

HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.
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O. CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING
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Each insertion afterwards, Two and a Half Cents a Line.
Advertisements will be published from six to twelve days at Two Cents a Line for each insertion, including the first.

We understand that the county court, during its present sitting, has ordered the sense of the people of this county to be taken upon the proposition that the county subscribe \$100,000 to the North Missouri Railroad, provided the road runs through or within 12 miles of Paris; or \$50,000 if it runs through any part of the county. The vote to be taken at the Plank-road election, on the last Saturday in this month.

We take the above from the Paris Mercury, and suppose it was written for that paper; but we can't be certain, for they steal about a page of editorial every week, and no one knows when any thing is original with them.

Ma. Editor:

In your yesterdays' paper I see a piece of poetry addressed "To Katie in H—l" (*Hell*).—Now, I've often seen pieces to "Mary in Heaven," or "Lucy in Heaven," or something of that sort, but "Katie in Hell," is carrying the matter too far.

GRUMBLER.

A Turk's Idea of Progress.

—That is a curiosity of an epistle in Mr. Layard's new volume, in which the Imaum Ali Zadi, rebukes the inquiring tendencies of the adventurous traveller. Mr. Layard had written for certain information, and the Imaum replied as follows:—

"My illustrious friend and joy of my liver:—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine.—But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were impossible for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern the not. Thou camest unto us,—we welcomed thee; go in peace. Of a truth, thou has spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou has wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid. Listen, oh, my son. There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto Him, in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spineth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me, "Stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things." If I think that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes? Oh, my friend, if thou wilt be happy, say, "There is no God but God." Do no evil; and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come. The meek in spirit (El Fakir,) IMAUM ALI ZADI.

A Scholar in the Cabinet.

The New York Herald's correspondent, says, Mr. Cushing is the only man in the Cabinet, who can speak any thing besides English, adds—"At the diplomatic dinner given by M. de Bodeac on Wednesday, the Attorney General charmed and surprised the distinguished party by his captivating and versatile accomplishments. Like a veritable polyglot, he conversed in French with M. Le Comte de Sartigen, in Spanish with Don Calderon de la Barca, and in Dutch with Baron Testa, spoke German with Baron Von Gevolt, Portuguese with De Figenivre, and the most unexceptionable Tuscan with the representative of the Tuscany.

From the Bouquet.

THE VIOLET.

I found within a sheltered dell,
A little lonely flower,
And I loved it more than the fairest rose,
That blooms in yonder bower.

As if to guard it from all harm,
Its tiny form was set,
Within a bed of softest moss,
'Twas the sweet violet.

And freely forth on every breeze,
Its rich perfume was cast,
As nestled 'mid its fresh green leaves,
It blessed me as I passed.

My lot, I would it were like thine—
Ah! sweet and gentle flower,
In each a home of peace and love,
To wait my life's last hour.

A mind too calm for storms to move,
I'd have bright flowers from thee—
And pure as thy own stainless cheek,
I would my heart might be.

And that my soul may then be filled,
Should be my latest boon—
With holy love as thy fair bell,
Is filled with sweet perfume.

On thy rosy banks, where rests the last
Fond rays of the setting sun—
To sleep my last, my dreamless sleep,
When life's long day is gone.

A BUD.

An exchange paper states that about nineteen years ago, Mr. Hait, of Wilton, in Fairfield county, Connecticut, then a remarkably good student in his collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory. Under these circumstances, his father, the Rev. Mr. Hait, sent him to Hartford but finding no relief, he sent him to Mr. Chaplain, of Cambridge, Mass. The doctor said there was no present relief for him, but at the age of thirty-six or thirty-seven there would be a change; that the brain was too much expanded for the cranium, and there would at that age be a contraction, which would enable it to act healthily. His anxious father and family saw their hopes pre-emptorially deferred for nineteen years. That time has recently expired, and, to their great joy, the prophecy is fulfilled. The man began to inquire for his books, as if he had just laid them down, and resumed his mathematical studies where he left them. There was no trace on his mind of this long blank in his life, or of anything which had occurred in it, and he did not know that he was nearly forty years of age.

