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VOLUME VII

JACKSON C. H., OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1854.

NUMBER 44

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. H. ADAMS,
OFFICE:—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, but when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—1f

D. A. HOFFMAN,
Physician & Surgeon.
JACKSON, C. H., O.
Office:—At D. HOFFMAN'S STORE, where he may be found at all times, but when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—1f

W. M. S. WILLIAMS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.
Office:—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, but when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—1f

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.

H. S. BUNDY,
Attorney & Counselor 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 Vinton, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

W. K. HASTINGS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL Practice in Jackson, and the adjoining counties. Particular attention will be given to the collection of Claims
Office:—White Hardware Store.
Jackson Sept. 15, 1853. 25-1y

PRICE & TAYLOR,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant.
WE are prepared to receive Goods, from the Rail Road, and forward to the surrounding country.
WE are receiving direct from the Eastern Cities, the largest Stock of Goods ever brought to this Market, come and examine for yourselves, for it would be too tedious to name our Great Variety.
PRICE & TAYLOR.
September 15, 1853.

D. LEACH,
THREE doors below the Lham House, dealer in all kinds of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, has just received his second fall purchases, for fall and winter, which he will sell cheaper than ever, (for cash,) call and price his Goods, by all means.
Nov. 24, 1853 35-4f

C. F. CONROY & CO.,
PIG IRON CORNER,
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
Commission and Forwarding Merchants.
Dealers in Groceries, Produce, Pig Iron and corn.
G. W. SMITH. S. B. HOLMES.
Successors to Barker & Smith. Dealers in Stoves, Grates and Hollow Ware.
Also Manufacturers of Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc Ware.
Market Street, East side, between Front and Second.
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
Job Work Promptly attended to
Sept. 29, 1853.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!!!
GREEN, HAMBURG, FOUNTAIN, READY AT
O. S. SAYLOR'S,
To be sold Gold, Gold, Gold.
THE undersigned having permanently established themselves in this place, would announce to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity, that they will keep constantly on hand a large lot of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, which they will sell at the lowest cash price, all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired. Entire satisfaction warranted or money refunded.
O. S. SAYLOR.
Two doors west of the post office.
In Mrs. Sylvester's Block.
September 15, 1853. 25-1f

HO FOR A RIDE,
Come all ye good farmers who wish to shine out. Just come in and let us know what you are about. And for Saddles and Harness either common or fine.
Call at my shop for that's just in my line!
THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully announce to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity, that he has permanently located himself here for the purpose of carrying on the Saddle and Harness business, one door east of Price and Taylor's Store, where he will be found ready to accommodate or make to order any article in his line. Please give him a call.
D. W. WINFOUGH.
July 28, '53-1f.

Look Here Every Body!!
JUST RECEIVED: a superior lot of patent Improved Safety Fuse. Also Blasting and Rifle Powder. For sale low for cash, at
Sep. 6, 1853-1f
H. W. WHITE'S.

Select School.
THE organization of a regular Select School, has taken place in the town of Jackson, and those who are wishing to take the advantages thereof, will find the way open. Now is the time; as the fall term is just commencing.
N. B. Terms reasonable.
W. C. DRAPER.
Jackson, Sept. 29, 1853.

Scraps! Scraps!!
THE highest market price in cash paid for old Scraps of IRON, by
JAMES TAYLOR & Co.
Jackson, Oct. 0, 1853. 30-4f

BLANK DERDS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Jackson Standard.

OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS R. MATHEWS,
JACKSON C. H., OHIO.
THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1854.

TERMS:
The paper will be sent according to order per year, in advance, for \$1.00
If not paid within four weeks, 1.50
If 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 rates.
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.
ADVERTISEMENTS INTENDED FOR INSERTION IN THE STANDARD, SHOULD BE HAND IN PREVIOUS TO 3 P. M., ON TUESDAY.

Original Tale.

FOR THE JACKSON STANDARD.
FIRST AND ONLY
ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE.
BY E. P. OF JACKSON.

"Susanna, Susanna, you observed," enquired Mrs. Newton, as she was about leaving the parlor "that all the happiness we are permitted to enjoy in this life, is a compound of joy and grief, and that the brightest anticipations of the future are often obscured by evil forebodings."

"Mother,"
"Be calm my daughter, you are a good girl, and in all your troubles do as you have heretofore done, come to your mother for consolation and advice."
"Mother, to what does this language portend? Does any evil threaten him?"
"Have I not always been dutiful and obedient, and obeyed my father's dying injunction, to appeal to my mother for consolation and advice?"

