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Scioto Valley Post (Portsmouth, Ohio), September 27, 1842

William P. Camden

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VALLEY POST.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

SEPTEMBER : : : : : 27 : : : : : 1842.

FOR GOVERNOR OF OHIO

WILSON SHANNON.

Election, 2d Tuesday of next October.

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

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

From the New York American, a Clay Whig paper, edited by Charles King.

"IN THUS CONTINUOUSLY REFUSING TO FULFIL A SOLEMN AND SWORN DUTY, THEY [THE WHIG MEMBERS OF THE OHIO-LEGISLATURE WHO RESIGNED THEIR SEATS] WERE, IN OUR JUDGEMENT, GUILTY OF MORAL TREASON TO THE CONSTITUTION, AND OF PERJURY IN THE SIGHT OF GOD AND MAN; AND FOR THIS WE HAVE CONDEMNED AND DO CONDEMN THEM."

Announcements.

TO THE CITIZENS OF LAWRENCE, GALLIA AND SCIOTO COUNTIES:

I take this method of announcing myself a candidate for Representative at the ensuing election. I do this at the urgent request of many friends in the district. It is known to you that my interests are identified with those of a large majority of the people of the district. Being a working man myself, I confidently present myself to you, and trust that if elected, I will fully sustain your interests.

RICHARD JONES.

Sept. 23, 1842

MR. CAMDEN: Please announce the name of JOHN COOK as a candidate for Sheriff of Scioto county, at the ensuing October election.

MANY VOTERS.

MR. CAMDEN: Please announce the name of JOSEPH MOORE as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner for Scioto County, at the ensuing October election, and oblige

MANY VOTERS.

We are authorized to announce the name of JOSEPH LUCAS as a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, at the ensuing election.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That the Federalists in 1840 asserted "that the time for argument had passed," and appealed to the baser passion, the perversion of truth, and grossly insulted their opponents, by the public howling and yelling of disgraceful epithets, the log cabin and hard cider humbug, and the delusive motto of "Two dollars a day and roast beef."

BOYS DO YOU HEAR THAT?

Twenty of the most prominent men of the Whig party in the county of Holmes have renounced whiggery, and are going for Shannon.

STEALING.

The most contemptible specimen of this science which has ever come under our observation, is that perpetrated, or attempted to be perpetrated, (for they can only attempt it,) by the federal whig papers throughout this part of the State, and more particularly our old friend of the "Mother's Blessing." The leading whigs of the nation steal on a larger scale, and thereby add a kind of dignity to the deed. They steal the people's time and money, and can bring forward a hundred excuses for the theft—in fact they are better at excuses than any thing else, unless it be promises. The big feds steal thousands, and they are called by their vassal, "honest and true." The whigs of common calibre, such as the State Journal, Cincinnati Gazette, and the whig editors and small office holders generally, have the part of Autolycus assigned them, and are

"Snappers up of unconsidered trifles."

But the flag end of the party, those whose services are bought by mere favor—by the honor conferred on them from being allowed even to associate with the big thieves—these men are trying to steal the very name from the democracy. How pitiful! The idea of a wolf in sheep's clothing is the quintessence of virtue when compared to it.

Hear one of the red mouthed thieves calling themselves "democratic whigs!" Faugh! It reminds us of the music grinder's monkey, who was called Gentleman Jack. They have about as much right to the name of democrat as the two thieves, who were crucified beside the Saviour, had to the name of Messiah.

"Meantime the currency has been becoming more and more deranged, until now we have very little either good or bad."—*Sim Nash's address.*

We have a small amount of Gallipolis currency, which we will give you in exchange for consoons. What say you!

WE CAN CARRY THE STATE!

The Democracy of the Buckeye State have only to come out in their entire strength, at the polls, and OHIO IS OURS! We entered the contest last fall with a majority of 25,000 against us, and, contrary to the anticipations of our friends, and mortification and dismay of the Hard Cider toppers, we elected a majority of both branches of the Legislature, and had a small majority of the popular vote. The Democracy was then strong enough, but it is now STRONGER! The disgraceful issue made by the Whigs, that the minority must rule the majority, will only stimulate our zeal, as that of our fathers was stimulated by the red coats and glittering of English soldiery in the revolutionary struggle. We shall gather fresh strength from fresh opposition, and on the second Tuesday of October next, achieve a victory which shall forever seal the hopes and aspirations of all the disorganizers in Ohio. This we shall do, if every democrat does his duty. Courage, then, sons of liberty. We are determined to make an effort worthy of our cause.

CHARACTER OF THE WHIG LEADERS.

In 1840 the opposition of the Federalists to the Democratic Administration presented to the public a heterogeneous combination of opposite principles, guided by perverted genius and talent; making common cause to crush and undermine the superstructure of our representative form of government. They contrived false standards of popular freedom, in order the more easily to deceive. They pretended all at once great love for the people, great sacrifices for their good, when in fact they made no sacrifices but that of principle and veracity. They laid aside the weapons commonly used in honorable political warfare—distrusted the intelligence of the producing class, and the office seekers, political aspirants and enemies of our free institutions, made the most extravagant appeals to the worst passions of men. With a total abandonment of their pretensions to temperance, morality, and order, they presented to the astonished people, in the midst of cities and villages, the novelty of log cabins, and cider barrels, filthy canvasses, with obscene and insulting mottoes. Then followed the never ceasing bitter denunciations of Whig stump orators upon our republican rulers, pouring out the most foul-mouthed invectives upon "all of purer principles than themselves." What was all this for? Merely to draw the public mind from its natural channel, and as it were, amid the mighty rush of waters, they would be the better enabled to form a new and more corrupt navigation to the port of Whiggery. They put up for their president, one whose known opinions did not entitle him to respect on any important subject—dragged forth from a twenty years obscurity, without a single positive qualification for the office, and his partisans, as yet, never have claimed him as the representative of any principle, but "hard cider." To raise themselves into power through the medium of his elevation, the Federalists assembled in convention at Harrisburg, Pa., the odds and ends of every faction, political gamblers, Hartford Convention Tories, renegades, smooth faced temperance leaders, bank corruptionists, in fine, every man who could be dragged on or cozened into obedience, in dark masses around the hard cider barrel, and drank and sung success to whiggery in the following sentimental strains:

"Come round the barrel huddle,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And raise a glorious fuddle,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
We've met, my noble fellows,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
To blow the party bellows,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Whor-r-rah! hurrah! hurrah!

