

WHIG REPUBLICAN

AMOS B. CORWINE,

"LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE, AND INSEPARABLE."

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR]

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POETRY.

CUPID'S WING.

A NEW SONG, BY SAM LOVER.

The dart of love was feathered first
From frolly's wing they say,
I told he tried his shaft to shoot
In beauty's heart one day.
He missed the maid
So oft, 'tis said,
His aim became untrue,
And beauty laugh'd
As his last shaft
He from his quiver drew,
"In vain," said she,
"You shoot at me,
You spiteful little thing;
The feather on your shaft I scorn!
When pluck'd from frolly's wing."
But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
And fitted to his string,
And each new shaft he feathered from
His own bright glossy wing.
He shot, until
No plume was left
To waft him to the sky,
And beauty smiled
Upon the child,
When he no more could fly.
"Now, Cupid, I am thine," she said,
"Leave off thy archer play,
For beauty yields when she is sure
Love will not fly away."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INCIDENT.—When Ogdon Hoffman was addressing the Whigs at Boston, on the 10th of September, speaking of the encouraging prospects and of the majorities for Gen. Harrison which were promised by the delegations from the several States, "and what say you—men of Massachusetts," added he, "how great a majority can you give in the old Bay State?" "Ten thousand," answered some one in the crowd. "Ten thousand," says Hoffman, "is that all! I have a good mind to act the part of an auctioneer. Does no one say more than ten thousand?" "Fifteen thousand," cried another. "Fifteen thousand, fifteen thousand, twice and a-going. Who says more?" "Twenty thousand" responded a third. "Twenty thousand, then; that is right," put Massachusetts down at twenty thousand. "Extravagant as that number was thought by many, at the time, the promise has been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. The returns show a majority for the Harrison over the Van Buren of 20,142.

CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly to her husband, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope we shall be resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best—and I would go cheerfully if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increased tenderness—"don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind, good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a very solemn contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can get the right sort of a person. Every thing depends upon that, my dear and I hope you will be very particular about who you get—very."

"I certainly shall, said Mr. Woodsum; don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall have is one of the kindest and best women in the world."

"But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum.

"There is one, that I have thought of for a long time past, I should probably marry if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with expression, a little more of earth than of heaven returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't mentioned it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum—"but my dear we had better drop the subject, it agitates you so much."

"But Mr. Woodsum you must tell me who it is, I can never die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject painful to talk about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it will be best to call names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and leaning upon her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle of her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear, I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy!"

An earthly fire at once flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat, walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" said she in a trembling voice almost choked with agitation, "what! marry that sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear! I can't endure that, nor I won't! No! that's what never should, never shall be. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest—Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, "make up more fire under the dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared and his wife prepared to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affliction of the hypochondriac.

A SKETCH.—She stood alone. The shifting cloud passed by, and in the noisy mart full many a discord rung upon her ear. She heeded not. Far down the street her anxious gaze was bent. With bosom heaving, and with eyes where bent passion and pity—love and mighty grief—she, a bright statue, looked Niobe like! Why fled the color from that marble cheek! Why were the lips of that voluptuous mouth now parted, as in suffering, and anon the line of the transparent teeth gleaming like strip of frostwork on a bed of roses! Her delicate hands, far neater with their flower-stalk fingers, than o'er the clasp of Canova fashioned, were crossed upon her bosom. Ah! a bosom whiter, though warmer than the Parian marble! She stood as if entranced! Some silent sorrow seemed sinking to her heart, as a plummet settles in the sea. What was it! Her lover had just gone—will a full load upon his dray!—N. O. Crescent.

An infant school exhibition has lately taken place somewhere, in which a little girl made a sensation something like this. She was somewhere about five years old:

Of all the bodies in the Heavens,
The greatest is the sun,
My speech is short and so am I—
No ladies I have done.

A TRUE FRIEND.

The Audience, states, a gentleman who in 1830, found himself a loser by the revolution, determined to go beyond the seas to improve his fortune; but previously to leaving Paris he deposited with a friend, 30,000 francs as a nest egg, in case of the new speculation which he meditated, not succeeding. More than nine years passed away, and not a single line had been interchanged between the two friends; when the one who had expatriated himself, having failed in his ultra-marine pursuits returned to Havre, a few days ago, determined to take up his 30,000 francs, and end his days in France. He hastened to the capital but found that his friend had left his former residence and ruined himself, as it was said by gambling, and had not a sou left. Full of rage and despair he found out his residence in the Rue Floridmonteau, where he lived in the garret of the fifth story. He rushed into the room, and there saw his unfortunate friend, almost without clothes a haggard figure sitting on a chest, his only piece of furniture. Upon this he launched out into the most violent reproaches, upbraided him with breach of trust and threatened even to strike him. His friend uttered not a word but slowly rising unlocked the chest, opened the lid and showed the other his 20,000 francs in gold. As his only recompense, he begged him to give him a little money to buy some food. The sequel may be imagined.—Paris Paper.

COLLOQUY.

