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8-17-1841

### Scioto Valley Post (Portsmouth, Ohio), August 17, 1841

William P. Camden

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# Scioto Valley Post.

By W. P. Camden,

DOWN WITH MONOPOLIES, AND ALL SPECIAL LEGISLATION FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FEW AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MANY.

\$2 00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 2.

PORTSMOUTH, SCIOTO COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

NUMBER 1.

## POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

### THE DESERTED FARM.

We gazed upon the silent house,  
It was a pleasant scene,  
Secluded in a little dell,  
A stream kept ever green;  
While a small strip of faded grass  
Show'd where a swing had been—  
Ah, many a merry hearted boy  
Had frolick'd there I ween.  
My heart grew sad; the walls were bare,  
No breathing thing was near,  
And fancy sick'nd at the thought  
That death had revel'd here,  
On the green sod we pitying dropped  
A sympathetic tear,  
To mourn the happy group that once  
Had congregated here.

There was a wild rose trained with care,  
A mark of woman's taste,  
A drawing rudely scratched with chalk  
Some childish hand had traced;  
And every where the neat white walls  
With picture rude defaced.  
Oh, what had made this humble home,  
So pleasant once, a waste!

New was the ruin, yet I found  
A mark of man's decay;  
A broken crutch upon the floor,  
In one dark corner lay,  
Which once methought might have sustained  
A dame or grizzled grey;  
I called aloud—the echoing hills  
Repeated, "Where are they?"

We left with hearts oppressed and sad  
The desolate abode,  
And saw a sturdy rustic lad  
Come whistling down the road;  
We asked what caused that ruined scene  
And begged him to direct us  
"Why, stranger, that was Brown's old place  
Who broke and went to Texas!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE SPECTRE OF THE WOOD.

"You must decide before the moon goes down," said John Hageman to his lady-love, as he sat by her side in the hall door of her father's mansion, of which she was the sole inheritor. "You must positively decide before the moon goes down!" said John emphatically; and the maiden raised her lovely countenance toward that luminary which a single sentence had coupled with her destiny. It was at the close of a summer evening—at the perfume of early flowers, and the opening buds of the apple and the grape, and when the earth is fully crowned and smiling with new verdure. The moon was scarcely more than a crescent, but even then it was at moments so transcendently beautiful, that a pope might have bent his knees in admiration before it, and deemed it no crime. Unsullied by cloud or vapor, it was descending gradually toward the bed of the ocean, that lay extended for in the distance, like a dark shining mirror. Not a wave was curling amid that vast expanse of waters, for the wind seemed to sleep, and only murmured in its slumber as an infant in its happiest dreams. The landscape around was in perfect harmony with the quiet of the ocean, and the beauty of the heavens. A sloping lawn, and field, and meadow in front of the mansion, extended to the white sand banks that girded the sea. On one side a wood, deep and sombre, arose—on the other were airy hills, covered with cattle and bleating herd. And this enchanting domain none day, sooner or later, descend to Mary; but John's eye had not looked to that circumstance alone when he dedicated his heart's devotedness to the maiden, for she was herself the fairest lily of that beautiful valley. So already confessed, and many a rival swain sighed for the possession of such an union of wealth and loveliness.

Mary's features were of the Grecian cast, to which a profusion of bright chestnut curls and a pair of fine eyes gave a most perfect expression. Her form was of symmetrical beauty, but the simple girl was not sensible of this advantage; she had never been told so, and therefore had cultivated no grace of art to heighten her pretensions. Modesty is innate in the female breast—this, in its purest light, shed a lustre over all actions. She had long been loved, and ardently pursued by John Hageman, the bravest and blithest of all the swains but he had received no definite answer—he could boast of nothing beyond a smile or a tear, yet, from those harbingers of feeling, had the youth drawn the favorable conclusion that this affection was fully requited. He resided in a village of Long Island, not far distant from the habitation of Mary, as did many other of the youths whose tender minds also cherished with enthusiastic affection the one loved name.

John Hageman had every advantage of face and person, yet he knew less of it than any other man, for a toilet or mirror were things almost unknown to him; therefore he had very rarely contemplated those features which every female in his vicinity could with more certainty attest to than he himself. As I have said before, there was a deep and sombre wood adjoining the beautiful valley, and those persons who came from the village, two miles distant, were obliged to pass that way. About midway of this compact forest of trees is a dell, or nook, of small circumference, but very deep. This by the good people of the country, was usually called Buttermilk Hollow. There was a legend attached to this spot; the story ran thus: During the old French war an unfortunate prisoner fell into the hands of some semi-barbarians, who, without feeling of remorse, decapitated the wretched man, and left him in the wood to tell his own

story as he might to tardy passengers who were obliged to pass that way at a late hour, and to such as were lovers of beauty and the moon. The headless spectre had several times been seen by different young men of the village, and more than once by the aged inhabitants, whose veracity could not be doubted. The reports, so well authenticated, together with the loneliness and dreariness of that part of the forest, impressed the stoutest hearts of all the clan (towns people of Long Island are very clanish) with such feelings of terror, that, whenever they had to pass that place after nightfall, they would slouch their hats over their eyes, and urge their horses to full speed, that they might not encounter the dreadful phantom, who usually took his stand near the road side, with his withered arms extended, and his headless trunk exposed to view. It must not be supposed that his spectreship was visible to common eyes every night in the year—far from it—it was never known to appear unless the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the moon (being in its first quarter), had gained a certain position in the western horizon; therefore it may easily be imagined that very few of those who dreaded had had the honor of beholding the sad visitant, who had for forty long years presented himself, in the vain hope, as it was supposed, that some generous being would overcome his fears so far as to draw near and make the usual demand in those cases—"What seekest thou fair ghost?"

John Hageman, as I observed before, was one of the bravest, as well as one of the gayest of all the youths of the village, and as fond of listening to a good story on Sunday evening as any one, but not being possessed of the credulous organ, he would not believe one jot or tittle of the terrible apparition of the wood.

"You may swear," said he one day to old Joe Haywood, who was a way-faring man, and forlorn, and used to seek his bed, at the hedge side upon the moss-covered sod, as ask from the human family a cold granted shelter from the dews of night—"You may swear till you are black in the face, Joe," said he, "I'll not give credence to your tale until I see the thing with my own eyes, and not then if I've been drinking, which you do so often that you see double, and then it is no wonder that you should conjure up a thousand things equally strange and I fear that you will die some day of a drunkard's fit."

"Good, now, friend John; that puts me in mind of the epitaph I have been making," "Epitaph! for whom, Joe?" "For myself, to be sure—who else would do me that kindness? I'll tell you—I was once a creature, from the king to the beggar, who have shaken hands with 'honest old Joe' in the day when his eyes stood out with fatness, and his cheeks were rosy with the Newtown pippins. No, no, Master John, not a stone nor a bush will mark the spot where the idler is laid. Therefore have I written mine own epitaph—a mere impromptu, but nevertheless true:—

Here lies one! Who do you think  
This old Joe Haywood—give him some drink.  
Drink for a dead man! The reason why?  
When living, he was always dry."