Hottentots.

The Hottentot females are at once the laziest and most ill-used of women. The priest when he marries them blesses them saying—"May you live happy, and year-after year bear a son, who may live to be a good hunter and a great warrior." It is needless to say that this wish is not always gratified. So long as her husband exists, the Hottentot woman is the slave and drudge of the hut, and on her devolves the task of providing for the subsistence of the family, while the husband eats, drinks, smokes, and sleeps. When the Hottentot wife becomes a widow, she must continue so for life, unless she chooses to purchase a husband at a price which, according to our notions, is something more than the delights of a wife in Hottentot matrimony would warrant. She must consent to loose a joint of one of her fingers; and this process must be repeated as often as, being left a widow, she wishes again to contract matrimony. The Hottentot son, on coming of age, is presented with a cudgel, with which he is commanded to beat his mother; and this request is very dutifully complied with by the son, in order to manifest his strength and nobility, "just as some youths are prone to evince their manhood by smoking cigars and swearing profanely." It is strange that the mother, though often fainting under the cruel beatings of the son whom she has nursed at her bosom, does not reproach him; but she admires his manliness and dexterity in proportion to the chastisement.

The plate in the cabin of the steamer Victoria wrecked near Howth on the coast of Ireland, has been recovered by a diver; but the man protests that nothing in the world would induce him to go down a second time, as the scene in the cabin was the most horrible he ever witnessed. He thought he had entered a wax-work exhibition, the corpses never having moved from their position since the vessel went down. There were some eighteen or twenty persons in the cabin, one and all of whom seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like that he was almost inclined to believe that some were yet living.

The Right of Way.

The following incident was related at the railroad celebration on the occasion of the completion of the railroad to La Salle: A Sucker from the region of "Egypt" who had strayed up and squatted on the line where the road was run, was applied to for the right of way through his farm.

He objected strenuously and persuasion appeared to be useless. They would spoil his farm, and as he had heard his cattle would all be killed when the locomotive came along.

When told that the company would pay him for all such damages, he met the agent with the reply:

"Why yes—perhaps they might—if a feller could catch 'em—but when they come along with one of their 'cow catchers' and tuk off his stock in the night—the darn thing would be in Chicago before he could get up and dress himself."

Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out, but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies Repository for April will show:

"A brother just returned from California says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California, attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. "Don't leave," said the preacher, "the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, long time ago, he took leave of his distant home." The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears.

Married, at Podunk, on the 3rd ultimo, by the Rev. D. Willis, Mr. H. Hoe with Miss Ann Handle, all of that city.

How useless a Handle without any Hoe,
And useless a Hoe without Handle;
No better a winter without any snow,
Or a candlestick minus a candle.

But here, joined in one, the Handle and Hoe,
With life's rugged journey smooth over,
And each prove a helper in this world below,
'Till death shall Hoe both to another.

AN OUTRAGE.

Three villains gagged and tied Joel Daniels, town treasurer of Franklin, Mass., in his barn on Saturday evening, and then entered the house and stole \$400 and valuable papers from his trunk. The selectmen offer \$500 for the apprehension of the robbers.—[Saturday Gazette.

Spanish Nobility.

According to the Spanish law, daughters inherit titles of nobility and preserve them not only while they retain their family name, but transmit them in marrying to their husbands. Thus Napoleon III will receive the title of nobility from the head of Mlle. Montigo's family. If he accepts it, it will become his duty, by the terms of the law, to make a declaration of his acceptance to the chief of the Spanish nobility, who is now the Duke of Montpensier, son of Lewis Phillippe, who attained that distinction by virtue of his marriage with the sister of Queen Isabella.

Touching the profits of the New York Collectorship, the Providence Journal says: "We suppose that one way and another, a man may get \$50,000 a year out of the office and keep clear of the State Prison."

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No. I was better yesterday, but got over it."

"Am der no hopes den ob your discovery?"

"Discovery ob what?"

"Your discovery from de convalescence dat fetch you on yer back?"

