

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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JOB PRINTING.—All orders for Job Work or advertising must be accompanied by the cash, or responsible reference.

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

Plain Talk.—A good many of the Locofoco papers are independent enough to dare to say what they think of the President's veto of the river and harbor bill. The following paragraph from the Michigan Record, a strong Locofoco paper, is very plainly spoken:

"The Washington Union styles the veto of the river and harbor appropriation bill a great measure of internal policy. It should have said internal policy; it would approximate nearer to the policy of President Polk.—The veto of this great western measure was a cowardly, base, and impolitic performance, unbecoming the President of a mighty commercial and agricultural nation; worthy only of a sectional despot of the nullification stamp."

Vice President Dallas.—The friends of this gentleman having asserted that he had Revolutionary blood in his veins, the Philadelphia Sun has taken the trouble to look into the matter, and discovered that his grand father was a "member of his Majesty's (George III) Theatre Royal, in Jamaica," during the Revolutionary War.—So much for the man who gave the casting vote for the British Locofoco Tariff bill in the last Congress, to repeal the American laborer's Tariff act of 1842, passed by the Whigs.

GREAT STORM.—The Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia papers, are filled with accounts of a great storm of rain which flooded that section of the country on the 13th. Large amounts of property were destroyed in the bay, and it was feared that some lives were lost. Several parts of the Magnetic Telegraph, which passes along the railroad, were prostrated, and the communication between Baltimore and Philadelphia suspended. The lines between New York and Philadelphia were also disordered. The gale was felt with some violence at New York. Delaware city, at the mouth of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, was overflowed.

The Hon. S. G. Goodrich, of Boston, better known to the reading world as Peter Parley, is about to visit Europe for a residence of considerable length. The works of Peter Parley are found in almost every habitation at home, and now, at the invitation of publishers in London and Paris, he visits Europe to superintend the reprint of his series in different languages.

We see it stated that there are living now in Boston seven unmarried sisters, daughters of Deacon Jeremiah Jewett, the youngest being just seventy-one years old. They are all looking out for some young bachelor.

REPORT.—"Wife," said a married man looking for his boot jack after she was in bed, "I have places where I keep all my things and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought know where you keep your late hours."

INDIANS.—The steamer Colorado arrived yesterday morning, with three hundred and twenty-five Indians, being a part of the Miami Nation, from Fort Wayne, Indiana. They embarked on the Colorado at Cincinnati, Ohio, accompanied by Francis Lafontaine, the chief of the nation, and Jas. Sinclair, Esq., the U. S. Agent. On their arrival at this port they were landed at Bloody Island, opposite the city, where they will remain until arrangements are made to convey them to Westport, on the Missouri river, back of which, some sixty miles, is the place assigned them for their future residence. About two hundred of the Nation, with the permission of Congress, will remain at Fort Wayne, and Lafontaine, after seeing the present party safely established at their new homes, will return to Indiana, leaving the second chief, Buricette, at their head. Major Samuel Edsell and Mr. Coquilard, are the contractors for their removal.—*Mo. Rep.*

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

We publish the following as an illustration of the philosophy of letter-writing, Maj McCalla, it will be seen, is positive, pointed and sententious. Capt. Tobin is candid, discursive and didactic. The whole, if not trenching on the sublime, belongs at least to the "beautiful."

Treasury Department, 2d Auditors Office, July 31, 1846.

Sir:—You are charged on the books of this office with \$1525, the value of the clothing and blankets furnished for the use of your company, and for which you will be held accountable. In order to relieve yourself from this accountability, you will enter on your first muster roll all articles of clothing and blankets issued to the men under your command, and request the Paymaster to deduct the several amounts from their first payment.

You are also held responsible for the camp and garrison equipage received for your company, until turned over to the U. S. Quartermaster.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
J. M. MCALLA, 2d Auditor.
Capt. G. H. Tobin, Washington Reg't La. Vol.

Treasury Department, 2d Auditors Office, August 8, 1846.

