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Oh! Touch those Thrilling Chords Again.

AS SUNG BY DEMETER.

Oh! touch those thrilling chords again,
And sing that song once more,
'Tis one I loved in other days,
And used to sing of yore,
When this heart was sunlight all and bloom,
And free as wild bird's wing;
It was then I loved to hear the song
I bid thee now to sing.

Thou say'st 'tis a simple thing,
And has no charm for thee;
Oh! thou can never, never know
How dear it is to me.
Thou cannot know the memories
That wake in every strain;
Then smile not at my earnestness,
But sing it o'er again.

It was the first, the first sweet song,
Of one who cared for me;
I learned it from the lips of love
When stars were on the sea.
But the minstrel's hand is cold and mute,
And silent is that lute,
And the hallowed lips whence flowed that song,
Are now forever mute.

Oh! many fond remembrances
Are blended in that lay,
And each soft tone yields my full heart
To scenes in life's young day.
Then touch again the silver lute,
And sing that song once more,
'Twas sung to me by my beloved
In happy days of yore.

By Mother's Bible.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this bible clasped—
She, dying gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close.
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still!

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear.
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear.
Her angel face I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide;
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

FALL OF SPIRIT RAPPERS.—The following bit of plain talk we find in the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

"In Little York, Ohio, fifty-two fools, male, female, and juvenile, were lately gathered together, to consult the Spirits. All passed off satisfactorily, till the gaping crowd asked the ghost of an old man who said he was not in heaven, if he was in the other place. Whereupon the floor gave way with a loud crash, and fools, mediums and all were thrown into the cellar. The ghost, of course, had to bear the blame of the accident."

The Missouri Brunswicker of the 6th instant says the Hungarians in Iowa, under Governor Ulljah, have sold out their claim at New Buda, and are about to colonize in Texas, the climate in Iowa being too cold and inhospitable for them.

DIRABLE WHITENESS.—Mix up a pailful of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take a quarter of a pint of flour, mix it up with water, then pour on it boiling water, a sufficient quantity to tickle it; then pour it while hot, into the whitewash. Stir it well together, and it is ready for use. The whitewash will not rub off.

NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

It is one of the drawbacks to Patriarchal authority, that while absolute power in one's own family may be tempted with the best and kindest feelings, so long as it is confined to the household, it is apt to indemnify itself upon strangers for the restraints of the home circle.

This is the only way of accounting for the fact that Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias, who is one of the kindest of rulers to his own subjects, is a mere tyrant where foreign nations are concerned.

The following anecdotes of the Russian Czar, are from a recent publication by M. Jermann, who resided several years in St. Petersburg.

Before quitting the subject of the architecture and public buildings of the Russian capital, Mr. Jermann gives a most interesting account of the burning of the Winter Palace in December, 1837. The court were at the Michael's theatre, where the French company perform, when suddenly an aid-de-camp entered the imperial box and whispered to Prince Wolkonsky, one of the ministers then present. The prince gave him orders, and continued to look quietly on at the performance. Half an hour later the aid-de-camp returned, and this time the Prince spoke to the Emperor, who rose, gave his arm to his wife, and conducted her to her carriage. The coachman received orders to drive to the Anitchkoff Palace instead of to the Winter Palace. The Emperor mounted a horse that was in waiting for him, and galloped to the Winter Palace. There was a terrible crowd and crushing in the streets; half St. Petersburg was on foot; it was light as day, and flames were roaring up into the sky; the Winter Palace was on fire. When the Emperor got there the flames were bursting through all the windows. The massive walls still stood firm, as did the gigantic statues that surmounted them, and which passed blackened but uninjured through that terrible night; but the whole interior of the palace, with its costly pictures and decorations, was evidently doomed.

