

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS & ROBERT H. MILLER,

"Willing to Praise but not Afraid to Blame."

PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME I.

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WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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Letters addressed to the Editors must be POST-PAID to receive attention.

PAINFUL EVENT.

We are deeply pained to announce the death in this place on Sunday last, of Mrs. JANE CURD, wife of Dr. Isaac Curd, and the beloved mother of the publisher of this paper. It appears that at a very early hour, say about six o'clock, and whilst the Doctor, who is an early riser himself, was absent at his office in town, she proceeded to the well, which contained about 15 or 20 feet of water, and deliberately cast herself in. The fact was soon known, and but a brief interval had elapsed before the recovery of her body, it was too late to render effectual the means that were used for her restoration. Her heart had ceased to beat. Her spirit had winged its flight to other climes.—Fulton (Mo.) Tel.

The \$200,000 Loan advertised for by the State Officers of New York, to bear an interest of six per cent. has been taken. \$735,000 were offered. The \$200,000 taken was as follows:

Wm. Fowler,	\$7,000	4 60 100
R. H. King,	25,000	4 26 100
Watts Sherman,	120,000	5 28 100
Savings Bank, New York,	48,000	4 56 100

\$200,000

The stock, it will be seen, was taken at a premium of nearly five per cent. For the \$209,980.80. This Loan, which could not be taken previously to the settlement of the Oregon question, has been thus readily grasped at.

Mr. McLane, Minister to London, is to return home as speedily as arrangements can be made.

How to PUT A STOP TO THE WAR.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune has discovered an infallible plan for stopping the Mexican War. He says all that is required is a general movement of the Whig party in favor of "Old Rough and Ready" for next President, and the thing is done. Polk and his Cabinet will take precious good care that peace is made before Gen. Taylor has a chance for another pitched battle.—Whig (Tenn.) Cour.

SPECIE.—Eighty-three thousand dollars in specie was received here yesterday from the Land Offices above. J. A. Helfenstein, the Receiver Milwaukee, brought down, on the steamer Galea, \$35,000; Thos. Dyer, the Receiver at Chicago, brought down, on the same boat, \$28,000; and Gen. Van Antwerp, the Receiver at Fairfield Iowa, brought down, on the Laclade, \$20,000—all of which was deposited in the State Bank of Missouri.—Rep'n.

The popularity of Mr. Cobden, the great leaguer, almost rivals that of Peel, and by way of testimonial for his services, Manchester and the other great commercial and manufacturing towns are collecting subscriptions, to present him a fund, the amount of which will probably exceed £100,000. Mr. George Wilson, the Chairman of the League, is also to receive £10,000 out of its funds. Dr. Lardner is preparing a philosophical work to be called "Five Years in America."

FEMALE SMOKERS.—Three ladies, apparently of the "upper ten" class, says a New York paper, accompanied by three gentlemen, were promenading the upper part of Broadway, on Saturday night, each smoking a regular. They should now have paddle boxes attached, or screw propellers, and they would become the regular steamers of good society.

THE "AD VALOREM" PRINCIPLE.

The following emphatic expression of opinion as to the fundamental principle of the new Tariff bill is taken from an article in a daily journal in the city of New York, entitled the morning Telegraph.

"And here we would say, that we have not yet met the first man belonging to the Democratic party in this city engaged in the ordinary pursuits of industry, who has not strenuously objected to the new duties. To the minds of persons of practical experience, this principle seems fraught with injury. It cannot be doubted that the foreign manufacturers of goods will take care that the value of their imports shall be estimated as low as possible, in order of course to compete with the American article of the same description, and by this means the Government will be a loser pro tanto of the anticipated revenue. Nor do we see how we are to escape this consequence. For if a remedial power of valuation by our own appraisers is retained, the values will always depend on a glutted or bare market. There will be no certainty in prices of foreign and domestic articles thus brought into competition, at the caprice of the foreign manufacturer, through his agent here, and the regular pursuit of the merchant will be subject to various fluctuations, against which no sagacity can provide."

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Breese, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported the Graduation Bill from the House, with amendments; which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Lewis attempted to get up the Sub-treasury Bill, but failed. The yeas and nays were called, and stood—yeas 22, nays 20.

