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Scioto Valley Post (Portsmouth, Ohio), November 8, 1842

William P. Camden

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Scoto Valley Post

W. P. CAMDEN,

DOWN WITH ROBBERS, 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, NOVEMBER 8, 1842.

NO. 42

AUTUMN.

Along the hills across the vale
The Autumn wind in business walks
The forest woods, beneath the skies
Its leaves of many-tinted dye
And high upon the mountain trees
The chattering squirrel feasts in glee.
The partridge and the thrush's gloom,
Where the old oak tree and its tombs
Her proud bosom with her wing,
And bids the drum of nature ring;
While down the distant woodland way
In life-like cadence screams the jay.
Where the shy pigeon hides her brood,
The wary hunter parts the wood;
And oft the fatal sound is heard—
The death-shot of some gallant bird—
Whose wing an equal never knew,
Whose love ne'er met a love so true.
Deep where the silver sea-gar flings
The bright wave from her tiny wings
Amid the moss-waves' mystic grove,
And chase the angler's guarded hook
Through many a deep and hallowed nook.
The fields are brown, and homeward borne
By the fall reapers in the corn.
When barns with nature's gifts are prest,
Cold winter comes, a welcome guest,
For round the reaper's blazing hearth
Shall congregate the joys of earth.
Pale ague, fostering with her chills,
Meets the consumption on the hills,
And there, where summer's glories fade,
And graves for falling leaves are made,
See's in the maple's leaf below
Her sister's check of crimson glow.
Night comes, and the old forest sighs
For her departed melodies;
Her summer robe has waxen old
Her shrunk branches shake with cold;
Her offspring one by one depart,
And leaves with a frozen heart.
From Blackwood's Magazine for September.
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY READING.
A STORY BY A SONNAMBULIST.
(Concluded)
Fedorina was afflicted with the agony of the prisoner's grief, and remained silent when he had ceased to speak.
"Sit quiet," said a harsh voice in a whisper at her ear, "Meditate thou art slow in executing thy task. Take this confession—shrive him and be gone."
Fedorina looked at the person who addressed her. It was a tall figure, enveloped in sable garments, and deeply veiled.
"Who art thou?" enquired Fedorina, "and how didst thou gain admission to this cell?"
"Answer me not, catfish, but finish thy office. Hath he confessed?"
"What whispers are those in the dark?" exclaimed the prisoner, raising himself on his elbow. "I thought I heard the mutterings of the tigress, before her spring. Is it thou, wretchedest of women! Leave me, I tell thee! Thy presence is more pestiferous than the slimy and creeping things that crawl over my couch. Away! I defy thee."
"Thou knowest not the fate that awaits thee, if my last efforts to save thee are refused. How sayest thou—wealth, boundless as wish can claim—rank that may satisfy the most ambitious—and love that shall never know diminution—er, a lingering death in this lone dungeon, unless, indeed, it be changed for the torturing rack! Choose!"
"Carouses from lips dripping with blood—kisses from lips polluted with sin! Away! Give me the rack, and leave me to my own thoughts!" screamed the prisoner, clenching his withered hand.
"Then to blind office, priest!" said the veiled stranger, "and visit me in the dark chamber when thy work is done." And casting a scorn on the unhappy victim of her cruelty, she rapidly retired.
Fedorina applied herself as well as she was able in her assumed character to comfort the afflicted man; but his efforts had been too much for his strength, and he rested apparently unconscious of her presence. She was about to retire, when suddenly, by a great effort, raising himself, he said—
"Father, take this paper. In it is written my story. If thou succeedest in escaping from this dreadful place, make my misfortune known—leave me—leave me now; and, if I live, return."
Fedorina took the packet, and placed it in a fold of her dress. The voice of the old porter was now heard, impatiently calling for him from the top of the winding stair, and, with a prayer for the prisoner's repose, she left him. When she emerged into the open air, the night had already closed in—the porter, muttering some words about having been left waiting too long in the cold, led the way to another quadrangle of the castle, and pointing to a distant wing of the building, bade her Godspeed, and left her. As she advanced to the entrance, she was astonished by the appearance of the same mysteriously-dressed figure she had seen in the archway as she first came, and whom the porter had described to her as father Anselmo.
"Take heed of what you hear in the dark chamber," he said, as he flitted by; "but as you value your life, take no notice."
Before Fedorina had time to observe him, he was gone. She went forward, and, on pushing open a lower door, she found herself in large oaken hall, which was as dark as the dungeon she had just left.