"Your conduct has been unexceptionable, your father was a saint upon earth, and a blessing to mankind."
"But Lucien, Lucien Millman, what threatens him?" Mrs. Newton read aloud the following letter:

"Dear Mrs. Newton:—
"As an old friend to your husband, and one who wishes you and your daughter all the happiness earth can afford, I take the liberty to warn you, yeo, to exhort you, as you value your peace of mind and your daughter's happiness, to dismiss immediately and forever from your house, that arch hypocrite and impostor, Lucien Millman. He loves not Susanna. It is her fortune alone, he covets. To-morrow he will be arrested to answer to the charge of forgery—Guard well your daughter to-night, and she shall be preserved against the wily machinations of this heartless villain."
C. Fox.

A long and painful silence ensued.—Finally, Susanna ventured to enquire if her mother really determined to act in accordance with the above admonitions, and exclude her lover from the hospitalities of the house.

"The advice of Mr. Fox, my child, should not be rejected. He was your father's devoted friend, and does nothing unadvisedly, you should feel under renewed obligations to him for averting such a dreadful calamity. Oh, my child sup—"
"But is there no hope?"
"None."

"Then indeed I am most miserable, for I love Lucien with all my heart; and all the dreams of love and happiness are blasted forever," and the unhappy girl found temporary relief in a flood of tears. Her kind-hearted mother exerted all her powers to comfort her, and persuaded her to forget the mercenary wretch, who, for the sake of her fortune, would make her miserable for life. Love, however, is a tyrant, at whose will, we mortals must submit.

That night, pale and dejected, Susanna retired to her apartment, and for once, experienced what it was to be unhappy. All her life she had been the fond object of the most unremitting care and attention of her parents. Educated at the best institution of learning in the country, personally exceedingly handsome, with manners truly fascinating, having the pious examples of her parents before her, and being an only heir to an immense estate, rendered her an object devoutly sought for by all the marriageable of the opposite sex. Proposals and rejections were common occurrences with her, for she always declared, that she never would give her hand where her heart could not go. Was it fate, or what was it that enabled this individual, comparatively a stranger to so effectually secure her affections, and enable him to laugh his rivals in the face? She loved him with an intensity of feeling bordering on idolatry.

And what had become of Susanna?—Where was she, the joyous, innocent, and confiding Susanna? Had she really found in her husband, that protector and defender he promised to be? Or was the story of his villainy false, and she basking in her husband's love, surrounded by loving friends, and all the comforts and luxuries of life, and thus forgotten that she had left a mother to mourn her loss? The following letter from Mr. Fox, dated New Orleans, will gratify any curiosity entertained on these subjects:

"Dear Miss Newton.
After three years of unremitting search, I am able to give some intelligence of your daughter, accosted on the wharf by an old sailor, who enquired for my friend, for I discovered he had a good heart and a benevolent disposition.—The old sailor appeared to be in trouble, and occasionally muttered to himself, and on one occasion, I overheard one of his incoherent ejaculations, to-wit! "Poor thing, so young and so beautiful, what a hard-hearted mother she must have to thus discard her forever, and even refuse her the privilege of calling her mother!" I enquired to whom he alluded. He replied by taking my hand and requesting me to accompany him. I did so, for from that moment, I had a presentiment that I should see your daughter again. We walked some two miles, when I discovered we were in an obscure, filthy part of town, inhabited principally by pickpockets and lawless men of all descriptions.—In a central part of this portion of Sodom my conductor called my attention to a sign in large letters, "WASHING DONE HERE." On entering the room, I discovered through the fog of tobacco smoke the forms of several persons engaged in earnest conversation. I immediately left the room unperceived, gave the sailor a signal to follow, told him my determination and in a short time returned accompanied by my friend. I was so effectually disguised as a sailor, that I am sure my most intimate friends could not have recognized me. We entered the door under the sign of "Washing done here," singing an old sea song. A young man of roguish and ragged appearance, commanded us to be seated, and not venture to interrupt his story again.

"Come Lucien finish your yarn," exclaimed several voices, "and if any more drunken sailors intrude upon our amusements, we will teach them better manners for the future."
"Well, this occurred about three years ago, (continued the speaker,) just six months after I obtained my second diploma in the penitentiary. How old Fox, the lawyer, lettered me out is something incomprehensible, but so soon as I discovered him on my trail, I brought matters to a speedy termination. I assumed the lawyer's disguise and voice, obtained admission into her chamber at night, and promised and swore to love protect and defend her through life, if she would elope with me."

