

WESTERN UNION.

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WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN UNION.
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The Mourner's Lament.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The night-breeze first my faded cheek,
And lifts my damp and flowing hair—
Sweet thoughts sweetest voices speak,
Like harp-strings to the viewless air;
While in the skies unmeasured scrolls,
The burning stars forever roll,
Changeless as heaven, and deeply bright—
Fair emblems of a world of light!

Oh, bathe my temples with thy dew,
Sweet Evening, dearest parent mild,
And from thy crumpled home of blue,
Lead calmly o'er thy tearful child:
For, when I feel, so soft and bland,
The pressure of thy tender hand,
I dream I rest in peace the while,
Cradled beneath my mother's smile.

That mother's smile! the snow-white shroud
To hide her agonizing bosom now,
And like a giant's arm some holy cloud,
To overshadow her from mortal view,
I cannot bear the thought of her
Unconscious with the beams of flowers,
Her soul in glory though my mind
Like mine from a day's shine.

How changed my being! moments sweep
Down, the eternal gulf of Time;
And we, like gilded bubbles, keep
Our course amid their waves sublime,
Till, mingled with the foam and spray,
We dash our lives of joy away;
Or, drifting on through sorrow's shades,
Sink as a gleam of starlight fades.

Alone! alone! I'm left alone—
A creature born to grieve and die;
But, while upon Night's sapphire throne,
In yonder broad and glorious sky,
I gaze in sadness—lo! I feel
A vision of the future steal
Across my sight, like some faint ray
That glimmers from the fount of day!

Stanzas.

Come not, when I am dead,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust that would not save;
There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblessed;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie,
Go by—go by!

[Alfred Tennyson.]

LARGE STORIES.

The Wonders of the El Dorado!

"Wonderful!" exclaimed one of a group of listeners, who were hanging on the words of a monstrosity, whiskered, out at the elbows looking fellow, who had evidently seen something of the world, though clearly to no great advantage to himself—"As large as your fist?"

"Yes, sir," replied the narrator.

"Solid gold?"

"Solid and pure as an ingot. Why, I saw a man from one of the diggings on Feather river, with a raw hide sack that held half a bushel full of lumps that he gathered in a little over ten days—not one of which was smaller than a walnut."

"You don't say so!" fell from two or three voices.

"It is just what I do say."

"Had you any luck in digging?" inquired one.

"Certainly I had. I staid in the diggings only a month, and came down to Sacramento with over twenty thousand dollars worth of the pure stuff."

"Twenty thousand!"

"Yes, and over."

"What did you do with your gold?" asked one.

Whiskered shrugged his shoulders, compressed suddenly his lips, and closed his eyes.

"Come easy, go easy!" said he. "It was spent in a month after I reached the coast."

"What did you do then?"

"Got a situation as clerk in a store at three hundred dollars a month."

"Good wages," remarked one of the listeners.

"First-rate. Grand place, that California—a man's a fool to plod out his life here."

"So I should think, provided you are not romancing," said one of the company.

"Romancing!" There's no need to romance, my friend," returned the adventurer. "The simple truth is wonderful enough. In fact, the half has never been told. The riches of the El Dorado are scarcely yet opened. Take my advice, every one of you, and make all haste for this golden region. There is room enough left for thousands to work and secure untold riches."

Among the listeners was an old fellow named Grimes, who had said nothing, but who had occasionally let his eye rest upon the talker with a half-sarcastic, half-comical twinkle.

"See here, my friend," said California, drawing up a chair to the table at which this personage was sitting, and addressing him in a familiar way: "why don't you pull up stakes and travel off to this land of promise? A man's a fool to vegetate in this part of the country, pursuing the vanishing shadow of a fortune, when he has only to step across the Isthmus, glide up the coast and fill his pockets with a hundred or two thousand of dollars in a few months."

"That can easily be done, can it?" said the old fellow.

"Pho! I washed ten thousand dollars out of a few bushels of sand in a single day."

"You did!"

"Certainly! Any body can do it."