"Come father, sit down," said the same impatient voice that had held such strange company with the prisoner. "Was your patient made up his mind to die?"
"Madam," said Fedorina in a trembling voice, and even in the darkness pulled forward the hood of her mantle, so as to show her countenance entirely, "he is a bold spirit, and a desperate man."
"Has he told the no secret?" asked the voice, "and how he tells the addresses of a noble lady who is going to be married?"
"Noble lady?" repeated Fedorina, "and how she tells her name?"
"Who art thou, my own eyes? Do not seem influenced by anger against some one whom he did not name."
"I was me! I know he hates me; and it rejoices my heart to know that I have him in my power.—Yes, Birndello! Hat' foolish priest, the lantern has fallen from thy hand. Art thou unwell! What ails thee? Speak!"
Fedorina with difficulty commanded herself sufficiently to resist an inclination to faint.
"Yes!" continued the haughty dame, "he shall dearly rue having preferred the mimic charms of a spaly girl to the hand of the Countess Viterbo!"
It was in the presence of her mother that Fedorina stood! She trembled in every limb, yet at the bottom of all her grief and all her terror, a spark of hope, a spark of rejoicing! She knew that Birndello had said that he still lived! "Thou speakest not, sir priest! Answer me! Did Birndello give no sign of changing his resolution?"
"None, my lady none," answered Fedorina; "he said he preferred death to the hated offer that was made him."
"Then he shall have it, priest. What, ho! Anselmo!" But the only answer to her call was the echo, as the words sounded through the rafters of the gigantic hall. At length a low, sad voice was heard, proceeding evidently from beneath the floor.
"Three days, and yet without food! Oh, cruel, cruel fate!"
The enraged Countess stamped with her feet upon the floor. "Silence, dotard!—I spoke not to thee! What, ho! Anselmo!"
"Water! Water!" said the voice; "of adjuve thee, whoever thou art, to send me but a morsel to eat, a drop to drink—pity, pity!"
"Has all the world turned against me?" shouted the Countess; "has hell leagued with my enemies to drive me mad? Peace, old dotard, and die—for I am tired of your existence. Anselmo, ho!"
"Madam, may I please you to let me retire to my humble cell?" said Fedorina, anxious to escape from the castle and peruse the paper which Birndello had put in her hands.
"No, base priest, it pleases me not. In this castle you shall stay to see how I am revenged. His blood shall flow upon the scaffold, and ere tomorrow's sun has reached its meridian height, these boards shall be moistened with the purple stream. Anselmo!"
In answer to her call, Anselmo came at last. "Conduct this priest," she said, "to the marble gallery—there let him tell his beads till midnight; at that hour bring him hither, and conduct the prisoner also to his chamber, and let them pass the night in preparation for the fate that has been spared Birndello to jump. When the bell strikes four to-morrow, he dies! Begone!"
Anselmo bowed reverently to the Countess, and beckoning to Fedorina to follow, descended into the quadrangle. Fedorina was so deeply struck with horror and amazement, that she was scarcely conscious of what she did. She was roused by the voice of her companion.
"How found you the prisoner in the cell?" he asked. "Does he bear badly?"
"He does," replied Fedorina; "but it amazes me that a stranger should be summoned to his aid, when within the walls of this castle there is a spiritual guide so near at hand."
"Ah! holy father, it is not always the head that makes the friar, thou hast had experience of that, my ward," said father Anselmo in a tone that for a moment made Fedorina afraid that he had discovered her imposture. "I was not always a monk, nor except in this apparel, and having professed me in the holy order of St. Benedict, am I now one. Bred a soldier, and with fame and honour wounding me in my military career, I was madly in love with a lady half above me in rank—who I should I conceal it the same we have this moment left—the Countess Viterbo. At that time she was young, beautiful, and unmarried. I was rejected for a richer wooer, and in despair became a monk. I have long repented me of the rash step, and have been cured of my misplaced affection. I have managed to get installed in this castle near her person. I have watched her for some years, and seen wickedness growing every day. The cup of her sorceries is nearly full, and the uplifted sword is ready to fall upon her head. But here is the marble gallery. We meet again at midnight, till then farewell." As he was turning to go away, the old porter hurried up to them in the doorway of the gallery.
"Oh, such a strange thing has happened! Holy mother! adventures are growing so fat in this dismal place. A dead body has been found at your hermitage, in my father, and a man who would have been arrested on suspicion, and lodged in the marble gallery. At first it was thought to be father Geronimo himself that they had slain, and tried to hide by throwing a little earth over the way; but I knew very well it could not be, for you know, holy father, that Geronimo is alive before us; and so, perhaps, it is a little improbable—at least so I think—that he is the murdered man. So I believe, as it is not the same, it must most likely be somebody else—but upon this I should like to bear your opinion."
"A man and woman, is it?" enquired father Anselmo; "let me see them—and hold your silly tongue, fool—go to your gate and sleep."
"They are in the marble gallery," answered the porter, bowing low. "My lady will examine into the affair to-morrow, and has ordered the rack to be erected in the great quadrangle to inquire into the circumstances at her leisure."
"Retire, fool, and give free egress to any one who shows you this ring. And now, father Geronimo, let us go into the gallery, and I will see these strangers."
The gallery was nearly dark—but in the moon, faint light Fedorina at once discovered her attendants, Pardomo and Giannetta, the suspected murderers.