"Go, get to your cellar, Joe, with a flagon.—Now, what a good Falstaff that fellow would make if he were a degree more drunken, or less brave!" and John Hageman mounted his grey pony and cantered off to pay his accustomed visit to the girl of his heart, it being Sunday evening.

When he reached the haunted spot in the wood—the moon is in its first quarter," thought John, "and the night promises fair. Now I am determined on knowing two things this night before I sleep. Firstly, whether Mary, the idol of my fancy, will marry me, or no—and, secondly, who the spirit can be that plays his gambols hereabouts. I'll find him out, or he is a cleverer ghost than I take him to be, and Mary must make up her mind before the moon goes down. On its curved horns one might hang a halter, forsooth—a fair promise for hay-making season." And John was soon seated by the side of Mary, where we left him a few periods since, listening in breathless silence for her final response to his startling proposal.

"You must indeed, Mary," he said, in a voice scarcely audible. The maiden gazed in earnest attention at the splendid crescent as its pearly light gave a less distinct view of objects around, the nearer it approached the western horizon.

"I can wait no longer," cried John, and he pressed the hand of Mary as if it were for the last time.

"I am thine, John Hageman," uttered the maid in her sweet tone, and she hid her beautiful face in the bosom of her lover, who imprinted a kiss upon her fair temple.

"Adieu, my own Mary," he said "one week more and I will not have to pronounce that hated word which now separates us for a season." And John had reached the wood ere the sound of his adieu had ceased to vibrate on the ear of Mary.

A few moments more brought him to the haunted spot, but the beloved object of his heart had so completely occupied his mind, that, notwithstanding his resolves respecting the discovery of the apparition, he would have passed the hollow without giving a thought to it; but it was not so ordained, for suddenly did the gray pony stop, that if John had not been the best horseman in the world, he must have been thrown to the earth. He cast a look forward to find what had so alarmed the animal, which was trembling with dread and terror.

"By my faith, yonder it is, sure enough!" cried John, and with a feeling quite new to himself, he slowly dismounted and cautiously approached the object of his astonishment—the headless phantom! For a minute he stood before it and contemplated its figure with a full and careful survey, during which his imagination was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"Speak, I pray you, speak, unhappy shade!" he exclaimed. "Why haunt you this solitary nook? Have you aught to reveal? If so, say it, I entreat you, and depart in peace in the lone and dark recess to which those murderous hearts have condemned you."

Here he paused for a reply, but heard no sound except the heavy breathing of the affrighted pony, and the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

"There can be no harm in touching," thought he and he extended his hand and grasped—instead of the withered arm—the dry branch of a small de-

cayed oak! John immediately recovered his presence of mind. "There, I told Joe it was all a cheat; the light of the moon shining obliquely on the insignificant stump, had effected the singular deception that went well nigh to shake my soul."

Hageman mounted his pony, and rode gaily home to forget the "spectre of the wood," and dream of his Mary.

A BROAD HINT.—Lady Mary Duncaan was an heiress, and Sir William Duncaan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry, and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bid him go home and open the Bible, giving him the chapter and verse and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read, "Nathan said to David, thou art the man."

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him, one day by a waggy friend, who however gave him no knife. "This is a funny looking cheese, uncle Jo, but where shall I cut it?" "O," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll just cut it at home then."

A poor man once asked a friend whether he had ever heard the handbreadth psalm sung there. "Yes," was the reply, "Where?" "In bed. It was sung by a musquito, and a confoundedly long metre he made of it."

CONUNDRUM.—"Why is a side-saddle like a four quart measure? Because it holds a gal-on."

"Tis said that absence conquers love, but I believe it not," as the loafer said when looking into an empty rum jug.

"Oh! you flatterer!" as the pretty girl said to the mirror.

A PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.—A worthy carpenter the other day, in giving evidence in a case of fraud, said that he plain-ly saw the defendant's object was to cheat the plaintiff out of his property, &c., and for his part he liked "fair play and no gouging."

A Western editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss from the one we love, unless it is molasses.

An eastern editor in correspondence of this paper, writes the following couplet, which was sent from a modern Juliet to her Romeo:

Enduring as time is my love to you,  
Sweet as Molasses and as sticky too.

Day and night taken together, make what is called a solar day, which is the space from one sunrise to another and contains 24 hours.

In America and most European countries the day begins at midnight.

The Jews and Italians, however begin their day at sunset.

MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT appears likely to supercede all other kinds now in use in Chester county. It is said to produce more from the acre, ripens earlier, and is not injured by frost. When first introduced here it was objected to because of the shell being harder and thicker than the kinds used, but a decided improvement, it is stated, has already taken place in the quality of the grain, and the shell has become more tender, and the flour whiter. It is a large plump, heavy seed, and weighs heavier by the bushel than any other wheat.

A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that "medicines of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said this book is in great demand.

PHRENOLOGY.—A new bump has come to light in the science of phrenology. It was discovered by a professor in Washington, and is found upon the head of DANIEL WEBSTER so large, that he can but with extreme difficulty get his hat over it. It is technically called the bump of quasi-under-a-theoretical-iveness. To this bump phrenologists ascribe Daniel's course in the McLeod affair. How wonderful!

We clip the following from one of our exchange papers:—"Sir, which of your children do you prefer, the boys or the girls?"

"Why, as long as the boys suck their mother, I like them the best, but when they begin to suck me, I prefer the girls."

A NEGRO'S OPINION OF A POTATO.—"A tatur is inevitably bad unless unwaveringly good. Dere is no mediocrity in the combination of a tatur. De exterior may appear exemplary and beatissime, while de interior is totally negative. But if, you vends the article 'pon you own recommendation, knowin you to be a man of probability, in your connections, I widout any farder circumspection takes a bushel."

An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest." "What think you of this logic ladies?"

"Distribution," says Kendall—"is a smooth-faced, plausible fellow, who seeks to gain your attention and confidence by giving you TEN dollars, while his companion 'augmentation of duties,' picks your pocket of twenty dollars."

THE NEW ERA compares Clay's Fiscal Bank to a clock, because it will have to go upon tick, and because also the Democrats are determined to wind it up.

Accommodating.—"How far is it to Tauton?" "Why it's eight miles." "Eight devils, why a man told me a mile back, that it was only six." "Well, seeing that you are an old man, and your horse looks tired, and you seem impatient, why, we'll call it three."—Buf. Rep.

## STEAM SERMONS, No. 2.

ON THINKING.  
Text.—Pridee, son, do not stretch forth thine hand to perform; nor yet move thee from the spot whereon thou standest, neither wag thy tongue for speech, until thou hast diligently considered the matter that is before thee.

