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Scioto Valley Post (Portsmouth, Ohio), August 30, 1842

William P. Camden

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Scraps of Waller Post

W. P. CAMDEN,

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

\$3 00 per annum, in advance.

VOL. 2.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, AUGUST 30, 1842.

NO. 33

POETRY.

From the N. Y. New Era.
THE MECHANIC.

Mechanics! whose toil is the wealth of a nation,
Whose breasts are its bulwarks when danger is nigh—
Though humble your lot, and despised your vocation,
You have honor and worth that the world cannot buy.

The minions of wealth may affect to despise you,
Pronouncing you ignorant, sordid, and base,
But the moment will come that shall teach them to prize you,
The scorn they have written—their own shall erase.

Not theirs are the hands that can turn back the billow
That threatens to sweep o'er our altars & homes;
They may live in the breeze that but plays with the willow;

But you unto them when the hurricane comes,
They must call upon you in the moment of danger,
When the war-banner spreads its red folds to the air,

When our homes are assailed by the hands of a stranger,
And our valleys re-echo with cries of despair.

Where of Rome's faded grandeur her ruins are telling,
Where Athens' proud temples reflect back the sun,

In Palmyra's streets—now the jackal's lone dwelling—
Are recorded the triumphs by industry won.

There is not a nation where science has flourished,
There is not a land that the arts have adorned;
But your valor has guarded—your industry nourished—
Through glory and shame—though degraded and scorned.

Your labor in peace, like a bright living fountain,
Sends rivers of wealth to replenish the earth,
And in war, like the storm-beaten rock of the mountain,

You ward off the blast from the land of your birth.
But when peace, like the sun o'er your country is shining,
For the wealth you bestow they repay you with sneers,
And the wounds you have borne in her cause unrepining,

Ingratitude bathes with adversity's tears.

When the herald of fame, in the annals of story,
The deeds of a hero proclaims throughout the land,
The monuments reared to emblazon his glory,
And the deed they record—are the works of your hand.

But what your reward when the conflict is ended?
Or where is your niche in the temple of fame?
The laurels you won with another's is blended,
And darkness still rests on the artisan's name.

Yet bow not your hearts to the proud man's reviling,
More noble in sorrow than he in his pride;
At each mark of disdain with the true dignity smiling,
Your acts will rebuke when your lot they deride.

Let Hope cheer your path, though despised and neglected,
Be virtue your shield when temptation is nigh;
By honor's bright code be your actions directed,
Deserve and demand the respect they deny.

For ages you languished in darkness and sorrow,
Telling on—for the wealth that another must reap;
Each day of regret but the type of to-morrow,
As wave reflects wave in their race o'er the deep.

But one after one your chains have been riven,
And the day star of Hope from the horizon rose;
When the star spangled flag to Columbia given,
Called the children of toil 'neath its shade to repose.

Then high be your aim, for the portals of glory,
By Freedom unbar'd, now disclose to the view
A tablet whereon to emblazon your story,
An urn for the tears to your memory due.

When your country's proud star, through futurity shining,
Beams bright with the deeds that her children have done,
May the loveliest wreath 'round her diadem twinkling,
Be that which her toil-worn mechanics have won.

THE WALKING LION, or the voice of Jackson from the Hermitage, June 9, 1842. "What! take money from Congress instead of justice! When I apply to Congress, it will be to demand justice, not to ask a favor."

"The righteous are bold as a lion."—Prov. 28.

CANADA.—The government of Canada, with the approbation of the Queen's Ministers in London, to grant an unqualified amnesty to all persons who were concerned in the recent frontier disturbances and insurrections, without any exceptions. This will be a proof of internal peace and quietness among the Canadians.

MISCELLANY.

From the British Miscellany.
THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

BY QUIZ.

At precisely a quarter of an hour before the clock strikes eight, every morning in the year, excepting only Sunday, Good Friday and Christmas day, a neat, dapper little man—seemingly habited in the same invariable suit of black, broad-brimmed hat, white neck-cloth, tight inexpressibles, and large, easy, square-toed shoes with the same brown gingham umbrella in his hand, summer and winter, sunshine and shower—may be seen to emerge from a little, low, old-fashioned, brick-built, but newly stucco-faced tenement, which, in house-agency parlance, would be described as located in a retired situation, exactly three miles and three quarters from the three bridges.

Aminadab Lightfoot—more particularly known and recognized as "The Punctual Man," is a quiet, inoffensive, particular individual; one who has never been known to wear either a smile or a frown upon his face, or to utter an expression remarkable for its pleasantness or anger, for its dullness or its wit. He is a human mill-horse, beginning his rounds every morning at precisely the same moment of time, and directing his movements throughout the day from sheer habit, as regularly as though he were governed by a chronometer, or actuated by the machinery of an automaton. Although estimating himself at a very low rate in the scale of human importance, he confers much greater benefit upon society than he has any conception of, he being made to serve the purposes of watch or clock, omnibus touter and time-keeper, and note of warning alike to the idle and the industrious. For, at his presence, little boys shoulder their bags and trudge whistling to school; omnibuses rush from their stands, and conductors stun passengers with their vociferations of "Fleet street"—"Bank"—"Charing-cross"—"Elephant Castle"—or whatever the point of destination may be; servant maids beat mats upon steps and against walls, dispensing the previous day's accumulation of dust in copious showers upon passers-by; pot-men commence their daily occupation of gathering in tarnished pots, and bawling for greasy, often thumbed newspapers; butcher boys and baker lads instantly leave their games of pitch and toss, or "mivies," at the corners of streets, and start off to procure orders, or to deliver hot loaves; green grocers, coal retailers and cat's-meat men issue abroad to follow their several vocations, and halo their varied cries to the disturbing of all sick patients, awakening fractious children, and souring the tempers of nursery maids who wish to lollap and flirt; and of poor mothers who are compelled to drudge by stealth while the little ones sleep. Yes, Aminadab is the moral sun in his own small hemisphere, whose rising and setting actuates the whole of the animal world by which he is surrounded. The very quadrupeds, feline and canine, appear to regulate their cravings by his motions; for no sooner has he shut the door of his snuggerly, than, as if by a species of natural instinct, the whole vicinage becomes alive, teeming with these four-footed creatures, anxiously awaiting the coming of the purveyor of their food. Unconscious of all this sensation, however, is our "punctual man," as he traverses the pathway crossing each street every day at precisely the same instant of time, and arriving at the termination of his journey at exactly the same tick of the clock.