"Rob my honor, as a gentleman," exclaimed Pardomo, when Fedorina and Anselmo entered the apartment, "I am an Italian and a warrior, as a sinner had a Catholic; I never murdered any old man, whether a harm or otherwise, in all my life."
"Nor I do, father," replied Giannetta; "and if my young lady were here, she would give me a character I am sure."
"You do not speak like murderers," answered Fedorina, "and I like them as little, if this light were a little more favorable to the features and figure, you would see at once that I have no resemblance to a bloodthirsty villain, amusing myself by cutting old hermits' throats. I have not the least resemblance to any rascal of the kind."
"Nor I," again chimed in Giannetta; "and if my young lady—"
"Whence come ye then?" interposed Anselmo.
"In search of our young lady. She was run away with yesterday in a carriage; we found the carriage all smashed to atoms on the road, but as for my dear young mistress—"
"Oh dear! oh dear!" chimed in Giannetta, "I fear the robbers have found her."
"And then," continued Anselmo, addressing Pardomo, "thou art a felon to discover thy young mistress. Come with me, and we shall perhaps be able to trace her."
"Willingly, holy father; but Giannetta, this young woman, what's to become of her?"
"Trust her to father Geronimo, he will watch over her."
"It isn't every confessor I could leave her with," replied Pardomo, "but this holy friar seems old and feeble. Good-by Giannetta; keep up your spirits. Nobody could believe we were murderers, if it was only daylight, and they could see us clearly. I'm coming, sir." And so saying, he followed Anselmo, and left Fedorina alone with Giannetta. It may easily be supposed that the recognition was soon made. Giannetta's features we do not venture to describe, or the terror that fell on her when the whole danger of their situation was revealed to her.
"Oh gracious good my lady, what shall we do? If my old lady recognizes us, I don't know what she will say to us; and such a dress for you to be seen in—so very unbecoming, gracious me! How holy angels, what was that?"
"It was only a gust of wind that howled mournfully among the rafters of the ancient gallery."
"I thought I heard a scream," continued Giannetta; "did you hear nothing, signora?"
"But Fedorina's thoughts were too much occupied to attend to the trifle-tattle of her maid. Time wore on, and she in vain saved herself at the window to watch the rising moon, in hopes that its light would enable her to appear the next morning in her home. A cloud occasionally sailed over the pale face of the nocturnal luminary, and the rising wind swayed to and fro, in front of the window, the thick branches of an aged sycamore, so as to envelope the manuscript in too deep a shade to allow of its contents being read. At intervals, and by great labor and perseverance, she made out the following words: "Oh thou into whose possession this manuscript may fall, I commit myself to your Christian good offices; or, if my fate shall have been accomplished, and the hand of death, I lay upon your conscience the duty of revenge. By the Countess Viterbo I am murdered." After the supposed death of her husband, she persecuted me with her love. I remained deaf to her entreaties, for my soul burned for the beautiful Fedorina. Yes—false, faithless, fickle Fedorina—waste you only that my heart was subject. How often have I pressed thee in those arms, and told thee that no danger, no extent of time, no quantity of temptation, should ever part us. Fedorina's eyes filled with tears, and an evilious cloud for a long period developed the moon. When she recovered power to proceed, her eyes rested on another part of the page. "Since my imprisonment in this gloomy cell, they have told me she has given her hand to the Marquis di Vicenza—witnesses who were present at the ceremony have been given her my cell; give me the sickening details; they described her smiles, the looks of languishment she cast on the bridegroom—the kisses he impressed upon her lips. Oh, Fedorina, is this the reward of all my love!"
"This false as hell!" exclaimed the unhappy girl.
"I hate the Marquis di Vicenza."
"Holy Madonna!" cried Giannetta, started at the vehemence of her mistress. "What has disturbed you signora?"
"Be false! I say 'tis false!" continued Fedorina, in the excitement of her feelings forgetting the presence of her attendant. "They have deceived you with false reports, dear Birndello! How couldst thou believe thy Fedorina so unworthy of your regard! And yet he could not believe it—he, no; at first he might perhaps be persuaded—but when he reflected—when he remembered—ah! did he not tell me in the cell that he believed me true? He did! he did!" and rolling the paper proudly in her hand she determined to prepare for the dreadful meeting that awaited her. The old castle clock now sounded the quarter to twelve. The moon had now set—there was pitch-darkness in the gallery.

"Would you like me, signora, to give your hair a little plait? It must be very much tangled by that nasty hood," said Giannetta. "I've got a comb here, and a brush; but Fedorina dashed aside her hand. The door opened, and a tall figure with a dark lantern appeared at the gateway. "Are you prepared?" said father Anselmo.
"We are ready," replied Fedorina. "This trembling maid," pointing to Giannetta, will accompany us. Is it allowed her to do so?"
"Without doubt," replied Anselmo. "Be prepared, holy father for dreadful scenes."
"Is there no way of preventing the effusion of blood?" enquired Fedorina. "Must death conclude this wondrous night's proceedings?"
"It must," said father Anselmo, and half drew from the scabbard a dagger he wore beneath his mantle.
A shudder passed over the frame of Fedorina. "Can it be?" she mentally exclaimed, "that this pretended friend is deceiving me, and that he is to be the minister of my mother's cruelty? But, no, his language was too sincere to admit of a doubt." And, leaning on the arm of Giannetta, she followed her mysterious conductor in silence.
"Rest here, father," said Anselmo, when he had ushered them into the dark chamber. "I go to bring the prisoner." When they were left alone, they found themselves in pitch darkness and Fedorina, working herself up to the bold resolution of confronting her pitiless relative, and seizing the fate of her lover, retired to the corner of the apartment, from a parcel she had brought with her, her feminine apparel; and dressed herself in a manner worthy of her rank and sex. She put on a white satin gown, with a low ornamented bodice trimmed with flowers. Over her neck she threw a costly string of pearls, and over her beautiful limbs she drew another pair of flesh-colored stockings—and increased her feet in white silken shoes.
When the transformation was complete, she again assumed the simple garment of the handmaid, and, drawing the hood over her face, awaited impatiently the appearance of her lover.
Birndello was shortly after brought in, supported on the arm of father Anselmo. He was dressed in a tunic of purple velvet, and satin-pantaloons—his beard had been shaved—and his hair reduced to a state of order—a sword-scapula glittered at his side; but Fedorina immediately observed that the sword had been withdrawn. "Promised with your holy functions, holy father, Geronimo," said Anselmo, "while I take repose on the stone bench at the other end of the apartment." He left his lantern on the table; which threw a gloomy light on the dim objects in the immense chamber, and Fedorina went gently up to where the exhausted young man had thrown himself upon a chair, and gazed on his insensate features, while her breast heaved with tumultuous emotions. Alas! what consolation was she capable of administering? How prepare her for the dreaded hour of sunrise? She waited till repose should have restored her strength, and taking the lantern in her hand, proceeded to examine the apartment. Anselmo was silently asleep on a stone bench, and Giannetta had also yielded to the influence of the drowsy god. She was then alone—the only waking inhabitant of that prodigious room. She walked towards a large velvet curtain suspended from the roof, and blocking up the entrance to the recess. She pulled aside one corner of it, and, holding forth the lantern, beheld a raised platform, covered also with black velvet, and on the platform a block, against which rested a glittering axe, while the saw-dust sprinkled on the floor showed the dreadful purpose for which these preparations had been made. In front of the whole was an altar, dimly lighted with two long wax candles, and furnished with every thing necessary for the last consolations needed by a dying man. Terrified and appalled by what she saw, she dropped the end of the curtain, and returned to the chair in which Birndello was still lying, unconscious of all that was going on in the chamber. She had her light lamp upon his shoulder, and was gazing in her natural voice, she said,
"Eduardo di Birndello, hast thou forgotten thy Fedorina?"
The eyes of the exhausted man opened—he gazed round her for a moment, and saying, "Alas, 'twas but a dream!" he laid his head down again.
"Twas not a dream, my Eduardo. Awake! Thy Fedorina stands before thee."
"Thou! thou!" he gazed upon her face. "Holy angels! can it be true? or have I already passed from earth's painful world, and rejoined my sainted Fedorina in the realms of bliss!"
"She is here before thee—a weak, hopeless, powerless maiden, with but the happiness remaining that her last hours on earth are about to be spent with thee."
"And has her cruelty," said di Birndello, extended so far, and has she doomed thee also to die?"
"Did my Eduardo think that Fedorina could survive him, when she had it in her power to shut her eyes forever at the same moment with him, and take her flight for other regions, where they should part and never meet more?"
Saying these words, she laid her head upon his breast, and lifting up her eyes in a rapture of satisfaction, she said,
"Thou art in a foretaste of heaven! To what good angel art I indebted for so much happiness?"
A few words informed him of everything that had occurred, and of the resolution of Fedorina to die with him on the scaffold already prepared for his execution. How shall we paint the joy that filled the bosoms of these two faithful lovers, in spite of the doom that they felt it to be impossible to avoid. The happiness of being together outweighed the anticipation of their fate, and hours elapsed in their mutual declarations of unchangeable fidelity. When the first faint streak of daylight appeared, their conversation was interrupted by Anselmo, whose astonishment was unbounded at beholding the manifestations of their love. Fedorina explained to him rapidly the state of affairs, and Anselmo, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, hurried them towards the eastern recess—he drew up the velvet curtain—and telling them that in ten minutes their fate would be decided, asked them if they were willing to exchange their vows at the altar.
Birndello grasped his head, and thanked him, while Fedorina, quickly bowing her head, knelt down as she was requested, and father Anselmo, taking forth a breviary from his bosom, began to read the marriage ceremony in a low impressive tone. When he had concluded—had joined their hands, and received their irrevocable vows—the sun burst in full splendor through the oriel window, and from a small door in an upper gallery, that ran round the immense apartment, the Countess Viterbo stepped forth to gaze her cruel eyes with the spectacle of Birndello's death. Anselmo looked uneasy at sight of the murdered woman, and gave anxious glances to the door, as if he expected some person to immediately appear.
"Sir priest!" exclaimed the Countess to Fedorina, who was again enveloped in the priestly garments of the handmaid, "hast thou shriven thy penitent? He has confessed his sins, I hope," she added with a sneer, "and forgiven as one of them."
Anselmo, seeing Fedorina incapable of giving any answer, said, "All I believe, is ready: five minutes of prayer is all the edipit asks."
Birndello looked upward to where his foe was standing, making his sufferings. "Haste woman!" he said, "let it moderate my joy to know, that this is the happiest moment of my existence, and that I would not change my position now for the proudest on earth's surface."
While V. Countess was gathering breath to give utterance to her rage, the door of the chamber was suddenly opened, and Pardomo rushed in.

