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Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, \$2.50 will be charged.

THE POTTVILLE JOURNAL AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the Earth and bring out from the Caverns of the Mountains, Metals which will give strength to our Hands and subject all Nature to our use and pleasure.—DR. JOHNSON.

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

VOL. XVI. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1840. NO. 17

NEW LINE.

Freights to Reading & Pottsville Reduced. The subscriber having made arrangements for a number of first class freights, will forward goods to Reading at the unusually low freight of \$2.50 cents per ton of 2000 lbs.

MICHAEL HAUSER.

Respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the encouragement extended to his establishment, and begs leave to inform them that he has commenced to keep a regular assortment of elegant PARLOUR FLOWERS.

American Orators' own book.

JUST received and for sale by B. BANNAN, March 21.

Dr. Jayne's Expecto-rant.

Its invaluable medicinal properties are daily attesting some of the most astonishing cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for Asthma, Cough, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Consumption, Pleurisy, Dropsy, Hemoptoe, Hoarseness, Pain in the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the lungs and chest, can do attest to its usefulness.

Dr. Jonathan Goring, President of the Granville College, Ohio, (late of New York) in a letter to Dr. Jayne, dated New York, December, 1835, says: "He was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation."

Extract of a Certificate from the Rev. Dr. Babcock.

From the Rev. Dr. Babcock, late President of the Waterville College, Maine. "From intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, a regular student of the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and an experienced and successful practitioner of medicine, I was prepared to appreciate the numerous testimonials in favor of his different medicinal preparations, much more highly than the great majority of those which are extensively circulated."

Dr. Jayne's Expecto-rant.

To Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I have made use of your Expecto-rant, personally and in my family, for the last six years with great benefit. Indeed I may consider my life prolonged by the use of this medicinal medicine, under the blessing of God, for several years. My dear friend, I have almost as much in the care of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tinson, of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of cough, inflammation of the chest, lungs, and throat, I do most unhesitatingly recommend this as the best medicine I have ever tried.

Extract of a certificate from the Rev. Mr. Bradford.

De Jayne—Dear Sir—My child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, croup. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed, least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a teaspoonful of the "Expecto-rant" (a bottle of which you presented me with when in Philadelphia) and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances I can scarcely be wondered, at why I have as high an opinion of Dr. Jayne's medicine, as why I advise every family to keep it on hand ready for any emergency.

Stevens' Travels.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annual in advance. If not paid within the year, \$2.50 will be charged. Sold by Clemens & Ewing, and Wm T. Epling, Drugstore, Centre street, Pottsville.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

LIVERPOOL, March 19, 1840. So, we are to have a war with China! It is said that Lord Auckland has, in the name of the British Government, declared war—advertised for 40,000 tons of shipping to convey the troops to China, (14,000 from Calcutta, and the rest from Bombay and Madras)—that 16,000 troops will be first sent—that the British are to take Canton—and that Lord Auckland goes to China in chief command of the expedition.

But Admiral Gordon, chief in command in the Indian seas, does go to China with the Squadron— one 74 gun ship and 8 frigates, reinforced by 7 ships of war direct from England, and should his reinforcements succeed in getting reparation from the Emperor, then he is to declare war, and make war, England, and not the East India Company, will pay the expense.

The Queen's honey moon is over. She keeps her maid to her apron strings pretty closely. They are very often out together—have been to Covent Garden Theatre several times—have been at a Concert or two—gone to church to hear prayers—drive out in the Park, and all that sort of thing. She has had several levees and drawing rooms at which to show him off. She has given him precedence next to herself (during her life time). She has made him Field Marshal over the head of Wellington, whom she calls "an old rebel," because he said it was right the nation should know what the Prince's religion is. She has made him a Knight of the Garter. She has ordered that the 11th Light Dragoons shall be armed, clothed, and equipped as Hussars, and be styled the 11th (or Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. She wanted to get him £100,000 and nearly boxed Lord Melbourne's ears when she heard the Commons would give him only £25,000 a year for life. And finally, she has made him Grand Cross of the Bath.