This was the argument used by those who claimed to have "all the talent" of the country on their side; and the Federal party presses seemed to be of the opinion that their only chance of electing the "invincible" was by songs and huzzas. "Give us the making and singing of the songs," said they, "and we care not what arguments are brought against us." A mixture of hard cider and whiskey was taken in copious quantities to set their throats in tune, and they sung and shouted each other into the firm belief that the hero of many defeats would be elected sure enough. The following is the way in which they answered all questions involving principles:

What are your candidate's sentiments in regard to a National Bank?

Great Harrison he is the man,
To lead the sons of freedom on.

Is your candidate in favor of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia?

His like again can ne'er be found,
So pass the cider round and round.

Is your candidate in favor of a protective tariff?

While little Mat the spoils grabbin,
The hero lives in his log cabin.

Would your candidate sanction the assumption of the State debts by the General Government?

Huzza for Tip! Hurrah for Tyler!
With these we'll bust the Dutchman's biler.

Is your candidate in favor of dividing the public lands among the States?

With hoe cake, cider, songs and brandy,
We'll thrash the lo-o-focoes handy.

Upon what great principles do you take ground in support of your candidate?

And when we get Old Tip elected,
No friend of his will be neglected.

Will the same committee who now govern the General, continue to think and act for him when he is elected president?

Then, then, comes the reformation;
Bank bills will inundate the nation!
Then shame will seize each bank reviler—
Three cheers for Tip! Huzza for Tyler!
No more we'll hear of pain and grief,
But have two per day and "roast beef."

By such arguments as these, together with pipe-laying, they succeeded in electing their president and had a majority of about FIFTY on joint ballot in Congress. Then came the tug of war—every thing was to be done up in fine style—complete reformation was to take place immediately—Banks established expressly for the benefit of the silk-stocking gentry and jacket pocket politicians. Economy was loudly talked of, and to show how economical they have been since they have had the management of the affairs of the Government, the reader will find stored away in the Virgin Durham Heiffer, in another column, the enormous amount of money appropriated at the Extra and late sessions. It will be seen that this economical whig party in Congress has expended more than 49,000,000 of the peoples money at the Extra session, when there was no earthly necessity for it. Is it not time that men who have a regard for the welfare of the country, to renounce whiggery and join those who are battling for equal rights and equal privileges.

Farmers and Mechanics, what have the Whig leaders ever done for your interests? Were they

legislating for your benefit, when they absquatulated from Columbus, to prevent an Act from becoming a law, which would have kept your property from being levied upon and sold for a "hard cider" song? Let your answer be at the polls! on the second Tuesday of October next.

The Democratic State Convention, recently held at Syracuse, nominated Col. Bouck its candidate for Governor, and Mr. Dickenson for Lieutenant Governor.

Another Voucher for the Virgin Heiffer.

Let any rational man read the following from the London News, a leading Tory paper, and then say that there is not "something rotten" in whiggery! We cannot see the use of all this false and fulsome flattery, coming, as it does, from the very den of the "royal robbers of Europe," unless it is to assure their brethren on this side of the water (the whigs) that the aristocracy of that country feel a deep and increasing interest in the success of the paper lords, rag barons and bank swindlers of this country. The News says:

"Henry Clay of Kentucky will, undoubtedly be brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency; and if any man in the country has just claim upon his fellow citizens for the first office in their gift, he is that man. Mr. Clay has filled every office below those of President and Vice President, with pre-eminent ability, and with unquestioned integrity—in the most satisfactory and beneficial manner to his country, and with the greatest honor and trust faith to himself. General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-chief of the American Army, will be placed in nomination for the Vice Presidency by the same party which will support Mr. Clay for President. General Scott is advantageously known as a gentleman, a scholar, an enlightened and patriotic citizen, as he is for being a skilful, judicious and gallant soldier. The people of the United States would do themselves honor and services, by the election of Mr. Clay and Gen. Scott to the two highest offices in the Government.

"Daniel Webster, the present able Secretary of State, will not, in all probability, be a candidate at the next election. His talents and his services have rendered him the idol of his own part of the country—the New England States; but strong sectional feeling, arising from local causes, which will, it may be hoped, subside in a few more years, would, at present, shut him out from the remotest chance of success."

Federalists! here are your orders, fresh from the fountain head. Tremble and obey!

The President of the Gallipolis Bank was elected to the Ohio Penitentiary, for swindling. We think Sim. Nash, one of the directors of that Bank, would run a pretty good poll for the same, or a more elevated station. We will vote for him, or any other traitor.

THE TIMES.—Whiggery is dying, children are crying, for that "roast beef" and 2 per day, the feds do tremblingly say, the loafers have ceased their prating, and all turned out for Dayling, and more than that, business is flat—'tis very plain the news from Maine, has caused the feds to hunt their beds.

The Whig legislature of Massachusetts has passed an apportionment bill which gives the Whig party NINE out of the ten members of Congress.

The Whig vote in Massachusetts, is 55,947
The Democratic vote, 55,048
This, Democrats of Ohio, is just such a bill as the Whigs of this State will endeavor to pass if they get a majority in the next legislature. They have already boasted that a bill could be made, which would not give the Democrats a single member of Congress. This is the way in which they intend to head the people. Rule or Ruin is their motto.

LOOK OUT EFFIGY BURNERS.

The Old School Republican makes the following prediction.—The October elections will prove conclusively that a HARRISON majority is not a whig majority. We wish the effigy burners to stick a pin there.