Sir:—By a decision of the Hon. Secretary of War each soldier under your command is entitled to six months' clothing, to the amount of \$21—all over that they are to be charged with. There will be other charges of which you will be informed by this office. You will please consider this letter your guide, in addition to one you received from me of the 31st ult.

Very respectfully,
JNO. M. MCALLA, 2d Auditor.
Capt. G. H. Tobin, La. Volunteers.

New Orleans, Sept. 17, 1846.

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of two favors from you; one dated 31st July, the other 8th August. I can only answer by a yarn.

A countryman of mine was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking fresh eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed—"Be the powers, me frind, ye spoke toolate."

I can only say, sir, that your favors have reached me too late. They have been chasing me through the Mexican Post Offices; that is, to express myself more clearly, when I received them, they (the letters) were down in Mexico and I was up here, and when I didn't receive them, they were up here and I was down there.

The fact is that most of my men have been paid off, and now scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They were mostly sailors, as I was myself. From them (if there be charges) nothing can be expected. The camp and garrison equipage has been turned over to the proper officers, with the exception of sundry axes smashed and placed hors du combat in chopping down amiable chopprals on the banks of the Rio Grande. I except also, the camp kettles and pans, many of which were used up in roasting, boiling, stewing, and frying our pork and beans, bacon and fresh beef, not to speak of the slow version; which some were ill-natured enough to call Mexican beef (may the Lord forgive them).

For my responsibility, in the matter, I regret more on Uncle Sam's account than on my own, that I am not worth a continental dime. I have been not only paid, but I believe overpaid by about \$40. My conscience compelled me to remonstrate with the Paymasters, but they assured me that they made no mistakes, (Bank Tellers sometimes say the same.) I considered their feelings and indulged them. However, I made a good use of the money. I gave it to the sick and unpaid soldiers.

Most of the other Captains are in the same fix with myself (barring the overpay) about responsibility, and refer to my epistle as an answer.

If you have any further communications for me, please direct to the care of Maj. Gen. John L. Lewis, N. O. I seldom go to the Post Office, because I have nobody to correspond with, and yet I am not the man who never had a father nor mother, but was "won in a raffle."

Very respectfully,
G. H. TOBIN, Capt. Co' D.
Washington Regiment La. Vol.

John M. McCalla, 2d Auditor.

P. S.—I don't know whether to sign myself Captain, ex-Captain, or late Captain. I was a Captain.

WORKING GIRLS.

Happy girls!—who can but love them? With cheeks like the rose—bright eyes and elastic step—how cheerfully they go to their work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast with these contented, cheerful, smiling girls, those who do nothing but sigh all day and live only to follow the fashions—who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear—who are languid and sick and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing a long, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly. They have no affectation—no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not a painted, fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they miss it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and soiled skins, and put on a thousand airs—they would give worlds for the situation of the despised working ladies, who are so far above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise, then ye who have made fools of yourselves, though late, to live and act as human beings, as companions to immortal man, and not playthings and dolls. In no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existence.—*Portland Tribune.*

From the Boston Post.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY JAMES STEPHENSON, M. D.

FAREWELL to my home and its once happy hearth!

Farewell to thee, Erin! thou land of my birth— I leave thy green valleys and wander from thee. To seek for a home in the Land of the Free.

As o'er the wide waters the vessel shall ply, And the bills in the distance shall fade from my eye,

Afar and afar as each billow shall roll, A sigh for thy beauties shall sadden my soul.

Fair Land of my Love, where my childhood was nursed,

By Nature embellished; by tyranny cursed, Though stern necessity, bids me depart,

Thou never, oh! never, shall fade from my heart!

See! the signal for sailing yet still would I gaze On the rocks which I climbed in happier days, Where I watched for the sea bird and looked on the shore.

As it waked to the rush of the ocean's dread roar!

But the breeze and the billow forbid the delay, The sail is unfurled, away and away I wander forever, green Erin from thee,

To seek for a home in the Land of the Free.

THE PRINTER AND THE MERCHANT.