An odd run that Prince Albert's brother Ernest, 17 years ago, was the Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. This young lady is about 18, very pretty, and cousin to the Queen, who is said to be extremely anxious that this marriage should take place, and it is said, has even gone the length of saying that, if it does the bride shall have a portion out of the public money. Once upon a time, and such things were, but just now the public money is not to be wasted thus, and if the bride be portioned, it will be by her father, or the Queen. The nation will not incur the expense.

As a proof that public money is not to be thrown away upon royalty, I may mention the fact that Mr. Home gave notice in the House of Commons, that on the 25th inst. he should move that the pension of £21,000 to the King of Hanover be suspended until he remained the sovereign of that State. I do not think he will press the motion, but he would carry it if he did.

From the N. Y. Signal.

HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS IN DER FRENSCHUTZ.

One stormy night, at Vienna, a young man stumbled over a corpse which lay in the kennel. He shuddered, for he fancied that he had trodden upon the victim of some misfortune or some murder; but on stooping to assist a fellow creature, he soon ascertained that his foot had touched only a man who had taken too much wine.

"Thou drunkard!" exclaimed he. At these words the brute, wallowing in the mire, raised his head, wiped the mud off his forehead with the back of his hand, and, with a faltering voice, said, "Don't go, I pray you, M. Weber. I am a drunkard; but it is no reason why I should be left to die here. Take me to my home: I live close by, in the new stadt. Have no fear; you are already soaked enough with rain not to dread being wetted to me."

Weber, moved by compassion, took the drunkard by the arm, and proceeded with him toward the quarter he had mentioned. Being put on his legs and in motion, the tippler recovered some strength, and some small share of his senses. In the struggle between mind and wine, various incoherent sentences escaped his lips.

"What a storm," said he, "a splendid storm, indeed! and yet I beheld one much more magnificent fifty years ago, in the environs of Torre del Greco, in Italy. Then, Mr. Weber, I was young, handsome, and, like you, had talent. I composed operas, as you do. Brute that I am, I then dreamed of fame, glory and wealth, whilst doomed, in the pursuit of art, to fall into an abyss of gross intemperance and drunkenness. Once plunged into such infamy, it is as well to fall dead drunk into some kennel, and forget all for some hours."

the shop of my father, a respectable and rich tradesman of Vienna, and am travelling in Italy with a purse which never was a very round one, and which is daily flattening. But what care! I have glory before me, and, guided by it, I walk on merrily.

"You have a family, a father, and friends, and you have deserted them to run after a treacherous and lying phantom! Ah! I should not have done so! Listen to me, and the narrative of my life may save you from the fate that awaits you, and that has already befallen me."

"The poor fellow then related the events of his life. What a life it was! A founding of Casoria, brought up by the charity of a tailor, admitted through charity also, into the Conservatory of the Poor of Jesus Christ at Naples, he had labored with a fanatic fervor to obtain access to the scientific secrets of the musical art; his master, Gavotto Greco, had carefully promoted his marvelous disposition and persevere patience, and on reaching manhood he had proceeded to Rome and courted public notice. None had condescended to listen to his operas. Such as he had succeeded in bringing out, God knows at what cost, had met with a complete fiasco, and the unhappy musician, repulsed, baffled and derided, had doubted his own powers, fled to the foot of Vesuvius, and retired to the humble roof where I had found him."

"Come, come," said I, when he had told his mournful tale, "you must not despair thus. Success often awaits us when no longer hoped for. I'm sure the music you have just written will yield more glory than your preceding works."

"I spent the night by him in prayer, for I then prayed.—Next day I expended my remaining cash upon the burial of the poor great composer, and left for Rome with his immortal Stabat Mater. All proclaimed that unrivaled work sublime. Pergoleze's operas were revived at the theatres, and he whom the obscurity of his name had killed, became renowned after his death."