At the same instant every morning does Aminadab awake from his slumbers, start from his couch and array himself in the same or similar articles of clothing; at the same minute sit down to his breakfast, and, as if by the striking of a stop-watch, measures the strength of his appetite; at the same moment swallow his last crust, and rise to brush his hat, and draw on his gloves, open his street door, shuts himself out (for the secret of his punctuality is, that everything that it is possible for him to do he accomplishes himself, never leaving another to do for him that which he can execute for himself,) and at the same unvarying pace, peregrinate to the city.

It is so many years since "the punctual man" first took up his abode in that quarter, and commenced his perpetual round of punctuality, that no one can remember when first it began, or dream of its ever coming to an end; and so accustomed to seeing him pass at precisely the same instant, have all who domicile in his route become, that, although none save those who have constituted him their dial, expressly watch for his passing were he once to fail, a wheel of the world's machinery would seem to them to have been broken. And so true is it, that the constant practice of one makes habits of the many—that, although he has never been known to ride in his life, or to give a penny away in charity, every omnibus conductor and cab driver hail him as he passes by, and every crossing scraper appeals to him as he approaches: neither the one nor the other, at the same time expecting a fare or a farthing, as he has made it a rule (and his charities are as extensive as they are punctually paid) never to ride when he can walk, or to give casual doles in the street.

Arrived at his close dingy back office, looking out upon a dirty, formerly white-washed wall, one uniform system is pursued from hour to hour, and from day to day. Thus, the better coat is exchanged for a threadbare, time honored garment—the same one which has been similarly used from time immemorial—the iron safe unlocked, the account books opened and laid upon the well-worn desk, for they are things of deep mystery, which the youngurchin who plays in the outer room and runs errands is never allowed to peep into or touch; the stool adjusted, the fire stirred, (if in winter) the pen nibbed, the office clock consulted, and the business of the day begun. Exactly as the clock warns for five in the evening, the books are re-locked, the coat re-adjusted, the hat re-brushed, the gloves again put in requisition, and the first stroke of the hour, the office-door opens, and Aminadab Lightfoot retraces his way to his suburban abode.

Aminadab is a solocism, a unit. He has neither friend nor relation, and for years past has never been known to receive a visitor, or to pay a visit. With the exception of his antiquated housekeeper, he has not an inmate in his abode—no dog, no cat, no, not even a canary or a stray half-starved mouse, as though he were afraid to harbor aught that might disturb his serenity, or interfere with that regularity of habit and manner which now seem al-

most to constitute one of the elements of his existence. Few know his name—none his name, origin, or occupation. The former, even, by the most acute in divination, is a point that has long since been given up as hopeless. The latter, however, have more than once been the subjects of surmise. And "many a time and oft" has "La dame de Maison" been covertly questioned, or openly attacked, upon these and other matters, in vain. Although as chatty as old maids are wont to be upon "things in general" and "general things," yet upon all that relates to her master, the dumb creature can be silent (taciturn). Is he rich? Is he poor? Is he happy? Is he a merchant? Is he a farmer? Who is he? What is he? What does he do? Where does he come from? Does he read? Does he talk? Does he sing? Has he always been the same? Is his house inside a good house? Is the furniture handsome? Is it modern? Is it ancient?—are questions that have been often repeated but never replied to. This much, however, has been obscurely hinted at. That he was once very poor, very inconsiderate, very irregular in his habits—that he was taken by the hand by a rich merchant—himself a "punctual man"—he bade Aminadab copy his example, and promised that if he did, he would make a man of him. The advice being good, and the expectation better, the former was taken and the latter realized—that many years afterwards, the rich merchant, who had previously made Aminadab his clerk, had died, and left to his faithful servant his fortune and his business. That this business declined and dwindled away—but that notwithstanding it soon fell off entirely, Aminadab could not refrain, day after day, week after week, from continuing his accustomed routine.

Not only in matters of business and civil relations is Aminadab worthy of his soubriquet, but in the performance of his religious duties he is still the same man of habit; and, in all faithfulness, let us add, something more. Every Sabbath morning, as the clock indicates the approach of eleven, is he to be found occupying the corner of his little pew—which corner is not less worthily or regularly filled by his housekeeper in the afternoon; and every day of his life, does he, with the same exactitude, perform those duties of a religious character which are incumbent upon all God's intelligent creatures. We would not go the length of asserting that, as elsewhere, so in the sanctuary, he is regarded as little better than a time-piece, but we do verily believe that the organist never thinks of playing the first voluntary until he sees that Aminadab is seated, and that the person would as soon expect not to preach at all, as to preach, and not to the "punctual man."

That he thus contrives to avoid many of the ills of life, such as being too late for breakfast in the morning, and too late for tea in the afternoon, too late to transact his business, whatever that business may be, with efficiency, and too late to perform the duties of life with comfort and composure, must be confessed; yet, even this extreme punctuality has engendered habits which, at times, occasion what to other mortals would be the causes of considerable annoyance. Thus, having in earlier life contrived to get through a three month's courtship, his very precision lost him a wife, and gained him an action for a breach of promise—in this wise: The wedding-day having been fixed, invariable custom prevailed, and at the very time he should have been placing the ring upon the fourth finger of the lady's left hand, he was nibbling a pen upon the first finger of his own. In another instance he lost a fortune of considerable worth; for, having been suddenly summoned to the death-bed of a former friend, who desired to make him the sole depository of his wealth, in consequence of not quitting his office till his wonted time, on his arrival at his friend's house, he found it shut up, the intended benefactor a corpse, and the will unexecuted. And in a third instance, it occasioned his catching a very violent cold, from standing awhile at his door, in the midst of a snow storm, waiting the return of his housekeeper from a neighboring gossip's, she having availed herself of the knowledge that he had, for once, been his intention to forgo his usual custom, and to dine out. And thus it is clearly demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that not only has every good its evil, but that a veritable good may possibly be turned to a positive evil.