The River and Harbor Bill was then taken up—the amendments of the Committee concurred in, and the bill ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Niles made a long and able speech against the passage of the tariff bill. The Senate adjourned.

The proceedings of the House were not important.

CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The Washington Correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, states that Col. Taylor, a brother of Gen. Taylor, who married Judge McLean's daughter, says of the General that he could not be induced to allow his name to be used in connection with the Presidency; and, at the proper time, will make a public declaration to that effect, and exercise whatever influence he has in favor of John McLean, for he has often been heard to say, "he would give his right hand to see that pure and great man President of the United States."

The writer farther favors the public with his opinion that the names of McLean and Mangum "are now spreading like wildfire" all over the country, that the people are already forming on this organization. He adds: "they are emphatically the candidates of the people, and not of the politicians; hence their strength above all others; McLean will go into the canvass, backed by Mr. Clay's influence, by that of Gen. Taylor, and his own extensive popularity and purity of character."

An Extract from Cotton's History of the Hon. Henry Clay.

"In respect to Mr. Clay's character as a neighbor and a citizen, they can best speak among whom he has had his domicile for nearly a half a century. It is certainly remarkable, that in these particulars his political opponents have never been able to say aught against him. It is in these relations that men's faults are first seen. The nearer men approach to Ashland, the brighter does the character of its illustrious proprietor shine. It is in Kentucky that people know how to honor him. It is in Fayette County that they regard him a patriot of pure fame.—It is in Lexington that men never dare to offer him offence. It is within sight of Ashland that all uncover in his presence, and youth and children look up to him with veneration and love. He captivated the public mind, when he first came among them, by the qualities of his heart, by his manners, and by the fascinations of his eloquence, and has held it under an unbroken chain, by the continued display of those virtues and powers which first installed him in their affections. Old men and young; matron and maiden, girls and boys, all feel the power of his character and name. They know him, though he cannot know them, and it is only accident that occasionally develops the extent of their regard."

"PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN"

No party has ever been organized in the United States, that went more exclusively, and more zealously for principles than the present Locofoco party. Men are only used by the party, as the instruments through whom to carry out, and make a display of their real principles. For instance, they are fixing up the jail of this county with men of their party, but their principles will be kept in lively exercise, by others who run at large. Some are in for stabbing, some for threatening to take life, and some for one thing and some for another. Still, the "work goes bravely on," because Democracy is progressive.—Jonesborough (Tenn.) Whig.

A COMPARISON.—A cotemporary makes the following interesting calculations, which every man should ponder upon. Congress he says, has now been in session more than seven months—some 220 days—at \$3 per diem; making over and above the compensation for mileage, some \$1760 for each member; which, before they adjourn, will be increased to \$2000. The soldier who, during the same period, has been upholding the honor of our arms upon the Rio Grande, and amid peril, privation and suffering, with death constantly looking in upon him, and nothing so far as Congress is concerned, but their barren vote of gratitude to cheer him in the performance of duty—received, during the same period, \$64!

Marrying a lady for her beauty, is like eating a bird for his singing.

Miss ELLEN M. COCKEY, of John and Thomas Forest, Baltimore county, presented to Mr. Adams, a few weeks ago, a pair of knit gloves. In acknowledging their reception, the "old man eloquent" penned the following lines:

Who shall say that public life,
Is nothing but discordant strife?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must what his talons might and day,
For conflicts with the birds of prey?

This world is fashioned, Lady fair!
Of Joy and Sorrow Ease and Care;
Of sudden changes, small and great;
Of upward and of downward fate;
And whose bends his mood to trace
The annals of our fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man.
But nature cruel, to be kind,
Not a war only man consigned;
But gave him woman on the spot.
To mingle pleasure in his lot;
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nigh four score summers from my birth;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother men been dealt;
And all the ills I have endured,
By man inflicted—woman cured.
The glove from man to man, thou know'st,
Of fierce defiance is the boast;
And, cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door;
But gloves from woman's gentle hand
Of cordial friendship bear the wand;
And in return, a single glove
Betokens emblematic love.

Thy gift, fair Ellen, then, I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake.
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, my heart alike shall warm;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A GHOST STORY.