"This was a melancholy tale, M. Weber, and yet I know one more woful still: it is that of a man who has relinquished the life of a respectable tradesman in go to pursue of fame, and who has found but misery, and opprobrium. In short, M. Weber, it is my own history. When overwhelmed with want and humiliations, I saw that I had mistaken my course, and that Heaven had not gifted me with the sacred fire of genius, I remembered poor Pergoleze's advice, and would return to my father's shop. Alas! I could no longer bear it; it was unto me a narrow cage, wherein I felt as if I were dying, for having rashly attempted to spread my wings towards the broad heavens. To quell my despair, to forget all, I took to drinking. Such is the reason why the boys daily pursue me in the streets, shouting out, 'There goes the drunkard!' Such is the reason why I have just found me rolling in the mire!"

As he was uttering this he had reached the door of a wretched dwelling. His voice was no longer affected by his potations; his steps had become firm and steady. Weber was touched with compassion on beholding his pale countenance expressive of deep distress.

Harrison Song.

Tune—Gaily the Troubadour. Gaily did Harrison Come from his home, Whilst he was yet a youth, Not twenty-one; He joined our gallant band On our frontiers, Harrison—Harrison— Give him three cheers.

Invitation to the Log Cabin Boys to Old Tippecanoe's Raisin.

Tune—The good old days of Adam and Eve. Come all you Log Cabin Boys, we're going to have a raisin! We've got a job on hand, that we think will be pleasant.

We'll turn out and build Old Tip a new Cabin, And finish it off with chinking and daubing. We want all the Log Cabin Boys in the nation, To be on the ground when we lay the foundation; And we'll make all the other fellows think it amazin', To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

For the hauling of the logs, we'll call on Pennsylvania, For their Conestoga teams will pull as well as any. And the Yankee States and York State and all of the others, Will come and help us lift like so many brothers, The Hoosiers and the Sackers, and the Wolverine farmers.

From the Ohio State Journal—Extra.

Gen. Harrison's Military Character—Slanders Refuted.

The following correspondence was called out in consequence of remarks relative to the character and conduct of Gen. Harrison, made by members of the House of Representatives of the State of Ohio, in their places on the floor of that House. A letter was addressed to each of the gentlemen, whose replies are given below, by a member of the House, who heard the remarks, stating their substance, and requesting from each a statement of the facts which fell within his personal knowledge, respectively. The high character of the gentlemen whose statements have thus been obtained, (one of whom has been a uniform and prominent supporter of the last and present Administrations of the General Government,) is such as to put the facts to which they bear testimony, entirely beyond doubt.

WASHINGTON, KY. 24th Feb. 1840.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 17th inst. reached me to day by the Southern mail, marked "mis-sent, forwarded." This will account for your not having my answer at an earlier day. You have been correctly informed that "I was at the battle of the Thames, and near the person of Gen. Harrison, from the commencement to the termination of the engagement, and that I personally know what part Gen. Harrison took in it."

"Master," said the unknown, "your voice and the recollections it has revived have destroyed in me the welcome effects of wine. This is the first time, for ten years past, that I re-enter this den not dead drunk. Heaven has doubtless ordained it to put an end to my miseries."

"Yes," exclaimed Weber, whose heart melted with pity, and who had mistook his meaning, "yes, tomorrow I shall come and see you. Yes, I shall assist you with my advice and the interest of my friends."

"The unknown shook his head, raised his eyes to heaven, and took leave of Weber. Next day, when the latter, faithful to his promise, approached the unfortunate man's house, he perceived a large crowd gathered about it. He drew near a party of police officers; they were conveying away the corpse of a man who had hanged himself in the night, and in whose room, according to a neighbor's statement, nothing had been found but a wretched trundle bed and a large heap of burned papers. None knew the name of the man who for twenty years past had gone out drunk every morning and returned drunk every night.

Weber recognized the dead body. Impelled by a sorrowful curiosity, he followed into the outside of a room a host of idle people who amused themselves in exploring it, and he happened to pick up a fragment of music paper. As he perused it a tear ran down his cheeks.—The half burned fragment was an admirable chorus of huntsmen. From a pious recollection of the poor unknown musician who had thus destroyed himself, Carl Maria Von Weber inserted the piece into the opera he was then composing—the immortal Der Freyschutz.

ground, false, utterly false. The idea of charging the enemy with the mounted men, was exclusively Gen. Harrison's. I was present when he first announced it, and know that Col. Johnson was then at the head of his command, and was not consulted on the subject, until after Gen. Harrison had expressed his determination to make the charge; and if it is intended to state that the operations of the campaign, or the order of battle, was projected by Col. Johnson, it is equally untrue; and I am very confident that he has not and never will give the slightest sanction to such statements, as you say have been made by members of your House of Representatives.

