

# Woodville Republican.

"THE CONSTITUTION"

AND THE UNION."

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## WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN.

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## POETICAL. FEMALE COSTUME.

When Eve, in early Paradise,  
Most beautiful seemed in Adam's eyes—  
Free and untroubled as a fawn  
Slightly tripp'd o'er Eden's lawn.

No emblems robes involved her form  
With conscious grace and beauty warm;  
No equest with its ribs of steel  
Repress'd her bosom's heaving swell—

Nor monstrous skirts hung from her waist,  
Trailing the ground, with dirt defaced;  
Upon her head no hat bizarre  
Made simple Adam brighter stare

No thing of furbelows was she,  
Of ribbons gaud and trimmery;  
No compound of milliner's art,  
No boastful mantua-maker smart.

Her limbs were clothed with heavenly  
grace,  
Angelic beauty marked her face;  
Her eye shone like a radiant star,  
Her mouth provoked the amorous war.

Poor Adam saw her stately step,  
With tempting apple in her grip,  
One struggle made—then took the bite  
Which wrapp'd the word "Sin" in dark  
night.

Now, ladies dear, this lesson learn,  
If you would win the male sex stern—  
Fair Eve could not have tempted Adam  
In costume of a modern dame.

But Turkish trousers sure have power  
To lure man-kind to Love's soft bow;  
For whilst we Christians claim one bride,  
The Turk a hundred has beside!

## The Case of Alberti.

Last week we published the particulars of the trial, conviction and sentence, in Pennsylvania, of Geo. E. Alberti, a citizen of Maryland, for seizing a runaway slave and her child born after her escape. The child was taken at the instance of its mother, yet Alberti was sent to the Penitentiary for ten years for an alleged kidnapping of a free child—it having been held that tho' the mother was a slave, the child was born free.

A more high-handed aggression than the treatment of Alberti, was never committed under the forms of law. It adds another to the long list of outrages which the North has perpetrated upon the South. And the turpitude of the deed is rendered still more inexpressible by the fact that Alberti, the unfortunate victim of the heinous spirit of Abolitionism, is bowed down by the weight of seventy years.

We learn from the Baltimore Sun, that Mr. Brent, the Attorney General of Maryland, has visited the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, at Philadelphia, to examine the bill of indictment, and has instructions to test before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the constitutionality of the conviction and sentence of Alberti. It is justly held by the authorities of Maryland, that the child's mother being a slave, it is also a slave wherever it may have been born.

Comment upon this monstrous outrage is unnecessary. The facts of the case are enough without extended remarks, to fill the bosom of every Southern man with unutterable indignation. They show the extreme to which Abolitionism is extending. Even the gray hairs and tottering frame of the septuagenarian could not move the cold, stern purpose of fanaticism. During the remainder of his days, he must drag out his miserable existence in a felon's den, the companion of thieves and murderers.

People of Mississippi, if it is your determination to encourage the perpetration of such outrages upon Southern men for asserting their rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, vote for those who contend that the North is doing justice to the South. But if you would have these aggressions ended, rally to the support of the Southern rights ticket. In this lies your hope for protection from the fury of the pitiless storm of fanaticism.—Mississippian.

**To make Cold Water for Summer.**—Put the water into a porous earthen ware vessel, and cover it with a thick cotton cloth or a piece of blanket which must be kept constantly wet. Expose the vessel to the sun and in a short time the evaporation will carry off the heat from the water inside, reducing it nearly to the freezing point. In Arabia and India this is the plan practised by the natives, who know nothing about the luxuries of ice to cool their waters.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

## A Nail for Senator Foote.

In December 1848 just after the passage in the House, of Gott's resolution for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, the Southern members of Congress determined to hold a meeting and issue an address.

Senator Foote was very active both in getting up the meeting and afterwards in procuring signers to the address.

General Foote frequently mentions the fact that he received much commendation from Mr. Calhoun for his zeal and activity in the matter, both in urging a large attendance of Southern members, and afterwards in obtaining signatures to the Southern Address put forth by them.

General Foote is a man of great energy of character and fine address, and we have no doubt the commendation bestowed on him for his valuable services on that occasion were well merited.