INCIDENT AT NAHANT.—MERMAIDS.—As two gentlemen of the press, named Tom and Frank, were sauntering among the rocks, they discovered two beautiful mermaids sporting in the water, close to the beach. Delighted and astonished at such a discovery, for a moment they were at a loss what to do. Recovering, however, from their surprise, they retired behind the rock, where they could see, and not be seen by these divinities of the ocean. Said Tom, "now Frank, out with your note-book, and write what I dictate; my organs of perception are larger than yours. Are you ready?" "All ready," whispered Frank. Write then—Two mermaids up to their waists in water. "Have you got that down?" "Yes," replied Frank. "Add, then, long hair of auburn hue slightly tinged with ocean green towards the end; faces round as a full moon, and white as— and white as—" "And white as what?" demanded Frank, impatiently. "Why, white as a moon beam; eyes bright as lightning; mouth, cheeks, nose, &c., beyond the reach of Johnson, Walker & Co; bosoms, &c.; oh Lord!" Here they were interrupted by a stout elderly gentleman, armed with a tall hickory stick, who seized Tom by the shoulder, and demanded, in a rough voice, what he was about. "O, dear sir," replied Tom, imploringly, "don't make a noise—you will frighten the mermaids." "Mermaids—devils," roared the old gentleman; "they are my daughters, and if you don't vanish in a twinkling, I will make this tall hickory ring about your ears." "Nuf sed," growled Tom and Frank, and were among the missing quick as thought.—Boston Post.

POLITENESS.
We want a little refinement in America. The people in the north of Europe are much more civil and polite. According to Mr. Baird, the Swedes excel the French in the Polish of their manners. The common working people wish each other success in their daily toils. When a Swede meets a friend, he thanks him for that pleasure he had when he last saw him. In Norway every one says at the close of dinner, "tak for mad"—thanks for the meal—and the reply is "well become"—may it do you good. The rudest peasants when they meet, always speak and take off their hats; and like the Swedes they wish each other prosperity. Mr.

Baird says—"We wish there were more of these and other appropriate forms of civility among our people. It would do us good. We would not see men passing each other without deigning to give a kindly look or a kindly salutation, or even a nod of the head." There is nothing more true of us as a nation, than that we are a rude people.—Hampshire Gazette.

From the Newark Eagle. RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY R. S. T.
1841 and 1842.

"Emily," said Samuel Watts, to his wife, we are going to illuminate the city this evening.

"And pray for what?"
"To celebrate our success at the last election."
"It is strange, Samuel, to see how you have turned. Not more than six months ago, you were one of the strongest Democrats in the State, and now you are boasting of success at the last election, and of an intention to commemorate the event by illuminating the city. What is the cause of this?"

"Fahaw, what do you know about politics! but as you wish to learn the reason of my turning my political coat, I will tell you. I have been, as you say, for years back, Democrat; I voted for Jackson, and Van Buren, supposing, when I did so, that I was promoting the poor man's interest—but I find that throughout the whole twelve years of their administration the country has been sinking deeper and deeper into trouble. Look for instance, at the time of '37—never before was the country in such a wretched state, as at that period; all this was caused by—"

"Speculation,"—chimed in Samuel Watts, Jr.
"Don't you interrupt me again you rogue—all this was caused by the manner in which the Democratic party conducted the affairs of the country.—Well—"

"Now, you contradict yourself," said Mrs. Watts; "in '37, as you call it, you were a Democrat, and you attributed the hard times then to speculations, as Samuel just said, and now you lay it to the Democratic party."

"I do wish you would not interrupt me," exclaimed Mr. Watts, pettishly. "Well, you see times have been bad ever since then, and were likely to continue so, and you see I thought that nothing but a change would set things to rights, and I turned Whig."

"Well I suppose you know best; but I don't think your new party will better our condition."
"That shows all you know about it. Why, the Democratic principles are all a humbug. Look what foolish trick they had of putting up hickory poles."

"And log cabins," remarked young Samuel.
"Shut up! I tell you—go to bed immediately."
"Please give me a drink of hard cider first."
"This will never do—my very children taunt me for turning Whig—"

"After election," said his son.
"Shut up Samuel, or I will whip you." Have you candles, Emily? he continued, turning to his wife, "we must have plenty of them before our windows."

"Don't you think the grocery keepers must be glad," asked the persevering boy.
"For what?"
"To think what a lot of candles and oil they will sell to night."

"Very likely—they ought to rejoice." With these words, Mr. Watts left the house, and bent his steps towards Board street. On arriving there he perceived that the procession was already forming, in splendid array. The boys were amusing themselves by throwing turpentine balls, much to the discomfiture of the gallant banner bearers. Amid the noise of swearing and shouting, the procession at length formed, and began its march—and a gallant band; they frightened several horses; and never was a victory hailed with such universal applause, as were these feats by the boys, who to keep up the fun would pelt them with blazing balls.

At length the procession turned into the street in which Watts resided. With a proud step, he marched forward, gazing with earnest expectation on his dwelling; but no brilliant lights were before his windows. Nearly bursting with rage, he entered the house, and in a mighty voice demanded the reason of this negligence of his orders.

"Why," replied his wife, I have lighted them about a dozen times—but as fast as I did so, Samuel blew them out, and I gave up the task with pleasure."

"Well, really, this is a pretty piece of business, now they are almost here—where are the matches?"
"Samuel has hid them; he says if you have turned Whig he has 'em, and he will do a Democrat's duty, by preventing an illumination."

"The dog—I will whip him to death in the morning."
"With these words, Mr. Samuel Watts, Esq., consoled himself, as he made preparation for retiring to rest, but Samuel being the only son, and a pet—the threatened whipping was dispensed with.

1842.

"When are them better times going to come father," asked Samuel one evening, soon after the commencement of this year.

"They'll be along by and by," was the reply.
"They are a plaguey long while at any how.—They must have a pretty lazy team. Why, a year is up, and they havn't got here yet; but the bad times has though."

"No, my son, times cannot be worse than they were in Van Buren's time."
"They don't know what they can do, till they try."

"Well, but you must recollect, my son, that Harrison is dead, and Tyler goes right contrary to the peoples wishes. We want a National Bank; Henry Clay got two bills through both houses and Tyler vetoed them."

"He did perfectly right in doing so, for bad as the times are, a National Bank would make them worse."
"Well, well, its no use talking about it any longer; and thus the conversation ended for that evening."

A few days afterwards, however, Samuel accosted his parent with—"Father I saw a sight to-day."
"What was it?"
"You know Mr.—, the one who owns so

many houses? Well, I was passing through the street in which he lives, to-day, and saw a wagon load of furniture standing before his door. It belonged to a poor woman who could not pay her rent, and the hard-hearted land-lord had told her she must leave immediately; but as she was unable to pay what was due him, he took her furniture, after it was on the wagon, and sold it, driving her off, without even a bed to sleep on."

"And this man is a Whig, is he not?"
"Yes, and not only that, but he is a member of the church."

"Scandalous, but do you suppose you could find a woman as poor?"