The Emperor galloped round the building to look after his sentries. The precaution was not superfluous; on the western side two soldiers were near falling victims to the fire; in the general confusion, those whose duty it was, had forgotten to relieve them, and there they stood, notwithstanding the terrible heat, musket on shoulder and resigned to their fate. The Emperor relieved them himself, and passed forward into the palace; with a glance he saw that the whole would soon fall in, and he hastened into the rooms where the danger seemed greatest, to call out the men who were saving the furniture. At his command everybody fled from the palace, with the exception of four workmen who had received orders to save an enormous mirror, and who could not leave the place without it. The Emperor drew his sword, and with one blow of the hilt shattered the glass. Scarcely had the last man passed the threshold, when the room fell in with a terrible crash. Having satisfied himself that no lives were in danger, Nicholas hurried to the Empress at the Anitchkoff Palace.

The Empress had recovered from her first alarm. She was tired, and asked with some uneasiness, where she was to pass the night. Her secretary, the privy-councillor Chambeau, begged permission to conduct her to the sleeping room that had been hastily prepared for her. There she found, to her great astonishment, through the delicate attention of an attached servant—her sleeping apartment out of the Winter Palace, with its thousand little comforts and conveniences; everything in the same place and order as if it had remained untouched since the last time she dressed herself. When the fire had reached that wing of the palace—and it spread with tremendous rapidity—Chambeau hastened to the boudoir with a dozen servants and muschiks. "All here belongs to the Empress!" he cried; "not a thing must be broken!"—and in aprons, baskets, and pockets were carried away all those thousand and one nick-nacks—clocks, vases, boxes and ornaments—wanting which a boudoir could not be complete. Without the slightest injury they were conveyed through the flames, and for half a league through the heaving throng that filled the streets; and when Chambeau had arranged everything as it was in its former place, the locality alone was changed; all things seemed to stand where they had been left—not a ribbon was crumpled, nor a sheet of paper soiled. I doubt there being many masters in Germa-

ny who are so well and quickly served.

The next day the Emperor returned to the scene of destruction. Within the walls the fire still raged. For some time he gazed mournfully at the blackened remnants of one of the chief ornaments of his capital. At last he raised his head—passed his hand over his brow, and said cheerfully—

"This day year I will sleep in my room in the Winter Palace. Who undertakes the building?" For a moment all recoiled before an undertaking that seemed impossible.—Then Gen. Klenmichael, an aid-de-camp of the Emperor, stepped forward and said, "I will!" "And the building is to be complete in a year?" asked Nicholas. "Yes, sire." "Tis good! Now set to work!"

An hour later the still burning ruins were being cleared away.—The fire was in December, 1837; by December, 1838, the palace was rebuilt. Three months afterwards it was occupied by the court. Klenmichael kept his word—but at a heavy price, a price that could be paid only in Russia, for it was at the cost of human life as well as of the mountains of gold. Under the Empress Elizabeth, the palace had taken eight years to build; Klenmichael completed it in one. True it is that almost the whole of the masonry resisted the fire, but the interior had to be reconstructed; and what a task that was! The work went on day and night; festivals were unheeded; the seasons themselves were overcome. To accelerate the work, the building was kept at the excessive temperature of 24 to 26 degs. Reaumur. Many workmen sank under the heat, and were carried out dead or dying; a painter, who was decorating a ceiling, fell from his ladder struck with apoplexy.—Neither money, health nor life was spared. The Emperor, who at the time of the conflagration had risked his own life to save others, knew nothing of the means employed to carry out his will.