"Did she consent?"
"Consent! yes, and I brought her directly here, and I never think of the happiness and wealth I promised her, without laughing myself into convulsions;" (and here the speaker indulged in the most boisterous merriment.)
"But did you get any of the old woman's tin?"
"Not yet, but will if my wife survives her, but I think I am pursuing a very certain course, to terminate the career of both about the same time."

"What course is that?"
"Cutting off all communication from each other, I have amused myself on several occasions, by forging letters from the old lady to Susanna, forbidding her from returning, or even calling her mother.—Susanna's letters in reply, I never sent, and have some of them now, in my pocket. Here is her last, which I will read, if you will not interrupt me, by too much laughing."

"Dear MOTHER.
Every month for more than three years, have I written to you, imploring your forgiveness, for my first and only offence. I have no excuse to offer in palliation of my crime! They who sow the storm must reap the whirlwind. That you refuse to forgive me, I do not wonder, but that you should peremptorily forbid my calling you by the endearing name of mother, is more than my poor heart can bear. This then according to your peremptory command, shall be the last letter I shall ever address you. Oh, read it for the sake of her who was once obedient, and whose sublimed joy was to nestle in the maternal bosom, and when you have read it remember it will not be long till the sting of death will relieve my wretched sufferings here.—God hasten the period! But dear mother grant me this one boon, this last request—you have an immense fortune, and when your repentant daughter shall have joined her father, in that world exempt from sorrow and distress, lay her body by the side of her father, for their spirits will be united forever in a more blessed state of existence. Mother there is a consolation even in tears, whilst they came to my relief, I obtained momentary cessations of suffering; but alas, even that small comfort has of late been denied me. My cup of sorrow is nearly full, and when I view myself covered with rags and patches, begging for my husband in the streets, on public days, I cannot prevent my thoughts from recurring back to the early scenes of my childhood, when all was love and joy; when my mother was ever ready to forgive and kiss my tears away. How different now my situation, married to a convict, a thief, a

beggar, washing all day the filthy clothes of ruffians and lawless men, but my pen fails, my heart sickens at the picture, my brain is whirling and I feel faint.
Farewell forever,
SUSANNA MILLMAN."

"This letter was read amid the laugh and brutal jests of the company. You may well imagine that my whole frame was electrified, that my brain was fired with indignation, at the wretch the author of so much sorrow. My companion would have felled him to the earth, with his ponderous fist, had not the officers of the law who I had previously stationed at the door, interfered. Your son-in-law was conducted to jail, and there terminated his wretched existence by poison. From the prison I hurried back with a light heart, to clasp your daughter in my arms, believing my mission almost accomplished. I gently knocked at the inner door, but no response was made, hearing a slight noise within however, I cautiously entered, and the sight I there beheld will remain engraved on my mind to the end of life! Your beloved child, your long lost Susanna, was kneeling in an old dilapidated room, damp and chilly, without furniture or more light than enabled me to distinguish her features. There she knelt with her eyes turned toward heaven, communing with her God, and her mother's portrait which she held in her hands, being the only article of importance she could conceal from her husband. Never did I witness such a devotional expression of countenance; such a symbol of purity, her lips moved, a faint smile momentarily lit up her countenance, she kissed your portrait, and then discovered me. Being still in my disguise, she supposed me a real sailor, inquired if I had come for my clothes, stating that she had been too much indisposed to finish them, hoped I would excuse her, promised to be more punctual in future. My heart sank within me, my nerves trembled, and I could scarcely refrain from suddenly throwing off my disguise, and making myself known. To thus behold the only child of my friend, and the idol of my affections reduced to such degradation and not suffer my emotions to betray me, required an amount of philosophy, that I did not suppose I possessed. I told her to give herself no concern about the clothes, for I had none there, that I came to bring her news of her mother, she fixed her eyes upon me as if offended, and said she forgave me for thus trifling with her from one consideration only; which was, that I resembled an old and esteemed friend of her parents. I assured her I had no disposition to trifle with her feelings, and enquired the name of her parent's friend whom she supposed I resembled. She answered that it was Fox. I could no longer restrain my feelings, but clasped her to my heart, with the warmest parental feeling! She recognized me, but the request almost proved her death, her thought gave way, her voice faltered, but not a tear moistened her eye, I spoke to her in soothing tones, called her by name, assured her that you had never blamed her, had nothing to forgive, and had never received a letter from her, or even knew where she was! She grew paler and paler, her lips quivered, but could not utter a word. I called her by name, and beseeched her to speak, but she only answered me by placing her hand to her heart. I grew alarmed, lest her immaculate spirit should desert its earthly tenement. I conveyed her to comfortable lodgings, summoned a physician, who on hearing her history, and examining her pulse, shook his head, and bade me hope for the best and prepare for the worst. God grant that she may recover.
C. Fox.