"I think so."
"Well take this and give it to her,—it is a five dollar bill; if I could spare more I would."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, while the father muttered to himself—"Those rich Whigs don't care half as much for the poor as they pretend"—and going into the house, awaited his son's return. In about a half an hour the door opened, and the lad entered, exclaiming, "I found her, standing before her late landlord's dwelling, importuning him to give her back her furniture, but he wouldn't do it. I handed her the bill, and she thanked me, with tears in her eyes; but I left her without saying a word, and came right home. You see by this, father, in what shape the better times of your party have come!"

"I am glad of it, father—I am really glad of it; I hope you never will again assist in sacrificing your country as you did at the last election."

"Never!" reiterated Mr. Watts; and he never will, for he stands among the proudest in the Democratic ranks, as many more have done, and are still doing.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD BACON.

It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty.
Children increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and a mixture of falsehood is like the alloy in gold and silver, which may make the work the better, but embarraseth it.

Death openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.
He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.

He that cannot see well, let him go softly.
If a man be thought secret, it inviteth his discovery; as the more close air sucketh in the more open.

That envy is most malignant which is like Cain's who envied his brother because his sacrifice was better accepted, when there was no body but God to look on.

The lovers of great place are impatient of privacy even in age, which requires the shadow; like old townsmen, that will still besitting at their street door, though there they offer age to scorn.

In evil, the best condition is not to will, the next not to can.

In great place, ask council of both times; of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest.

Boldness in civil business is like pronunciation in the orator Demosthenes; the first, second, and third thing.

Boldness is blind; wherefore 'tis ill in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, in execution 'not to see them, except they be very great.

Without good nature, man is but a better kind of vermin.
He that goeth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.

It is a miserable state of mind (and yet it is commonly the case of kings) to have few things to desire, and many things to fear.

Things will have their first or second agitation; if they be not tossed upon the arguments of counsel, they will be tossed upon the waves of fortune.

Fortune is like a market, where many times if you stay a little, the price will fall.
Fortune sometimes turneth the handle of the bottle which is to be taken hold of, and after, the belly which is hard to grasp.

Generally it is good to commit the beginning of all great action to Argus, with an hundred eyes, and the ends of them to Briareus, with an hundred hands—first to watch then to speed.

There is great difference betwixt a cunning man and a wise man. There be that can pack the cards, and yet can't play well; they are good in caucuses and factions, and yet otherwise mean men.

Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs.
It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees, secretly to be perceived.

They that reverence too much the old time are but a scorn to the new.
The Spaniards and Spartans have been noted to be of small despatch. Mi venga la muerte de Spanga—let my death come from Spanga, for then it will sure to be long a coming.

You had better take for business a man somewhat absurd, than over formal.
Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs are cannibals of their own hearts.

Base natures, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true.
Men ought to find the difference between sadness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he makes others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of other's memory.
Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.
Great riches have sold more men than ever they have bought out.
He that defers his charity until after death, is (if a man weighs it rightly) rather liberal of another man's than his own.
A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.
Fame is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.
Seneca saith well that anger is like rain, which breaks itself upon that that falls.

SPASMODIC CHOLERA.—Two cases of this disease occurred at New York within the last three days,

VALLEY POST.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

AUGUST 13, 1843.

FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO

WILSON SHANNON.

Election, 2d Tuesday of next October.

EQUAL PRIVILEGES—EQUAL LAWS—A SOUND CURRENCY, AND NO SHINPLASERS.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION—UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, AND THE SANCTITY OF THE BALLOT BOX.

The Great 'Euchre' Game.

THE UPHEAVING OF THE COURT-HOUSE CLIQUE—THE DOWNFALL OF ALL TRAITORS—THE WHIG PARTY "EUCHRED" AT LAST!

For the last three weeks, the political black-legs of the Court-house Clique have been shuffling and cutting their cards preparatory to the day on which the great game should come off. The time arrived, and a fearful alarm spread through the whole clique ranks. The issue was looked for with terror. About two o'clock the meeting convened, and Wm. Salters, E. Guinn, and W. Oldfield, were appointed to hold the stakes; and O. F. Moore to mark the game. A motion was then made, that the players from each township be called, commencing with Wayne; and when Wayne was called, it was found that only 4 out of the eighteen answered to their names. The sheriff was despatched with a writ of *subpoena*, to bring the absentees forthwith, which was done with pleasure by the indefatigable sheriff. The rest of the townships were called, and each one found to be deficient in point of numbers. A motion was then made to "rope in" enough to fill the vacancies that had occurred in each township, which was agreed to. The game commenced—and while they were dealing out the cards, we cast a glance over the assembled crowd, and in a remote corner, we observed our old friend of the "Mother's Blessing," with his eye fixed upon the dealer, and looking as though his mind was much more disposed to view the "beauteous orb of day," than to absorb its faculties in the profound investigation of metaphysical propositions, or the intricate reasoning often made use of by him to support the political dogmas of whig demagogues.

The first game being played and counted, it was ascertained that the country boys had rung in a cold deck on the cliques; but not quite strong enough to win the game, owing to some of the boys reneging—each holding the right and left bower of the trump card. Overturf passed blind. Texas Smith, not understanding the game fairly, jumped up and with a calm contemplative gaze of a philosopher—as though he had been a close observer of the vicissitudes, the cares and the toils, the hopes, the fears and sorrows, which alternately agitate the human breast, roared out in a Stentorian voice, that he firmly believed there was cheating going on, for said he, "I have made a mathematical calculation, and by heavens, we ought to have won the game." He had fought through the whole Texan war—chased Santa Anna up a tree—that he was not going, at this stage of the game, to sit tamely by and see the rights of the country boys invaded by a ruthless foe—the contiguity of territory in which he lived, and the identity of interest, would admit of nothing but what was of the *simon pure*, and like a bottled bull in fly-time, he was seen here and there, and everywhere. The first game was played so scientifically, that the present Auditor was completely Euchred out of his nomination.—The cards were shuffled and cut again for the second game—the struggle was now between the two leading gamblers, which should bear off the palm,—the game was played, and a tight little game it was, both turned up the same number of counters as before; and the third game was played, and ended in like manner. One of the Cliquesites moved an adjournment, and the motion failed. Here was confusion worse confounded—at last a motion was made to adjourn to that day two weeks, (in order to give the clique gamblers a chance to play a deeper game,) which motion prevailed. How this matter will terminate, will be difficult to tell.—The cliquesites were considered the most expert blacklegs in these parts; but we are rather inclined to think that they were beaten this time at their own game. Take it altogether, it was one of the most laughable scenes we have witnessed for some time. There was nothing but one continued scene of commotion kept up throughout the convention; and it broke up without doing any thing, save and except, nominating an Auditor and a Surveyor, and as they have made such a perfect "flummox" of this convention, we would advise them to wipe out what they have done, and commence anew—call another convention, and try to have it done up in a little better style, and more satisfactory to the majority of the people. It does seem that the Whigs are determined that the minority shall govern in all cases; and the way in which this convention was managed proves that fact most conclusively.