In December of the following year, says Mr. Jermann, and in proud consciousness of his power, the Emperor entered the resuscitated palace, and rejoiced over his work. The whole was constructed on the previous plan, but with some improvements and many embellishments. With the Empress on his arm and followed by his family, he traversed the apartments of this immense building, completed in one year's time, by the labor of thousands of men. He reached the saloon of St. George, the largest and most beautiful of all, and the royal family remained there longer than any where else, examining the costly gold mouldings of the ceiling, the five colossal bronze chandeliers, and the beautiful relievo over the throne, representing St. George slaying the dragon. The Empress was tired, and would have sat down, (the patron spirit of Russia prevented her,) as yet there was no furniture in the hall, so she leaned upon the Emperor's arm and walked into the next room, followed by the entire retinue. The last of these had scarcely passed through the door when a thundering crash resounded through the palace, which trembled to its very foundations, and the air was darkened by the clouds of dust. The timbers of the ceiling of the saloon St. George had yielded to the weight of the chandeliers, and the whole had fallen in, crushing everything beneath its enormous mass.—The saloon, so brilliant a moment before, was a heap of ruins. The splendid palace was again partly destroyed, but the genius of Russia watched over her destiny—the imperial family was saved.

Even the smallest glimpses of the private character and habits of so remarkable a man as Nicholas of Russia, cannot but have their interest. The chapter entitled the "Imperial Family," comprises several pleasing traits of bon homme and kindly feeling, in the Emperor. He considers himself as the first servant of the state, and likes to make those around him observe this. If a party of pleasure is proposed, "he will join it if the service permits." To a favored but weary official, who asked to retire on a pension, he replied—"So long as I serve, you also, I hope, will not refuse your services to your country."

The days he passes in his country palace of Peterhof are his days of relaxation from this "service."—Every hour of them is spent in the bosom of his family. Invested with crown and scepter, he inspires respect and admiration; behold him in his domestic circle, and one cannot help loving him. At Peterhof I often met the Emperor walking alone in the park and gardens.—

There he puts himself at ease; lays aside sword, uniform and epaulets, and rambles about in a surcoat and forage cap. In his capital, when he is "on service," he never appears otherwise than in uniform; even in the coldest weather he wears only a cloth cloak, like any other officer. I never saw him in a fur coat, nor do I believe that he has one. In the metropolis his appearance is quite unassuming; he walks about the Newsky unattended, and his presence is only to be noticed by the joyful movement of the crowd. None are allowed to address him; and although it were most agreeable to him, if he could with propriety be left unnoticed, yet he exacts due respect from those by whom he knows that he is recognized. He once stopped opposite to two young men belonging to one of the imperial schools, who were staring him in the face, and asked why they did not salute him. One of them maintained a terrified silence; the other plucked up courage and replied:—

"We do not know you!"

"No matter," replied the Emperor; "you see that I wear a general's uniform; go, both of you to the Winter Palace, and report yourselves to the guard as under arrest. There you will find out who I am and will know it for the future."

With throbbing hearts the young men obeyed orders, and argued little good from the unfriendly reception of the officer on guard.—

The guard had their dinner; nobody heeded the prisoners. Several hours passed, and still they were kept fast. They had just received a harsh refusal to their humble petition to be allowed to send out for a loaf, when one of the imperial servants entered with a dinner from the Emperor's table, and a bottle of champagne. For that day, he told them, they were the guests of the Emperor, who requested them to drink his health, and not to forget in future to salute when they met him, as he could not afford to invite them to dinner every day.

EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL SCOTT.—Winfield Scott was born on the 15th Jan., 1786, and was therefore 66 on the 15th of last January. Admitted to the bar in 1806, and practiced a few months in the Petersburg (Va.) Circuit. Appointed Captain of the Light Artillery in May, 1808. Appointed Lieut. Colonel of the Second Artillery, in July, 1812. Fought the battle of Queenstown, and was taken prisoner, 13th Oct., 1812. Appointed Brigadier General in March, 1814. Fought the battle of Chippewa, July 5th, 1817. Commanded the main body of Brown's army in the battle of Niagara, (Lundy's Lane,) July 25th, 1814. Brevetted Major General, July, 1814. Maintains peace in the Petriot troubles, in the affair of the Caroline, 1837. Aids in the pacification of the Maine Boundary in 1836. Captures Vera Cruz, 23d March, 1847. Wins the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 8th, 1847. Wins the battle of Contreras, 19th August, 1847. Wins the battle of Churubusco, August 10th, 1847. Stormed Chapultepec, on the 13th of September, 1847. Entered the city of Mexico on the morning of the 14th of September, 1847.