Respected Listeners.—Hearken unto me, tag, rag, and bobtail! for my proclamation is universal and unmitigatedly addressed to every mother's son of you, whether you herd with the fly-blown genus, who vegetate upon our wharves, and suck their sustenance through a straw, and their spirits from a whiskey-barrel, or whether you enroll yourselves with those aristocratic juveniles, who being out, without their anxious mother's cognizance, suck mint-juleps, like mamma's milk, at "Our House." I don't care whether you wear a ruffle shirt, a semi-shirt, or no shirt at all; it matters not, to me, whether you roost upon cooked feathers, or whether your nocturnal sweets are gleaned from the interior of a sugar-hoghead; I speak to ye, one and all, without dissimulation, having no fear for the whole bag full of you, asking no favor of neither rascal, whether his trousers be torn or have a patch on them, and scorning to have affection for any such scare-crow—toddy-taking—julep-sipping—stealing—swindling, sponging, lazy, lounging, loafing—lubbards! I go in, with all my heart and boots, for that democratic gospel, which declares that *all men are sinners*. God knows that is true about this hour o'clock, and just about these squattings. It's applicable to every unit of this piebald—this checkered assembly. There is not one of you any better than you should be, and I'd like to see the brazen-faced scoundrel here assembled, that would dare get upon his feet, and tell me to my teeth, that there is a daddy's calf-skin present half as good as it ought to be. Is there one here that feels like giving me the lie! If there is, I would advise him to keep quiet.

You have doubtless, ere this, been informed, through the politeness of the Editor of the Times, that I have thrown off my coat—tucked up my shirt sleeves, rolled up my trousers, raised up the steam in my boiler, and gone in for real sound currency gospel—regular specie-paying preaching, the only legitimate medium acknowledged by our Democratic and Universal Father who cares equally for all his children. I am aware that the most of you have been taught to believe that Thomas Jefferson was the Father of Democracy; but it's no such thing. Tommy was a great man, a clever fellow, and a whole team Democrat; but Democracy was rocked in her cradle, ages before Jefferson was born. God is her father—heaven the place of her nativity, and she was cradled in a celestial arbor, whose garlands were wove by angels, and her melodious lullaby was the voluptuous chorus of cherubim and seraphim. So never forget the FATHER of Republican liberty, nor the happy country where the beautiful infant was born. Now then for my text. "Do not stretch forth thine hand to perform, nor yet move from the spot whereon thou standest, neither wag thy tongue for speech until thou hast diligently considered the matter that is before thee."

My respectful and incorrigible vagabonds: the burden of the above quotation may be simply expressed in these few words: to wit, that *thinking is indispensable upon all occasions*. When nature had fished up the materials for our world, from the bubbling caldron of chaos, she rolled them together into a shape similar to that of a turnip, and after having provided it with every thing necessary for its comfort and convenience, sent it, through the dexterity of her mighty sling, on its magnificent and stupendous voyage to eternity. Of course man, along with this unfortunate rib, took outside passage upon this huge turnip for the solemn, and to them, perilous adventure. But nature is a good parent to us, and if we would mind what mother says, why, we wouldn't get our shins cracked or our noddles bumped quite so often. She didn't do, like some mothers I have seen, wash her children's faces, wipe their noses, put on a clean frock and pinafore, and send them out to play in the gutter, or roll in a dirt heap. No, she gave them good advice, set forth rules and regulations for their health and comfort, and at the same time took care to intimate to her progeny that a violation of any of those essential laws would be visited with the cat-o-nine tails. Her eternal and fundamental laws never can be outraged with impunity, for the offence and the penalty are inseparable. Mind that, ye whose shins are black and blue from the kicks ye have received from the sharp boot of experience. The old lady did not insist that her children should work out their salvation, without furnishing them with the necessary tools. Not so; she gave them both tools and materials, and promised to pay them according to the kind of work they turned out: so if any of them makes an earthen pot, they cannot expect the price of a silver ladle.

My stupid hearers—now just stick these truisms in the crown of your hat, and read them every time you doff your beavers; namely, that our brains are the primary tools without which we can safely perform no work—that it is not the legs, or arms—the body and thighs that make the man, any more than does the coat and pantaloons—the dickey or whiskers—but the mind! the mind alone that gives character to the creature! Neither is the mind any more valuable than old shoes, while in a state of reticacy. It is its active, and not its passive ingredients that stamp it the real Simon Pure—the genuine Benton destructive stuff. A man might as well have no brains as have them all the time napping; and if old mother nature had intended man for no higher aspiration than a squash, why she would have furnished him with brains analogous to that vegetable, and between you and me, I believe some of you would make better squashes, than men! The most, nay, all of your present po-

I promised in my last, a synopsis of my machinery or steam preacher; I must comply therewith, but as my space is small, I must be brief. Let then the reader imagine a fanning mill, such as is used upon every farm, for winnowing wheat from chaff, or rice from husks. Here then, you have the form of my machine. When I would use it, I select my text—take a quire of paper, upon the outside of which I write my text, and then throw into the hopper into which also I deposit a Dictionary, a leaf of philosophy, &c. &c. I then start the steam, which sets the preacher at work, and the real grit runs out at one end, while the superfluous matter, or chaff, escapes at the other. And this the era of miracles! A theological steamer or steam theologian? "O tempora, &c."

litical fitness—the grip ye have received in your monetary bowels, arises from a lazy inclination to think! You believe every thing and examine nothing! and you know nothing, until you find you have been led like asses, by the nose, up to your neck in a horse-pond, and are left to mire, or back as well as yam-cum. And all these because you won't stir up your brain with the long pole of resolution and go to thinking! Thinking is to the mind what the teeth is to the belly; it masticates the food well, ere it admits it into the mental alvius, and the consequence is that the intellectual patient is seldom troubled with the dyspepsia. Thought, my friends, is the governor of the intellectual boiler, and without it man would be blown up with his own steam. Thought is the tablet upon which is engraved heaven's immutable & unalterable laws.

Again—Thinking cannot be done by proxy, no more than eating, drinking, sleeping, kissing, and all that sort of thing. A man cannot give out his thinking, like dirty clothes to be washed, with any more reason than he can give out his vitals to be chewed, and yet how many of you are no better fools! And now what is your reward? Why, you look like so many galkanized mummies—your bowels are collapsed for want of your accustomed penitence of liver, which had to be paid for in specie, and you go about with your trousers tore, and the latter end of your dikkies sticking out, as if typifying "the better currency." You look like so many promises to pay, and I guess your credit is like the Banks, you have promised so long and paid nothing; that nobody won't take you at par. Well, it serves you right because you won't think for yourselves! You would rather endorse another's opinion than establish your own, until you have paid for your laziness something like 25 per cent. I would have done your thinking at half that price, and took it out in Yankee clocks, beef, ice-creams, cheese, charcoal, watches, vegetables, old iron, fried-oysters and other dry-goods.