For the Scioto Valley Post.

MR. CAMDEN:—I am very glad to see that the democracy of this country are beginning to get up workingmen's tickets; and selecting candidates from among the real hard fisted working men of the country to fill the various offices of this government. The working men of this country (and they are much the greatest number) will never have laws made to suit their peculiar interests, until they choose men from among themselves to represent them in the State and National Legislatures. It is an extraordinary fact in the history of this government, that a majority of those who compose our legislatures are men who make their living without labor; and whose interest it is to make such laws as will enable them to appropriate to themselves the surplus productions of those that do labor. This is the reason why we have so many banks and other monopolizing institutions in this otherwise free country. This is the reason why the speculators, bankers, broken merchants, and other loafers make such extraordinary exertions to carry every important election by barbecues, free dinners, shows, parades, badges, and all other sorts of tom-foolery, to keep the people ignorant of the true questions at issue. They see the day of their downfall is at hand, and they leave no means untied to continue their power a little longer. It is high time for the people to take the government of the country in their own hands, and no longer trust it in the hands of those who make their living by speculating on the labor of others.

The selection of Mr. Jones, Mr. Cook, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Moore, is certainly a good working man's ticket; and such a one as every working man ought to feel proud to support in opposition to the furnace clerk, broken merchant, office holder's ticket of the coon skin, hard cider party, who are quarrelling among themselves for offices which they ought never to have had.

The coons of this district have refused to nominate the absquatulating representative who thought to throw himself upon them again for a re-election; and the probability is that Mosey will have to go to work, as there is no more surplus revenue for

him to borrow. I wonder if he has forgot how to tan? He reported himself to the last legislature as a tanner by occupation. "O, shame where is thy blush?" But we need no further evidence of Mr. Jones being a working man, than to take him by the hand or look in his sun burnt face. And if the real democracy, the hard working farmer or mechanic, wish to have a true representative in the legislature of their State, they can have one they need not be ashamed of. Who can know better what will be to the interest of the laboring part of the community than one who labors himself for a living? The working part of community must attend to their own interests themselves. They cannot expect others to do it for them. Such is the opinion of

A WORKING MAN.

For the Scioto Valley Post.

MR. EDITOR:—The fall term of our Court of Common Pleas has been brought to a close. The criminal calendar was smaller than usual, shewing a diminution of crime—probably the good results of temperance reform. The civil docket was also small. An important decision, however, was made under our statute, abolishing imprisonment for debt—one of the exceptions to this law is, that a party before he is entitled to a "capias ad respondendum," must make oath that the defendant is about to remove his body out of the jurisdiction of the court. A. B. brought suit vs. C. D. setting forth that C. D. was about to remove his body out of the jurisdiction of the Court as "as he had been threatened, and believed." On motion to set aside the proceedings, (Hanna judge,) the Court decided that "hear-say" evidence was sufficient in the affidavit to hold to bail, because it might have come from the defendant.

A SPECTATOR.

Sept. 26, 1842.

GREAT AND GLORIOUS FROM MAINE.

The news from Maine is of a piece with that of the whole Union. Democracy is triumphant every where. Federalism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Boston Statesman of Saturday last, one of our best exchange papers, brings us the following cheering intelligence. Democrats of Ohio! recollect our election is approaching. Do not suffer yourselves to be out-done.—*Chil. Adv.*

MAINE ELECTION.

Further details of the Glorious Victory! Below will be found returns from 106 towns, embracing nearly one-half the votes cast in the State. In these towns Fairfield's majority over Robinson is 4,330—A GAIN OF TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-ONE VOTES SINCE LAST YEAR!

We have not room this morning for any details of our legislative returns: it is sufficient, however, to say that the legislature will contain OVER-WEHEMING AND INCREASED DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY! Honor to the honest Democrats of Maine! They have settled the boundary line between them and whiggery in a manner which will leave no room for controversy in regard to it, during this generation, at least.

In 106 towns heard from the vote stood, for Fairfield 17,293, Robinson 12,963, scattering 2,177; Democratic majority 4,330.

BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.

The election in Maine has gone for the Democrats with a rush. Poor Whiggery is hardly visible down East. The probability now is that Gov. Fairfield's majority will be larger than it was last year—say ELEVEN or TWELVE THOUSAND—and that the Democratic strength in both branches of the Legislature will be increased. In the ten towns heard from, the Democratic majority over the whig candidate is increased 188 votes. "Oh, what a commotion, motion, motion."

The Democrats have gained a representative in Falmouth. This looks very much like "tumbling to pieces." We believe "all the intelligence" has not received any intelligence from Maine. The Whig banner State, Vermont, where the democrats have increased their representatives and the whigs have lost twelve thousand since the Presidential election, may be trumpeted forth as a Whig Victory, but one more trial, and they won't have a spot left upon which to erect their fulcrum—except Rhode Island. All hail democracy and Truth! God speed the good work.—*Balt. Republican.*

ANSWER YE.

Are the men who conspired to overthrow the State Government for the promotion of party ends, fit guardians of the public weal? Are they qualified in mind, in conscience, or patriotism, to make laws for the government of this State? They express anxious desire to be permitted to regulate currency! Kind souls! Disinterested men! Hurrah for TREASON! Set the traitors to work at legislating for the preservation of "law and order" and for the "REGULATION OF THE CURRENCY," and then to be consistent, employ the inmates of a penitentiary to regulate the penal code. Answer ye, men of Ohio! would not this be carrying out the principles of Whiggery!—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WHAT THE FEDERAL WHIGS HAVE DONE AND WHAT THEY HAVE NOT DONE.