"Then why didn't you stay there, my friend?" coolly asked the other.

Whiskered shrugged his shoulders, spread his eyes, pursed his lips, and made sundry other dumb motions.

"You seem to be pretty well cut out at the elbows, and pretty well out in the present," continued the other. "Where are all these heaps of shining gold, you talk so much about?"

"Come easy, go easy," and California shrugged his shoulders again. "Spent ten thousand dollars in Sacramento city in a fortnight. Great place, that."

"Why didn't you go back to the mine?"

"Didn't like the company there. Horrible place!"

"Oh! And yet a moment since you pictured it as the most desirable spot on earth!"

"But why didn't you stay in Sacramento city, on a salary of three hundred dollars a month—eh? Tell us that, my friend. You can't make three hundred dollars a year, I fancy, in these diggings?"

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" exclaimed California, at this, growing fierce, and beginning to finger his mustache. "I never permit a man to insult me."

"I only asked a very natural question, coolly repeated the narrator, "without moving or taking offense from the other's face. 'You're out the first time I've seen from the gold region, who came back with empty pockets and large stories.' I always ask such adventurers why they didn't stay there; but have yet to receive an answer to my question. Pray, sir, gratify my curiosity?"

California could not stand this; the more especially as one and another of the group had been edifying, repeated the interrogator. So he took refuge under a torrent of bad language; and retired from the company in high indignation.

"I can tell you why he left," said one, who had till now been silent.

"Why? Why?" was repeated all around.

"You know him do you not?"

"Yes, Tom Hanson."

The man drew a letter from his pocket and read—

"You remember Tom Hanson. Well he left in the last steamer for Panama, and took with him some three or four thousand dollars in gold dust belonging to a friend. He's a bad man, and conducted himself scandalously while here. It would hardly do for him to return."

"Hum! Oh! Oh! Alas! Such were the low ejaculations that followed this little piece of information. That explains his coming back."

California never again appeared in that company, nor repeated his large stories in the presence of old Grimes.

A Nautical Farmer.

We have laughed furtively, as our greatest American novelist would say, at the following, which we copy from the Knickerbocker:

"While the cholera was here last summer, a remarkably sharp specimen of Yankeeism, managed to keep body and soul together by frequently entering the doors of any of our stores or offices, and telling his story in a way to attract a few dollars, on the score of charity or impudence. To the respectable portion of the community he delivered the stereotyped history of Father Ned in New Orleans, and I'm traveling home to New York to see me no more; Won't you please, sir, give me a dime?" But to me, whom he knew better, he told a most amusing tale of his adventures. Yankee born, he had shipped while only fourteen years old, on board a Boston and Liverpool packet, made two or three trips, became disgusted, and taking French leave at New Orleans, started to walk across the country to New York! He spent his last shilling on the road, and somewhere in Ohio, hired himself to a farmer, who sent him out on the following morning to break up a piece of ground. In the course of an hour Tom made his appearance at the house, very much flushed in the face, as if ploughing the earth was rather more tedious a business than ploughing the domain of Father Neptune.

"Well, Tom," said the old squatter, "what's the matter? How did you get along?"

"She's wrecked, sir," was the reply.

"Wrecked!" echoed his employer, "why Tom, what do you mean?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, bringing his hand up to his empty pocket, "the craft wasn't well ballasted, sir, and wouldn't obey the tiller; and though I held her hard a-port, she lurch'd off a lee, and ran on the breakers. You'll find her out yonder, sir, due nor' east, on her beam ends, with her out water hard in a stump, the larboard hull on the starboard side, the starboard hull on the larboard, and the old mare foul on the rigging!" Tom was discharged forthwith.

Home.

Let your home be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flax, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—louge a little after dinner—chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling, all the joy, the peace and the blessings the earth can afford shall be yours till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

Stopping railroad trains by electricity is the latest invention announced in New York.

Love Letters.

The Home Journal is publishing returned love letters. Here is an extract from one.

