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The Grave of Lilly.

I.
We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,
And folded her hands on her breast;
And left her at eve in the valley so fair,
O rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail;

For green grows the turf o'er the moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

II.
She sleeps, health the spot she had marked for repose,
Where flowers sweetest blossom in spring;
And zephyr first breathes the perfumes of the rose,
And the birds come at evening to sing;

O rest, Lilly, rest, do.

III.
The wide spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree,
Bend low o'er the place where she lies;
There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,
And the birds come as they do as they do;

O rest, Lilly, rest, do.

IV.
Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
She sleeps with her bosom on her breast;
And the blossoms of summer to rest,
O rest, Lilly, rest, no care can assail;

For green grows the turf o'er the moistened grave,
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

The Reproof.

Whisper it softly, when nobody's near,
Let not these accents fall harsh on the ear,
Slam a blossom too tender and frail,
For the keen blast—the pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently, 'twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely strike in vain;
Threats and reproofs the stubborn may move,
Noble the conquest aided by love.

She has no parent, none of her kin,
Lead her from trust, her from her trust;
Do she lean on thee? cherish the trust;
God to the merciful ever is just.

Gossip about the Empress of France.—

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal at Paris, gives the following account of the French Empress:

The young Empress, whether justly or not, is generally considered to have set the fashion for this rage for novelty, and it is certain that she surrounds herself with the richest and most fantastic adornments of every kind.

Descended from her father's side from one of the noblest families in Spain, she comes also on her mother's from the lowest of the low. Her mother, in her youth, was a *cantiniere*, and followed the army, in that capacity, through all the vicissitudes of the Peninsular war. Being of remarkable beauty, she was of course a great favorite with the soldiers; and at length attracted the notice of an old officer of very high rank, the Count of Montijo, who was also Duke of Leba, and possessor of innumerable other titles and distinctions. So enamored was the Count of his new conquest, that he married her; and at length left her a rich and noble widow.

One of the daughters married the Duke of Alba, the other has become Empress of the French. But in the neighborhood of Seville the Countess's relatives are very numerous and are as completely at the bottom of the social ladder, as her two daughters are at its top.

That a young and very handsome woman, placed in a position which enables her to gratify every fancy, should attach a good deal of importance to her outward ornament that she should set off her beauty with the most elegant dresses and the most ethereal laces, and the costliest jewels, is all very natural, and accordingly, in all the streets of Paris, great gilded letters let into the windows of most important shops, inform the passers that "Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugenie," honors the fortunate establishment with her custom; here for silks, there for laces, here again for cashmere, for flowers, for boots, for jewelry, and so on.

But beside her love for pretty things wherewith to embrace the charms of her own beautiful person, she has the most costly and exquisite equipages, the most wonderful Arabian horses and ponies, (one favorite little turn out she drives herself) the most miraculous furniture, and a series of boudoirs, all fitted up like so many fairy palaces.

One of them is called "The Charm of Evening," fitted up with hangings of amber satin, over which is suspended draperies of the finest lace, (which of course has cost an enormous sum of itself) another is hung with crimson damask, with gilded cornices and every bewitching trifle that could be brought together; a third, called "Day's Delight" (le Bonheur Ju' Tour) is hung with the richest possible blue silk, between panelings of solid silver, which precious material, partly chased, partly burnished, and carved with the most consummate art, replaces the usual wood-work in every part of the room, wainscot, cornice, mantle-piece, window-frames, and doors being all of this metal; but though the apartment is as rich as the boudoir of some Oriental tale, it is ugly, heavy, and exceedingly unbecoming to the complexion.

One day, in making my hospital rounds, says an army surgeon, a patient just arrived, presented as amputated forearm, and in doing so could scarcely restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter? This does not strike me as a subject of laughter!"

"It is not doctor—but excuse me; I lost my arm in so funny a manner, that I still laugh when I look at it."

"What way?"

"Our first surgeon wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together to the front of his tent. He had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so. I never saw such a thing before."

"This occurred during the siege of Fort

MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE; OR, LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS.
"Awhile he strolled in the giddy glare,
And then was lost."