What have the Federal propinjay Whigs done since they came into power? Is a question to which the annexed correct answers are given. They have created a National debt of Thirty Millions. They have made bankrupt the nation. They disshoured the country and brought ruin, shame and disgrace upon their party. They have quarrelled among themselves, and made their party the laughing stock of the whole country. They have been mene, mene teket upharsin! What have they not done! They have not secured to the laboring man Two Dollars a day and Roast Beef. They have not raised the Wages of Labor. They have not regulated the Exchanges. They have not established a sound currency. They have not given us the better times. They have not raised the price of the farmers' produce. They have not relieved the distress of the people. They have not fulfilled a single promise made to the people before the last Presidential campaign.—*Balt. Rep.*

THE TRAITORS ON THEIR BACKS—KEEP THEM THERE!

Whiggery in this State has fallen into the deep pit of destruction, and is covered up with mountain masses of treason, hypocrisy and corruption.—Whigs would fain persuade the democracy to help them throw aside this mountain load of political sin—forget their acts and meet them on immaterial issues, as if they were a new party yet to be tried. Democrats, don't be deceived. The whigs are cov-

ered with enough political guilt to sink a nation. They are suffocating beneath their own corruptions. Keep them there—transfix the traitors. Pin them down! They have put their heads in the halter—don't let them go, but slip the noose tighter and tighter.

Purify their feints and charge!
Battle them with their TREASON in the Legislature of Ohio;
Their TYLER HEADING in Congress;
Their CONSPIRACY to leave the government WITHOUT REVENUE;
Their BROKEN PROMISES;
Their DRUNKEN REVELS;
Their HYPOCRISY;
Their sentiments as expressed at the Ashburton dinner, and on all similar occasions;
Their course in relation to Rhode Island;
Their PIPE-LAYING;
Their EXTRAVAGANCE;
Their COUNTLESS BANK FRAUDS;
Their schemes of PUBLIC PLUNDER;
Their disgraceful dissensions and broils "for the DISTRIBUTION OF THE" SPOILS;
Hold whiggery up to its advocates—show them what it is, has been, and would be.

Purify their feints and charge. Remember democrats, the whigs are under cow—KEEP THEM THERE, and charge again till they are swept from the field!—*Coon Skinner.*

From the N. Y. Herald.

THE PROCESSION YESTERDAY.

The crowded state of our columns compels us to be very brief on this point. Suffice it to say that we were agreeably disappointed. I was one of the most interesting sights we ever witnessed in this or any other city. The procession at one time was two miles long. All was orderly, quiet, respectable and dignified, and all passed off in the most harmonious manner.

The crowd of spectators was so great—over 10,000—that the procession could not form in the Park. It left in detachments and formed in Chatham Square and street. The National Banner was at the head. Then a band of music, two fine military companies, and omnibuses, drawn by ten horses, a hand, with flag of the names of all the Presidents. Then a banner, inscribed—

AN INSULT TO THE
PRESIDENT,
IS AN INSULT TO THE
NATION.

Then came the Nation, represented by twenty-six carriages, each drawn by white horses, and each containing four ladies and a little boy; there was a flag on each carriage with the name of the State, and each boy held a flag called the "Rejected Toast." The ladies were, most of them, very handsome, and young, and were all blood relations, wives, daughters, &c., of the gentlemen composing the Committee. It was a new feature—a beautiful sight, and no mistake.—Each carriage had an escort of two gentlemen on white horses. This arrangement of ladies was to show the harmony, beauty and simplicity of our form of government.

After them came the fire companies, two more military companies, the Spartan Band, with a beautiful banner, all looking remarkably well. Then several private carriages, led by postmaster Graham in a carriage. Then some hundreds on horseback, and several on foot, although the day was hot.

We were agreeably disappointed. The whole thing was admirably arranged. We do not approve of ladies in processions, but this was most capitally managed, and told well.

After a long tour through the city, the procession returned to the Park, where 10,000 people were assembled, and hundreds of well dressed ladies. Daniel Jackson, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and several Vice Presidents. Mr. Locke read an address.

While lately looking over a whig song book of 1840, we found the following neat couplet:

"With Tyler the statesman who's honest and true,
The battle is won by old Tippecanoe."

THE WHIG POSITION DEEINED.—Arnold, of Tennessee, in a late speech, seems to have defined the position of the ultra whigs exactly. He says: "We stand here now a spectacle of ridicule to the world."

PRETTY GOOD.—A wag says the Democrats in the Ohio Legislature, undertook to do justice to the whigs, and the latter submitted to it with entire resignation!

THEM HIGH PRICES.—Wool.—The finest quality of wool is sold in Vermont for twenty-three cents per pound. Three years ago it sold for forty, fifty, and sixty cents a pound.—*Plebeian.*

UNFORTUNATE AFFRAY.

Mr. Jonathan Moore, of this place, while attending a whig meeting at Williamsport, yesterday, had his skull bone severely fractured by a bar of iron with which he was struck by a man whose name we have not learned. The bar of iron penetrated his head about three inches, and we learn that a quantity of the brain and several pieces of the skull bone were taken out by the physicians who were present. Mr. Moore is still living but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. More next week.—*Circleville Watchman.*

REMEMBER,

At the polls, and every where else, that while the whig leaders would sneer at a toast to the President of the United States, they would shout "three times three" to the Queen of Great Britain! Would not such men reward General Hall out of the people's pockets, for surrendering Detroit to the British! To be sure, they would, and they attempted it, too.—*Statesman.*

Some of the Whig papers are failing to make the public believe that the letter of John H. Pleasants, giving an account of the abduction conspiracy is a hoax, now say that Pleasants is insane. What will they not say to escape the merited odium of their political crimes!—*Cin. Enq.*

WHIG ARGUMENT.

The main argument of the Gerrymander whigs against the national union of the counties of Berkshire and Franklin, for district No. 6, instead of the unnatural union which the bill proposes, of towns on two sides of inaccessible mountains, to get a forced whig majority, was, that the district would look like a pair of saddle-bags. Mr. Bou-telle, of Groton, aptly told them that it was not the shape of the saddle-bags, but their contents, which the whigs dreaded!

POETRY.

From the Cown-Skinner.
"TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND ROAST BEEF."