Since the disappearance of Susanna, her mother's health had become considerably impaired, her only consolation was derived from a good conscience, and a prospect of brighter inheritance beyond the grave. She kept Susanna's room in the precise condition it was in the night of her elopement, there lay her watch, her jewelry, her clothes and all the paraphernalia of a young ladies bed chamber.—Affairs were all arranged to keep the widow in the liveliest recollection of her lost child, her pony, her birds and her favorite old hound, her body guard in her juvenile rambles, were still at their place. Why is it that a cloud of sadness and regret envelops all! Why is it that a veil of mourning is suspended over the once peaceful and happy family? It is because the loved and silvery toned voice of the kind and gentle Susanna is heard no more. The beautiful pony has lost his animation, the old hound no longer leaps with joy at his mistress's call, the birds sing plaintive notes, and all nature seems mutually suffering one common calamity.

Early one bright spring morning, about four weeks after the date of Mr. Fox's letter, Mrs. Newton sat alone in the parlor, wondering what connection (if any) Mr. Fox's long absence had with Susanna, never supposing that her husband's old friend had been moving heaven and earth to reclaim her. Hearing the old sentinel the hound bark in an unusual tone, she stepped to the window and to her astonishment saw a large man in sailor's habiliments, ascending the steps. He soon made his appearance at the door, and inquired if he had the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Newton. Being affirmatively answered, he awkwardly seated himself, crossing his legs alternately, bidding

and unfolding his arms, aiming at the spit box, but sure to hit some costly article of furniture, adjacent thereto, scratching his head, and constantly asking pardon, presented a scene calculated for a moment to direct her mind from the distressing theme that absorbed so much of her thoughts during the last three years.—Clearing his mouth and accidentally throwing over the center table, the old sailor commenced his speech.

"Madam, I have an agreeable duty assigned me by your husband's friend, M. Fox."
"Does the fulfillment of this duty have reference to me sir?"
"Yes madam."
"Then proceed sir!"
"Have you or rather did you not have a daughter?" here the old sailor took a fresh chew of tobacco, and broke through a cane bottom chair.
"Yes sir, I had a daughter but God only knows whether she is living or dead."
"Her name was—"
"Susanna."
"Susanna Millman, so you see madam I know her, she was living when I saw her last, but was dangerously ill;—Here is a letter from Mr. Fox who has charge of her, and if your agitation will not allow you to read it, I will read it for you. Be calm madam." The good hearted man read the letter and retired to an adjoining room, giving her an opportunity to reflect and indulge her thoughts as might seem most natural under the circumstances. The old sailor became impatient, he had already waited two hours, and received no invitation to return, cautiously opened the door and beheld the widow seated in her spacious arm chair, pointing to the letter in her lap exclaiming, "I have read, I have read it." But not another word did she utter. Her only reply to questions was by placing her hand to her heart—strange coincidence that mother and daughter should be similarly afflicted almost at the same time. Not a sigh heaved her bosom, nor a tear escaped her eye, for the fountain was dried up, her cup of sorrow was now overflowing, and she felt that her dissolution was nigh at hand. The good sailor became alarmed, and ordered his domestics to put her to bed, whilst he ran for a physician.

The doctor soon made his appearance, spoke encouragingly to his patient, and made every exertion to revive her, but she had lost the power of speech, and evidently the tide of life was fast ebbing away. Another day elapsed, but found Mrs. Newton no better. The news of her illness spread far and near, and hosts of sympathizing friends were there, when suddenly a carriage entered the yard in which was seated a gentleman and lady, and in consequence of his unchanged appearance, the gentleman was easily recognized as Mr. Fox.—But the lady who is she—who is she that is dressed in black, and whose presence causes the old hound to leap and yelp with joy, and the eyes of the neighbors to moisten with tears?—Susan, it is Susanna. Her neighbors welcomed her return with the strongest demonstrations of joy, but not having heard of her mother's illness, there was a trial in restore for both, and by the readers permission we will draw a veil over the scene, and simply remark that the widow had scarcely recognized her daughter, and blessed her before her spirit fled to the God who gave it.