Soon after the revolutionary war, Capt. P., a brave yankee officer, was at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there accepted an invitation to dine—there was a large number at the table, and among the rest an English Lady, who wished to appear one of the knowing ones. This lady on understanding that an American was one of the guests, expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened on him like a tigress, making many inquiries respecting her habits, customs, dress, manners, and mode of life, education, amusements, &c. &c. To all the inquiries, Capt. P. gave an answer that satisfied all the company, except the lady; she was determined not to be satisfied, and the following short dialogue took place:

Lady—Have the rich people in your country any carriages? for I suppose there are some that call themselves rich.

Capt. P.—My residence is in a small town upon an Island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in the large towns and cities upon main land, there are a number kept in a style suited to our republican manners.

Lady—I can't think where you find drivers—for I should not think the Americans knew how to drive a coach.

Capt. P.—We find no difficulty on that account, madam: we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.

Lady (speaking very quickly).—I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans.

Capt. P.—We did madam, in the late war; but since peace, we permit the English to drive us!

The lady, half choked with anger, stood mute a minute, and then left the room whispering to her friend—the Yankees are too much for us in the cabinet, as well as in the field.

From the Vicksburg Whig—SINGULAR SPECTACLE.

A correspondent writes from the seat of Government the following notice of a singular spectacle, recently exhibited there.

JACKSON, M., 13th Dec. 1840.

MAJ. McCARDLE.—I witnessed a rare spectacle this afternoon, it was the baptism of one of the convict inmates of the penitentiary. His name is Nettles; he was sentenced upon a charge of horse stealing. The baptismal rite was administered in Pearl river, near a mile from the Penitentiary; the convict convert went down without chains or fetters of any kind, accompanied by the pastor of the baptist church—a little clump of praying christians, and Maj. Hart with a file of guards—no arms, however, were visible—besides these, was a crowd of curious spectators, who expected to see the new convert upset the pastor, even in the cleansing flood, to hurry to the God of Liberty instead of the God of Salvation; but here there was disappointment, he bore it meekly as ever a contrite sinner did, and came up out of the water rejoicing, returning with apparent delight to his confinement.

Yours, &c.

AN INCIDENT.—After the national salute, one gun for Ohio, and one for Old Kentuck, had been fired, on the day of our celebration, Captain Grimsley, the master of the ceremonies, gave an order that the largest gun be heavily charged, and that it be fired in honor of Gen. Jackson's military services. The gun was loaded—"fire" given—the torch was applied—strange as it may appear, the powder refused to perform its office—it flashed in the pan. The cry was then, "prime it again, and give it to old Tip." The gun was primed—torch applied—and at seemed as if all the elements of earth, joy and exultation, mingled in its bursting discharge. It was the biggest gun fired all day.—St. Louis Bulletin.

WAR STEAMERS.

In an article describing the launch, a few days ago, of the Russian war steamer at New York, the Courier and Enquirer says—

"There are several points of great interest connected with the success of this ship. She will be the first trial of skill between the English and American engines, and will determine many questions now in dispute among them, as to the best method of using steam."

Our government is now building two steam vessels, one here, the other at Philadelphia, of the same size as the Kamschatka.

They were originally intended to be double-deckers, but it is now understood that they can only carry guns on the main deck. The vessel at Philadelphia is to have engines after the English plan, the one at New York after the most approved American plan.

The form of engines invented by Messrs. Schuyler, is known as the Lightfall engines, invented by William A. Lightfall of this city, and in practical operation in various steamboats here. The same plans were submitted by the Messrs. Schuyler to the Navy Commissioners, but were rejected for those furnished by Mr. Kemble, which are now building for the New York ship.

Thus a friendly competition exists in the construction of these three vessels.—It must be borne in mind however, that while the Navy Yard ships have as yet no armament decided upon, and therefore can suit the guns to the ship, the Kamschatka would be considered a failure, if she did not carry the armament for which she was ordered.

All the Russian steamships have hitherto been furnished by England. It is a proof of the usual forethought and liberal views of the Emperor to look elsewhere for a supply in case of need, and may prove of great advantage to the mechanics of our city.

The Messrs. Schuyler who have undertaken the whole burthen of furnishing the ship, engines, &c., complete, are engineers well known in this city, and every way calculated to succeed in a matter upon which they have staked their professional reputation. They have for many years had charge of several of our rail roads & steamboat companies and always conducted them in a manner that has given universal satisfaction. They have built a great number of steamboats, and many improvements in them as well as in railway carriages and locomotives have originated with them.

The boilers of the Kamschatka are constructed for the use of the anthracite coal, of a form entirely different from any others in use, except in the boats of the Messrs. Schuyler, by whom it was invented.

No blowers are required, and judging from the success these gentlemen have already obtained, we do not doubt that the consumption in this ship will be less than in any other aloft.

We look upon this enterprise as a matter of great national interest, and although the difficulties to surmount in building the first ship have been great, yet from what has already been done, we have no fears but that the Kamschatka will establish the reputation of the Messrs. Schuyler, and be a credit to our country when she makes her appearance in European waters.