CHANGE OF TUNE.

As soon as the whigs get a few counties of a State, where elections have been recently held, a little favorable to their party, they immediately set up a hideous howl, that "the battle was fought under the glorious banner of Henry Clay." But alas! in a number or two afterwards, they come out with a pitiful tale that some "local question" was the cause of their defeat.

"Locofocoism caught a high fall in that resignation business at Columbus."—*Tribune*.

Ah! indeed: and so did you, when you published that beautiful "Ode to the Sun," as one of the conglomerated excellences of your week-*lie* sheet.

The extra session of the New York Legislature convened on the 20th inst., for the purpose of laying off the State into Congressional districts.

"Most Glorious to Behold!"

The Tribune, speaking of the late resignations of the whig members in the Ohio Legislature, says: "The voice of Scioto will be expressed on this subject to-morrow at our County convention."

Well, the convention was held on the day appointed, and the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, _____

Therefore _____

Resolved, _____

LATE ELECTIONS.

North Carolina.—The grand result is a Democratic majority of 12 in the Senate and 20 in the House—making 32 on joint ballot, being a gain of 70 members from the last Legislature.

Morehead's majority for Governor will be about 4,500, a falling off 2,500 since 1840.

Illinois.—In 57 counties: Senate, Democrats 19, Whigs 9. House, Democrats 64, Whigs 33. Majority on joint ballot 41.

Indiana.—There will be a small democratic majority on joint ballot—the whigs have the Senate, and the Democrats the House.

Missouri.—No opposition to Democrats for Congress. St. Louis county, which gave Harrison a majority of 600, has now elected a majority of democrats. No doubt of the Legislature being democratic.

Alabama.—In 40 counties: House, democrats 56, Whigs 28, and 10 counties (14 members) to be heard from. Senate, 21 democrats, 11 whigs, and one district to be heard from.—*Richmond Enq.*

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

TO JOHN C. WRIGHT, ESQ.

Your editorial article of yesterday, headed "Mr. Speaker Faran," contains so many misrepresentations, that I cannot allow it to pass without notice.

Alluding to the resignations, you say, "if Mr. Faran means that the resignations were not actually made or received, he is not sustained by the facts, and he knows it." That the resignations were tendered, I am not disposed to deny, but that they were received by the Senate or House, I do deny; for the Whigs, by leaving both branches without a quorum, deprived both branches of the power to receive or reject the resignations.

Again you say, "if he means that the resignations defeated the Appropriation Bill, he knows better, for that bill had been in the hands of the Speakers for their signatures, awaiting only his own and Speaker Spaulding's signature to make it a law."

I did mean to say, and again repeat it, that the resignation of the whig members did defeat the Appropriation Bill; and you know it. Had the whig members remained at their posts, that bill would have been signed by both Speakers, and become a law; by their resignations it has failed to become a law. I deny that either of the Speakers had that bill in their hands at all, before the resignations, awaiting their signatures. On the morning that the Whig members resigned, the Clerk of the House had a message on his table made out, ready to be sent to the Senate with the bill, as soon as the signature of the Speaker of the House was obtained; and had the whigs remained in their places but half a day longer, the bill would have become a law.

Again, you say, "if he means that the resignations prevented the passage of the act to relieve contractors on the public works, he knows, and the journal of the Senate will prove, that the bill was laid on the table, when there was a full Senate, on the motion of Mr. Spangler, by the vote of the Democratic Senators, and that he (Faran) himself voted so to dispose of it." What a pitiful evasion! Why suppress the truth in relation to this matter? Why did you not state, what you knew to be the fact, that the bill was laid on the table for the reason given by Mr. Spangler, who made the motion, that it was stated that the whig members had left the House of Representatives without a quorum, and if so, that there was no use for the Senate to proceed any further. You know very well, that at the time that bill was laid on the table, the whig members of the House had left that branch without a quorum; and you know further, that had the Senate passed the bill under such circumstances, the House being without a quorum, the bill could not have become a law.

I feel pretty well satisfied that hardly anything can emanate from the Democratic party, that you are not disposed, in advance, to pronounce a humbug—excepting always a bill to district the State into Congressional districts. That you should therefore pronounce the bill to allow the specie paying banks of this State to do business under Latham's Bank bill, as you are pleased to term it, a humbug, does not surprise me; but I must protest against your saying that I know, or believe it to be, a humbug. I believe the Bank law to be a good law; I believe that bankers can do a business under that law, which will be safe for the community and profitable for themselves; and I know, that several banks in this State were willing to come under that law and do business in conformity to its provisions.

You say you know that there was not even the semblance of a mob at Columbus. My ideas of what constitutes a mob must differ very materially from yours. If I consider the assembly in front of the State House on the morning succeeding the resignations in the light of a mob, I only epiched in opinion with some of the principal citizens of Columbus.

From the manner in which the officers of the Legislature, in discharging their duty, were treated by the crowd, and from the threats that were repeatedly used by persons in the crowd against the officers, in case they should attempt to arrest any one of the retiring members, were sufficient for me, to pronounce it, what I then did, and still do, a mob—and that mob was but a natural consequence of the revolutionary act of the Whig members. As you justify the principal act, it does not surprise me that you should endeavor to hide or palliate the consequences that must follow that act.

JAS. J. FARAN.

From the Madisonian.—Extra.

OFFICIAL.—IMPORTANT FROM FLORIDA.

Extract of a letter from Brigadier General Worth, dated,

CEBAR KEYS, August 12, 1842.

"I have now to report the thorough pacification of this Territory. *Holacta Emathlachee*, (Bowlegs) accompanied by two noted sub-chiefs, representing the Southern Indians, met me at Tampa on the 5th instant, and, in their behalf, gladly accepted the concession reported in my despatch of the 24th ultimo. Coming with me to this place, they proceeded in search of the Creeks, and returned on the 10th with *Octarti*, Tiger Tail, and others representing those people. The former are to pass within the designated limits immediately; the latter as soon as they can be collected. Some have already crossed the Su-wa-nee, and the whole will have done so in ten or twelve days. Many have already signified a wish to be sent to their friends in the West—Tiger Tail, particularly, is urgent to go immediately; but I have represented the importance to himself to take a respectable band with him."