BY DIGNITY DOUGH-HEAD.

AIR—"I knew by the smoke," &c.

I knew by the banners so gaily unfurled
Above the coons' heads, that the whiggies were
near;

And I said if there's beef to be found in the world
The chap that is hungry may look for it here.
I approached them and asked them in tones of deep
grief,

To give me two dollars a day and roast beef.

A dandy stepped up with a smile on his face,
So sweet 'twas enlacting to soul and to eye;
Says he, "my dear fellow, why do you not place
Your reliance on us!"—Because, sir," said I
"You stopped legislation, lest locos relief
Should give to the people, as well as the beef.

"You've broken your p edges, as well as the laws,
And humbug, the people have found, is your
game."

"No, no," said the dandy, "John Tyler's the cause."
"You told us," replied I "again and again,
That Tippy and Tyler would give us relief!
Oh, where's them two dollars a day and roast
beef!"

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JUN.

At the particular request of the editor of the Nor-
wich Aurora, I will preach, upon this occasion,
from the following text:

"Fret not thy gizzard."

My hearers—fortitude, patience, and perseve-
rance are the only team horses capable of dragging
the lumbering car of man's hopes through the
marsh of misfortune. Fretting, flinching, cursing,
or swearing can no more extricate one from diffi-
culty than a silly shad can release itself from the fish-
erman's net by ill flapping and floundering. When
a man finds himself in the midst of the thorns and
briars of trouble, the only way for him is to step
cautiously and feel his road through them with the
utmost care; but if he fret, fuster and bluster he is
sure to effect nothing more than lacerate his bosom
and tear his trousers. When he perceives that his
feelings are beginning to ferment, through irrita-
tion, he ought to keep a small air hole open to his
heart, not only to admit the pure oxygen of reason,
but also to let the gas of excitement to escape by
degrees—else he might burst his barrel of fortite-
ance, and lose in a moment some of the sweetest
and best of life's cider.

My friends—when your cobweb fabrics of anti-
pation are swept away by the storms of ill fortune,
there is no more use in fretting your gizzard about
it, than there is in a young female victim of seduc-
tion trying to stick the broken fragments of virtue
together with the tears of repentance. To fret and
chafe about trifles, like a tender school boy when
first initiated into the mysteries of a flannel shirt,
is as nonsensical as it is useless. Maintain your
ground manfully against the assaults of petty ills,
and in due time you will not heed them half as much as
the buzz of an October mosquito; otherwise you will
probably learn by experience that there is such a
thing as rubbing a pimple till you produce an ulcer.
In the hour of adversity, for assistance call upon For-
titude—that bold nymph of the rock, whose daunt-
less spirit bears the beating storm, and bitter winds
that howl around her—whose breast braves the
beating waves, and who hears the dread thunder
with a soul as unshaken as the carpet in a lawyer's
office. Yes, my friends, instead of fretting your
gizzards when a boding cloud skirts the horizon of
your hopes, you ought to have philosophy sufficient
to know that although the coming shower may wet
your jackets, it renders the earth fruitful, and beau-
tifully contributes to your wants and necessities.—
Satan himself, when he was kicked out of heaven
into the regions of darkness and woe, was too much
of a man to whine and fret at his fate. He bore it
like a hero, and consoled himself with the reflec-
tion, that it were better to reign in hell than serve
in heaven." Exercise patience, and the thick mist
of misfortune that bedim your future prospects will
disperse the sooner; push ahead with perseverance,
unmindful of trifling annoyances, and every bud in
your bosoms that threatens to disclose a thistle,
will bloom a rose; but this worrying and fretting
when circumstances clash with one's fond desires,
is like brushing a beaver against the map—the
more you attempt to smooth it the rougher it
grows.

My dear friends—I am almost induced to believe
that some people, instead of being supplied with
hearts, have nothing but gizzards filled with grit
and gravel. They appear to have just dined upon
pebbles and iron filings, and are always laboring
under the influence of indigestion. Nothing goes
right with them—everything is wrong. The milk
of mercy sours upon their stomachs—they turn up
their noses at the sweets of salvation—they spit in
the hand of charity—spurn friendly solicitude—and
care no more for soft soap or sympathy than a dog
does for a dollar. All they wish is to be allowed
the privilege of fretting undisturbed by friend or
foe—unchecked by fear, and unsuayed by favor.—
They fret for fear the morrow may not be brighter
than golden to-day; they fret because others are
cheerful and contented with their lots; and they
often fret, merely because they can find nothing
of importance to fret about. Let them go on
fretting till they have arrived at the end of life's
journey, and I am inclined to think they will eventu-
ally find that they have fretted to no purpose.—
There is no doubt but they would find fault with the
arrangements of heaven, were they allowed to en-
ter.—and thus go on fretting from everlasting to
everlasting. As for me, I put up with the beatings
and tumbings of this mortal existence as quietly as
a feather bed; and I trust that most of you, my
worthy hearers, are blest with the same happy dis-
position.

Young man!—if you find an occasional bramble
of disappointment in the blossom fringed path of
youth, 'fret not thy gizzard'—for, whatever is, is
undoubtedly for the best. If your parents endeavor
to restrain you from padding in the putrid pools
of iniquity, or forbid your travelling the road that
leads to rum shops and ruin, 'fret not thy gizzard.'
If you discover thorns amidst the roses of love—
a few bitter drops at the bottom of pleasure's spark-
ling cup; if the season of manhood brings with it
irritating solicitude and anxiety, and time tumbles
a cartload of cares at your door, 'fret not thy giz-
zard'; for all your grumbling will have no more ef-
fect than petitioning Congress to have eternity wit-
nessed. Look, my friends, upon the bright side of
everything, and fancy that you are happy, whether
you are really so or not. When the black teeth of
trouble encompass the heart, keep as quiet as a cir-
cumtised man; permit, for the more you write
and twist, the more sharply you are pricked. Al-
ways try to keep the lamp of hope burning in the
dark dungeons of your bosoms, and the demons of
doubt will never haunt them. Face every ill with
the boldness of a lion—bear up with christian for-

titude beneath the heavy burden of affliction—be
merciful, kind and benevolent to your fellow crea-
tures, and angels of light and loveliness will volun-
teer to act as your pioneers through the untracked
and unbounded wilderness of the future. So mote
it be!