"As I hope to be major-domo—as I am a sinner and a true believer, I believe, signor Anselmo, your commission is executed to a turn."
"Saw'st thou my lord the viceroy of Milan?" enquired Anselmo in a low voice.
"I did—a regiment of his guard have surrounded the castle, and the soldiers are already in possession of every apartment."
"Then seize that woman!" exclaimed Anselmo, dropping his head, and drawing at the same time his sword. "Countess Viterbo, I arrest thee for high crimes and misdemeanors."
"How now, slave?" cried the Countess, hoarse with anger, "yet persevering her haughtiness in the midst of her alarm—"What babbling words are these! Herberto!—Rafaelo! hither, I say!" she continued, summoning her domestics—"to the rack with the false priest—and while his limbs are writhing, hang him on the highest boughs of the courtyard oak. Off with him!" She rushed from the balcony as she spoke, but was immediately seized by the soldiers stationed at the door.
"How's that?" she screamed; "treachery here! Of what do you accuse me?"
"Of murder," said Anselmo, in a low voice, which wrought instantaneous silence among the crowd.
"Your proofs!" exclaimed the Countess. "I dare you to do the proof!"
"Behold!" said Anselmo, and pointed to the scaffold prepared for the execution of Birndello.
From the midst of it arose a figure with long white hair, dressed in white flowing garments, so wasted, wan, and miserable, that it was impossible to look on it without dread. It raised its bony arm, and pointed its trembling finger to the Countess, and in a deep, sepulchral voice, said, "Murderess—I accuse thee!"
"It is my father's voice," cried Fedorina, gazing with terrified glances on the apparition.
"Three years you have kept me chained in your loathsome dungeon beneath this floor; and I have only been saved from the bitterness of death, starvation, by the repentance of one of your attendants."
The Countess cast a glance of unutterable hatred on Anselmo.
"I also accuse thee," said Birndello. "In another hour thy blood would have been shed, but for the repentance of Anselmo."
"And I also accuse thee," said Fedorina, casting off her hood and mantle, and standing before the assembly in the dress and loveliness of her sex.
"Ha!—it needed but this," cried the maddened woman, discomfited.
"Seize her, and bring her hither," said Anselmo, clutching his dagger, "that my lord the Count may pass sentence on her crimes. I long to be her executioner."
"Unhand me, grooms!" exclaimed the Countess, "your touch is pollution. Though 'till then, base priest, and thou, old dotard greybeard, that you had caught the tiger in your toils, and that you might torture her like the harmless deer! See!—She poked a glittering dagger from her bosom, and quicker than the eye could watch its course, she plunged it to the hilt in her breast. 'Tis thus I laugh at your attempt at vengeance!"
All were horror-struck at the unrepenting wickedness with which the wretched woman ended her career of crimes. She fell dead upon the floor. Anselmo conducted Birndello and Fedorina to the feet of the restored Count Viterbo, who had only power to lay his hands upon their heads, as they knelt before him and besought his benediction on their nuptials; and with hearts oppressed by the strangeness of the scenes they had witnessed, they left the chamber—the theatre of so fearful a catastrophe—and after a short repose, to repair their exhausted strength, they returned to the Calabrian estates of Count Viterbo. Father Anselmo was an honored inmate of the castle, and Pardomo and Giannetta were married, and advanced to the dignity of major-domo and household-keeper. And it only remains to add, that in all the extent of lovely Italy, there is no happier household than that of the young Barond Birndello and the beautiful Fedorina.