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

It is stated in the Baltimore American that Chief Justice Taney and Judge Heath concur in the opinion lately given by Judge Story of this State, "that, as soon as the bankrupt act went into operation, it did, *IPSO FACTO*, suspend all action upon future cases arising under the State insolvent laws."

When you see a Whig crouched behind a cider barrel, you may reasonably suppose that some terrible plot is brewing.—*Hartford Times*.

HERE ARE THE DOOMED AND RESIGNED CONSPIRATORS.

SENATORS.

Joseph Barnett, of Montgomery, James S. Carpenter, of Medina, John Crowell, of Trumbull, Chauncey Dewey, of Harrison, Seabury Ford, of Geauga, Griffith Foss, of Clinton, James H. Goodman, of Marion, James Henderson, of Muskingum, Simeon Nash, of Gallia, Isaac S. Perkins, of Greene, Joseph M. Root, of Huron, Elisha N. Sill, of Summit, Benjamin Stanton of Logan, Wm. I. Thomas, of Miami, Abm. Van Vorhes, of Athens, Benj. F. Wade, of Clark.

REPRESENTATIVES.

J. B. Ackley, of Meigs, A. A. Bliss, of Lorain, Turney G. Brown, of Geauga, Chas. Bowen, of Muskingum, David Chambers, do Joseph Chenoweth, of Franklin, Reeder W. Clarke, of Clermont, J. P. Converse, of Geauga, Euletheros Cooke, of Erie, Gideon Dunham, of Brown, Stephen Evans, of Clinton, John Fudge, of Greene, Simeon Fuller, of Lake, Isaac H. Gard, of Darke, Moses Gregory, of Scioto, Joseph S. Hawkins, of Preble, Thos. M. Kelley, of Cuyahoga, Wm. C. Lawrence, of Union, Nathaniel Medberry, of Franklin, William B. McCrear, of Champaign, Joseph Olds, of Pickaway, Simon Perkins, Jr. of Summit, Thomas W. Powell, of Delaware, John Probasco, Jr. of Warren, Robert C. Schenck, of Montgomery, S. H. Smith, do John V. Smith, of Highland, Jason Streater, of Portage, Josiah Scott, of Harrison, S. F. Taylor, of Ashland, Stephen Titus, of Meigs, Joseph Updegraff, of Shelby, Lorenzo Warner, of Medina, Stephen M. Wheeler, of Clark.

From the Ohio Statesman.

WASHINGTON, Thursday evening, August 11th, 1842.

Ed. Ohio Statesman:

Yesterday was a day of clouds and winds, lightning and thunder, and commingling storms without the Capitol, and of a commotion among the elements within equally grand and terrific.

At 12 o'clock the order of the day was announced by the Speaker to be the reconsideration of the Revenue or Great Tariff bill vetoed by the President, John Quincy Adams took the floor; and until the expiration of his hour, expatiated largely upon the great whig measures passed at the extra and present sessions of Congress for the relief of the country; and the frustration of the greatest of those great schemes by the inexorable Veto of "Captain Tyler." Bankrupt act—no dissension—responsibility, for good or evil to be equally shared between Congress and the President. Bank bill framed to evade a veto (vide the 16th section)—veto notwithstanding—another bill framed to the peculiar notions of the President, even to the expunging of the obnoxious word bank—another veto. Retrenchment—President did not co-operate with the two Houses, for while they were retrenching he was recommending the most extravagant appropriations for the Executive Departments. Apportionment bill—great praise due to the democrats (an honest confession from old John) for their conduct upon this and other measures during the present session—apportionment bill vetoed under a mask. The tariff completes the system devised by the whigs for the relief of the country—two tariff bills vetoed. Distribution, designed by the whigs to assist the States in the liquidation of their 195 millions of debts—obstinate conduct of the President. President collecting ship-money and fixing the value of goods when the law says it is to be done by Congress. Next Congress—perhaps democratic—if so, no more hope of agreement between it and the Executive than between him and his whig Congress—they may use him to the end of his term, and then we shall see what we shall see." These are the chief heads. This is a sort of running caption of the eccentric and good-naturedly vicious speech of Mr. Adams. By the bye, in the outset—he confessed that had this bill been signed, all the causes of past dissension would have been forgotten, and a reconciliation would have ensued between Tyler and the whigs, which would have been hailed with joy by the whole country. But the issue was now made up—neither the President nor Congress could retreat from their position without disgrace. We were now at open war—a civil war between the Executive and Congress, and we shall perhaps be driven to an appeal to the God of Battles! (Groans, imprecations, cries of "Oh no, not to the God of battles yet!" and general agitation in the Hall.) The "old man eloquent" was waxing warm about this time, and what he said about an appeal to arms, may have been of the same character of bombast as Botts' late declaration, respecting those "ten thousand bright bayonets" that would be seen defiling up the Pennsylvania Avenue, if the President were suffered to occupy the White House any longer. Mr. Adams at the close of his remarks, moved the reference of the veto message to a select committee of thirteen, after the thirteen original States. He should perhaps have preferred twenty-six, but so large a committee might be too cumbersome.

Mr. Foster rose to a point of order—the constitution required that the House should reconsider the bill, not the message—same objections by Cushing. The Speaker decided the motion of Mr. Adams to be in order—an appeal was made, which Mr. Fillmore moved to lay on the table. Carried, yeas 106, nays 87. Mr. Adams modified his motion so as to insert the word "bill." Mr. Wise again appealed from the Speaker's decision—appeal again laid upon the table. Mr. Morgan moved the previous question—seconded. Various points of order raised. Speaker decided the question to be on referring to a committee of thirteen. W. Cost Johnson, late the greatest Whig Whig in Maryland, (charged by Arnold of Tennessee, as spending half his time at \$8 per day, office begging at the White House) rose to a point of order, which being overruled, he also appealed—appeal laid on the table. Finally, the bill itself was laid on the table, subject to be taken up at any time, and the message was referred to a committee of thirteen, with John Q. Adams at the head, who, of course, will make out a report, a sort of manifesto, throwing all the odium of the extra short and extra long sessions upon "Captain Tyler"; manifesto to be printed at the expense of the House, (that is, the people,) and circulated by thousands, all over the land. This will answer the purpose of the whigs a great deal bet-

ter than to debate the subject in open House, where both sides would be heard and reported to the country together. During the discussion of the veto yesterday, the galleries were crammed with spectators, for about the first time during the session, so very dry have been the proceedings in that branch.