BY A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

The life of a physician brings him in contact with many strange events, and that of country practitioners is often made up of as great variety of incidents as the city could afford.

The following incident the writer of this can vouch for as having occurred as related, and if it did not turn out "real ghost" at least it came very near being one. The initials only of the parties are given.

Dr. G— was the principal physician in the village of S— in Massachusetts. He has been attending an infant child of a young couple, whose residence was a mile from the village, but the child died and was buried, and the mother was more than usually afflicted at the loss of her first born.

One night a week or two after the burial of the child, the worthy doctor was riding at a late hour past the village burying ground. The moon was shining brightly and a cool March wind was whistling through the tops of a couple of tall pines which ornamented the grave yard. (Some Vandal hand had since destroyed them.) The doctor was musing upon we know not what—when suddenly his old white horse picked up his ears and began to snort in a very unusual manner. The doctor looked around but could not discover anything. The nag, with instinct mere acute, began to shy away from the old grave yard fence, as if he had no intention of coming in contact with any spirits which might walk there. The doctor was not superstitious, he got off his horse and climbed the fence into the grave yard, to see what had frightened his staid and steady animal.

The doctor was a man not easily frightened, but it must be confessed that his hair almost stood up, and clutched the end of his riding whip convulsively, as he looked and saw among the tall white tomb-stones a figure in white, with long disheveled hair, kneeling beside a new made infant's grave. The figure was rocking to and fro, as if in pain or grief, and was so near him that he could see that its white drapery was scanty and the cold wind tossed the long hair about wildly. A moment, and his resolution was formed. Carefully and firmly he approached and spoke, but he received no answer.—He laid his hand gently upon the figure; it was evidently flesh and blood. The Doctor felt relieved. The second look told him that it was a female, clad, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, in a thin night dress. She was asleep! It was the young mother at the grave of her infant child. Her mind had been so wrought upon by its death that even when sleeping she was not perfectly mistress of her actions.—She had risen from her bed and walked more than a mile from her residence to the burial ground, walking, and, as may be supposed, was horribly frightened when she found herself among the tombs. The good Doctor quieted her fears, and wrapping her in his ample cloak and placing her behind him upon the horse, returned with her to her residence. Her husband had not awakened during her absence, and could scarcely believe the story which the doctor told him.

The York (Pa.) Advertiser says that the following Toast was drunk in that place on Thursday evening, by a prominent leader of the Democratic party. It needs no comment:

"Here's to Gen. Taylor—May he live to see many happy days, and after his death may he be immortalized and as to Gen. Scott, may he sink into oblivion, and be ~~dead~~—~~forever!~~"

From the Eaton (Michigan) Bugle.

JOHN S. CHIPMAN.

"We have thus long held silence, in regard to this God forsaken villain, simply because he is the representative in Congress of a large dominant party in this district; and if we said aught against him, it would immediately be set down as a political attack, and be seized upon, by political hucksters, as a grievous charge upon our neutrality.—But to longer refrain from posting this villain to the world, would be a violation of our own conscience, and an omission of duty to our readers.

"We have been so heartily ashamed of the course pursued by this fellow in Congress during the past winter, that we never gave any Congressional news that had the name of John S. Chipman attached to it in any shape, either as mover advocate, or voter.—As if regardless of self-respect he has done little else than act the buffoon, cut antics for others to laugh at, and give the world to believe that his constituents were little else than the harem scream of creation. His course has been noted by the letter writers throughout the Union; and his name has become a by-word for folly, ignorance, and buffoonery among the circles at Washington.

"All these things are sufferable, because hope bids us bide our time, when we shall have an opportunity of staying his career at the ballot box. But there is a charge preferred against him by an insulted people, an outraged morality, that nothing but the purifying fires of a holy God are sufficient to avenge. John S. Chipman has exiled himself, by his nefarious acts, beyond the pale human sympathy.