The origination of most movements on the Southern question was generally attributed to Mr. Calhoun in his lifetime—this cannot be done in reference to this Congressional meeting of Southern members, for we are told by our Senator, that Mr. Calhoun knew nothing of it until just a few moments before the meeting, when he was invited to attend.

True, when once in the meeting from his superior intellect and thorough knowledge of the subject, his pen was called in requisition to prepare the address.

The credit of getting up the meeting however is mainly due to Senator Foote—at all events he takes much of it to himself and we believe justly too.

Now mark this meeting of Southern members was gotten up on account of the recent passage of Gott's resolution. True there were other causes of complaint against the North, but this Gott's resolution was the startling proposition that aroused our Southern Sentinels to a sense of the danger threatening their section.

It is further true that the address, with that fulness and comprehensiveness characteristic of all the productions of its illustrious author, enters at length into all the grounds of complaint against our Northern brethren. But is nevertheless true, that the immediate cause that induced the call of the meeting and that prompted their action was the passage of the Gott resolution.

The resolution is nothing more or less than this:

Resolved, That the Committee for the District of Columbia be instructed to report a bill, as soon as possible, prohibiting the SLAVE TRADE in said District.

This is the whole extent of the resolution that was deemed so alarming by General Foote as to enlist all his zeal and activity in getting up a meeting of southern members, to take some prompt and efficient action in relation to what was then considered a STARTLING aggression, viz: The abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

But at the very next session this identical Senator Foote employs equally as much zeal and activity in advocacy of the "Adjustment" that contained a provision carrying out the identical recommendation of Gott's resolution—viz: prohibition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

In the session of '48 when the proposition is made by Gott to abolish the slave trade in the District, Senator Foote (then a true man) regarded it as an alarming aggression of sufficient importance to call forth the assemblage of Southern members, and the issuance of a Southern address—at the very next session, he is zealously advocating the omnibus, containing among other things, a bill for the abolition of this same slave trade.

In '48, it was fanciful to assert such doctrine, in '49 and '50 it argues (in the opinion of the compromisers) a want of patriotism to oppose it.

Senator Foote has, however, one common excuse when pressed in relation to his inconsistency in supporting this or that particular feature of the Compromise Bill—it is this—that though he individually had some objection to this or that feature of the Bill, yet taken collectively he went for it as a happy "Adjustment" of all the difficulties connected with slavery. This is his usual excuse, and the way he has of explaining out of such embarrassing positions.

But our Senator has precluded himself from making this excuse, for he defends that portion of the Bill abolishing the slave trade in the District, as right of itself—he approves it *per se* without any reservation.

Can any man possibly reconcile this sudden change of opinion? Here so perfectly transparent that all must admit it—even his present friends and admirers must be forced to acknowledge it.

The sudden sunset by any other politician would be regarded as remarkable—but as a sunset is with him a natural motion, inconsistency is in perfect keeping with his whole character.—Madisonian.

**A DEAR WAGER.**—The Carrollton Star, of Saturday last, says that on Wednesday evening last, John Schwann made a bet of twenty-five cents that he could swim a certain distance out in the Mississippi river.—On getting about half way the distance, he gave a loud cry for help, and sank to rise no more.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth, in the white of six eggs, well beaten, is applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from entering.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went off well—especially the audience.

## Gen. Foote's Consistency.

When Gen. Foote first removed to this State he established a paper at Vicksburg, to advocate the doctrines of John C. Calhoun. In a few years we find him denouncing those doctrines as abominable heresies.

For a brief while he claims to be an ultra Democrat. But on a sudden, he throws himself in the Whig ranks, and as a reward for his apostasy asks at their hands a seat in the State Legislature. We proved last week that while occupying that seat, he was one of their chief spokesmen, and voted for John Henderson, a Whig, to the United States Senate.

And again "a change comes over the spirit of his dream." He turns Democrat, and by professions of over-zeal, so worms himself into the confidence of the Democracy, that they placed him on the electoral ticket.

He has been against the admission of California, and for her admission.

He has been against the dismemberment of Texas, and for the dismemberment of Texas.