You have my permission, sir, to make such use of this letter as you may think proper. Respectfully, Your obt. servt., JOHN CHAMBERS.

Washington, 25th. Feb. 1840.

Dear Sir:—Since writing to you, in answer to your letter of the 17th inst. it has occurred to me that a principal object of the falsehoods, relative to Gen. Harrison, which have found propagation on the floor of the Ohio House of Representatives, must be to make the impression that he is a Coward—and though you do not state in your letter the cause assigned by his slanderers for his alleged absence from the command of his army at the battle of the Thames, I presume no motive for it less charitable than his sheer cowardice would have been imputed by one capable of such misrepresentation of his conduct. But whatever may be the alleged inducement for the conduct attributed to him, the relation in which I then stood to him, and my knowledge of what his actual conduct was, imposes on me the duty I have performed, of pronouncing the charge false—and I trust you will pardon me for suggesting the propriety, (if an appropriate occasion presents itself, or can be made in open session,) of demanding of the members of your House, who have made the charge, the authority upon which they made it; whether from their own knowledge or observation, or upon the information of others; and if upon the information of others, their names and residence. The original inventors of the falsehood ought to have the advantage of all the celebrity it is calculated to give them.

On the subject of Gen. Harrison's personal bravery, it is not very remarkable, if he is a coward, that none of the gallant officers or soldiers who served with him under Gen. Wayne, or those who fought under his command at Tippecanoe, at Fort Meigs, and the Thames, discovered his cowardice; and that the discovery should have remained to be made by some scurrily politician of the present day; for I will venture to predict, that no officer or soldier of respectability, who served with him, or under his command, can be found to "take the responsibility" of charging him with cowardice. In connection with this subject, permit me to relate a fact which occurred in my presence, and which is calculated to give some idea of the character of Gen. Harrison's pretensions to firmness and disregard of personal danger. On the day preceding the battle of the Thames, when his army approached the last right-hand fork of the river, (called, I think, "Gregory's fork") Gen. Harrison, accompanied by Commodore Perry and his aide-de-camp, rode forward to examine the bridge which crossed the mouth of the stream, and which the enemy had partially destroyed; and while viewing it, several hundred Indians, under the command of Tecumseh, as we learned afterwards, were concealed at some cabins called Chatham, and in the bushes on the opposite side of the stream, commenced a brisk fire upon the little party, in the midst of which Gen. Harrison was. At that moment a dismounted company of Col. Johnson's Regiment, commanded by Capt. Benjamin Warfield, who now resides in the neighborhood of Lexington, in this State, came up the opposite side of the stream, commenced a brisk fire upon the little party, in the midst of which Gen. Harrison was. At that moment a dismounted company of Col. Johnson's Regiment, commanded by Capt. Benjamin Warfield, who now resides in the neighborhood of Lexington, in this State, came up the opposite side of the stream, commenced a brisk fire upon the little party, in the midst of which Gen. Harrison was.

Respectfully, your obt. servt., JOHN CHAMBERS. MOSES B. CORWIN, Esq. Columbus, Ohio.

St. Louis, Feb. 26th, 1840.

Hon. MOSES B. CORWIN, Sir: Your favor of the 17th inst. is just received, and I lose no time in giving it acknowledgement.—You request me to communicate the information I possess in relation to the military conduct of General Harrison at the battle of the Thames, the arrangements for the battle, the position of the troops, as well as of the General, during the engagement, together with any other knowledge I have touching his military character.