"The substance of his crowning act of wickedness is this. During the term of St. Joseph county court, preceding the last Congressional election in this State, Chipman applied for a bill of divorce from his wife, Frances W. Chipman, charging her with adultery. A charge as false as falsehood could invent. Those who are acquainted with Mrs. Chipman, say, she is a high-minded, honorable woman, far above even suspicion. Immediately after the election, Chipman came to his wife, and told her he had been deceived, that now he had full confidence in her; more, if anything, than he ever had, before; that he had withdrawn his bill for a divorce; and he wished her to prepare herself, and start on to Ct. and visit her friends, and in a few weeks he would be on after her, on his way to Washington, and take her along with him. This apparent restoration of confidence, healed up the broken spirits of his wife. She accordingly prepared herself and proceeded on to Connecticut to await his arrival. Scarce was she out of sight, before Chipman entered into court, and by the hard swearing of a vile prostitute, whom he had introduced into his family as a servant, Judge Ransome immediately granted the divorce. That same night Chipman and his rotten, perjured strumpet, started off for Mishawaka, Indiana, and were married! He immediately returned to Centerville, his place of residence, made arrangements with his brother to dispose of his property, and started on to Washington city. Arrangements were made, we understand, in Centerville and Kalamazoo to tar and feather him; but he eluded them, and made a safe escape out of the State. The utmost feeling of indignation was felt, by the citizens of that section of country, against the vile renegade, yet there has not been a paper in the southern counties which has dared to whisper a word in regard to the facts. Oh! craven hearted cowardice.

"When the true state of the case was known, some lawyers in Kalamazoo immediately went into court, and moved for a vacation of the divorce, and then started to Washington and served the papers upon Chipman. This spring the divorce has been vacated and annulled and every hour that J. S. Chipman continues to live with that scoundrel, he is liable to be committed to the Penitentiary, and most undoubtedly will be if he ever returns to this State. But it is currently believed, that it is his intention never to return. God grant he never may.

"Mrs. Chipman has returned home this spring, and was entirely unaware of what had happened. She had waited with all patience for her husband to come on for her according to agreement, but he came not.—She had not heard one word from him, either verbally or by letter, and has returned home to know what was the matter. She is described as being the most perfect picture of despair that human eyes has ever seen. "The cup of his iniquity is full."

THE DIVINE MERCY.

We should learn to comfort ourselves in this, that while we are under our minority, we are under the mercy of a Father—a mercy of conversion by His Providence, giving us all good things richly to enjoy, even all things necessary unto life and godliness—a mercy of protection, defending us by power from all evil—a mercy of education and instruction, teaching us by his word and spirit—a mercy of communion many ways, familiarly conversing with us, and manifesting himself to us—a mercy of guidance and government, by the laws of his family—a mercy of discipline, fitting us by fatherly chastisements, for those further honors and employments he will advance us unto. And when our minority is over, and we once are come to a perfect man, we shall then be actually admitted unto that inheritance immortal, invisible, and that fadeth not away, which the same mercy at first purchased, now prepareth and receiveth for us.—Reynolds.

WHO PAYS?

When millions and tens of millions are spent in warlike preparations, and a heavy national debt stares us in the face, it is natural to inquire, who pays? The only answer is that the people pay; the working and producing classes pay. All the expenses of the war must come out of the labor, industry and property of the country, and fall heavily on business. The honest working men, either directly, pay the greatest portion of the costs of war. If the money be raised in the first instance by loans, treasury notes, or duties on importation, it must ultimately be all paid indirectly by the mass of the people.—St. Louis New Era.

DOMESTIC GLAZING.—Putting old hats and breeches in broken windows.

THE BURIAL: A FRAGMENT.

BY THEOPHILUS FISK.

It was summer. The sun shone proudly down upon the gay mist that rose above the billows—the blushing charms of Spring were passed, and the summer glow of loveliness had succeeded.—The woodlands were gay and beautiful—for nature had clothed them in all her surpassing splendors. The mountain stream now run, now rippled, now curled with its silver eddies, glad sparkling in the sun-beam—now smoothly flowed along its ever-varying bed, toward its quiet home "in the world of waters." The birds warbled as sweetly in their green bowers of bliss, as if signs and tears were a thing unknown.