A Yankee printer went to a southern village, some years ago, and started a small weekly paper. He was poor and had no friends in the place; and the inhabitants looked upon his enterprise in a rather unfavorable light. He called one day upon a wealthy merchant of town to request him to advertise in his paper; saying that money invested in advertisements returns a hundred per cent interest; but the man of tape and broadcloth shook his head, saying that he thought it entirely useless—that he could derive no benefit from advertising in a paper printed in his own town. For the same reason he refused also to become a subscriber. There were about half a dozen merchants in town, and all but the one we have mentioned advertised their goods in the village newspaper. Mr. W. looked upon their "liberality," as he termed it, as downright folly; and boasted that he would sell more goods, without advertising, than any two of them could, with all its advantages.

Time passed on, and Mr. W.'s customers gradually dropped off. His store, which was wont to be thronged with buyers, became neglected and unnoticed. His goods moulded upon the shelves, and even spiders wove their meshes around his unused yard-sticks; and, in a few years, he closed up his business and emigrated to the West. Before leaving, however, he called at the printing office and paid for three years' subscription, and expressed his regret that he had been so foolhardy about advertising. "I firmly believe," said he to the editor, "that if I had advertised my goods when you started your paper; I would now be doing a flourishing business, and worth at least twenty thousand dollars more than I am. But its too late now—the others have got ahead of me, and I must make a new start. I am going to the West; and when I commence business there, I shall act upon your advice as the most valuable experience I have gained in mercantile affairs. You were right when you said that money invested in advertisements returns a hundred per cent interest. I will take that secret with me, and advertise in every paper in the State."

Mr. W. is now one of the most extensive dealers in the West. You can scarcely read a western newspaper without seeing an advertisement of his house. He has realized a splendid fortune, and attributes his success chiefly to his manner of advertising—and we understand that he has inscribed upon every set of books he opens, the words of the Yankee printer: *Money invested in advertisements returns a hundred per cent. interest.—Potosi (Mo.) Prospect.*

PASSING GENERATIONS.

The pulse and hearts of a thousand generations have ceased to beat and throb with the business and cares of earth, and active amid its busy scenes. They had their joys and their sorrows. They fitted as we do, across life's busy stage, and disappeared forever behind the curtain of mortality. They are gone. The winds of centuries have swept over their graves. As it was with them, so it will be with us. Live while you live.

"Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, have felt as we feel, and their feelings were as powerful as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn; that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left to darkness. And it may be for a short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our name.

Some poet has worked out the following elegant specimen of literature and rhyme—

O! Sally, 'tis my chief delight,
To gaze upon your eyes bright,
My love for you by gosh surpasses,
The love I feel for rum and lasses.

THE WEALTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

The progress of the mechanic arts in this country, and the constantly increasing and continental development of the inventive genius of our own enterprising and skilful mechanics, are distinctive and happy features in the policy and measures of our government, by which the energies and efforts of thinking and acting men are encouraged and fostered, and intelligent, scientific, and highly gifted minds brought to bear and operate upon the subject of improvement in all the great and diversified arts, designs and occupations of social life.

It cannot be doubted that the inventive powers of the mechanics of the United States, during the last half century, have far exceeded those of any other country, or any other government during the same term of time, and our own free Republic can boast of being the great manufactory for almost every portion of the globe, and the progress of improvement in machinery and the mechanic arts in this country, has almost revolutionized the trade and commerce of the old world. Go to England! visit her ports and mercantile cities, and the product of American skill will meet you at almost every glance. In France, too, American enterprise has forced its way and meets its ready welcome. Spain, also, is willingly receiving at the hands of our mechanics, the avails of their ingenuity and skill, and many are the specimens of American industry which find the way to her distant ports; and still onward, even, "the eternal city" almost beneath the walls of the Vatican, exhibits the fruits of "Yankee" energy and persevering enterprise, while far up the Mediterranean New England sends the product of her looms and manufactures, and the great Autocrat of the North, in the construction of his mammoth railway, holds his thousands of most expert mechanics, under the superintendence of an American engineer.—These facts speak volumes in favor of American ingenuity, and evince not only the power, but also the wealth of the nation; for, we contend that industry well directed, and talent properly encouraged, is the only legitimate source of wealth to any country, and without which the gems of Golconda, the silver mountains of Potosi, or the gold of Mexican mines is comparative poverty; the truth of which assertion the melancholy picture of those half-civilized and degraded countries strikingly manifest.—Who were some of the greatest and best of those names and held in lasting and glorious remembrance not only by their own countrymen, but by the whole civilized and Christianized world? The noble Socrates, the father of Grecian law, was educated a statuary.—Cincinnatus, the ornament of his country, a ploughman; Plato was a painter; Washington a farmer; and Franklin a printer.