IMPORTANT CASE.

A case has been within a few days past in Baltimore County Court, the details of which may not prove uninteresting to our readers. An action was instituted by R. Edwards, of Hooper & Craft, against the Balt. Fire Insurance Company, Wm. A. Tucker, Esq., President, to recover the amount of damages sustained by the Plaintiffs in the destruction of a county store in the State of Penn., in the destruction of a large quantity of merchant so by fire, the amount claimed to cover the alleged loss being \$5000.
The loss of the goods was fully proven, nor did the Defendants charge any attempt at fraud upon the part of the Plaintiff. The whole case turned upon a question of law, the defence set up being that the Plaintiffs did not furnish the office with proofs of the loss forthwith, or as soon after the loss as possible. This the Policy of Insurance required, and yet it was shown that the Insurance Company were not in full possession of the proofs of the loss until forty days from the time the fire occurred.
To meet this the Plaintiffs proved that the goods saved from the fire were layed on by the Sheriff of the county the day after the fire, and that he was some two or three weeks taking an inventory of them, his residence being some fifteen miles from the fire; that it was usually six or eight days before letters from the neighborhood of the store could reach Baltimore, and that it was no uncommon thing for letters to be fourteen days on the way—that the Sheriff, after levying, did not commence his inventory until four days after the fire; and argued that the goods saved being in the custody of the law they could not, under all these circumstances, furnish the proofs of the loss any earlier than they did.
The Court decided, however, that due diligence was not used by the Plaintiffs in forwarding the proofs of the loss; and that they were therefore, not entitled to recovery. A judgment of non suit was therefore entered against them.
When you see a man who comes when it rains, frets when a fog occurs, and smiles only when the sun shines, be sure that such an one can never bear up with fortitude against the attacks of misfortune, nor stand with equanimity the marvellous changes of our daily life.
Letters from England state that there will be an enormous emigration from England and Ireland next spring.

MONOCHROMATIC PAINTING.

We have seen some specimens of Monochromatic Painting, executed by Mr. Wood and his pupils. They are equal in effect to the finest colored paintings, although, as the name indicates, they are done simply in one color.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

On Thursday morning last, the house of Mr. J. Thomas, on the Chillicothe road 7 miles from this place, was burnt, and Mrs. Thomas, his mother, a very aged lady, perished in the flames.

FATAL AFFRAY.

On Saturday evening last, in the French Grant, about 14 miles above this place, an affray occurred which resulted in the death of CLINTON NURSE.

We find the following amongst a number of other sage remarks in the last number of the Tribune:

"The height and felicitous reality of his vaulting ambition is, to skulk behind a man of straw and spit out his filthy spite upon his neighbors. Witness the following: 'Ohio is a democratic State, of which fact there can be no more doubt, than that the Tribune editor is a fool and a liar.'—Post."

The Tribune man frequently makes use of such silly invectives, as may be easily turned against himself. This man of straw, (as he calls himself) "with eyes in fine phrenzy rolling" in this episode, summons up all the gloomy companions of his disturbed imagination, to aid him in disburthening the above described melancholy madness of his poetry without the inspiration. We will not now undertake to contend with him in point of composition. He must be a scholar indeed; for his "wanting" criticism in another column of the same "Ode"ious rag he denounces us as "ulter, shameless ignorants" of the English language.

The steamer Moxhalia, a few days since, capsized a flue, about five miles above this place, and killed two men.

Monroe Edwards has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State prison at Sing Sing. The prisoner asked for two or three weeks to settle his affairs before the passage of the sentence, which was refused by the court.

DUEL.

Two midshipmen belonging to a Texas sloop of war, by the names of Culp and White, fought a duel near New Orleans, in which the former was killed.

The steamer Transit struck a snag and sunk about 10 miles above the Bonheur, on Red River. Part of the cargo was saved, but the boat is a total loss.

To those who have scented necks we would call their attention to the certificate of cure under that head in our advertising columns.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.

The Ohio Statesman says, "We present, in another column, our PROSPECTUS for a SESSION PAPER, as is usual at this season of the year. We offer it at a price, also, which brings it within the reach of every citizen."

"We have had a great democratic victory in Ohio—the more lasting in its effects upon the permanency of

our free institutions, than any that ever preceded it—one that will be referred to in all time to come, as evidence of the attachment of the people to the institutions of their country—one that will teach the reckless, blind, party demagogue, that there are bounds set to his treasonable designs. Several of the plotters of treason are re-elected, what will be their course? If they return again to their seats, they come with the mark of Cain upon them: Will they remain a few days or weeks, and then run off again, or will they submit to the public voice and quietly fill their places to make up a quorum? These are matters of some interest to the people, as testing how far wicked men may trifle with our form of government."

"Much is looked for, also, to be accomplished by the Legislature, in the way of relief, to the people; but holding the opinions we do, and have done for years, we look more to the economy, prudence, and industry of the people, than to acts of Legislation. When bank paper flooded the country, and speculators ran wild as the ocean waves; when debt was piled upon debt, like mountain upon mountain top, until the eye was lost in the hazy distance, and your Capital was fairly deluged with lobbies for more banks, more paper money, more debts, and the wild cry of 'push on the column!' of speculation rent the very Heavens, we stood, with others, breasting the storm, and predicting the awful consequences of the reaction. The bubble burst—FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS of bank capital in the Union has vanished in thin air, and FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS of private debts are being liquidated by the whig bankrupt act. Can legislation bring a speedy cure for such a disease? Did legislation do it 1816? Did it ever do it? The last democratic legislature did wonders, and for which they will ever be entitled to the thanks of a grateful people. They forced the banks to resumption, put an end to their explosions and swindling, and brought a good currency, instead of a villainous one, into existence. If a market man gets a dollar now he has some confidence in its safety—specie change has become plenty, and exchanges have fallen from 15 and 20 per cent. to 1 1/2 and 2 1/2. But the Legislature of Ohio cannot, by law, raise the price of wheat to \$1 50 here, when it is only selling for \$1 00 on the seaboard. Pork cannot, by democratic or other legislation, be raised to \$3 00 per hundred in Ohio, while it is only selling for \$2 50 in Baltimore. The politician who holds out such ideas to the people is a knave, and insults you by his promise of 'two dollars a day and roast beef,' which he knows he can never fulfill. Such men, being dishonest, can lead the people into trouble, but will never protect them against fraud, as the last democratic legislature did."