You remind me of shoemaker John. The story is a short one, and I want you to listen to it. John's master came into the shop one day, just on the eve of election, and says he, "John how are you going to vote?" "I was thinking," replied John "of voting for Mr. ———." "Indeed," exclaims the boss, "and who taught you to think? Attend to your work, John, and leave thinking to your betters—leave it to me. Never think, John, it will be the ruin of yourself and family. Ah! John! I see you have been reading the silly writings of that foolish fellow, Tom Jefferson! He has told you that all men are created equal—but its no such a thing, John. For instance, John, you and me are not equal," added he, with a smile full of soft soap. Poor John scratched his head, and bowed acquiescence. Now my friends, I want you to remember John till you reach your homes, and then look into your hearts and into your looking-glasses, and see how nearly you resemble poor John! Finally, remember, that thinking is indispensable to a healthy and happy state of existence, both here and hereafter! Be loafers if you will, but don't be blind puppets, but see with your mental as well as your physical peepers. Amen. God save the Commonwealth, and this miscellaneous mass of men and gals—of animated mud and molasses! So be it.

MAW-WORM.

THE FARMER.  
It does one's heart good to see a merry round-faced farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich and yet so industrious; so patient and persevering in his calling and so kind sociable and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about him which light up his character. He is generally hospitable, eat and drink with him and he won't set a mark on you and sweat it out with a double compound interest at another time, you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation; it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in a low and underhand cunning than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—he is the edifice of government and the lord of nature. Look at him in homespun and black gentlemen; laugh if you will—but believe me he can laugh if he pleases.

AFECTING, VERY!—The most soul-stirring scene we have heard of lately, took place at Detroit. The passengers had all got aboard the steamboat and it was about leaving the wharf, when an old gentleman came on board crying out, "My son, my son, I must see him one moment." "Well," said the captain, "hunt him up, quick." "Amen," he came to a great overgrown boy of 18 or 19 years of age, and giving him a single copper, snuffing like a little child, cried out, "Here, my son, take this, and don't forget your dadda!"

NOT BAD.—A Rhode Island member of Congress wrote home to his wife that he had been appointed one of the "Committee on Clams" (claims.)

HARD TIMES.  
The man who has followed the old fashioned method of living within his means—of spending less than he has earned—who has practiced the humely virtues of industry and frugality, is seldom heard to complain of the "times." He who has contracted no debts, except those which he had the certain means of paying, will seldom be heard to grumble at fate, fortune or the times.

To the man who owes more than he can pay—who meets a debtor at every turn—who finds a dunning letter in every mail, the times are always hard. He who has nothing to exchange for money, will always find money scarce. The speculator, when he can no longer deceive—the bankrupt, the spendthrift, and the prodigal may be allowed to rail. The times to them will be hard. He who relies upon his wits, rather than industry for subsistence, will often find occasion to curse the times. Those of whom the mania of '36 took possession and by various speculation lost their all, were unceasing in their imprecations.

Some years since it was sagely discovered that the government, and not the times, should bear the load. It is a great consolation in our wretchedness to be able to trace our misery to causes, other than ourselves. It was pleasant to be able to charge to others the ruin which was the inevitable result of the individual's own extravagance and folly. Of the sins of how many did the last administration have to bear the load!











CAZONET.  
BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.  
Oh, no! we were never made for sighing!  
'Tis the bigot, or fool that repines;  
We should shoot Pleasure's quarry while flying,  
And back in the sun while it shines.  
Then doff that dark wreath from your brow,  
We want not the yew's sombre gloom,  
Nor the willow that mourns the decayer,  
Nor yew, that nods o'er the tomb.  
The garland must all be of roses,  
Fresh plucked from those bowers of delight,  
Where the girl you adore gather posies,  
To strew on her pillow at night!  
Oh! who would complain of dull sorrow  
In a world so enchantingly fair?  
Let us rather from ecstasy borrow  
The spells that can banish despair.  
You may weep, it is true, but the gushes  
That flow from your eyes, must be dew  
From the torrent of laughter, that rushes  
Unchecked through life's revelry crew;  
And if your breast heave, let your sighing  
Be whispered on rose-beds of rest;  
When your song—with the nightingale's dying—  
Is breathed to the m'ild you love best!

FONDNESS OF CHILDREN FOR THEIR PARENTS.  
The children of the poorer people are, in general, much fonder of their parents than those of the rich are of theirs: this fondness is reciprocal; and the cause is, that the children of the former have, from their very birth, had a greater share than those of the latter of the personal attention and of the never-ceasing endearments of their parents.

BALM OF GILEAD.  
The tree that yields the famous balm of Gilead, is called the Amryr, of which there are several species, all fragrant and balsamic. The tree is said to be scarcely more than a shrub, bearing protuberant buds which are full of balsamic resin. This balsam is supposed to exceed all others, chiefly in its exquisite fragrance, rather than in its superior medicinal qualities. The tree which in New England, bears the name of the Balm of Gilead, is a species of the poplar, (populus canadensis) sometimes called the cotton tree.—*Saltem Observer.*

Let youth be trained in the best course of life, and habit will render it the most pleasant.  
Only one tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead pig weighing 120 lbs. was dried in the oven till all moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to 13 lbs. Egyptian mummies are bodies thoroughly dried—they usually weigh about 7 lbs.

The lungs of an adult ordinarily inhale 40 cubic inches of air at once, and if we breathe 20 times in a minute, the quantity of air consumed in that time will be 800 cubic inches, or 48,000 inches in an hour, and 1,152,000 inches in a day, equal to 36 hhds.

A paper manufacturer in Ghent, has discovered that the refuse ends of asparagus make excellent paper, at half the expense of paper from rags, and that a still greater economy is obtained by mixing the pulp of asparagus with that of the best root.

DUTIFUL CHILDREN.  
"Our children are certainly the most dutiful in this town," Mrs. Frimble, though I say it myself, said Mrs. Complicity, one morning to a neighbor. "Where are the little dears?" said Mrs. Frimble. "They are in the back yard, and I will call them," replied Mrs. Complicity, opening the door at the same time. "John, William, Samuel, dears come here this minute." "Come, thunder, you old fool, we guess we've a right to climb this apple tree for all you."

The tonnage of the United States, in the Pacific, far exceeds that of England or France. We have about five hundred wharves, employed in that ocean, whose tonnage is probably over a hundred and fifty thousand, employing twelve thousand seamen. In addition to the wharves, there are about fifty vessels from various ports in the United States, trading to the Pacific, in other branches of commerce.

THE LUNGS SHOULD BE FREE.  
The Parisian ladies, who lead the fashion of the world, are discountenancing tight lacing. This will be a glorious fashion, if well followed.  
A single female house-fly, says Haller, produced in one season, 30,080,910!

MILYUM IN PARVO.—A professor of languages in N. Orleans, advertising for pupils, begins by saying that he has a few leisure hours at his command.—"The professor must understand the condensing principle.