"Dat depends, Mr. Snow, altogether on de prognostications which amplify de disease.—Should dey terminate fatally, de doctor tinks Julius am a gone nigger; should dey not terminate fatally, he hopes de colored individual won't die till anoder time. As I said before, it all depends on the prognostics, and till these come to a head, it is hard telling whedder de nigger will discontinue hisself or not."

AN UNCLE TOMTUBE.

"Mother," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Why don't the book mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke of her but it has not once spoke it!"

"Why, she had no other name, child."

"Yes she had, mother, and I know it."

"What was it?"

"Why, Turvey—Topsy Turvey."
"You had better go to bed my dear, said the mother, you are as bad as your old grandmother for she can't say pork without beans for the life of her."

A PICAYUNE STORY.—One of our coast packets (which we will not say,) was hailed on her downward trip to New Orleans by an old lady standing near a convenient landing who gave the usual signal to round to and take on a passenger. The boat was accordingly headed to shore, the engine stopped; the plank run out, and the ancient maiden with many signs of trepidation tottered on board. Her first query was, "You hain't none on ye see any thing o' the cap'n round here, have ye?" The cap'n was pointed out to her. She hobbled up towards him, gave him a deeply reverential look over the rims of her silver bowed spectacles and the following dialogue ensued:

"Be you the cap'n on this boat?" "Yes ma'am."

"Be you gwine down to Orleans?"

"That is our present intention madam."

"Well cap'n (producing a small bundle from under her shawl) here's eleving eggs, and I want you to trade 'em off for me in Orleans and get me one spool of thread, one skein of silk and the rest in beeswax. And cap'n would ye be kind enough to wait a leetle minute. You see the old hen is on the nest now and I want orfully to git another egg to make up the dozen."

Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night cap. Well, said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night cap?" "Oh! child," said she, "but you know in case of fire!"

A gentleman who was rather impatient at table, declared that he wished he could do without servants, as they were greater "plagues than profit." "Why not have a dum waiter?" suggested a friend. "Oh, no!" returned the other, "I have tried them—they don't answer!"

Copper Mines.

The Lake Superior copper mining business is rapidly becoming an immense one, both in the quantity of metal obtained, and the fine field it affords for speculation. The capital stock paid in on the shares of twenty of these companies is something over a million of dollars, while its present market value has run up considerably over three millions.

TICKLED TO DEATH.—Boys when they arrive at age; and girls the first time they lay their head against a vest pattern.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

Some time ago, Mr. Nicholas Flint, of Great Valley, in digging a well, after excavating to the depth of about forty feet, and finding no water, determined to dig no deeper, as the space had already become so small that he was afraid, should he sink it deeper, that the sides would fall in, if he attempted to stone it up. He accordingly abandoned it, throwing planks across the mouth to prevent accident, intending to fill it up again when he had leisure. One day he heard a singular noise, which seemed to proceed from the well, and on going to it, he discovered that it was caused by a heavy draft of air forcing itself up from the well. This continued for several days, when the current of air became reversed, and there was a strong draft downward so much so that light substances brought near the crevices in the planks were instantly drawn in. He then procured a piece of pump-log, about two feet long, with an aperture of two inches in diameter, and inserted this firmly in one of the planks. The air, as it forced itself into or out of this tube, makes a roaring sound which can be heard for nearly a mile. In fact, this well seems now to perform all the breathing functions of a huge pair of lungs, although the inhalations and exhalations continue for a much longer period than those of any other animal now known, as it is sometimes several days in drawing its breath, and as long a time in forcing it out. The boys in the neighborhood often amuse themselves by pulling their caps over the end of the tube while the exhalation is going on, to see them thrown several feet into the air.—Another fact is, that the respiratory organs of this "breathing monster" seem to be entirely under the control of the atmosphere; so that, in addition to its other singularities, it acts the double part of thermometer and barometer. For some hours preceding a change from a lower to a higher degree of temperature, the inhalations grow less and less, until they are finally imperceptible; then the air commences rushing out, the current growing stronger and stronger, until the weather has become settled, after which it again subsides to await another depression of the mercury, to "take another breath." Who will elucidate this mystery?—*Callarogus Whig.*

Bunker Hill Monument was twice struck by lightning a few days since.