We have had occasion more than once in the course of a few years, to allude to the social rivalries of city life, and to denounce the error, not to say the crime of MODERN EXTRAVAGANCE. The disposition generally has been speculative, and an eager competition has existed among certain circles, to excel and surpass each other in glitter, pomp and parade. Men of limited means have been acting like millionaires, and while still engaged in all the hazards of business, have been building palaces, and embellishing them with the most costly furniture, paintings and statuary. In some cases, twenty, thirty and even fifty thousand dollars have been lavished in this way, and all, too, in a spirit of waste and prodigality that has puzzled and surprised the lookers-on. This disposition has been emulated in other circles, the folly of one has been imitated by another—and thus strange as it may appear, many of the most costly edifices in our midst, have been reared by individuals, who only supposed themselves beyond the reach of pecuniary vicissitude, and who in fact, were deeply involved, at the time of their running such a career of princely display and ostentation. The error consists in living beyond one's means, in deluding ourselves into the belief that we possess more than we really do, in following the footsteps of the inflated and extravagant, in competing with some really affluent neighbor or friend, or in refusing, for want of moral courage, to examine the real facts of our own condition. This last named folly is by no means rare. It is induced by hundreds, nay by thousands, at this time. On

it has been extensively proposed to restore the Missouri Compromise—to repeal. "Let us see what prospect there is that this can be done. A House of Representatives could probably be elected, a decided majority of which would vote for the restoration; but it would require many years to effect a sufficient change in the Senate to get the measure through that body. As therefore, it would be sure of a defeat in the Senate, it seems hardly worth while to discuss its chances of an Executive veto, for it would never reach the Executive."

"Is it, then, advisable to go for a measure which has no possibility of success? Should we not lose the confidence of the people in this practical, hard-working age, by wasting our time and theirs in advocating a movement which is absolutely certain to be defeated, and the certain defeat of which must be apparent to every intelligent person who will candidly examine the issue?"

"We believe that the clear impracticality of accomplishing the restoration of the Missouri Compromise will render important every political organization which may be attempted on that basis. It is clearly our opinion, therefore, that it is utterly useless and idle to make this the issue."

A well known character in Brooklyn, N. Y., was "Colonel Cornell," died at the cholera hospital in that city on Thursday. He had been deranged for a considerable period, but was always harmless. His diseased imagination caused him to regard himself the President of a large enterprise which he denominated the "bank of the world," an institution which made large loans—or promises. At other times, Cornell would fancy himself the Emperor of Russia, and from him we have frequently learned his secret plans for prosecuting the present war. His last whim was to marry the Empress of China. He was defeated in this by some of the principal men in Brooklyn failing to pay him back money which he had loaned them out of the bank of the world.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS IN OHIO.—During the last month, we have had occasion to visit several counties of the State, and have conversed with a great many well informed democrats in counties we have not visited; and from what we learn, we think the prospect of electing our State ticket, notwithstanding the attempted union between the free soilers and whigs, was never better. Democrats begin to see that the objects of the whigs, in thus abandoning their name and organization, is to overthrow the democracy, seize upon the State Government, and thus destroy all those important reforms suggested by the new Constitution, and carried out by democratic legislation. And hundreds of anti-slavery voters, who are democratic in their views of State policy, finding that their allurements are only seen, while the future and the sad consequences are either avoided or disregarded.

"One caution, however, we will add. The working classes are now attracted to the tipping house by finding there (what they can never find at home) both comfort and amusement; in the shape of well-lighted rooms, newspapers, and social intercourse. Now all these things can be supplied them without ale or gin. We would, therefore, urge upon the benevolent agitators who seek to suppress the ale-house and the gin-palace, the necessity of providing the public with public reading-rooms and coffee-houses, free libraries and museums, cheap concerts and exhibitions for the winter season; and open parks, zoological gardens, and cricket grounds for summer. If, in the petitions for restrictive legislation, which they are now preparing they would incorporate proposals for supplying innocent recreation to the people, they would obtain a far more extensive support from those whom they desire to benefit, but who now too often regard all enactments tending to the promotion of public morality, as the tyrannical interference of the rich with the amusements of the poor."

SOCIAL REFORM.—The Edinburgh Review, for July, has an article on Teetotalism and the Maine Liquor Law, principally occupied with the history of the legislative proceedings relating to the liquor trade in different States of the American Union and the evidence which has been collected of the effect of the legislation upon the community. The writer is favorable to the suppression of intemperance by law, but he remarks:

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Mrs. STOWE AND HER COLORED FRIENDS.—The Massachusetts State Council, a colored association at New Bedford, has denounced Mrs. Stowe for not giving the colored people some of the money contributed to her in England to establish a school. Mrs. Stowe declares the money she holds in trust for the benefit of the colored people was placed in her hands to be used as her discretion might dictate, and no one had a right to call her to account.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.—Human sacrifices are still offered only a few hundred miles from Cape Palmas, Africa. In a recent instance a monarch offered fifty victims in consulting the old adage, "catch the fish first;" secure the means honestly acquire the fortune, and then expend the income—Do not attempt to follow in the footsteps of another, until you feel called to do so.

"Do not gratify a folly, an appetite, or a taste, at the expense of honesty, or at the risk of ruin. Endeavor no matter how limited your means may be, to live within them, and thus to secure at once a comparative degree of independence, and to strengthen and improve the prospect of the future."