MORE ROPING-IN.  
A FOWL TRANSACTION.—This is certainly a prolific age—prolific in humbug, prolific in quackery, prolific in charlatanism, prolific in new systems for reforming the age; in new theories for living upon little, and in new modes for making fortune upon less; prolific in swindling scientifically and of cheating under the shield of chartered rights. This march of intellect, which has wormed itself into rascality in all its phases, while it evinces a species of refinement in roguery to which the world was a stranger in the days of our unpopulated forefathers is far, in our opinion, from showing any very rapid progress in honesty of principle. For ourselves, we give the ancient system of robbery a decided preference over the modern one. Were we to be the victim, we would much rather be met by some bold, courageous fellow of the Captain Macheath school, who would boldly meet us face to face, catch a pistol to our breast that seemed ready to bark and bristling, and in a volubility of words, less profuse in swindling and delivery, and call out your purse or your life! We say we would prefer this to the thousand and one sneaking, insidious wiles and subtleties which rascals now resort to, when they apply the principles of Chatterfield to cheating, and assume the obsequious airs of a French dancing master whilst they pick your pockets.

Swindling on a similar scale is a bad business any way you can fix it. It neither redounds to a man's fame as a financier, nor increases in any considerable degree his available funds; therefore, we say if a man has come to the fixed and unalterable determination of being a rogue, let him go it strong, and not permit himself to sink down to the level of the hero of our present whiting—a mere chicken thief, a very robber of ten-rooms. Literally speaking, as the following statement will show.

Tuesday a fellow went on board the steamboat Gulf and made inquiries for the owner of a lot of juvenile poultry, which lay crisscrossed, cabined and confined on deck. The owner, who prides in the patronymic of John I. Farren, made his appearance, and our hero made a business of a few less; profuse in swindling and delivery, and call out your purse or your life! We say we would prefer this to the thousand and one sneaking, insidious wiles and subtleties which rascals now resort to, when they apply the principles of Chatterfield to cheating, and assume the obsequious airs of a French dancing master whilst they pick your pockets.

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and he went out on the larva, brought up two days and had twenty-five dozen, or one hundred dollars worth of the chickens, removed from the vessel on them.  
"Draymen," said he, "drive on to the St. Charles Exchange, do you hear? And you, Mr.—What's your name?"  
"Farren," replied the countryman.  
"Yes, Mr. Farren, come along there till I pay you for your chickens!"  
Having arrived at the St. Charles Exchange they walked right up to the bar. The swindler very politely drew a cushioned chair, on which he requested Mr. Farren to sit while he would go up to the office for his \$100. He passed up by the inner stairs that leads to the office, and also, by the stone steps outside, down to the street; and that was the last Mr. Farren saw of the chicken buyer or his chickens.  
This is the very last case of roping-in on record in these diggings.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.  
There are said to be no old maids among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, since the custom allows the young women to choose their husbands. When a young woman in the Ukraine feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes to his parent's house and says to him, "Be you blessed of God!" She then sits down, and addressing herself to the object of her affection in the following terms: "I, Irina, Theodora, (or whatever else may be his name) the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of loving and ruling a wife; and your excellent qualities encouraged me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you with all due humility to accept me for your spouse." She afterwards addresses the father and mother to the same effect, and solicits them earnestly to consent to the marriage.

If she meets with a refusal, she answers "that she will not quit the house till she have married the object of her love." If she is sufficiently persevering and have patience to stay a few days or weeks in the house, the parents are not only forced to give their consent, but frequently persuade their son to marry her. The young man likewise is generally moved by her perseverance and affection, and gradually accustoms himself to the idea of making her his wife, and at length consents. It is said that the parents never employ any force to compel her to leave the house, because they believe by so doing they should draw down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads; and the girl's family would not fail to resent such an action as a grievous affront.

BE A TRUE MAN.  
It is no easy matter to be a true man. The true man is true to himself; true to his country; true to his fellow man; true to his exalted nature and destiny; true to his God. And yet, how many might approach nearer to the standard of a true man, if they were disposed to make trial? And how few even aim to be true! Truthfulness of thought, spirit, conduct, in character and life—these alone can make a man really and truly great. Who yet, search the whole catalogue of human greatness, has come up to the full stature of a perfect man? Not one. Because none have succeeded should none try? Because the aim is a high one, and the height difficult of attainment, should no one attempt the ascent—no one make advances? In proportion to the difficulty of the task will be the glory of the accomplishment of the work to him who attains. "I can't," never accomplished any thing of importance. "I can't," he bridged the ocean, and brought the lightnings from the clouds. By this magic word, Art and Science have advanced; agriculture and manufactures and commerce flourished, and civilization spread its elevating influence among the abodes of men.

Every man, then, should strive to be a true man; true to conscience; true to principle; true to truth. If he would approximate towards this elevated standard, he should commence the work immediately, without delay. He must be true in small things—nothing, rightly considered, is small—if he will be faithful over a few things, he may become lord over many things; step by step will be rise, and each succeeding step will be more easy and rapid, till at length he will have reached a point where intellect and moral elevation, at the same time cannot lesson nor eternally destroy.—*Boy State Democrat.*

FALSE PRIDE.  
Look back twenty or fifty years, behold the bare-footed adventurer, at the present time rolling in wealth, or spending his annual income of some three thousand dollars per annum, in many of the most magnificent mansions. Does he teach them the usual rudiments of housewifery? Very rarely. Is it because the beautiful exercise of the domestic duties is disgraceful? O no! False pride says, "it would be ungentle for ladies to work"—as if it would tarnish the fair and delicate fingers that bring such sweet sounds from the piano, to dust the gorgonzola furniture!

How supremely ridiculous is this illegitimate pride! Thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, would feel insulted, if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They would more likely prate about good society, good company, and the dignity of their ancestors! A few years ago, when the great and the good were passing, and then comes the scramble for some ten or twelve divisions of his hard earned estate. How small does a large fortune appear when apportioned to numerous heirs! The daughters must of course marry gentlemen—pride dictates it; and the gentlemen must of course squander their patrimony. And what has the parent bequeathed to society? Children raised in idleness, without the stimulant to add one iota to the general substantial prosperity of the community. Can there be a doubt but that honest labor is becoming daily more and more stigmatized? A groveling imitation from the cellar to the garret! A spirit of extravagance in which the most unprincipled means are resorted to! Let it proceed with the same rapid march it has commenced, and it will be a stigma to our nation, for the sweat of your brow? Infect the country—the farmer with the same poison that flows through the population of large cities, and you make the country of Franklin a parallel to that of Montezuma.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.  
THE FACTORY SYSTEM.  
We are indebted to the Commercial Advertiser for the subjoined extracts, which is a portion of the evidence given before a late committee of the British House of Commons:

No. 1. Eliza Marshall, lives at Leeds—worked at Marshall's factory. An seventeen years old. Father dead. Sister and self did what we could to support mother. Have cried many an hour in the factory. Could scarcely get home—sometimes had to be "trailed home. I have an iron on my right leg, and my knee is contracted. Worked in great pain and misery. I was straight before. Sister carried me to bed many a time. The surgeon says it is with standing at the mill, and that the marrow is quite dried up, and will never be formed again."