There are lesser reasons, however, and now for the strongest and best—what you yourself are, at ten in the morning—lor, knowing your habits as I do, I must needs picture you, in my imagination, as I know you to be, amid the associations and employments of this hour when I can most clearly as well as most pleasantly see you. The hour is here. Shall I describe to you the picture in my mind's eye, which I see at this moment—when I find it so sweet to look on—and which I could not see, at hours later and more romantic?

You are alone, and amid your books. The looks of one of those white morning dresses, which you always wear at this hour, and in which you are loveliest, are floating around your shivered feet, the waving lines from the neck downwards girdled loosely at the waist. The moisture of the bath still darkens the shade upon your forehead, and the humid softness of the loving water still heightens the lustre of the bright lips in repose, and of the transparent roses in the cheek. There is in the drooping lids, at the same time, that, in the eyes themselves, there is the clear calm of thoughts all peacefully at home. The faultless head is drooped forward as you read, and the lines of those features, of Nature's divinest chiselling, are in the forgetful and yet intellectual repose in which the celestial type that they embody is seen most truly. You have slept, and angels have been with you, since the world (the profaning world) looked on you. Till noon, I know, you are accessible by viewless visitants alone, giving the morning hours, to self-culture and to influences in which fashion and life out of doors have no share. On those taper and dimpled limbs there are no rings, and, from the veins to the rosy nails, every nerve is slumberously inactive, while the posture of every finger is a model for sculpture. There is no sound in the room, and no movement but the changing light, and the white drapery upon your bosom rises and falls to the even measure of your breath. Beautiful!—oh how beautiful!—as you sit there consciously, and all alone in your loveliness—in loveliness, it seems to me, that must be delicious company to itself. Oh Heaven, how clearly I see you—how the sight of you possess me, mind and heart, at this moment, as I bow passionately and impressively I worship what I see! Ah! if intensity of gazing and longing would "photograph," a picture upon the eye, you might see yourself in mine, when next we meet—painted (even at ten in the morning!) as no glowing pencil of genius could do, with half so radiant a truthfulness!

But it is getting toward the wickered hours. I have passed, pen in hand, over my picture, till I have overwritten the clasp of that white morning-gown to your waist and, by this time, you are bonneted for a drive. By me, exclusively, seen no longer. I share you with the world. Your glorious beauty may sun any eye that meets you, and I must haste to think less of you, that this prodigal lavishing of my treasure may be borne more patiently. What have they done to deserve to see you—those blockheads who will look round as you pass and call you beautiful!

Too vexed, with this last thought, to tell you how much I love you, Adieu. P. P.

Council Grove.

From the years 1824 to 1827, Mr. Geo. C. Sibley, of St. Charles county, Mo., was engaged in the survey of a route from the western frontier of Missouri, to the confines of New Mexico. He furnishes the *Western Journal*, an account of the origin of the name of "Council Grove."

We copy the following extract:

And first as to Council Grove—It was here that the Mexican Road Commissioners, with their train of forty men, Surveyors, Secretaries, Interpreters, Hunters, Guard, &c, met the chiefs and heard men of the Osages in Council, (agreeably to previous arrangement) and concluded and signed a treaty through the territory claimed by the tribes. After the completion of this formality, and the Indians had departed perfectly content, (August 12, 1825) it was suggested by G. C. S. to have the name of the place, as inserted in the treaty, carved in large and legible characters on the trunk of a venerable White Oak tree that stood and flourished near the entrance of our council tent, and also to add the date and distance from Fort Osage. Colonels Reeves and Mather readily assented, and Capt. S. Cooper was directed to have it promptly executed.—Capt. C. employed a young man of the party known to be remarkably expert in lettering with his pen knife and tomahawk, by name John Walker, commonly called in camp "Big John," who executed the order very neatly and substantially—thus "Council Grove," came to be the name and designation of the place.

It is not the single fact that the human mind has thought of another world, good proof that there is one!

Mr. Callioun's manuscripts are to be purchased for the South Carolina Legislature, for the sum of \$10,000.

Blitz in an Omnibus.

