wife took courage. Like a prudent woman, as she was, she did not say a word about the occurrences of yesterday, and permitted him to eat his breakfast in peace.

He got through the day without drinking a drop, but on the following day the old appetite clamored for the usual dram, and in the afternoon, while his wife was in the sitting-room, he went to the closet where he kept the bottle.

But the first thing that he met his gaze was two daguerreotypes, resting against his black bottle. There was Jim Scroggins, drunk—awake.

Jim stopped to think. He fully resolved never again to be the loushest being they represented him to be. Taking the black bottle, he went to the door with it, and with right good will hurled it on the door-stone, where it was dashed into a thousand fragments, and the delectable stuff irretrievably lost.

'Hallo, what are you about?' said a young man just entering the yard.

'Smashing my rum bottle,' said Jim, with admirable coolness.

'You are the dogtype man, ain't you?' said Jim.

'Walk in, if you please,' said Jim, ushering Mr. Shadow into the sitting room where his wife and daughter were.

TO LOAFERS.

Stand right up here you lazy rascals, and let us reason about your daily vocation. Hold up your sheepish heads and say why sentence of the most unqualified condemnation should not be passed upon your conduct. How can you possibly have the impudence to stretch your lazy bones out on store boxes, or block up the post office door with your carcasses, to the no small annoyance of busy working men who are engaged in some useful occupation? How can you be content to "pass away the time" lounging around the streets, only shifting to avoid the rays of the sun—in company of your equally lazy, and equally useful companions, the dogs; and perchance once in a while setting your canine friends to fighting for the sake of gratifying your brutal love of fun?—and how can you have the impudence to gaze under every lady's eye, or "what a stuck up air," and turning to some of your companions inquire of him how he'd like to hitch horses with that feminine for life? You poor fools, don't you know that her "stuck up air" was caused by her having to pass such a crowd of "human brutes!" And don't you know that instead of criticizing a lady's "gaiety" you ought to be home mending your garden gate? And that no sensible feminine will "hitch horses" with you, as long as you pursue your present business, or rather no business!

Do you suppose that you were made to live for no other purpose than to "loaf," and hinder industrious people by asking unmeaning questions, or standing in their way? A. d. do you think you are decidedly sharp? when you hail a gentleman who is hurrying about his business, and ask him if he is "walking for wages?" To be sure he is walking for wages and you are looting for wages for which you will surely get some day if you don't mend your ways. i. e. free boarding in the poor house, or you may be promoted to the rank of a high private in the penitentiary. Time may hang heavily now, but you may hang heavily in time if you don't stir yourself and make yourself useful.

Do you imagine that you were created to do nothing, and that brains were put in your great pumpkin heads for the poor use you make of them? Do you think it honorable for you to do nothing because your fathers have enough to support you when you know what they have got was got by honest industry? And do you suppose your mothers and sisters were sent into the world to cook meals and wash shirts for such worthless beings as you?

And then when night comes what do we see you at? Why, about a grocery or liquor store, of course. There you post yourselves and make it a rule to ask any working man who may chance to come in, and who has earned a few shillings in the course of the day, to "treat," and at the same time urge as a reason, that 'he is the only man in the crowd who is making any money.' And then after you have sponged enough liquor off "clever fellows" to make you drunk, you sally forth and make "night hideous" with your beastly shouts, and snarlly lie down in some gutter with your equally respectable companions the hogs.

New ain't you a beautiful set of fellows?—Fellows, we ought to call you.—Your brazen face ought to be covered with shame at the idea of degrading poor human nature in this manner, especially, when you must acknowledge that it is an awful burden to do so. Then go to work like men or else take arsenic, and thus make yourself of some use, by giving the printers a chance to publish your departure under the head of "suicide."

The following table will be found convenient for reference:

10 loafers make one grog-shop.
1 grog-shop makes 50 drunkards.
50 drunkards ruin 50 families.
50 families fill 1 poor-house and jail.
1 poor-house and jail make 1 great bill of costs.

1 great bill of costs makes 1 poor town.
1 poor town drains the county treasury.
1 bankrupt county is a great state tax.
1 great state tax exhausts the national fund.

2 looks, make 1 wish.
2 wishes " 1 call.
2 calls " 1 invitation.
3 invitations " 1 dram.
4 drams " 1 nonscruple.
5 nonscruples " 1 spree.
2 sneers " 1 high.
2 highs " 1 boozey.
2 boozys " 1 how-come-yo.
2 how-come-yos " 1 drunk.
1 drunk " 1 fit of deliriums.
3 fits of deliriums " 1 death.

FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A sheep getting nine feet, and covered with wool of the finest texture, 35 inches long, and growing in natural rolls ready for spinning, of which rolls there are 2,000, have been sent to the World's Fair from Erie county, Pennsylvania. Also a lamb three years old, weighing 300 pounds, and covered with wool 30 inches in length, and growing the same peculiar way. And if the reader doubts these curiosities, what will he think of a cow only 30 inches high, weighing 229 pounds, and the mother of three calves, one of which was by her side the giving milk, though only thirteen months old!

Did anybody ever know a man that bore malice against his neighbor; possess any brains, or a mind strong enough to think an idea to sleep?

BOARDING.

At all times and on every day at Sulphur Springs, Conn., which will be furnished on his prices to the country. Attached to this establishment STABLES, furnished at all times, of attentive Ostlers, horses and Buggies to suit the best market can be had at all times.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches you.

Be charitable—religion has charity for basis, and they who are not charitable cannot be christians.

Wit often proves pernicious consequence when it ceases to be tempered with virtue and humanity.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber and takes out our brains to make room for it.

Calumny is the voice of those who have neither a good heart nor a good understanding.

Knowledge unemployed, may preserve us from vice; but knowledge beneficially employed is virtue.

An action cannot be perfectly good unless the motives are virtuous and free from any mixture of vice.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

If girls would have roses in their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning glories.

A weekly journal, called the Messenger de Tahiti, has been established in the Society Islands. It is printed in French.

The late Samuel Appleton, of Boston, gave away, for charitable purposes, during last year, six thousand dollars!

Ex-President Fillmore may be daily seen in the streets of Buffalo, looking like one relieved from the drudgery of power.

Get possession of the whole world, and if you measure your own shadow, you will not find it one jot longer than before.

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There is a boy at the National House, Charleston, Mass., who weighs four hundred and fifteen pounds.

The Artesian Well, in Montgomery, Alabama, is 550 feet deep, and the sugar is still grinding in a rock.