"Knowing these things, we were careful of promises because the evil is too deep to be cured in a moment by law—time and a return to common sense and Christian like prudence and economy are required, as well as good legislation. The late tariff act by Congress, by cutting off our Canada wheat trade, will do Ohio more serious injury than can be averted by our own legislature. We must restore democratic measures to the councils of the nation, as well as state—we must establish a judicious tariff, one for revenue, and open up a market as extensive as the white sail upon the ocean, in connection with our own—with a standard of value approximating to that of the world, stable and sound, from the wild theories of 'expansion to day and contraction to morrow,' and all will be well again. We must have more individuality in business, and less monopoly; the million little streams must run free and pure from their native fountains, and the great river of trade, commerce, and prosperity, will flow on in peace and harmony. The miserable croaker and panic-maker, now fed and fostered by stealthy monopolists for purposes of ambition and plunder, will be then taken up, if found abroad, as a wild lunatic who had escaped from his keepers, instead of being run for offices of honor and profit, with a live coon by his side as a companion."

"Our condition is not hopeless. We must pay somewhat dearly, it is true, for past errors and follies, but a kind and beneficent Providence has filled our land with milk and honey—the beggar for bread meets not our vision, the hand of the tyrant is not felt within our borders—we are freemen, walking upright after the image of our Creator—intelligent, happy, and the envy of the world. Let us then sit down and reason together, and devise the best mode of securing that freedom and uprightness of character, and the shortest way of regaining the ground we have lost by folly, speculation and the ideas of getting rich without labor, by the turn of a copper under the shade of a village awning."

NO. II.

Direct taxation is a mode of raising revenue for the support of the government which has rarely been resorted to, because it was supposed that the people would more willingly pay their money in purchasing such articles as they wished to buy, which had been previously taxed, than they would to the tax gatherer. Therefore all civilized governments established custom-houses for the purpose of compelling the importers of goods and merchandise to pay a duty on all goods coming into the country. This duty or tax was paid, in the first instance, by the persons who imported the goods. But knowing that the people could not, or would not, do without the goods, the duty or tax was added to the original price of the goods, and when the consumer comes to buy the goods for his own use, he pays the price of the goods with this additional tax, which makes them come that much higher. Now if people who owned property were obliged to consume imported goods in proportion to their property, there would be no injustice in this mode of raising revenue. But the reverse is the fact. Because a poor man who rents a farm or a

house and has to work for his living, must buy tools and the various implements of his occupation, which are generally of foreign manufacture, and consequently are taxed, while the rich man lives on his income, consumes nothing but what little he eats and wears, and consequently pays nothing for the support of Government, while at the same time his property is exempt from taxation. This position, I believe, cannot successfully be denied; consequently the injustice of this mode of supporting Government becomes apparent. It is certainly very unjust for a man with a large family, living on a rented farm, to pay a higher tax into the treasury of the United States than the man who owns the farm. Yet he must have salt, for his stock, which is taxed ten cents a bushel. He must have iron for his farming utensils, which has paid a tax of a dollar and a quarter a hundred, and various other articles which he must consume in his family which the owner of the farm can entirely dispense with, because he has nothing to do but live on his income. These facts the people ought to take into consideration; and if, on examination, it should be found that the poor are paying more than their share of taxes under the present system, it will be their own fault if they do not effect a reformation. I do not want any person to take my word, but just take the trouble to examine for themselves. The study of the laws and institutions of this country would afford a very agreeable and profitable amusement for our leisure hours, and would enable us to judge correctly on all subjects concerning our interests and welfare. It is of but little benefit to us to govern ourselves if we do not take the trouble to inform ourselves of the nature, bearing, and effect that all laws will have on our condition. So long as the working people remain ignorant of the laws and institutions of the country, just so long will the rich and cunning be able to throw the burden of supporting the Government, on their shoulders, while the rich and influential will enjoy all the benefits of the Government without bearing its burdens. ANTI-TARIFF.

Portsmouth, Nov. 1st.

From the N. Y. Herald of Oct. 23. HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

We have received some very important intelligence from Vera Cruz. Our dates if the 6th instant. It is, that that harbor was entirely closed. No foreign vessels were allowed to enter or depart, until the 17th, as the government was engaged in fitting out a secret expedition, the destination of which was unknown. It was believed, however, to be intended for the invasion of Texas by sea. If this supposition be correct, we shall soon hear of stirring events in our vicinity, as Galveston will doubtless be the first point of attack.

There had been eight failures of merchants at Vera Cruz. Official information had been received in the city of Mexico, that General Wall had captured by surprise, San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, taken sixty prisoners, among whom were all the judges of the Supreme Court and also various flags, munitions of war, &c.—This feat was celebrated with pomp and eclat.

President Santa Anna does not intend to assume the command of the army against Texas. He intended to visit the city of Mexico the 1st of October, to spend some time at his country house near Vera Cruz. It is believed that the cabinet will accompany him. It appears to be the fixed determination of the General to increase the army and navy about to operate against Texas.