These are doctrines, we confess, which are much easier to inculcate than to practice. Especially is this the case in this fast age and this progressive country. Nevertheless, the individual who really understands the philosophy of life, and who can appreciate the virtue of moderation, may by effort and perseverance do much. And certain it is, that all who have enough to spare, and who, nevertheless, by excess, by improvidence, by extravagance, are hurrying headlong to bankruptcy and ruin, will, when the evil hour comes, excite comparatively little commiseration sympathy. The heartless verdict in such cases generally is—"he deserved his fate!"

"Oh Mary, my dear, my heart is breaking."
"Is it, indeed sir," so much the better for you.

"Why so, my Idol?"
"Because, when it is broken, out and out, you can sell off the pieces for gain."

FUNNY.—To attempt to break up a love match by shooting up its girl and abusing the lover.

Repeal of Nebraska Abandoned by the Abolitionists.

The New York Evening Post deserves the distinction of being one of the organs and leaders of the existing Anti-Nebraska organization. It has given its aid to this movement, and has published long and learned editorial arguments to strengthen the hands of those who are disposed to keep the repeal ball rolling. Such has been the experience of the last few months. But a change has recently come over the spirit of the Evening Post. The leader gives way before his troops have been aware of his defection. Even in the face of his adversary he admits that his cause is unsound and impracticable. The Evening Post, a few days ago, thus frankly puts an extinguisher upon the plan—by itself encouraged and by Greeley originated—of making the repeal of the Nebraska bill the basis of a new fusion of parties in the North, and a test in the coming elections:

"It has been extensively proposed to restore the Missouri Compromise—to repeal.

"Let us see what prospect there is that this can be done. A House of Representatives could probably be elected, a decided majority of which would vote for the restoration; but it would require many years to effect a sufficient change in the Senate to get the measure through that body. As therefore, it would be sure of a defeat in the Senate, it seems hardly worth while to discuss its chances of an Executive veto, for it would never reach the Executive."

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The regulations of Washington City penitentiary prohibit any conversation between the prisoners. Secondly, the sexes are not only kept under rigid rule in different parts of the enclosure, but no means of communication or of seeing each other exist, or are tolerated. A short time since, amongst the prisoners was a very likely white girl. In the male department was a young fellow named John. One morning, the colored messenger had passed a pan of flour through a little window of the massive door which leads into the women's domain, and as the pan was returned to the servant the quick eye of the warden noticed something sticking to the bottom of it. Upon examination he found a piece of paper, on which was written, "Dear John: Your time will soon expire—I shall soon be free—let us get married and be happy. Affectionately."

This was signed in the usual manner.—The note, couched in such simple but expressive terms, touched the kind hearted warden, and no punishment was ordered.

Both of the parties have since been discharged by the expiration of their sentences, and on the day of the man's release, the note was handed to him with a pleasant remark; but the officers are yet ignorant how the girl obtained a knowledge of John, or his appearance, when his sentence would expire, that he was a single man, or venture that this is the design of the whigs, will refuse to unite with them, and vote the democratic ticket.—*Sandusky Mirror.*

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One of the Judges.

"Our Samuel" remarked the other day, that the next time he put up at a hotel he would enter his name as "Samuel Sharp, Judge."

We asked him (says an exchange) if he had tried it, and he replied:—

"Yes, I tried it once and it worked like a charm. I had the best accommodations in the house for about a week, without any expense, till one day the landlord touched me on the arm," says he.

"You are Judge of Probate, are you not?"

"No," replied.

"Not of the Superior Court, certainly?"

"Or what are you Judge, then?" continued he, thinking of many "fixies" he had sent up to my room."

"I am Judge," said I pompously, of good living!"

THE INDIAN WOMAN.—The following beautiful selection is a specimen of the eloquence of an Indian woman over the contiguous grasses of her husband and infant:

"The father of life and light has taken from me the apple of my eye and the core of my heart, and laid them in these two graves; I will water the one with my tears and the other with the milk of my breast, till I meet them again in that country where the sun never sets."

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.—A certain man went to California and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F. expatiating on the cruelty of such conduct, the absent found a warm advocate in a friend.

"I have heard," said the latter that he is kindest of men, and I know he writes to his wife every packet."

"Yes he writes," replied Mrs. F. "a parcel of flattery about the agony of absence; but has never remitted to her a shilling—Do you call that kindness?"

"Decidedly," replied the other "unremitting kindness."

"Well John, said a man to his son on the day he was one-and-twenty, 'you have got a fool for a master now'—Yes," said John, and had had for these twenty years."

Mrs. Hollyhock thinks it "rather queer" that the rising of a little quicksilver in a glass tube should make the weather so awful.

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