Thus has Winfield Scott been forty-two years in the service of his country, having made some of the most brilliant campaigns on record, and never failed in any undertaking.

The jury-box, now kept in use in the city of Lynn, Mass., has been kept for its present purposes for 120 years. The one in Portsmouth, N. H., was made in the year 1730, and has been in regular use for 122 years.

The first duel in New England was fought by two servants with a sword and dagger. Neither of them was killed, but both were wounded. For their offence they were formally tried before the whole company of settlers, and sentenced to have their heads and feet tied together, and so to be twenty-four hours without drink.

Judging by Appearances.—A correspondent of the "Household Words," London, in an article entitled "A Prison Scene in Munich," thus exhibits the impossibility of always judging correctly by appearance:

The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. At one particular washing-tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being a sign for us to notice them. Two looked up, and fairly beamed with smiles; one, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her, her looks were so conscious and modest. A fourth, a fat, ill-looking old woman, also never looked at the visitors. The two who had smiled had remarkably agreeable faces; one, with features, and a very mild expression; the other, a small woman, and though with bloom on her cheeks, a certain sad, anxious expression about her eyes and mouth. Of which of these women were we to hear a fearful history related? The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman.

As soon as we were in the court our conductor said, "Now, what do you say about those women?" "Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison; and judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say, could not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall young girl, however, is not only handsome, but gentle-looking."

"That tall young girl," replied our guide, "was the one who, a year or two ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and cutting up the body, buried it in the garden; the little woman next to her, some two years since, murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman who stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat woman is in only for slight offence!" So much for our judgment of physiognomy.

FASHIONABLE CALL.—Enter Miss Lucy, nearly out of breath with the excitement of walking from her parlor's carriage in the street to the door of her friend.

Lucy—"Oh, Marie! how do you do? How have you been since you were at the ball last Thursday evening? Oh, wasn't the appearance of that tall girl in pink perfectly frightful? Is this your shawl on the pin-awl? Beautiful shawl! Father says he is going to send to Paris to get me a shawl in the spring. I can't bear home-made shawls! How do you like Monsieur Esprey! Beautiful man, isn't he? Now, don't laugh, Marie, for I am sure I don't care anything about him! Oh, my! I must be going! It's a beautiful day, isn't it? Marie, when are you coming up to see me? Oh dear! What a beautiful pin! That pin was given to you; now I know it was, Marie; don't deny it. Harry is coming up to see me this evening, but I hate him—I do really; but he has a beautiful moustache, hasn't he, Marie? Oh dear, it's very warm. Good morning, Marie! Don't speak of Harry in connection with my name to any one, for I am sure it will never amount to anything, but I hate him awfully—I am sure I do. Adieu."

SERIOUS THOUGHT.—Ought not persons to thoroughly instill into the minds of their children, the great sin of the intermarriage of relatives? It certainly is a sin, else why is it followed by evil results? Young ladies often thoughtlessly encourage their male cousins, by receiving attentions from them in something more than a cousinly way; love of conquest sometimes leads to sad results, and there is nothing sadder to the mind, than the spectacle of a marriage ceremony where cousins are to be wedded. We have known several such unions to terminate unhappily, or where hearts were in union, blighting disease, or terrible deformity, had marked either parents or children.

CHEAPNESS OF AMERICAN CLOCKS.—It is stated in the Annals of Science and Discovery, that such is the perfection to which the manufacture of clocks has been carried in Connecticut, that timepieces warranted to keep good reckoning, are sold for sixty cents at wholesale, and for one dollar at retail. The works are all of brass, made by machinery. At the manufactory of Mr. Jerome, of New Haven, eight hundred of these articles can be produced per day. Wooden clocks, but comparatively a few years since, sold for from ten to twelve dollars.