He has been against the suppression of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and in his letter to Henry A. Wise he denounced any man as "a madman" who would claim for Congress the right to meddle with slavery in the States, Territories or District of Columbia. He has said the fugitive slave law would be effective, and that it would not.

He has denounced Fillmore as an Abolition Whig, and lauded him as a sound, conservative statesman.

He has been the bitter reviler of Henry Clay, and his fulsome adulator.

He has admitted the right of the Legislature to instruct him, and he has denied the right.

He has advocated the doctrine of secession, and proved that it was recognized by Gen. Jackson, and he has denounced the doctrine and denied that Jackson recognized it.

Is Mississippi to rely for the guardianship of her rights and honor upon a man who has no stability, and who is so utterly destitute of the qualities of a statesman?—Mississippian.

**SECESSION AND COERCION.**—We make the following significant extract from a speech recently delivered by Mr. Webster at Capon Springs in Virginia. It will be seen that he speaks, *ex cathedra*, when he says the present Federal Government will use force in coercing a sovereign State in case she should secede. We are only glad the gentleman has spoken out so freely.

The people of Georgia can now see what sort of a Government Mr. Fillmore would make of it—a Government of force, not of consent. In case a State secedes, the sword is to be drawn to force her back into the Union. The right of secession is totally denied. It is made not a peaceable right, but on the contrary "revolution and treason." Such are the doctrines of Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore. And such also the sentiments of Mr. Cobb, who declares that the sword will have to settle the question. Are the people of Georgia prepared to endorse the principles—so monstrous and anti-republican—of Mr. Webster and Mr. Cobb? We will not believe it.

The following is the extract referred to. The italics are ours.

"I make no arguments against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The people must settle it for themselves. It is to be hoped will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of—the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Constitution or the laws, will be promptly met. And I would not remain an hour in any Administration that should not immediately meet any such violation of the Constitution and the Law effectually, and at once. And I can assure you, gentlemen, that all with whom I am at present associated in the Government, entertain the same decided purpose."

**WHAT IS WHAT.**—What is fashion? Dinners at midnight and headaches in the morning.

**What is wit?** That particular kind of talk that leads to pulling noses and broken heads.

**What is idleness?** Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue tailed dog in sky colored convulsions.

**What is joy?** To count your money and find it over run a hundred dollars.

**What is conscience?** Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

**What is knowledge?** To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.

**What is contentment?** To sit in the house and see other people stack in the mud. In other words to be a little better off than our neighbors.

**What is justice.** It is the opinion of twelve drunken jurymen.

**What is ambition?** A desire to become possessed of a yellow pine leg and half solid eye brow. [Albany Dutchman.]

**RECIPE TO CURE DISTEMPER IN THE DOG.**—Honey, a table-spoonful, three mornings in succession, then omit three and give for three mornings. I have found six spoonfuls enough to cure, if the disease was taken in time.

An old lady being once at a loss for a pin cushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes!

## Parody on the Declaration of Independence.

A tavern keeper, once upon a time, having acquired considerable property, grew very careless, and so offended the lawyers by whom for many years his house had been visited, that during the crowded session of the court they with one accord forsook him, leaving behind them the following:

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed on set of men to dissolve the bonds of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind require that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to a separation.

We hold those truths to be self-evident, all men are created with mouths and stomachs; and they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, that no man shall be compelled to starve, out of mere compliance to a landlord, and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that is going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion, is a history of repeated insults, exactions and injuries, all having a direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-face whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner, anything but turnip soup, with a little tough beef and sour krot, which are unwholesome, and not designed for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of musquitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night, and eat up our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bedsteads, standing armies, and merciless savages, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, by taking dinners before breakfast and making his wife and servant do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the very deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses on broomstraw, and carrying them off to drink where the swine refuses to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villainy, in the robbery of our judge, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoils.

He has cut off our trade with foreign ports, and brought in his own bald-face whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad, and with perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potations.

He has imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount against our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and is unfit to keep a boarding house for Cherokee Indians. Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B. and Miss Sally.

We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, we have conjured them to alter a state of these things which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice, we are, therefore; constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well being and regardless to our comfort.

We therefore make this declaration of our final separation from our landlord and cast defiance in his teeth.