A night or two since, Blitz, the renowned ventriloquist and magician took a seat in an omnibus, containing seven or eight passengers. The coach had only proceeded a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—

"Hold up—hold up, I say!"

The horses were stopped, and John looked around smilingly for the passenger, but none appeared. With an immodest exclamation, he uttered up his reins and said "git up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!"

The driver again stopped, and looking down into the coach inquired what was wanting.—The passengers eyed each other, as if to say, "I didn't speak!"

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart-rending squeaking of a poor run-over pig. Instantly each head was thrust out of the windows to behold the death struggles of the grunter, but no grunter was to be seen. In another minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice—

"Keep off my toes!"

Every one looked around, but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing, the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat before she exclaimed—

"Let me be—keep your hands off me!"

The gentleman seated next to her, said very innocently—

"I didn't touch you, ma'am!"

And the driver, looking down, shouted:

"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gentlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passengers; it won't do!"

The lady made an observation, as the coach rolled on, but was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon a middle-aged gentleman, who had a carpet-bag on his lap. The man blushed, and stammered out a barely intelligible—

"What the deuce is all this about?"

"Let me out!" screamed a lady.

"Murder!" shouted a boy on the steps, while two or four tugged lustily at the strap.

"What's the matter in there," enquired the driver.

"Matter enough," replied a gentleman, "take me out of this quarter."

"Keep your hand out of my pocket," pressed in on one.

"Did you do a Mess me, sir?" asked another.

"I didn't touch at all," gravely replied the man with the pocket.

"Be quiet, sir, no one can, with impunity, accuse me!"

Again the baby was heard to cry.

"Shame," said some one.

"Who would have believed it," remarked another, while the third, (Blitz, of course) shook the omnibus with a horse laugh. Thinking that he had had fun enough, the ventriloquist paid his fare, and jumped out of the omnibus. Scarcely had he reached the sidewalk, before the driver heard the words "hold up," from four quarters, in as many seconds, but not a passenger could be discerned. Filled with wonder, he hurried on his way. Blitz is a great fellow.—*Cincinnati Com.*

Jenny Lind has neither a sister nor a brother living. She lost a sister some years ago, but never had a brother, notwithstanding the numberless stories to the contrary which have been circulated. Her parents are both living in quiet and retirement at her native city, Stockholm, being supported by an adequate sum, put aside for that specific purpose by their affectionate daughter. Jenny Lind's annual income from property which she laid by, is less than \$1000, (not so much as she could make at a single concert,) and she is fully determined never to increase it, for every farthing of her income and earnings above what she spends for her own personal wants is devoted to charity. The whole of the funds received from her American engagement, are set aside for the establishment of Common Schools in Sweden, and it is her intention to devote her personal services to the supervision and inspection of these schools.

The red man's answer to the bigot was a good 'un. "Why do you not come to the House of God on the Sabbath and hear me preach?" said he once, to a "perverted" Indian. "Ugh!" replied the savage, "no go in the woods, Sunday; God preach there!"

Woman's love is a good deal like camomile—the more it's trod on, the faster it grows. To give a girl "airs," we now of nothing worse than too ardent attachment. A little water makes some fires burn faster.

RATHER BITTER.—A bachelor's reply to a young lady, who significantly sent him, as a present, some wormwood:—

"I'm glad your gift is not a Miss; the wormwood might me befahl!"

"Such words had alone, but worse the wormwood and the gal (l)."—

VIRGINIA WASHINGTON'S MEMENTO.—In a letter recently received from Rome, the following interesting anecdote of the Virginia Washington is related:—

Cassiodorus is reported to have written the following motto:—

"One of his sons, the Washington Monument is already finished. He has taken Patrick Henry as his first subject, and an exquisitely graceful statue he has made of Virginia's great orator."

An Awful Tragedy.

From the Memphis Eagle.
JEFFERSON CITY, Jan. 11, 1851.

After the 11th ballot, Mr. King offered a resolution, that after each ballot the candidate receiving the smallest number of votes should be dropped.