Considerable pecuniary embarrassments were complained of by the people in all the large towns. A brigade of 2,500 regulars had marched from the city of Mexico towards Xalapa, where it was said they would replace a corps of 3,000 men, intended to invade Yucatan. Much enthusiasm prevails among them. The expedition was to sail from Vera Cruz the day following the arrival of the troops from Xalapa, which will be about the 5th or 6th of October.

On the 21st, two battalions of infantry left the city of Mexico for Vera Cruz; they numbered about 2,000 men, and have some fine pieces of artillery with them.

A Mexican General was about to leave Vera Cruz on a special mission to Yucatan. He was instructed to bring about a reconciliation and union between Mexico and Yucatan. Should he fail therein, he was to take command of the 3,000 men from Xalapa, and sail with them in the fleet for Campeche.

The Mexican squadron has received no reinforcements of late from Spain or England. It consists of two steamers, two brigs, and three schooners, with provisions for three months, designed to cruise before the ports of Texas, should their efforts in Yucatan be crowned with success.

PARTY NAMES.

The North American is particularly kind and complimentary upon the subject of party distinctions, and insists upon it that they who call themselves democrats, are little more than 'ballyrag squatters,' seizing upon a property to which they have no right, and retaining it 'in spite of law and honor.' This is certainly a very bad state of things, and one can hardly be surprised that the North American, under the strong conception it both groans and wails, 'should be both sulky and indignant. These 'ballyrag squatters' have of late been death upon the coons, and, as Young has it, 'sighs and groans by nature spring from pain.' It was once, however, pretended by the class of journals to which the North American belongs, that the majority made all the difference. In 1840, we remember: when hard ciderism swept the land, there was not a coon to be found who did not cry aloud 'we (the coons) are the democracy!' Now, although we do not admit that the application of such a rule as this is to be considered decisive—our claim to be considered democrats rests upon a more solid foundation—yet it would not be amiss to give our opponents a glimpse of the force of those whom they effect contemptuously to regard as 'locofocos,' and this we find already done to our hands by the subjoined extract from an article in the Globe, after alluding to the derogatory epithets applied to the democratic party, says that our opponents, in making out the brief of the decisions of the people—the arbiter of character and authority in this country—are compelled, by their usage, to parade the chronicle in this fashion: Louisiana.—Locofoco Governor elected by a large majority. Alabama.—Locofoco Governor and Legislature by a large majority. Georgia.—Locofoco Governor and Legislature, and Congressmen, by a large majority. South Carolina.—Locofoco Governor and Legislature elected almost by an unanimous vote. North Carolina.—Locofoco Senate and House of Representatives elected by a large majority. Virginia.—Locofoco Senate and House of Representatives elected by a large majority.

Delaware.—Locofoco local officers elected by a majority unprecedented in the past history. Pennsylvania.—Locofoco Senate and House elected by a large majority. New Jersey.—Locofoco popular majority of 3,000 votes. The Federal power maintained in the Legislature by its own infamous and fraudulent gerrymandering. Connecticut.—Locofoco Governor, Senate, and House elected by a large majority. Maine.—Locofoco Governor, Senate, and House, elected by a large majority. Ohio.—Locofoco Governor, Senate, and House, elected by a large majority. Indiana.—Locofoco majority on joint ballot elected to the Senate and House. Illinois.—Locofoco Governor, Senate and House, elected by a large majority. Missouri.—Locofoco Governor, Senate, House, and Congressmen, elected by a large majority. Arkansas.—Locofoco Governor, Senate, & House elected by a large majority.

It must certainly be confessed that there is a good deal of 'locofoco' here—that the 'ballyrag squatters,' by the voice of the people, hold the reins of government in a very considerable number of the states: But the coons, in the majesty of their might, having Vermont and Kentucky to give weight to their decisions, have come to the conclusion that the great majorities have not the slightest right to respectful treatment—that they shall have no name but one of detestation, and that they are altogether 'spurious,' as the North American styles our democracy. It is indeed a melancholy thing to be thus blackballed—to undergo this 'stampede' from the angry hoofs of indignant coons; but still we shall be able 'in some part of our heart to find a drop of patience' to enable us to sustain the infliction, by remembering that things are settled in these republics by votes not words. If Jaffier's wish were realized and our opponents could find a curse to kill with, 'democracy' would have been unconsciously dead a long time ago.—Pennsylvanian.

GROANS OF THE WOUNDED.

The coon-editor attributes the total rout of his brethren in Ohio "to their utter negligence, they having staid away from the polls."

The Albany Evening Journal will have it that the efforts made under the auspices of Mr. Clay, failed to reach the people—which means, we infer, either that the Kentucky marksman aimed above or below the heads of the masses, or that he did not "pick his fire."

The Daily Advertiser, on the contrary, lays the blame at the doors of the people themselves, who, it says, were stupid enough to regard the course of the 'coons in this state last fall, in staying at home, as an example rather than a warning—and seems to scout the idea that Mr. Clay made a "dash in the pan" of it.

The New York American throws the responsibility of the reverse upon the Abolitionists—pointing the finger of reproach at them for their fidelity to their principles and their candidates!

The New York Tribune, with more candor than the rest, confesses that the revolutionary disruption of the Legislature by the 'coon minority, had its effect upon a "great many Whigs," who, it says, absented themselves from the polls, "from their extreme aversion to any thing savoring of anarchy or resistance to constitutional power, and their apprehension that this act, if sustained, would be drawn into a precedent subversive of lawful government and productive of turbulence and disorder."

The York Commercial Advertiser finds some consolation in the result in Ohio, because it has resulted in "the death of 'that same old coon'" and "hopes to hear no more of this childish foolery."—Troy Budget.

ANOTHER COLD BATH FOR THE COONS.

The Rochester Daily Advertiser contains a correspondence between certain friends of the administration in that city and the Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of War. The gentleman referred to called upon Mr. Spencer for an explanation of the course of the administration and an exposition of its policy, and in reply he has furnished them with a letter which fills nearly seven columns of the Advertiser, in which he defends the President on every point on which he has been attacked by the Clay party, even more fully and directly than the same service has been performed by Messrs. Webster and Cushing. In fact, Mr. Spencer comes out a decided Democrat, and severs the ties which have heretofore bound him to the Whig party.