Wheat has fallen 12½ cents per bushel, in
Cleveland, since the passage of the Tariff Bill.—
More whig encouragement to the farmers! So it
is—protection to the few—oppression to the many.
N. Y. Pebeian.

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF ORATORY.—The following
advice of President Witherspoon to his pupils, might
be a benefit to some orators of the present day: "In
the first place, take care that ye never begin to speak
till ye ha' something to say; and secondly, be sure
to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

Mr. Mullux is said to be the author of the fol-
lowing:

Tell me you love me, or I dies
A horrid death of horrors:
I'm all the time a sighing sighs,
And sobbing for my sorrows.
Then, Katy, let me know the wust—
My heart is going for to bust!

The Merrimac Journal, in noticing a speech of
Mr. Adams, in which he says, "The whigs have ap-
pealed to the God of Battles," makes it read "God
of Battles"; while another makes it read "God of
Barrels! They must have been drinking hard cin-
der.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

One of the popular legends of the Welch marshes
is that of Morgan Jones and the Devil. Morgan
tells his own story in his own way:

"Well, then, says he, you must know that I had
not seen his honor for a long time, and was about
two months from this, that I went one evening along
the brook shooting wild fowl, and as I was going
whistling along, whom should I spy coming up but
the Devil himself. But you must know he was
dressed mighty fine like any grand gentleman, tho'
I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which
hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he
came up, and says he, 'Morgan, I have ye!' and
says I, touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honor,
I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what
are ye looking after, and what's that long thing
ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only
walking out by the brook this fine evening, and
carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well,
you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the
backy, so says he 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and
I'll thank ye.' And says I, you are mighty welcome.
So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his
mouth to smoke, and I, 'I have you now, old
bor,' 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him;
so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun, bang
in his mouth. 'Faith!' says he, when he pulled it
out of his mouth, and stopped a minute to think a-
bout it, and says he, 'Curse strong backy, Mor-
gan!' Then he gave me the gun and looked huffed,
and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen
him since. And that is the way I got rid of the old
gentleman, my boy!"

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 Fur-
niture, such as—Side Boards, Bureaus, Secretaries, Ta-
bles, &c., together with all articles manufactured in es-
tablishments 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, June 10, 1842.

10 Copies a Year for \$10

THE HANDSOMEST AND CHEAPEST PERIOD- ICAL FOR THE YOUNG

Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette.

ILLUSTRATED BY ELEGANT ENGRAV- INGS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

On Saturday the eighth day of January, Peter Par-
ley, the old and well known friend of children, com-
menced editing and publishing a weekly paper, called
"Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette." It is of the quarto
form, containing eight pages similar to the New York
Mirror. Every number will be embellished with
BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

of and instructive and pleasing character. The con-
tents will be for the most part, original, and adapted to
the wants and capacities of youthful readers. Not only
will the exclusive services of Peter Parley himself be
given to the work, but the talents of many popular
writers will be cultivated in its support.

All the new popular works for children which ap-
pear in England will be obtained; and from these the
best articles will be chosen and published entire in the
columns of the Gazette, together with the engravings
by which they may be illustrated. Thus, in our cat-
logue of contributors there will be many names, dear
and familiar to the young—Miss Edgeworth, Miss Har-
land, Mary Howitt, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Carwell, Miss
Mitford, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Southey,
Miss Coleridge, and others. Thus, at a price far less
than that for which such works could be reprinted in the
shape of books in this country, will the most excellent
treasures and stories for the young be presented.

Arrangements will also be made to obtain original
articles by favorite American authors—Miss C. M.
Sedgwick, Mrs. Lee, author of Three Experiments of
Living, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Signourney, Mrs.
Gliman, Mrs. Wells, Nathaniel Hawthorne, T. H. Gal-
laudet, J. K. Paulding, and others. Last but not least,
PETER PARLEY HIMSELF.

—who, from his long absence from that field of usef-
fulness in which he was so successful, has been thought by
many to have altogether relinquished his labors of love
and duty—will resume his pen, and, with fresh vigor,
engage in the new enterprise to which he has been called
by the entreaties of both parents and children.—
Since his young readers last heard from him, he has
travelled the world over, and brought home a budget of
adventures, facts and incidents; and the Youth's Ga-
zette will be the medium through which they will be
communicated.

The name of "PETER PARLEY" will be a guaranty
for the pure moral tone which will pervade every sen-
tence of the new periodical. Every thing like secularism,
or political bias, will be sedulously avoided. The Ed-
inburgh Review has said of him that "no other writer
for the young possesses in so eminent a degree the fac-
ulty of combining the useful with the entertaining." It
is believed that the readers of this Gazette will admit the
justice of this observation.

PETER PARLEY'S YOUTH'S GAZETTE will be issued on
Saturday mornings.

At the Office of the NEW WORLD,
No. 30 Ann Street, New-York.

TERMS.

To place "PETER PARLEY'S YOUTH'S GAZETTE" with-
in the means of all the girls and boys in the country, it
will be sold to subscribers at the following low rates.
For one copy, sent to any part of North America, \$2 a
year for two copies, \$3; for four copies, \$5; for ten cop-
ies \$10.—always to be paid in advance. When 4 copies
for \$5, or 10 copies for \$10, are ordered, the remittance
must be made in current money, of New-York or New-
England.

Letters on business, and all communications, to be
addressed to "PARLEY'S YOUTH'S GAZETTE, 30 Ann
Street, New-York," franked Post paid.
Jan. 10th 1842.

THE WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL.