Great and glorious are the characters, and honored the names of such men; and who that has toiled at the work-bench of the anvil, or followed the plough and cultivated the soil, but has felt that his employment was ennobled by such illustrious examples? Who but would feel it to be a desecration of his noble calling to exchange it for stock-jobbing and speculation, although a fictitious and unsatisfactory name for wealth might respond to his mercenary efforts? No one, we venture to reply, who feels his true dignity, would thus degrade himself from his honorable station; and we can appeal with pride to the intelligent mechanics and working-men of our land, as the great bone and bulwark of the nation and the true and faithful adherents; their motto, "Industry," and their purpose to excel; they are true, and are the only true representatives of our country, wealth and future glory.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The Fincastle (Va.) Democrat, contains the following sketch of a romantic marriage on the *Natural Bridge*. The description is as picturesque as the scene itself must have been:

"We may truly say that this is an age for change and improvement, and that every day brings something new. By some it is said that ours is a matter-of-fact age, and that the romantic spirit of the knighthood of other days have gone forever, but we challenge the genius of romance in its palmiest days to invest a story of romance with more sublimity and interest than this novel occurrence in real life. On the evening of the 2d September, a gay and merry party of ladies and gentlemen are seen wending their way along the road which leads to the *Natural Bridge*. The farmer stops his plough to gaze upon them as they pass along, and all watch them with an eager eye; for they have been told that it is a bridal party, and they feel an interest in the vows which are paid at Hymen's altar. But the merry party dash onward, alike regardless of the warmth of a September sun, or the remarks of the curious. But in a few hours the whole scene is changed. Nine gentlemen proceeded from the inn at the Bridge, each bearing in his left hand a lighted candle and supporting on his right arm a lovely female figure clothed in white. Behind them walks a tenth, upon whose brow there is a serious, yet pleasing thoughtfulness, and by his side is one whose thoughts seem to be reverting to the happy days of her childhood, to her friends and to the home of her youth which she has left to call her home no more. But she seems happy, for she is about to give away her hand to one whom, next to her God she loves. They reach the summit of the Bridge, where stands a clergyman to perform the rites of marriage. May their love be as enduring as that mighty and majestic work of nature, where, in the presence of God and witnesses, they pledged anew their vows of eternal constancy. And may they whose

"Hearts were thus linked in a heavenly tie,
Live on thro' all ills and love on till they die!"

The Best Yet.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

To You and to Wed.—A lid of 79 married a little girl of 72, in Worcester, on the 16th inst. Where were their mothers and fathers, that such carryings on were allowed?

TREATY WITH THE WINNEBAGO INDIANS.

The Washington Union, of the night of the 14th, announces the conclusion of a Treaty between the United States and the Winnebago tribe of Indians, for the cession of their lands to the United States. The Union thus alludes to its provisions:

The provisions of the treaty which has been concluded will not, we believe, be published in detail (it shall have been submitted to the Senate for ratification). We understand, in general, however, that by its stipulations, the Winnebagoes quitclaim to the United States all the territory which they now inhabit, and to which they have the full title of occupancy. This tract embraces, we believe, about 1,500,000 acres. In addition to this, the Indians cede all the title which they have claim to between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of acres more, being the right to use the same as a hunting ground. This treaty, with that entered into last spring with the Pottawatomies, extinguishes all Indian title whatsoever to lands comprehended in the new State of Iowa. The Indians are to remove from the lands thus conceded within one year. Whatsoever obstacles their presence might therefore, present to the growth of the population, and the development of the resources of the State of Iowa are thus effectually removed.