THE NEW PARTY—COONS AND COONISM.

The coons have thus heretofore sailed under eagles belying their principles, they are now going on the other track, with their expressive ensign nailed to the mast. They have tried deception without success, and now intend to be honest in this respect for a while, to see which is the best policy. The name of coon is the first truly descriptive name, our opponents ever assumed. It is one impossible to disguise, and therefore, unlike the others, it can suffer no dishonor or degradation at their hands.

The natural racoon and the political coon in their respective worlds, are prototypes, or reflections of each other. Naturalists describe the racoon as an amalgamation of many animals in one—'Multa juncta in uno.' In that famous work on New York zoology, bearing the imprint of Thurloe Weed, and published by authority of the State, the animal in question is 'quaintly described' as having the limbs of a bear, the body of a badger, the head of a fox, the nose of a dog, the tail of a cat, the paws of a monkey, and the flavor of a skunk; it has besides a broad black patch across both eyes, and its tail is annulated with alternate rings of black and white; it is a restless mischievous animal, occasionally committing great ravages in barn-yards."

How appropriate an emblem! could there be anything more graphically descriptive of the jarring incongruous elements of the late Whig and now coon party! Who can mistake the political coon after this! See what a faithful picture of a coon Congress that same old coon embodies; cats and dogs, bears and badgers, monkeys and skunks, mewing, barking, growling, snarling, chattering and fuming, all together in one indescribable union for the sake of it. Bank, abolition, assumption, debt, distribution, protection, antimasonry, amalgamation and free trade, all mixed up in one entire animal, with head, body, limbs, nose, tail, tooth and toe-nails, all complete. How delightfully that same old coon indicates the versatile and congenial conduct of that party, which approaches its opponents with the sneaking pilfering propensities of a badger; which whines like a cat over American victories, and becomes as lively as a monkey at the triumph of her enemies; which while it puts on the surliness of a bear towards the President, sinks to the servility of a dog towards a foreign queen; and resorts to the cunning of a fox to invent a fiscality relying on its faculties as a skunk, to give it an odor of nationality.

The black patch over both eyes indicates an un-common degree of generous candor; the whitey-black tail is admirably calculated to keep the abolitionists in countenance in the North, while the fox-head expressively winks unutterable things for the South. This unique animal it must also be observed, has little regard for agriculturalists, as we will be sadly disappointed if we look for very thriving barn yards under the coon system of protection. If commerce thrives at the first of his annulated tail, it will little profit the mercantile interest: even the manufacturers are significantly cautioned not to re-

ly too much upon his professions, for with that eye patch he can be excused for 'going it blind,' in any kind of mischief.

As the natural coon unites all the sneaking nocturnal beasts of prey in one unique animal, so the political coon would seem to comprehend all that is stealthy, voracious, surlly and corrupt in the political world. The selection of this new cognomen, reflects great credit on the candor and taste of the party that bears it. Who is the man entitled to the credit! don't all the underwoods speak at once. How clearly it shadows forth the undefinable principles of the party. As Sam Weller says, 'the coincidence is very remarkable.'—Plebian.

Vote for Governor, FOR THE YEARS 1840 AND 1842.

Table with columns for Counties, 1840, and 1842. Rows list various counties and their respective votes for candidates.

Total 145,423 129,312 130,369 123,754 5,295 129,312 120,369

Corwin's maj 16,130 Shannon's maj 4,012

PRINTING OFFICE FOR SALE.

The Circleville Watchman has the following: TO THE CRAFT. "A good Printing establishment can be purchased, on easy terms, by making application (post paid) to the editor of this paper, or to Samuel McClure, Esq. Leesburg, Highland county, O. Editors, with whom we exchange, will confer a favor by noticing this in their respective papers."

BANKRUPT STATISTICS.

The number of persons in the United States who have already applied for the benefit of the Bankrupt law, is estimated at 25,000. The following is a list of some of them: Maine, to September 1st, 2,500 New Hampshire, do 1,200 Kentucky, to October 1st 2,000 Connecticut, do do 1,050 Ohio, to September 1st, 1,200 New York, do 5,000 The expenses of getting certificates for the whole number is estimated at 1,300,000, and their whole available assets are estimated at 500,000 only. The amount of debt repudiated is estimated at 200,000,000. This is a new way of paying old debts, devised by a 'coon skin Congress and put into operation by the vote of Henry Clay. It is practical agrarianism carried out to its fullest extent—enabling the profligate to obtain the property of the industrious without an equivalent.—Chil. Adv.

SESSION OHIO STATESMAN.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that a session paper will be published at Columbus, during the session of the legislature, on the following terms. Daily paper for the session, \$3 00 Tri-weekly, 1 50 Semi-weekly, 1 00 Weekly, 50

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

This much abused measure for securing the public money from the avaricious grasp of bankers and abjectors would command about double as many votes as a United States Bank.—Let the Democracy once more raise the standard of an Independent Treasury, and a final separation of Bank and State, and Victory will perch on their banner in 1844.—Chil. Adv.

ITEMS.

Col. Stone of the N. Y. Com. Adv. has been... The President holds the 'purse and sword' because the feds in Congress repealed the Sub Treasury. The Democrats have repealed the 'coons'!

The mightiest works of matter fade as do a dream before the imperishable mind itself... The mightiest works of matter fade as do a dream before the imperishable mind itself, the cloud capped towers, the pyramids, the grey chronicles of unknown centuries, how little do they indicate the power of mind.

THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEATH BLOW. The public will please observe that no Brandreth's Pills are genuine unless the box has three labels upon it... 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.

THE HANDSOMEST AND CHEAPEST PERIODICAL FOR THE YOUNG. Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette. 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.'

THE SCOTO 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.