In reply, I submit the following statement: At the battle of the Thames, Col. Charles S. Todd, afterwards Inspector General of the Northwestern Army, and myself were the regular aids-de-camp of General Harrison. Majors John Chambers and John Speed Smith were the volunteer aids. The battle, as is well known, took place on the right bank of the Thames, near the Moravian village. A short distance from this place, and whilst our troops were in rapid pursuit of the enemy, General Harrison received information from an advanced party that the British and Indian forces had halted, and seemed to be awaiting us for battle. When within half a mile of the enemy, after the American forces were formed in the order of battle, Gen. Trotter's brigade in front, Col. Paul's regulars, with the artillery, near his right, Col. Johnson's mounted regiment on the left of Trotter as a reserve, and the residue of the Kentucky volunteers covering the left flank and rear. Col. Wood, of the Engineer Corps; who, by order of Gen. Harrison, had approached, unobserved by them, sufficiently near the front line of the enemy to ascertain their position and the order in which they were drawn up, reported that the British troops, in order to occupy the high ground between the river and the swamp parallel to it, were drawn up in extended or open order between these points; the Indians on their right, occupying the swamp and ground beyond it. Gen. Harrison, without one moment's delay or the slightest embarrassment, formed his purpose. I was within a few feet of him when the report of Col. Wood was made, and he instantly remarked that he would make a novel movement by ordering Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge the line of the British regulars, which thus drawn up, contrary to the habits and usage of that description of troops, always accustomed to the touch, could be easily penetrated and thrown into confusion by the spirited charge of Col. Johnson's Regiment. With a view to this intended charge, Col. Johnson's command was ordered to the front, supported in his rear as a reserve by Gen. Trotter's Brigade. I know that all the arrangements, and every movement of the troops during the battle, were made by Gen. Harrison, whose position at the commencement of the action was just in rear of Col. Johnson's command, and mainly afterwards near the crotchet formed by the junction

Johnson's left, with the Kentucky volunteers, draw up on the edge and in front of the swamp, a position considered by all as the most exposed and dangerous within the lines of our army, and where the battle was warmly contested by the Indians, until they discovered the surrender of the whole British regular force: the happy result of the novel and skillful movement, most gallantly performed by Col. Johnson and his brave associates, but conceived, planned and directed, by General Harrison, whose superior military judgment and ready skill neither needed, nor received any aid.

After the return of the army to Detroit, that brave veteran, that just, good, and pure citizen, the late Gov. Shelby, on hearing read Gen. Harrison's report of the battle, remarked in my presence and with much emphasis, that the report did him (Gov. Shelby) more than justice, and that to Gen. Harrison alone was due the credit of the order of battle, the whole of the arrangements and plans which he (Gov. S.) had contributed to carry out to the best of his abilities.

At the commencement of the battle of Tippecanoe, when the first gun was fired at our advanced picket, I was at the tent of Gen. Harrison, who was then up at the fire. I had an opportunity to observe his manner; he was cool and collected, and every movement of his countenance, and every word he uttered at that trying moment—perhaps the most embarrassing in the life of a soldier—denoted the highest order of personal courage. He mounted his horse instantly, and accompanied by his staff, hastened in the direction of the line first attacked. A part of this line unable to withstand the fierce and desperate onset of the Indians, the General met retiring within our lines in some disorder and confusion, closely pressed by the Indians, some of whom were in the midst of them. Gen. Harrison led in person a company of the 4th Infantry to the breach; and such was the effect of his bold and fearless behaviour, and so great was the confidence of his army in his ability to conduct them to victory, that his presence and voice at once rallied the retreating detachment, and they took position at a point equally exposed, where half of their number, if not more, were either killed or wounded. The battle commenced about 3 o'clock, in the morning, during a slight rain, and the attack became general within five minutes afterwards, and continued until the dawn of day; when by almost general charge, the Indians broke and fled before our bayonets. The Dragoons afterwards proceeded to their village and burnt it. During the battle, Gen. Harrison was seen wherever danger was most imminent, wherever the fight was the thickest. His Aid, Col. Owen, was killed at his side, and almost at the same moment a ball passed through the General's hat, grazing his head. There was not a spot within our lines secure from the shot of the enemy. On this, as on every other occasion within my observation, Gen. Harrison's conduct was that of a brave and skillful commander; always calm and cool in his manner, and wholly indifferent to his personal safety, possessing the peculiar faculty of at once discerning whatever was wanting, and of promptly applying the remedy. A single instant of vacillation or uncertainty of purpose; the slightest tremor of nerve or hesitation in mind, in the critical and appalling periods of the battle, would have been disastrous to his army. After the action, there seemed to be a universal admission by the officers and soldiers of the army, that there was not another officer in the battle, capable of having prevented a defeat and general massacre. All seemed to regard General Harrison as their deliverer from the Indian scolding knife.