In consideration of this cession of lands on the part of Indians, the government of the United States undertakes to assign to them a suitable tract of land west of the Mississippi for their new homes. Of this fund which the treaty stipulates to be paid to them, a very considerable proportion, to be by the terms of treaty, to be expended under the direction of the President for their improvement in the arts and occupations of civilized life. A sum is set apart for the establishment of manual labor schools among them: To maintain these establishments among the different tribes, some \$8,000 per annum are, we believe, already appropriated by the treaties of 1832 and 1837. The additional allowance made for this object by the present treaty will secure to the Winnebagoes great facilities for education and improvement. A portion of the fund is also set apart for the purpose of breaking up and fencing the ground in the new territory to which the Indians are to remove. A commencement of agricultural operations will thus be made among them, which it is hoped they may be induced to continue. Another very considerable portion of the consideration money named in the treaty, is to remain in the hands of the government at an interest of 5 per cent, to be paid annually to the Indians, for their use and benefit, through a period of thirty years. Indeed, throughout all the provisions of the treaty, the purpose has been kept steadily in view so to pay and distribute the sum stipulated to the Indians for their lands as best to secure their comfortable subsistence, and to open to them as far as possible opportunities of improvement.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.
WASHINGTON, October 10.

According to a recent official estimate, the charge on the Treasury for the army movements, for the next eight weeks, will be ten millions. As there are now, probably, two or three millions left in the Treasury, Mr. Walker may be able to get along till Congress assembles, with a loss of eight millions.

The Government must and will abandon the Sub-Treasury scheme. Early in the next session, modifications of that system will be proposed. The specie clause will be further postponed, and the banks and bank notes, and bank checks, will be again resorted to by the government.

Some disbursing officers here, received lately from the Treasury, drafts on New York; but they could do nothing with them. They were to make payments, in different places, and both small and large sums, and found themselves, in fact, unable to make the payments. One of them went to New York with his draft and obtained the amount in New York bank notes; but when he arrived here, he found that they would not answer the purpose. In fact, no system but the old one would answer—and that was to deposit in banks, and make payments by checks.

The Winnebagoes are still here, and it is not probable, from present appearances, that they will make any further overtures to their Great Father.

It has been represented to the government recently by one of the trading houses—particularly that of Chouteau & Co.—that they are dealing harshly and unfairly with those Indians; that their lands are worth to the government a million of dollars; that the Indians are moderate enough in demanding only four hundred thousand dollars; and that it will cost more than a million to dispossess the Indians by force.

THE SUB-TREASURY.—Every day, truly remarkable the National Intelligencer, discloses some new consequence of the Subtreasury law, either ridiculous or prejudicial to the public interest.

We copy the annexed paragraph from the *New York Sun*. "What follies, as well as crimes, may not be committed in the name of party?"

LARGER CUSTOM HOUSE.—Gov. Bouck, our new Sub-treasurer, finds himself cramped for room at the Custom House. To count, examine, and weigh all the specie received and paid there, he will require something like six hundred clerks, and almost the whole building. Some of the revenue officers are about to be turned out of their rooms to make way for him and his clerks, from the Schoharie Mountains. A new Subtreasury palace, on the Mexican plan, might be built for him in the park for about three millions of dollars, or double the cost of the Custom House. That would probably be more satisfactory than to knock out the side of the Custom House to get out the specie vaults.

We see no necessity for tearing that building to pieces in the manner proposed. If Mr. Bouck has not room enough, and wishes to remove, let the Government lease a dozen of those new buildings in Broad street for him. It appears to us that it would cost more to tear out the walls of the Custom House to get at the vaults than it would to build new ones.