No. 2. Stephen Dennis stated, I have worked in Mr. Marshall's factory. The work produces deformity. It lames the children. The work that is exacted from the children is all that can be possibly done. It cannot be done without resorting to flogging. It is an offence for any one to speak to another. The water used for spinning is heated to 110 or 120 degrees. The children have almost continually to plunge their hands and arms into that water. The heat of the rooms and the steam almost mangle their bodies, and their clothes are steamed and wet. If they fall sick, they are turned out directly—without wages or provision. If a girl complains of ill-health, she is discharged immediately, without any redress. The present system, is ruining the rising generation. It is sacrificing the children for a paltry consideration."

No. 3. Samuel Downe. I was ten years old when I began to work at Mr. Marshall's mill at Shrewsbury. I began at five in the morning and worked till eight at night. The engine never stopped, except forty minutes at dinner time. The children were kept awake by a blow or a box. Very considerable severity was used in that mill. I was strapped most severely till I could not bear to sit upon my chair without having pillows; and I was forced to lie upon my face in bed at one time, and thought that I left. I was strapped on my legs, and was put upon a man's back and strapped, and then I was strapped and buckled with two straps to an iron pillar and flogged. After that, the overlooker took a piece of tow and twisted it in the shape of a cord, and put it in my mouth; and tied it behind my head; he thus gagged me. We were thus

beaten. We were never allowed to sit down. Young women were beaten as well as young men."  
No. 4. The overlooker examined says, he walks around the room with a stick in his hand, and if a child falls drowsy over his work he touches that child over the shoulder, and conducts it to an iron cistern which is filled with water. He then takes the child (beardless of sex) by the legs, and dips it over head in the cistern and sends it to its work. In that dripping condition the child labors for the remainder of the day. This is the punishment for drowsiness!"

"We have a vast number of cripples. Some are crippled from losing their limbs—many from standing too long. It first begins with a pain in the ankle; after that they will ask the overlooker to let them sit down—but they must not. Then they begin to be weak in the knees—knock-kneed—after that their feet turn out—they become splay-footed, and their ankles swell as big as my fists. I knew many deformed in the way described." This is a heart rending revelation of the practical working of the English factory system. "The details given," says the commercial, "are truly frightful; but let us ask the question, what is it that causes these sufferings and cruelties to the unhappy children in the English factories. We answer, the restrictive policy of England, and especially the restrictions on foreign corn. And yet, there is an order of politicians who would fatten upon this young nation that which is admitted to be the cause of such frightful misery. The Corn Laws, are only the pivot of a system which Mr. Clay and his friends would introduce, centre into the legislation of the United States. The principle of the Corn Laws and the principle of a protective tariff are precisely the same, and the object, to writing the comforts of the few, from the blood of the many."

AN INCIDENT AND A MORAL.  
The following paragraphs are the climax of an amusing article in the New York Mirror:

On a certain day—a day never to be forgotten by me—news arrived in town that the Governor was dead. No sovereign prince, pontiff or potentate on the face of the earth ever appeared so gigantic and formidable to my childish eye as that harmless gentleman, the Governor of Massachusetts. Imagine the shock occasioned by this announcement! Straightway the bells began tolling, people collected in groups, quidnuncs scoured from place to place, gossips chattered, children gaped in dumb astonishment, and old women, with dismal faces, ran about croaking, "the Governor is dead!" To me these things seemed to betoken the general wreck of nature; for how the order of the universe could subsist after the death of the Governor, was beyond my comprehension. I expected the sun and moon to fall, the stars to shoot from their spheres, and my grandfather's mill-pond to upset. The horrible forebodings under which I lay down to sleep that night are not to be described, and it was a long time ere I could close my eyes. In the morning I was awakened by a dreadful rumbling noise. The Governor is dead! I exclaimed starting up in a terrible fright. The noise continued. I listened and discovered it to be nothing more than—my old grandmother grinding coffee!

The effect of this prodigious anti-climax can hardly be imagined; never in my life was I so puzzled and confounded as at the first moment of this discovery. "What!" said I to myself, "is the Governor dead, and yet people grind coffee! Then it seems we are to eat our breakfast, just as if nothing happened! Is a great man of no more consequence than this?" A new ray of light broke in upon me. I fell to pondering upon the occurrence, and five minutes' pondering completely demolished the power supreme with which many a pompous owl had stalked through my imagination.—From that moment, governors, town-clerks, select men, representatives, justices of the peace, and great people of every degree, lost nine tenths of importance in my eyes, for I mainly saw the world could do nothing without coffee.

How often, I have I applied the moral of this incident! How much moving eloquence and dire denunciation have I passed by with the remark "That is a great affair, no doubt, but it won't stop a coffee-mill!"

Strange.—A man died on one of the flat boats on the Levee at New Orleans on the 8th, of a disease which baffled his physician. A post mortem examination took place, and upon examining his brain, it was discovered that an insect of about an inch long, known by the name of a centipede or thousand legs, had crawled into his ear, causing thereby an excruciating death.

WORKING MEN BEWARE!—The federalists have the assurance to tell a Mechanics and working men of the country, that their condition would be infinitely worse, if it were not for the aid they are receiving directly or indirectly, from the banks.—This is an old trick of the privileged class. Menenius Agrippa, in behalf of the Patricians, told the Roman people when they had retired to mount Sacer, that they could not possibly get along without their task masters, the Nobility. All impartial historians now agree in the opinion, that the people of Rome bore too long the misrule and tyranny, of the Patrician order. Future historians will say that Americans bore too long and too patiently, the abuses of the BANKERS—and that any measure which will lessen the number of BANKERS, must as a consequence increase the number of Laborers, and prove beneficial to society.—*Yeoman.*

SPECIE VALUE OF GOLD & SILVER

Eagle, coined before July 31, 1834	\$10 00
Eagle, coined after July 31, 1834	10 00
Guinea, English, (in proportion)	5 00
Sovereign, (in proportion)	4 85
Double Louis, coined since 1793	9 00
Louis, coined since 1793	4 50
Napoleon, or 20 Frank Piece, (doub. in pro.)	3 82
Doublons, Spanish	16 00
Doublons, Mexican	15 50
Ten Thaler Pieces, (Egs in proportion)	7 40
Ten Guilder Pieces do do	3 80
Ducats, Prussian	2 25
Fredericks	3 50
Fredericks' d'ors	7 85
Pistole, Spanish	3 80
Forty Livre Pieces	7 60
Johannes, (in proportion)	16 00
North Carolina and Georgia \$5 pieces	4 70
German Crowns	1 00
French Crowns	1 00
Five Frank Pieces	0 83
Spanish Dollar	1 00
Mexican Dollar	1 00
American Silver	1 00

CHAIR MANUFACTORY.  
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he carries on the above business, on the East side of Jefferson between First and Second Streets, and will keep on hand at all times a general assortment of Fancy and Windsor Chairs, Boston Rocking Chairs &c. all of which he will sell low for cash.  
Portsmouth, Nov. 10. W. E. WILLIAMS.