PROSPECTUS

A FAMILY AND SCHOOL PAPER DEVOTED
TO EDUCATION in all its departments. Pub-
lished in Covington, Kentucky, (Opposite Cincinnati.)
O. SIBLEY LEVITT, Editor.

"The Western School Journal" is designed to give
such information to teachers, parents and legislators,
as is necessary to fit them for their duties concerning
Education.

It will notice the distinctive features in the school
systems of the several States, and of other countries.
It will notice and review the various plans that may
be proposed or adopted, for the advancement of popu-
lar education.

It will give rules for teachers and parents from ap-
proved authors, and improvements in the art of instruc-
tion.

It will expose errors, fallacies, impositions and em-
piricism in schools and Colleges.

It will advocate such amendments to the School Laws
as will secure the elevation of our public Schools and
bring a good English-academic education nearer to the
mass of the people than has yet been done.

Particular attention will be paid to the means to be
used in the advancement of the cause.

One No. shall be sent to all teachers whose names
and residence can be known, as a specimen, which can
be returned, if not subscribed for.

Teachers, parents, patriots, Christians, will you not
lend your aid establishing one cheap educational paper in
the West.

Postmasters please act as agents. Friends of Education
will please send us (through the Postmasters) teach-
ers' names, so that one paper may be sent for them.

TERMS.—A single copy, one year 50 cents; eight
copies, to one direction, \$3 00; twenty copies, to one di-
rection, \$6 00, payable always in advance. Letters
must be free or paid. Letters containing orders for the
Journal and money will be signed and franked by the
Postmasters. Subscriptions must begin with the volume.

Newspapers giving this prospectus a few inser-
tions will confer a favor upon the publisher, and per-
haps upon the public, and shall receive a copy for one
year, if they will send one number containing the pros-
pectus.

Covington, Ky., June 2d, 1842.

SILVESTER'S

HYGIAN 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 com-
mands the esteem of every one, and generally to the ex-
clusion of all other medicines. For particulars of medi-
cine see hand papers, to be had of agents as follows:

AGENTS IN THE STATE OF OHIO.

At Cincinnati, Mr. James Broadwell, nearly opposite
the Rolling Mill.

Miami county, Mr. Wm. Green, Newton township.

Clermont county, Mr. I. A. Poole, Chillicothe, & Messrs
Fallin & Turner, Felicity.

Brown county, Mr. Wm. Dickson, Georgetown, Mr.
Lambert Nowland, Russellville, Mr. Wm. Boies,
Eld. Alexander McChain and George W. Brown.

Adams county, Mr. Edward S. Moore, West Union,
and Major V. Cropper, Clayton.

Scioto county, Messrs Hall & Currie, W. P. Camden,
Portsmouth, and Mr. Jefferson Kendall, Wheelers-
burg, and Mr. George Smedley, Franklin Furnace,
June 10, 1842.

Pike county, Mr. Samuel E. Hiestand, Sinking Springs.

Mr. John Chain, Jasper, Mr. Thomas Kineaid, Pike-
ton, and Mr. Reuben Cluff, near Cincinnati.

Ross county, Mr. A. A. Britton, Chillicothe.

Highland county, Mr. Samuel McClure, Leesburg, Ben-
jamin West, and Elder Charles B. Smith.

Clinton county, Mr. Thomas Hibber, Wilmington, and
Mr. Harrison Geffs, Sabina.

Lawrence county, Mr. D. K. Cochran, Burlington.

Gallica county, Delemon and son, Gallipolis.

Washington county, W. Hall & Son, Marietta.

Delaware county, Major Benjamin Pratt, on Allum
creek.

Knox county, W. M. Minter, Amity.

Richland county, Mr. E. E. Hibbard, Hanover town-
ship.

Summit county, Mr. Ross Clarke.

IN KENTUCKY.

Pendleton county, Lock No. 4, Licking River, Mr. J.
T. and J. C. Ham.

Greenup county, John F. Day, Greenupburg.

IN NEW-YORK.

At Buffalo, Mr. William Cordine, 315, Main street.

Genesee county, Mr. Calvin Lyman, near Batavia.

St. Lawrence county, Dr. Ralph Huntington and Mr.
Stephen Canfield, Morristown.

Ask for Silvester's Hygienic Medicine, and see that
his signature is on the box, to imitate which is felony.

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 at-
tributed by a water doctor, so called, by a disorder of blood
in the head, which he failed to cure. Three other phy-
sicians of the regular practice also attempted her case
in vain. At length I met Dr. Silvester's Hygienic
Vegetable Universal Medicine, and after using but half
of a seventy-five cent box she was completely cured.—
It is now about twelve months since she has had the
least appearance of a fit; so I now no longer fear a re-
turn of the complaint. My daughter, Sarah Jane, a-
bout five years old, was also cured last summer of fever
and ague, with three doses only of said medicine, and
has never since had another attack.

MICHAEL PUTMAN.

Tiger creek Ferry, Greenup co. Ky. Jan. 22, 1842.

The above medicine to be had of Messrs. Hall & Cur-
rie and at the office of this paper.

NOTICE TO CAPITALISTS.

I OFFER FOR SALE all my claims or interest and
rights in any and all lands which I own, or in and
to which I have any immediate or remote interest, in
the county of Scioto, particularly the well known

BRADFORD'S SHIP-YARD TRACT,

the only title to which, both from the heirs of my fa-
ther David Bradford, the patentee, and from the heirs
of Stephen Southall, the original proprietor, are con-
centrated and perfected in me by inheritance and by pur-
chase.

I am authorized by the Hon. Thomas Scott (the best
land lawyer in the United States,) and S. M. Tracy,
Esq., to say that my title to this claim is perfect. To
them I refer all who wish to purchase. I also refer to
the public records and to the signatures of the citizens
generally of Scioto county, also to Col. Brush and James
D. Caldwell, Esq. of Chillicothe, and to Lot. Noah H.
Swinyne, and the Hon. Gustavus Swan of Columbus, in
particular.