The Maine liquor law has passed the Minnesota Legislature, with a proviso for submitting it to a direct vote of the people. The veto throughout the Territory is to be taken on the first Monday in April.

Upon arriving in Oregon, by water, the first land on which the traveler places his feet is at Astoria, situated about 12 miles from the mouth of the Columbia, on the south bank of the river. Previous to my arrival there, I had many accounts of this place, and expected to see quite a city, but was much disappointed when our ship rounded to in quite a small bay, and my attention was called by the Captain to a little collection of some dozen houses, located on the side of a steep forming the bank of the river, and told by him, "that is Astoria!" Something more than a year has passed away since that time, however, and the town has improved rapidly. Quite a flourishing trade is now carried on there, and it is in fact a place of more importance and business than its first appearance would denote. The Columbia here, is from four to eight miles in width, and the water pure and cool. Traveling up the river a small bay, we come to the mouth of the Willamette; progressing up which stream a distance of about twenty miles, we arrive at Portland, situated on the southwest bank of the river, and at present the head of ship navigation on this stream. It contains a population of about 1,000.—A lively trade with the interior is carried on from this point, and many improvements of a suitable character are already made, and more in progress. There is now in operation at this place, two steam saw mills, and one steam flouring mill. Progressing up the river about four miles, the next we find is Milwaukee, on the left bank of the river, with a population of some three or four hundred, and supported by its lumber trade.—It has a very good water power, and makes and exports a large quantity of lumber annually. Six miles further up the river we come to the Falls of the Willamette, where Oregon City is situated, between two very high banks of the river. It contains a population of 1,000, or perhaps, 1,200. Its water power is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any other in the world, and it can be used on both sides of the river. This place is probably better known abroad than any other of our young cities, owing to the fact that it has hitherto been the place at which the Legislature was accustomed to hold its sessions. Its advantages must eventually make it a town of great manufacturing importance, and when the resources of the country are developed, it will occupy the first position among the manufacturing towns of this country. There are at present two flouring mills, and several saw mills in operation, and more in contemplation.

Cor. Mo. Rep.

THE WINTER IN EUROPE.—The winter, which has been so severe here, has been very spring-like in Europe. In Paris, at the beginning of February, roses, lilacs, hyacinths filled the flower markets. According to advices from the north, a milder season has not been experienced—even as far as Norway,—since the commencement of the century.

Phil. Ledger.

We have noted this fact for years, that when the winter is severe in this country it is certain to be correspondingly mild in Europe, and vice versa. Our winter has been almost unprecedentedly cold, while in Europe, even in the region of Norway, it has been surprisingly warm.

ALBANY (N. Y.) REGISTER.

A QUER SCENIOR.—The Louisville Journal thus speaks of John B. Weller, the newly elected Senator in Congress, from California. "We deeply regret the election of John B. Weller, formerly of Ohio, to the Senate of the United States, from California. He is not such a man as ought to be elected to that body. He is a drunkard and a rowdy. Some two months ago, in a drunken brawl in California, he was shot by some one with whom he got into a difficulty. His character was not good, and no man of a suspicious character is fit to sit in the Senate of the United States. He is not fit to associate with gentlemen of any refinement of feeling. To be sure there are others in the Senate not much better than Weller, but the fact that a few intemperate and rude men are in that body, affords no good reason why it should be still further disgraced."

Richard Leacycraft, Esq., of this city, died on Tuesday last, aged upwards of ninety years. He was the oldest member of the M. E. Church in this city, and perhaps in the United States. He was also one of the few who worshipped in the "old Sail Lot" in Horse and Cart, now (William) street, the first place found for stated preaching in New York by the followers of John Wesley.

N. Y. Cour. and Eng.

Ten persons are confined in prison in New York city, charged with murder.