PHTHISIC.  
This may certify, that my daughter has made use of Mr. George Silvester's Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicine, for a great difficulty in breathing and pain in the breast, commonly called Pthitic which I think has effected a perfect cure.  
JOHN LUMAN.  
Nile township, Scioto county, Ohio Nov. 14th, 1840

PITTY & OIL kept constantly on hand and for sale by  
R. B. ALFORD.  
Nov. 17, 1840.

Job Work.  
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
SCIOTO VALLEY POST.

Chop Store.  
JOHN CLARK respectfully informs the citizens of Portsmouth and the public generally, that he has a hand a well selected Stock of  
STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS,  
which have been purchased with great care, and upon terms which will enable him to sell at prices which he feels assured cannot fail to please. He deems it unnecessary to give a detailed list of the many articles he offers, but would call the attention of purchasers to the following seasonable  
GOODS,  
French, English and American Prints.  
Brown and Bleached Domestic, from 6 to 25 cts.  
French, German and English Merinos and Circassians, Red, Yellow, Green and White Flannels, all prices.  
Satinets, Kearsays and Linseys.  
Wool-dyed Blue, Black and Fancy colored Cloths and Cassimeres  
Heavy Blanket and Beaver cloths  
Bed Blankets, good assortment and very cheap.  
Broche, Merino, and tartan Shawls  
Zephyr worsted, and needle patterns of every variety  
Silk worsted and cotton canvases, for tapestry  
Stocks, Cravats, Comforts & Gloves, a good assortment  
Together with almost every article in the goods line. He solicits an examination of his stock by FARMERS and others, as he will sell at a very small advance above cost.  
Portsmouth, Nov. 10, 1840. 32

SILVESTER'S  
HYGEIAN VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL  
MEDICINE.  
so transcendently powerful as to effect the expulsion from the blood all humors however intimately combined; and yet so benign in its operation, that it at once commands the esteem of every one, and generally to the exclusion of all other medicines. For particulars of medicine see hand papers,—to be had of agents as follows:—  
AGENTS IN THE STATE OF OHIO.  
Mr. James Broadwell, Front street, nearly opposite the Rolling Mill, Cincinnati.  
I. A. Poole, Ohio, Messrs Tollin & Turner, Felicity, Clermont co.  
Edward S. Moore, West Union.  
Messrs Hall & Currie, W. P. Candien, Portsmouth, and Mr. Jefferson Kendall, Wheelersburg, Scioto co.  
Thomas Kincaid, Piquette, John Chain, Jasper and Mr. S. E. Hiestand, Sinking Springs, Pike co.  
Wm. Fleming, Brainbridge Rose count.  
Henry H. Neak, Gallipolis.  
C. Sawyer, Newark, & P. Parsons, Granville, Licking co.  
Major Benjamin Pratt, on Alum creek, Delaware county.  
William M. Munster, Amity, Ross co.  
Kean Clarke, Middlebury, Summit co.

IN KENTUCKY.  
Mr. J. T. and J. C. Ham, Lock No. 4, Licking River, Pendleton co.  
IN NEW-YORK.  
Mr. Stephen Canfield, and Dr. Ralph Huntington (travelling agent) Morristown, St. Lawrence co.  
Ask for Silvester's Hygeian Medicine, and see that his signature is on the box, to imitate which is felony.

Valuable Property for Sale.  
THE subscriber wishes to sell the three story brick building on front street, between Jefferson and Market, now occupied by Messrs. Kendall & Smith as a Drug Store. As the subscriber is compelled to dispose of the above property, it will be sold on reasonable terms.  
S. M. G. GLOVER.  
Portsmouth, August 18th 1840. 11—17.

FITS, DERANGEMENT, WORMS.  
Washington township, Scioto county, O. April 3, 1841.  
Mr. George Silvester, sir:—In addition to my own severe suffering from indigestion cured by one dose only of 30 pills No. 3 of your Hygeian Medicine, which I perceive you have published. I am now happy in the pleasure of informing you of further astonishing benefit. My son Thomas, when he was but two weeks old, was taken with fits, called by a physician in high repute who attended him, ergasileous fits, which continued until he was about three months old, when such was his weakly condition that the physician said he could not be raised. About the age of two years he was again afflicted with fits, which by a fortunate course of treatment lasted but two weeks. Though I was much comforted by his recovery from this severe disorder, yet I was rendered quite unhappy by thoughts of the future, my child being very puny and growing up much debilitated. At length my fears were more than realized, for, sad to tell, about a month ago he was taken in a very strange manner: first he fell down and turned over, and felt disposed to snap his blue collar, and I saw before him, then he was taken with fits, but different from the two last mentioned, being much more severe. After he had had two fits I gave him your Hygeian Medicine; began with eight pills & increased them so rapidly that in about eight days I gave him forty pills a day, twenty at night & twenty again in the morning, and I continued giving him forty pills a day for one week, when he discharged matter of an indigo blue color, & afterwards of a dark green, & an immense quantity of worms, certainly more than 100, some of which were a foot long. Such an extraordinary quantity of such powerful pills for a child only in his ninth year, instead of weakening tended to invigorate his system, & to it I ascribe his speedy recovery. I continue at present to give him ten pills a day. I now no longer doubt but that he will be restored to perfect health. My own health is gaining strength. I remain, Sir, your devoted friend & advocate,  
ELIZABETH SMITH.

GROCERIES & C.  
ARTHUR, respectfully informs the citizens of Portsmouth and vicinity, that he has just received an extensive assortment of Groceries, to wit: Family Flour, Butter, Eggs, and Cheese; Bacon, Pork, Dried Beef, Bologna sausage, &c.; Almonds, Raisins, Figs, Candies, and other confectionery; Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Wines, and Cordials; a superior article of Cheating Tobacco; Soap, Candles, &c. &c.,—which he will sell low for cash. A few dollars worth of the United States Hotel.  
Portsmouth, June, 16, 1840.—17-9

CANKER.  
This may certify, that my child, two years old, was miserably afflicted, the entire inside of his mouth being completely cankered, so that he could scarcely make any nourishment, and I feared he would not recover; and that after taking 30 doses of 20 pills each, and one dose of 20 pills of Silvester's Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicine, he became entirely well, and is now, I believe, in every respect a healthy child.  
MARTHA SMITH.  
Newton township, Pike co., Dec. 16, 1839.

SIGN PAINTING AND GLAZING.  
R. B. ALFORD still continues the business of House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at his new stand, on the North side of Second, between Market and Court Streets, Portsmouth. By strict attention to business, he hopes to continue to receive the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to him.  
All orders thankfully received, and promptly attended to with promptness.  
Nov. 10.

FURNITURE WARE ROOM.  
DAVID SCOTT respectfully informs the citizens of Portsmouth and its vicinity, that he still continues the CABINET MAKING business at his old stand, where he will keep constantly on hand all kinds of Furniture, such as—Side Boards, Bureaus, Secretaries, Tables, &c., together with all articles manufactured in establishments of this kind. From a thorough knowledge of the business, and a strong disposition to please, he cordially asks a liberal share of the public patronage.  
Portsmouth, Nov. 10, 1840.