According to my best recollections, Fort Meigs was cannonaded, day and night, but with little intermission for about 11 days. Shortly after its commencement, Major Chambers, of the British army, was admitted into the stockade, the bearer from Gen. Proctor of an invitation to surrender the garrison with the honors of war, on the ground that so small a force, about 1,000 men, could not sustain themselves against four times their number, the estimated British and Indian force. Gen. Harrison at once rejected indignantly this proposition, replying to the insult in terms worthy of his high character. Both day and night during the siege, Gen. Harrison was most active, observing every movement of the enemy, and evincing his usual coolness, dauntless courage, and his happy readiness to perceive and apply every expedient to his advantage. He succeeded in accomplishing every plan and movement where his orders were obeyed. I recollect not one instance to the contrary. The detachment under Col. Dudley, effected, in part, the object intended, in driving the British Troops from their position; but they disobeyed orders in not striking the enemy's cannon, destroying their ammunition, and thereupon immediately recrossing the river to the main army. The two sorties on the south side of the river, and on the same day, planned and executed under orders from Gen. Harrison, were eminently successful, resulting in the objects designed, forcing the British to raise the siege of Fort Meigs. That conducted by the brave and accomplished officer, then Col. John Miller, now a Representative in Congress from Missouri, intended to destroy a sunken battery, that had annoyed us very seriously, by snuffing our rear line of pickets, as well as to prevent the almost entire Indian force, then investing the fort on that side of the river, from co-operating with the British against Dudley's attack, made at the same time, on the opposite side, considering the very great disparity between our force, and that of the enemy, being as four to one, was, I must be allowed to say, one of the most brilliant affairs of the last war.

Gen. Winchester's movement, to the river Raisin, where he was defeated, was in disobedience of Gen. Harrison's order, which required him to proceed to the Rapids of the Maumee of the Lakes, and to remain there for further orders. I have extended my remarks beyond what I designed, when I commenced, but you will perceive my object was to give a full and satisfactory answer to your interrogatories. I aver, that on every occasion, when Gen. Harrison commanded, he ever disregarded personal danger and sacrifice, in the performance of duty, exhibiting all the fine qualities of a dauntless soldier, combined with those of a talented, skillful, and most able General. Why, at this remote period, when death has swept away so many memoirs of Gen. Harrison's intrepidity and excellence, should the poisoned spirit of political envy; attempt thus to tarnish the hard earned laurels of the veteran soldier, who, in public, as in private life, has lived without fear and without reproach?

This, sir, is what I have to say of Gen. Harrison. I doubt whether there is another living who has possessed equal opportunities with myself of forming a correct opinion of Gen. Harrison's military character. I served under him the greater part of the period he was in active service, near his person; commencing with the Tippecanoe expedition, and continuing to its termination; rejoining his army in the fall of 1812; at Frankfort, Ohio, where, immediately on my arrival, I became a member of his military family, as Secretary. In the winter of 1812 and 1813, was appointed his Acting Deputy Adjutant General; and in May, 1813, immediately after the siege of Fort Meigs his Aid-de-camp, which station I held to the close of his military service. And in conclusion, I can safely say, that I never in my life, saw a braver man in battle, one more collected, prompt and full of resources, than General William Henry Harrison.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your most obedient servant, J. O'FALLON. (To be continued next week.)

Black and White.—As soon as the lines obtained a temporary appearance of darkness, like a sudden light in the Massachusetts Legislature, they attempted to force a bill through, legalizing the marriage of blacks and whites. The same thing was done in the Senate of Louisiana, by a vote of 17 to 2.