There was joy on earth—the twittering swallow, as it darted along in sunshine and shade, heeded not the bitter wailing of affliction and distress—the wild bird in its noiseless flight, softly silent as falls the snow-flake, seemed unmindful of woe, as it flashed its wing across the vision, like a thought of a dream during the hushed hours of midnight, and vanished as suddenly. To the sight of their joyous felicity brought no gladness—the sounds of their mirth fell cold upon the heart—it seemed but bitter mockery; and spoke of days departed. The bright and laughing skies seemed insensible that they were smiling over ruin and decay; that one of hope's fairest, sweetest flowers, had drooped and died; and that now—even now—was to be laid in the earth's cold bosom.

I had seen the child in its guileless beauty, when it was a thing all glowing with health, innocence, and joy—I had seen it folded in the arms of her that bore it, in all the overwhelming fondness of a mother's love. But now her first born blessing—her first, last, and only one, slept—not on the soft bosom of a mother's tenderness—but with the quiet and peaceful dead! Death, death! how lovely canst thou be! Though pale and lifeless, it wore a smile passionless and pure, as the cherub of immortality—it had nothing of the corpse about it, but its whiteness—nothing of the grave, but its silence. So beautiful it seemed—like the sportive lamb, decked with a flowery garland for the sacrifice—I could fain have lain down by its side in the cold bosom of our common mother, in the dark and silent valley.

Thou weepst, childless mother. Ah, well thou mayest, the son of God wept at the tomb of his friend—and thou mournest thy first-born. Hard is it for thee to lay thy loved one in the damp earth; beneath the cold clouds of the valley—hard is it to reflect that this, thy child of peerless beauty, will never more raise its rosy lips to thine, in all the fondness of childhood's warm affection. Ah! these are recollections that weigh upon the soul, even to overpowering. Memory tells thee thou art desolate—it tells too of playful smiles—of a thousand soft and winning ways that twine around the mother's heart—it tells of the sweet wild throbbings of unspeakable bliss; that were thine when softly soothing it to slumber and repose. Now the foliage of the cypress will be its shelter, and the narrow house its abiding place—the nursery will no more resound with its gladsome mirth—the cradle in which it had so often reposed in quiet, is now desolate. Thou weepst, childless mother.

The last look. The time is come when she must gaze once more upon her sleeping boy, ere the pall is settled upon his lifeless brow. "Oh! the bitter agony of that moment—one long agonizing kiss upon his marble forehead, and he is shut from her view. In the fulness of her grief she says—

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie,
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye—
Pillowed upon thy mother's breast,
Serenely sinking into rest.

Thou wert lovelier than the morn of May
Possessed the brightest charms that youth adorns;
But all those beauties now have passed away,
And all who knew them once are left to mourn.

The opening rose bloomed here a little while—
Smiling serene beneath a summer's sky—
But can no more a mother's sigh beguile,
Or wipe the tear from pale affliction's eye.

For God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl beneath the deep!

Look abroad, fond mother, upon the ways of sinful men, and repine no more that God hath made thy child an angel of bliss. Now his song mingles with the thanksgiving of the blest—sanctified, safe and secure from the stormy blasts of iniquity, with Him who is from everlasting! The long train of weeping friends gathered around a fresh dug grave. The coffin was lowered into its final resting place, in the vale of solitude and silence—the spirit of him who was so lately here, had long ere this, crossed the dark waters—and is safely landed upon the flowery coast of a world of fadeless bloom!

GEM FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

In this life Christians must not only expect to do God's will but also to suffer it; and the latter is often more difficult than the former. *Vincitur qui patitur.* To be spoken of wrongfully and not retaliate, to endure much affliction "in mind, body, and estate," and still to preserve our integrity, is what very few attain. But it is by affliction very often that Christian are tried and purified, as gold in the furnace, and thereby prepared for heaven, where, in the language of the prophet, "all tears are wiped away from all eyes."

DETERMINE TO BE USEFUL.

No matter what may be your condition in life; you have an influence, and that influence should always be exerted in a proper way. The young have no right to fold their arms, bury their talent, and become the drones of the social hive. Aim high, but with prudence; act with perseverance; let no obstacle drive you from the path of honor and duty, and you may be sure of eventual success. Riches are not within the reach of all; competence is; and the latter is preferable in every respect to the first. Remember the Deity helps those who help themselves, and utility is the great end of human exertion.