Cross of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

The form of the decoration of the members of the Legion of Honor is, by a recent decree of Louis Napoleon, re-established according to the style adopted by the Emperor. This is one of those significant steps which have recently foreshadowed the approaching restoration of the Empire. The Order of the Legion of Honor was established by Napoleon when First Consul. All orders of nobility after the manner of the old regime having been abolished under the Revolution, the institution of the Order of the Legion of Honor was a political device of the First Consul to avail himself of the national fondness for distinctions without incurring the odium of an attempted revival of the old aristocratical orders. The prestige of the new order would be entirely his own; his name as its founder would be associated with it; the honors it conferred would be derived from him; yet to make it also national and honorable as a badge of merit it was declared to be instituted "to recompense civil and military services."

The form of the decoration, as fixed by Napoleon when Emperor, is thus prescribed by a decree of 1804: "The decoration of the members of the Legion of Honor shall consist of a star of six double rays. The centre of the star surrounded with a wreath of oak and laurel, shall present on one side the head of the Emperor, with this legend, 'Napoleon, Empereur des Francais,' and on the other, the French eagle, holding a thunderbolt, with this legend, 'Honneur et Patrie.' The decoration shall be enameled with white. It shall be of gold for the Grand Officers, Commandants and Officers, and of silver for the Legionnaires. It shall be worn suspended at one of the button holes of the coat, attached to a red velvet ribbon. Officers shall add a rosette to the ribbon—Commandants shall wear it sash-wise, hanging by a ribbon placed around the neck. The Grand Officers shall wear it suspended by a grand cordon of the same color, passing as a shoulder-belt from right to left over the breast."

Upon the restoration of Louis XVIII who did not venture upon abolishing the order, the form of the decoration was changed so as to correspond with the associations of the House of Bourbon; and the name of Henry IV, the founder of that House, was substituted for that of Napoleon. Under Louis Philippe the order underwent other modifications.—The "lilies of the old style were made to give way to the tri colored flag, whereby the citizen King wld retaining the emblazonry of the Bourbons and the name of Henry of Navarre, sought at the same time to derive benefit by connecting the military emblem of the Empire, with the memories of the victories that had given it splendor.

The inscription of "Napoleon, Empereur des Francais," with the eagle and the thunderbolt, now restored by Louis Napoleon, re-establishes the order as an institution of the imperial epoch, and the transfer of ideas from the uncle to the nephew in an easy order of association may be regarded as a consequence contemplated by the decree of re-establishment.—Balt. Amer.

MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—Much curiosity has been excited in some of the Eastern States, by the appearance of tracks in the snow unlike those of any known creature. An ornithologist, writing to the Providence Herald, says that, during this remarkably cold winter, unusual numbers of birds, whose home is in the north, have been driven southward into more hospitable regions. Among the largest of these occasional visitors are the cinereous, or great gray owl (the largest of the kind in this country) and the snowy owl. The former is very rarely seen; though it has, in a few instances, as far south as Massachusetts. The foot-prints of the latter, which are less frequently met with, correspond with the mysterious tracks referred to, and it is thought that a flock of them may have passed through Massachusetts and across Rhode Island in November, and may have returned in February, according to their usual period of migration to and from the South.

LOCALITIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL.—Some weeks ago, Dr. Porter, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in this city, in the course of a series of eloquent astronomical sermons, preached a discourse of the "locality of heaven, astronomically considered, and located that happy place in the centre of our solar system—in the sun. Last Sunday evening he discoursed to one of the largest audiences we have ever seen in Memphis, on the "locality of hell," and fixed the abode of the damned outside of the solar and astral system, in the "outer darkness," beyond the light of the sun and stars, where the planets, comets, and lost world, which have violated the great laws of their existence, darken forever on their returnless course through eternal space.

Memphis Eagle.

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill, because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage traveling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one. Dee peeples can't cheat him.