Several years have now passed and Susanna is the sole occupant and heir of her father's estate, and still remains a widow and a blessing to society; daily visits her parent's graves, and will regret to the end of life, her first and only act of disobedience."

COUNTRY PAPERS.

The weekly journals of our country, supply their readers with an amount and variety of instruction and entertainment which is worth ten times the price of subscription. They bring the dwellers of the most secluded spots into communion with the outer world, given them ideas and information which they could obtain in no other way; minister to the morality and innocent enjoyment of society; stimulate the industrial interests, and the public spirit of a people, and thus contribute most powerfully to the intellectual, social, moral and material progress of a community. Yet the agents in this great work are the only laborers who are not considered worthy of their hire, whose just rewards are often altogether withheld, or else doled out with a niggard and grudging hand, and who in the midst of the happiness and prosperity to which they are permitted to pine in neglect and poverty.—Richmond Dispatch.

COTTON EXPORTS.

The decrease of cotton exports for this year thus far have been \$11,655,000, and the increased exports of breadstuffs \$11,849,000.

From the New York Dutchman.
COBBS' BEST.
Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than the Hon. Leslie Coombs of Kentucky. In the way of anecdotes, he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate who has not made his acquaintance.

Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Lukey, whose taste for bragging amounts at times, to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spreads himself" and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival" from Illinois.

"Major, I understand from General Coombs, that shortly after the Revolution you visited England; how did you like the joint?"
"Capitally, I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist, and a devil of a time we had of it."
"Rex! what Rex?"
"Why, Rex the King—George the third—game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I played against Billy Pitt and Ed. Burke—and resulted rather comically."
"How so?"

"As we were playing the last game, Rex, said, in rather a familiar manner, 'Major, I suppose you know Charles Washington, do you not?' 'No sir,' said I, 'I do not; but I tell you who I do know, George Washington the Father of his country.' 'Father be d—d,' said he, 'he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, he would have been hung long ago.' This, of course, riled me, and to that degree, that I just drew eyes, and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next morning Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered, that I looked like Lazarus. This gave me rather a distaste for English society, so that next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first person I met, after entering the city, was Q."

"Q! what Q?"
"Why, that d—d old federalist, Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play nines with him, and I did so. Won \$200 at two shillings a game, and then had a row."
"About what?"
"He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got angry, and knocked him into a spittoon. Whilst I still had him down, Jim, came in and dragged me off to the 'White house.'"
"What Jim?"
"Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when 'Tom' came in and insisted that I should go home with him."
"What Tom?"
"Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went into a fight.—In the midst of it they fell over the banisters, and dropped about fifty feet. When I left, they were giving each other hell in the cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha ran in and said I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon to see George."
"What Martha do you mean?"
"Martha Washington, wife of George, the old boy that gave jessy to the Hessians."

About here, Coombs said the stranger began to discover that he was "sawallowing things." The next stage that came along, he took passage in for an adjacent town. The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis the Eighteenth is the dearest best thing on record.

SENSIBLE HOG.

Some years ago I made a visit in the Bay of Fundy, and finding a cozy place there quite to my mind, I spent a week or more in that vicinity. Whilst there I had occasion to notice the movements of sundry hogs who came down to the beach at low tide to feed upon the clams which abound in the sands. You are aware that the tide rises thirty or forty feet in that part of the country. The consequence is that it must come and recede very rapidly; so swift indeed does it rise that cattle unacquainted with the state of things not unrequently get overtaken by the water and are drowned. The old hogs in those parts, however, get accustomed to the tide. They find out not only that it "waits for no man," but that it waits for no hog. One day while I was on the beach I saw a regiment of hogs as busy as they could be rooting for clams and feasting on them. Watching them carefully, I could not help noticing that several of their number ever and anon placed one ear in the attitude of listening. They would remain in that position a moment or two, and then go on digging clams.—At length one cunning old fellow, after listening an instant, uttered that well-known note of alarm, and off he and the whole regiment ran at the top of their speed out of the reach of the tide. When I placed my ear near the ground, as the hogs did, I discovered what they discovered, and what I did not know before, the roar of the tide coming in, and I found it necessary to retreat about as speedily as they had done. What do you think of that reader!—Youth's Cabinet.

A COINCIDENCE.—REV. DR. WALKER, OF Cambridge, on Sunday preached from the text, "What art thou?" and Rev. Dr. Hilbro, also of Cambridge, preached from the text, "Who art thou?"