Mr. Stewart said he was unwilling to be swallowed up by any such resolution. He then proceeded to characterize the proposition of the member from Ray as not only tyrannical and absurd, but even ridiculous. In the course of his remarks, he alluded with animosity to the concealed purposes of the Resolution, a brief and searching survey of the recent course of the Senator for whose special benefit it was intended. He declared that there was wider difference between Democrats and Whigs, on principles, than existed between Democrats and right-minded Whigs. He said he had come up here to defeat the re-election of Col. Benton, and that little partisan band of friends with whom it was his pleasure to act, was prepared to present an undivided front until the end of the session for the accomplishment of that purpose.

For one, he proclaimed it here—and he had proclaimed the same thing at home—that he would vote for any Whig, who might agree with him in principle, before he would cast his vote for Benton or any of his strikers. He referred to the declaration of Benton, that he would prefer the election of a Whig in his place to any one of his Democratic opponents; and alluded, with effect, the false claims which the member from Ray and those whom he acted in aid of the character of a Democrat.—(Mr. Stewart's remarks were well received, and produced quite a sensation in a certain quarter.)

"This animal," said an itinerant show-man, "is the royal African Hyens, measuring fourteen feet from the tip end of his nose to the end of his tail and some distance back again making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season, like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who come to his assistance; and instances of the deprivation of human nature!"

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

To KEEP BOOTS FROM SPRINGING.—Eat them while they are fresh. We have tried all kinds of methods, but this we think is the only one to be relied on in the climate.

A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits.

"Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses. The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears."

The young should be spared from sorrow as much as possible. Never shut the window of joy, so as to leave them without even the memory of its glory.

There are fifteen candidates for the Mayorship of Pittsburg.

An eccentric fellow, who was recently at a tea table, where there were several fine girls sipping their twanky, was asked what he thought of a certain lady who was then absent.

"Oh," replied he "she is the plainest woman I ever saw in my life—the present company excepted!"

A lady asking a gentleman how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied:—"The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects."

Every body must have something to be proud of. There is a man in Baltimore who is proud because his uncle had lived forty years in the State Prison, longer than any other inhabitant of the place.

A Norfolk farmer not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a country meeting, and inquired into its possible mistaking, addressed the following grammatical note to its supposed possessor:—"Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B., I have got a hat which is not his, if you have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

A Novel Idea.—The proprietors of the Astor House, in New York, obtain daily, by telegraph, for the benefit of travelers, the state of the weather at various points of the Union.

It is stated in the United States census returns, that wolf-scalps are received in Johnson county, in this State, for taxes, at 50 cents each.

No lady will be admitted to the next Woman's Right's Convention who does not smoke, chew tobacco, shave and sing blues. The officers are expected to wear whiskers.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey.

"No, not exactly, but I've broken several wagons."

Charles Lamb, at a dinner where the company had been much annoyed by the presence of children, gave as a sentiment when called upon,—"The nu-much ca-calculated good King Herod!"

The Oregon papers begin to talk of printers "out West." Do they refer to Chinese types, or only those in the Sandwich Islands? "Down east" and "out west" are as hard to catch up with as the horizon or a kangaroo's tail.

THE WHOLE UNBOUNDED CONTINENT.—The London Illustrated Almanac contains a portrait of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and informs the reader that it is a portrait of "Millard Fillmore, President of America!"

Congress appropriated one million one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars to defray the expenses of taking the census.

Active Virtue.
Milton says—"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the room, where that immortal Garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. This was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bowler of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain."

An Arab proverb says, by six qualities may a fool be known:

Anger without cause, speech without profit, change without profit, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between friend and foe.

A gentleman passing through a potato patch observed an Irishman planting potatoes; he inquired of him what kind he had there.

"Raw ones," he said, replied the son of Erin "if they were boiled they wouldn't grow."

CAUTION TO GIRLS.—The young men fall on their knees before you, but remember it is but as the infancy before you, that they may conquer and kill, or as the hunter who on tended knee takes aim at his victim.

An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it amounts to a stamp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.