BILIOUS CHOLIC.  
This is to certify that my wife commenced using Mr. George Silvester's Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicine, about seven weeks ago, for the Bilious Cholic, and I have reason to believe that it has effected a cure. In about one week after she commenced taking the medicine she had a slight attack of Cholera, but since that time she has not had the least symptom, and I think her health otherwise very much restored. Given under my hand, this 18th November, 1839. JAMES FREEMAN.  
Jefferson township, Adams county, Ohio.

A PROPHECY.  
"Ten years from this time no man will think of using other remedies, when sickness assails his frame, than those which cleanse and purify."  
BRANDRETH PILLS  
Cleanse and purify, and cannot injure. The weak become strong while they are used. We may use 'bark,' or any 'tonics,' what is their effect? They bind the disease, the 'four humors,' in the body, which ultimately become so great a quantity, that apoplexy or paralysis is the result; the patient then finds too late his mistake. How different are the consequences when the simple method of PURIFYING THE BODY with Brandreth's Pills is adopted.

EXPERIENCE, that touch-stone of all human knowledge has proved beyond doubt that this celebrated medicine and the human body are naturally adapted one for the other; by their aid the whole mass of the fluids, and even the solids, (for are not the solids made and renewed from the fluids?) can be entirely exchanged, altered and completely regenerated, and in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.  
The fact is, that hundreds of thousands have been cured of the most inveterate diseases by the use of these Pills alone. It is not well to enumerate the diseases by name. Let the afflicted with any pain, whether of internal or external origin, give this medicine, one or two weeks' trial—there will be no necessity for any further persuasion afterwards; he is sure to continue it until a perfect cure is effected; which will generally much sooner than could be expected.

Let me now recommend to less a cure than a prevention of disease. When we feel dull, pain in the head, back, or side—weariness on the least exertion—it is then we ought to take a dose of these Pills. This will always have a good effect, because it is impossible for pain to be in the body without the presence of those humors which produce it; and it is only by their being forced out with purging, that health can be restored.  
Let me now recommend two things—NEVER BE LIES, and NEVER GO TO A DRUGGIST FOR BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The first weakens the principle of life, and long keeps the blessings of health from the body. And the last, to purchase a pill called Brandreth's, of a Druggist, is to insure the purchaser a bare counterfeited, ENTIRELY INCAPABLE OF PRODUCING THE BENEFICIAL RESULTS of the genuine medicine. I now feel happy in the assurance that I shall at no distant day again enjoy sound health, and with the satisfaction of being my own doctor; and if not more extensively useful, at least in being the doctor of my own family, with the use of one medicine only that I have proved to be perfectly harmless, though sufficiently powerful to search every avenue of the human frame, and rid it of all obnoxious matter, which I am satisfied no reasonable person will dispute after a few days trial. I shall spare no pains to make your medicine known to the afflicted when opportunity offers, and I pray you may meet the reward you merit. I remain  
Your grateful debtor,  
SILVESTER VEACH.

GREY FLUX.  
Washington township, Scioto county, Feb. 4, 1841.  
Mr. George Silvester, Dear Sir:—My sister, Elizabeth Smith, desirous of making known to you the astonishing effects of your medicine in curing her of that dreadful disorder, the Influenza, by one dose only of 30 pills, of your invaluable medicine, I have thought proper to communicate to you on the same sheet a remarkable effect it has had upon myself, in curing me of the grey flux, as I suppose it to be, the next day, after about ten years ago from that complaint, as was called by my physician in attendance; but which was not half so bad as this last attack. Immediately I discovered what ailed me, I took fifteen of your pills and in about three hours after took about sixteen more, which was so remarkable in its effect, that I was able to attend to my business by 12 o'clock the next day; the night following I took 25 pills more, which seemed to effect an entire cure. Your medicine has otherwise been of great benefit to me and my family. It is now the only medicine I make use of and probably that fewer shall make use of, as I have found it very effectual in subduing many diseases in my own family, and the case of my acquaintance. I now feel happy in the assurance that I shall at no distant day again enjoy sound health, and with the satisfaction of being my own doctor; and if not more extensively useful, at least in being the doctor of my own family, with the use of one medicine only that I have proved to be perfectly harmless, though sufficiently powerful to search every avenue of the human frame, and rid it of all obnoxious matter, which I am satisfied no reasonable person will dispute after a few days trial. I shall spare no pains to make your medicine known to the afflicted when opportunity offers, and I pray you may meet the reward you merit. I remain  
Your grateful debtor,  
SILVESTER VEACH.

WHITE SWELLING.  
Brushcreek township, Highland county, O. June 5, 1840.  
Mr. George Silvester, Dear Sir:—Your medicine has proved remarkable in its effects upon my son Joseph, in case of White Swelling about the calf of the leg, with which he has been afflicted for about one year. He took the medicine morning and evening, increasing the dose one pill every dose until he took fifteen pills at a dose, and continued the use of them until he had taken about two 75 cent boxes, when I considered that he was cured. The medicine produced a very powerful effect; after using them a few days he had a breaking out a round the affected part, which spread until it extended all over his body, producing shooting and flying pains, which was followed by a piece of corrupted bone coming from the part affected. He has since been wonderfully improving in health and strength, and seems to grow or thrive much faster than he ever did before. Believe me, dear sir, when I purchased your medicine I did not think it would be of any service in his case, as it is generally allowed to be an incurable one and I could get poor encouragement from physicians and others experienced in the treatment of diseases, without submitting to some doubtful, besides painful and painful treatment. Should I hear of others in the same painful situation of my son, I shall deem it my duty to make them acquainted with this safe and effectual method; and in hopes this short tribute of my experience in the efficacy of your invaluable medicine will be of service to you and the public, I subscribe myself,  
Yours, respectfully,  
BENJAMIN WEST.

THE SCIOTO VALLEY POST.  
Is published every Tuesday at \$2 00 per annum—always in advance.  
BY WILLIAM P. CAMDEN.  
Office, in the third story of the building formerly occupied by Kendall & Smith, Front St.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
Eighty words will be counted as a square of solid matter, and will be published for one dollar for three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each continuance; over eighty words will be counted as two squares, over 160 as three, &c. If a single advertisement be of a less number of words than 80, it will nevertheless be counted as a square.  
From the above, every person wishing to advertise may know the amount of money necessary to be transmitted to secure insertion.  
A moderate deduction will be made on yearly advertisements.  
Advertisements of a personal alteration, will invariably be charged Two Dollars per square for the first insertion, and One Dollar per square for each continuance.  
Advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions that are requested; otherwise they will be continued till forbid; and charged accordingly. No variations from these rates in any case.  
Advertisements from the country must be invariably accompanied by cash, and from gentlemen not residing in Portsmouth, the amount necessary to secure insertion may be ascertained by counting the words of the advertisement and consulting these terms.  
POSTAGE, on letters to the proprietor, must be paid by the writer.