It is not material to publish to the world the causes
which induce or compel me to part with this important
place at this particular time; but it is as well, and very
material to say, that I will sell and convey on the most
liberal & advantageous terms, requiring of the purcha-
ser only one-tenth cash, and the balance in nine equal
annual instalments, bearing 10 per cent. interest, and
secured by mortgage on the land sold. Any com-
munications on this subject can be addressed to me, post
paid, to the care of Roswell Crane, Esq., P. M., Brad-
ford's P. O., Scioto county, O., to whom I also refer
for any and all further particulars.

JAMES BRADFORD, 24th.

P. S. That the Southern termination of the Ohio
Canal will eventually, and before very long, be made and
constructed on this identical "SHIP-YARD" tract, is
beyond the possibility of a doubt, now reduced to a
moral certainty. That it is the only good if not the
very termination for the Ohio Canal, I am fully author-
ized to assert on account of its topographical and other
advantages. Its landing for steam boats and other wa-
ter craft is as good as, if not better than, any other land-
ing on the Ohio river, and as to all which, I am au-
thorized to refer to Alfred Kelley, Esq., formerly the
United Canal Commissioner, and now the Ohio Fund
Commissioner. That the site for the "GREAT WEST-
ERN NATIONAL ARMOY" ought to be selected on
this place, and at or near the "Ship-Yard" point, there is
no doubt; that it will be, is more than probable.

Personal application can be made to me while at
Van Court's AMERICAN HOUSE, in Portsmouth, or
at Col. McElrain's FRANKLIN HOUSE, Columbus,
Ohio. JAMES A.

THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH BLOW.

The public will please observe that no Brandreth's
Pills are genuine unless the box has three labels in unit,
one containing a fac simile signature of my hand with
the name B. Brandreth. These labels are engraved on
steel, beautifully designed, and done at an expense of
several thousand dollars.

The Brandreth Pills.

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

The reason these celebrated Pills have such an uni-
versally good effect is because their action harmonizes
with the human body.

"Purge out the old leaven, that ye may become a
new lump," is the language of the Holy Writ, a figure
applied spiritually. It is true, but how can it have any
effect unless confirmed by practical experience in the
body of matter? The foundation upon which this
figure of scripture rests is as immovable as the laws
which govern the tides, or that occasion the thunders
of heaven.

"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 accumulation. S. The
means to effect this must be those remedies which cleanse
the bowels and purify the blood.

Good medical medicine is only a species of food;
when the stomachs whose habits we have the means of
observing, are sick they wander through the fields, and
make selection of those herbs which open their bowels
and purify their fluids, which immediately restores their
health.

When a dose of Brandreth's Pill are taken, they are
digested and pass to every part of the system; but they
leave the body when they have effected the intended
purpose, and health and vigor are by them insured.

Mineral medicines may enter the system, but they are
with difficulty got out again; and they always occasion
pain and uneasiness while they remain in the body.

Whereas Brandreth's Pills are as innocent as a piece
of bread, and are evacuated with the disease for which
they are taken.

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. The
food we eat, the digestive organs convert into blood,
which renews or builds up by its circulating power.—
Thus the human body is healthy when the blood circulates
freely; and when anything prevents its free course
through the veins, disease commences.

Remember! the top—the side—and the bottom.

My own office is on Third Street between Main
and Walnut, where the GENUINE PILLS can always be
obtained.

The following are the only authorized agents in the
places to which their names are attached:—

Hanging Rock—Solomon Isaminger.

Greensburg—John King.

French Grant—John Dattel.

Franklin Furnace—James S. Folsom.

Wheelersburg—Theodore Ellis.

Sciotoville—William Brown.

Portsmouth—James Ludwick.

Nile Township—Peter Wycoff.

Nov. 25, 1841. 15--6m

BILIOUS CHOLIC.

This is to certify that my wife commenced using Mr.
George Silvester's Hygienic Vegetable Universal Medi-
cine, about seven weeks ago, for the Bilious Colic, and
I have reason to believe that it has effected a cure. In
about one week after she commenced taking the medi-
cine 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 un-
der my hand, this 18th November, 1839.

JAMES FREEMAN.

Jefferson township, Adams county, Ohio.

EXTRA OHIO STATESMAN.

To accommodate a large portion of the reading pub-
lic, and especially in those counties where no democratic pa-
per circulated, we have again consented to issue the
OHIO STATESMAN, Extra from the first of July until the
second Tuesday of next October, and one number after
the election, containing the result of the same, at the
very moderate price of FIFTY CENTS for each subscriber;
and any one who will take the trouble to procure six sub-
scribers, shall have the seventh number sent to him for
his trouble. In all cases, payment must be in advance,
as the receipt of the paper will be a receipt for the money.

It is not necessary for us to explain the object of this
paper. It is to convey, during an important period in
our political discussion, especially on the past history
of our banks, as well as the important news of the
times.

The period of the Extra Statesman will also include the
proceedings of the extra session of the Legislature, which
commences its session the 25th of July, and will con-
tinue probably three weeks.

It is desirable that subscribers should send in their
names by the first of July, so as to insure the first num-
ber to all who subscribe. S. & M. H. MEDARY,
Columbus, May 18, 1842

CASE OF SORE EYES AND SPINAL AFFECTIONS

Extract of a letter from Mr. A. J. Avery, dated East
Lucid, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, Nov. 1st, 1841.

SIR—With gratification I take my pen to address
you a few lines, to congratulate you on the success of
your invaluable medicine. It is an old adage, that it is
an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This wind re-
call to your recollection the circumstance of your coming
to my shop on the clear Fork Mohican, near On-
dowdite, Richland county, with a broken carriage. I
wished it for you, for which you gave me two boxes of
your Hygienic Medicine. One I sold to Mrs. Berry and
the other I kept for my own use, and sent a part of them
to my father, who has been afflicted with the sore eyes
and spinal aches long for many years; for which he has
procured medicine of every description, at an immense
cost, but obtained no relief until I sent him some of
your pills, which relieved