Verily, PHILO.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The increased apprehension of the Federalists for the success of Clay in the next campaign, is already evinced by their efforts to promise dissensions in the Democratic party, upon the subject of their candidate. This desperate attempt to secure a chance for Clay to squeeze in through a vote of the House of Representatives, will not avail you, gentlemen, for the Democrats are united upon principle, and whoever receives the nomination of the party, will be cordially supported by every member thereof; and as certainly elected by the people. So keep quiet, reform your principles, and give yourselves as little trouble about your neighbor's business as possible.—*Troy Budget*.

GRAND RESULT OF NINE MONTHS' LEGISLATION.

The Globe says that the Whig majority, after a gestation of nine months, is delivered at last of a still-born tariff. The Coroner should have an inquest over it; for there is reason to believe that the parents of this bantling contrived that it should perish on seeing the light, and by the same nostrum that despatched the little tariff. The question for the inquest to decide, will be—whether those who, at the extra session, provided that no tariff bill levying duties above 20 per cent. should co-exist with distribution, destroyed their little and big tariff bills with distribution; or the President, who simply enforces their own law, and the compact to which he was himself a party?

WHIG PROMISES.

The shades of night had gathered thickly around. Dark masses hung portentously over the earth—the winds whistled mournfully through the trees, and the vivid flashes of lightning ever and anon played over the horizon, while the deep-toned thunder in muttering accents proclaimed the fearful tempest's near approach; and, as the big drops of rain began slowly to descend, with a look and manner not to be mistaken, the pigs ran through the streets squealing—"two dollars a day and roast beef!"

TIMELY.—Just about the time the veto was received and read in this city yesterday afternoon, and when we feared the Clay Whigs would become perfectly rabid, a most glorious shower accompanied by several magnificent peals of thunder, poured down upon us, cooling the atmosphere, and somewhat damping the "angry passions" which were about to display themselves. But for the shower, we really think some of them would have bursted out the principles of the Constitution.—*Baltimore Argus*.

OVERLAND ROUTE FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.

This route is as follows: by steam ships from Madras or Bombay to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea: from Suez to Cairo in Egypt across the desert, either by two wheeled covered vans, carrying four persons each—by donkey chairs, a species of sedan—or on donkeys, or horseback, the baggage being carried by camels. The land journey is performed without extraordinary fatigue in about twenty-four hours, allowing some hours of repose at the centre station house, where are beds and other accommodations in the European style. The passage from Cairo down the Nile and canal across to Alexandria is by steamboats and canal boats, occupying from twenty to twenty-four hours. From Alexandria to Malta or Southampton in England. The whole time occupied from Bombay to England is from 40 to 45 days.

A MASSACHUSETTS FREEMAN'S APOSTROPHE TO THE DESTRUCTIVE WHIGS, AND DEDICATED TO THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE LATE OHIO LEGISLATURE.

Dissolve the Union! Who would part The chain that binds us heart to heart! Each link was forged by sainted sires Amid the Revolutions fires; And cooled—oh, where so rich a food!—In Warren's and in Sumter's blood!

Dissolve the Union! Be like France When terror reared his bloody lance, And man became Destruction's child, And woman, in her passion wild, Danced in the life's-blood of her Queen, Beside the dreadful guillotine!

Dissolve the Union! Yes, you may, Poor counterfeits of noble clay, When mind shall wander with the brute, And thistles bear Hesperian fruit; And Hell, in her red arches, be A welcome Heaven to such as ye.

Dissolve the Union! Roll away The tattered flag of glory's day; Riot out the history of the brave, And desecrate each patriot's grave; And then, above the wreck of years, Quaff an eternity of tears!

Dissolve the Union! Can it be That they who speak such words are free? Great God! did any die to save Such sordid wretches from the grave— When breast to breast, and hand to hand, Our patriot fathers freed our land!

Dissolve the Union! Ho! forbear! The sword of Damocles is there; Cut but the hair, and earth shall know A darker, deadlier tale of woe, Than history's crimson page has told, Since Nero's car in blood was roll'd.

Dissolve the Union! Speak, ye hills, Ye everlasting mountains cry; Shriek out, ye streams and mingling rills, And ocean roar in agony: Dead heroes! leap from Glory's sod, And shield the manor of your God!

Dissolve the Union! Who is he Whose hand would deal the damning blow? Degenerate Adams—can it be? Or has an Archer sank so low! Oh no! Oh no! Then blot the page— 'Twas but the idle threat of age.

Dissolve the Union! Traitor! wretch! Whose dastard tread upon our soil, With blackened soul and onward stretch Of daring treason, to disorder! Our hallowed home of liberty— Stand, imp of Hell! our sons are free!

Dissolve the Union! Bring him on To judgment, infamy and death; Ohio's soil shall never be a host Nor soiled by traitor's blasting breath! CONSPIRACY, most daring foe, Is doomed to everlasting woe.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

BY DEAN S. WRIGHT.

My passion is his mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare, mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink but can't forget her;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly would be kind,
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I'd gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care—
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But she insensible of that,
Sound as a roach can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone—
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee.
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears—
O, were we joined together!
My heart would be scot free from cares
And light as any feather.

As fine as five pence is her mein;
No drum was ever tighter.
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are—
Methinks I taste them yet!
Brown as a berry is her hair—
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as ice, and white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites.
Sharp as a needle are her words—
Her wit like pepper bites.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envied me,
She loved like anything.

But, fanged as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed as her sex must do;
Though I was as the turtle kind,
And as the gospel true.

they have, unsolicited, made the most munificent promises; and now let the performance, to the very letter, be exacted of them. By them the responsibility was assumed, and with them it rests.

Personal animosities, rivalries, "heading," are the objects of their legislation; and, sooner than be defeated in their attempts to accomplish these objects, every interest of their country must be sacrificed. The army, that exists only for its defence, pines under the withering touch.

OF WHAT DO THE WHIGS COMPLAIN!
Of mismanagement and corruption on the part of the democratic party in power; of increased public expenditures; the issue of treasury notes; the creation of a National debt; the prolongation of the Florida war; proscription for opinion's sake; the rewarding of partisan editors; the derangement of the currency; the ruin of trade; the low prices of labor and of the products of the country—indeed of any and every thing—that nothing was right—that all was wrong.—Miss Guard.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.
The whigs have heretofore claimed to be the most pious, orderly, conservative set of fellows in the world! They detested most heartily all mobs—all illegal, all unconstitutional, and all coercive measures, enacted in or out of the Legislature.