MARRIAGES.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—A friend who is particularly fond of noticing the signs of the times, and who considers that there is no better indication of prosperity than the increase of marriages, expresses the opinion that he has discovered this gratifying mark of improvement in morals and society within the last few weeks.—Most sincerely do we rejoice, if his notion be correct. We have long thought that something like an understanding should exist, in this country especially, in relation to the term of courtship. We consider it morally wrong, on the part of a suitor, to linger on year after year in his addresses to any bright particular star, and thus to deprive her, in some measure, of the general society and attentions of others, without some certain prospect as to the termination of the period of courtship.

The truth is, there is a time for all things—and even the attachment of a young and impassioned being may have its bound, especially if hope be delayed year after year, and the heart thus sickened, and the cheek robbed of its bloom by disappointment. Marriage is an institution recognized and enjoyed by the laws of God and man—and if there be any among our readers who, having courted a year or two, lack the courage or the means to venture before the Hymenal altar—they should exhibit some degree of magnanimity and self-denial, and acknowledge their true position, allow others an opportunity of pressing forward & possessing the prize which they have neither the ability nor the courage to obtain.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

From the Mississippi Free Trader.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DEAD UPON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

It was a cloudless autumnal day. The air was balmy, but and slightly stirred the wave on the deep broad river—while, at high noon, a proud steamer was seen approaching a lovely plantation, distinguished by a number of tall cypress trees that guarded the bank like hoary sentinels.—The boat landed; a small party hastily ascended the levee, entered the lawn before the house when there was heard a number of shots in rapid succession; and one of the number, but a moment before in the full enjoyment of life, health and energy—was a cold and inanimate form upon the earth. The spirit had fled as rapidly to its God, as the whirlwind shot which gave it the release from clay.

The inquest is over—the sun went down, and yet no steamer came to bear the dead to his home—the home of his affliction on which his eyes were never again to rest. It was near midnight and the moon was low in the west, and yet no boat came. A skiff was procured, and an embarkation made upon the wild and solemn river with the corpse in so frail a barque, a single rower sitting at the bow, and the friend of the dead at the stern—thus pushing into the current and wafting downward with its majestic impetuosity. The moon soon hung like a pale watch-fire, low in the west—then sunk beneath the horizon, leaving only the starlight to gleam upon the unnumbered waters; and soon even those stars were shrouded by clouds. Then was the passage of the dead most dreary, fully realizing the poetic fictions of antiquity of the passage of the dead over the Stygian wave in the dim ghostly twilight of the nether world. By an optical illusion the river seemed lifted higher than the woody shores. Those shores appeared to be dark, deep pits below the element, and assumed fantastic and cloudy shapes. The stiff storm-breeze rung in the dense cotton-wood, making a sharp crackling noise, more like the fall of a cataract than the gentle motion of foliage.—The rain began to patter; the skiff, half-full of water, introduced through the opened seams, required constant bailing to keep both the dead and the living from finding a grave in the unshaded depths of the father of waters.

To prevent sinking in mid-stream, the rower hugged the fantastic and gloomy shore, one moment sucked into a boiling eddy, at another amidst the scraggy branches of an avalanche from the land, at another embayed in a forlorn community of snags, and in another in danger from the measured movement of an ancient sawyer beating time to the throbbings of the water-spirit, erecting its black, serpent-like head several feet above the water, and then baptizing itself anew. Still the morning delayed to dawn. The smell of dissolution announced the state of the remains of the dead. What a lesson of mortality! How cheerless the passage of the dead—and no comfort dawning in the end! When achieved, the embassy was to be one of bitterest sorrow—of deep, untold agony and tears.

At mid-day, thirteen hours after the embarkation, silent, weary and exhausted, the landing was gained, and the remains of the dead were borne with secrecy thro' the streets of a city where he had once been the chief magistrate.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

—In a well-known house in this city, the rendezvous of foreigners, as well as English and Irish, a Frenchman thought to amuse the company at the expense of an intelligent and good humored Swiss. "Your countrymen," said he, "serve under all European Monarchs." "It is true," replied the Swiss, "we are poor, and we fight for that which we most stand in need of—money or pay, call it as you will; but," said he to the Frenchman, "what do you fight for?" "Honor," exclaimed the impetuous Frenchman. "Well, then, said the Swiss, "we both, it seems, fight for what we stand in need of most—we for money, you for honor."

SAM SLICK IN FAVOR OF WOMEN.

"If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings they keep him out of other scrapes; any body will tell you that. A man in love a leetle is not always a runnin' into run holes, and other such places. He don't go a gamblin', and isn't sneakin' round at nights."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—A young lady whom we know by sight, once concluded a love-letter thus:—[St. Louis Republican.]

"I shall rite to you agin ear long, jo cummins told me a orful story about suke tyler but i didnt pay no attenshun to his sicknen tail. Yourn till deth parts bots on us."

Help others and you relieve yourself. Go and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

Washington City contains a population of 22,777.