Advertisement—Extra.
Absconded from the city of Columbus, and from the employment of the State of Ohio, on or about the 11th inst. FORTY-TWO long eared animals—svi generis, commonly classed among the species, whigs, alias, coon-skins or mink skins.

INDIANA ALL RIGHT.
By the State Sentinel, (Chapman's) of the 16th, received this morning, we have full returns of the election in Indiana. The following is the result:
Senate—Democrats, 21
House—do. 57

THE HARVEST—WHEAT CROP.
The farmers are about finishing one of the most abundant harvests ever gathered in this section.—The reward of industry is great and glorious. In 1840, Tuscarawas county produced 332,000 bushels of wheat, and this year, at a low calculation, it will amount to 450,000 bushels.

NEW WHOLESALE DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT AT PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
The subscribers (formerly of Pittsburgh) having located themselves permanently at the above place for the purpose of transacting a general Wholesale Dry Goods business, request their friends and country merchants generally, to favor them with a call, and examine their stock.

Foreign and Domestic Goods
at as low prices as they can be purchased west of the Mountains.
They will also keep constantly on hand a supply of Pittsburgh Eagle Cotton Yarns which they will sell at Factory prices.

10 Bales Ticking various prices, just received and for sale by STUART & JONES, Portsmouth, Oct. 9, 1841.

10 Copies a Year for \$10.

THE HANDSOMEST AND CHEAPEST PERIODICAL FOR THE YOUTH

Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette. ILLUSTRATED BY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
On Saturday the eighth day of January, Peter Parley, the old and well known friend of children, commenced editing and publishing a weekly paper, called "Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.
of an instructive and pleasing character. The contents will be for the most part, original, and adapted to the wants and capacities of youthful readers.

TERMS.
To place "PETER PARLEY'S YOUTH'S GAZETTE" within the means of all the girls and boys in the county, it will be sold to subscribers at the following low rates.

GROCERIES & C.
R. 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.

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.

AGENTS IN THE STATE OF OHIO.
At Cincinnati, Mr. James Broadwell, nearly opposite the Rolling Mill.
Miami county, Mr. Wm. Green, Newton township.

IN KENTUCKY.
Pendleton county, Lock No. 4, Licking River, Mr. J. T. and J. C. Ham.
Greene county, John F. Day, Greeneburg, IN NEW-YORK.

NEW WHOLESALE DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT AT PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
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10 Bales Ticking various prices, just received and for sale by STUART & JONES, Portsmouth, Oct. 9, 1841.

Grocery and Provision Store.

On Front Street, Portsmouth, O.

T. LAWSON
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Portsmouth, that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of PRODUCE and FAMILY GROCERIES, which will be sold at the lowest market price.

THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH BLOW.
The public will please observe that no Brandreth's Pills are genuine unless the boxes have three labels upon it, each containing a fac simile signature of my hand writing thus—B. Brandreth.

The Brandreth Pills.
THE remarkable cures which have been effected by Brandreth's Pills have astonished the whole medical faculty, many of whom have conceded that they are the greatest blessing that ever was given to the world.

THE CONDITION.
The condition upon which God has given health to man is a constant care to keep his stomach and bowels free from all morbid or unhealthy accumulations.

From the time we are born to the time we cease to breathe, our bodies are constantly building up. The action of the atmosphere wears or wastes them.

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 Colic, and I have reason to believe that it has effected a cure.

CONVULSIVE FITS.—FEVER AND AGUE.
This is to certify, that my daughter Elizabeth, about eight years old, has been afflicted about four years with fits, which I suppose were convulsive fits, caused, as stated by a water doctor, so called, by an overflow of blood in the head, which he failed to cure.

CASE OF SORE EYES AND SPINAL AFFECTIONS
Extract of a letter from Mr. A. A. Avery, dated East Euclid, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, Nov., 1st, 1841.

PUTTY & OIL kept constantly on hand and for sale by R. B. ALFORD.
June 17, 1842.

BLANKETS.
250 Pair of various Colours, Sizes and Qualities, for sale low by STUART & JONES.
Portsmouth, Oct. 9, 1841.

CHAIR MANUFACTORY.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he carries on the above business, on the East side of Jefferson between First & 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.

MEASLES.

Cured by Silvester's Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicine. For sale at Messrs Hall & Currie, and at this Office.

Received the following in proof, from Ralph Huntington, M. D., Morristown, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1841.
Dear Sir:—You requested me to give you an account of the success of the Hygean Medicine in the measles.

The first case was a young man about 20 years of age; when I called on him the eruptive fever was running very high, and all the symptoms in their most aggravated state. I left him a small box of pills with some directions, particularly for his case. The pills had a very salutary operation. He soon recovered from the measles and was restored to good health.

The second case was a young woman of about 16, who took a dose of the pills whilst under symptoms of the measles, and after the eruption began to subside, she took another cathartic of the pills, both of which had a sufficient operation. She soon recovered without any disordered state of the system, which the relics of the measles often leave behind. The mother of the young lady observed to me, she had found a good receipt for the measles.

THE undersigned having purchased a controlling interest in the MADISONIAN, proposes to issue a Daily Paper from this office, on or about the 15th of December.
The paper will be devoted to the support of such constitutional measures as the interest of the people may demand—and from what has been seen of the purposes of President Tyler's Administration, there is every reason to believe that such measures only are in contemplation by the present head of the Government.

PROSPECTUS.
The undersigned having purchased a controlling interest in the MADISONIAN, proposes to issue a Daily Paper from this office, on or about the 15th of December.
The paper will be devoted to the support of such constitutional measures as the interest of the people may demand—and from what has been seen of the purposes of President Tyler's Administration, there is every reason to believe that such measures only are in contemplation by the present head of the Government.

TERMS.
DAILY per annum (in advance) \$10 00
For the approaching session, (probably seven months,) (in advance) 5 00
The tri-weekly per annum, 3 00
For six months, 2 00
Weekly, 25 00
For six months, 1 25
All letters must be addressed (free of postage) to the editor.

THE SCIOTO VALLEY POST.
Is published every Tuesday at \$2 00 per annum—always in advance.
A failure to notify the publisher of a wish to discontinue at the end of the time subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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 a square.

POSTAGE, on letters to the proprietor must be paid by the writer.