**CHEAP OIL FOR KITCHEN LAMPS.**—Let all scraps of fat bits on the dinner plates, and all drippings be set in a cold place. Put the fat in an iron pot, filling it half way up with fat; and pour in sufficient cold water to reach the top. Set it over the fire, and boil and skim it till the impurities are removed. Next pour the melted fat into a large broad pan of cold water and set it away to cool. It will harden into a cake. Then take out the cake and put it away into a cool place.—When wanted for use, cut off a sufficient quantity, melt by the fire till it becomes liquid, and then fill the lamp with it, as with lard. It will give a clear, bright, light, quite equal to that of lard, and better than whale oil; and it costs nothing but the trouble of preparing the fat.

A countryman was standing on the wharf in the city, the other day, watching the process of hoisting the anchor of a ship which was getting under weigh, and as he saw the huge iron rise from the water to the "go heave ho!" of the sailors, he exclaimed: "You may heave high and heave low, but you'll never get that great crooked thing through that little hole—I know better."

## [Correspondence of the Delta.]

HAVANA, August 2, 1851.  
*Eta Delta.* We are all up in arms here. The news from your city has inspired the Cubans with the hope of shortly seeing their savior here.

The interior is in arms, generally—eight to ten thousand men have risen in defence of their rights.

Vucito Abajo will pronounce as soon as they can learn when Lopez will be on hand, with two to three thousand men; then Havana, Matanzas, and this end of the island will be in arms.

The Government are confounded—the troops are deserting, dying, and in the hospitals—the Cubans are rejoiced at their present success. You can believe all you hear. We want the Delta here in preference to any other paper. We will soon have a Delta office here—everything goes on well. The telegraph men are here, ready to proceed; they are waiting to see what they can do. Hopes are great for us all. The enthusiasm is almost complete.

Lopez and other leaders are all the talk. We want aid—they will be received here with open arms—the Government is weak—they are alarmed—all the men-of-war are ordered out immediately—the work will soon be done. Government have ordered and pressed all the ship-carpenters, also all the boatmen, and all the Spanish sailors that they can lay hands on, into the service. The vessels are ordered to be ready at once. The steamers are coaled, and will go to sea to-day on the coast. Two to three Government meetings of officers take place daily to decide what steps to take, and what to do. Expresses are running day and night to and from every point. Confusion and fear. The Captain-General has a guard of three hundred men around him—he stays at his house, two miles from the city. It is considered more prudent, as the people cannot see who goes and comes, as well as in the Palace.

The arrival of the Ohio from New York is looked for anxiously. The news is much sought for. It is believed that 200 Hungarians are on hand, and will soon be here. Expresses are here waiting for news to take into the country for the Cubans, particularly to Vucito Abajo; they are waiting to pronounce, and said to be 600 to 800.

The planters will give their provisions, houses, &c., and all contribute what they can. The women are patriots, every inch of them, and push the cause along. The mulattoes are leaving for the country to join in the party. They are very strong and powerful.

The Government are afraid to show their weakness, consequently are doing scarcely anything to make a show; they are afraid of themselves, and have little confidence in the troops. Last night forty soldiers deserted, and more will go as soon as they get a chance, and know where. People talk here as publicly as in New Orleans. The East appears not to take any notice of it, whether from policy or not, I cannot say. The officers appear very friendly to the Americans, but we are all on the lookout—we understand them. They appear to give it all up, as they believe Lopez is coming with a force of brave Americans. I think 100,000 dollars could be raised for Lopez in two hours here, and a million in one day. The boys are already talking of the offices; they are to hold a *viva los Americanos*, we hear, one hundred times a day. God send "Puckle" is on hand with good news.

You must not give any credit to what you see in the Eastern papers—all sham. I send you a proclamation from Trinidad. News has just come in from Euzojez, twelve leagues, that they had risen with three hundred men; the Government have sent one hundred and twenty cavalry there and two hundred and fifty soldiers.

An express has just come, saying that the troops have pronounced at Matanzas, and that the work goes bravely on there. All right. NO HUMBUG.

The friend to whom we are indebted for the foregoing, accompanies it with the following, in pencil:  
Gentlemen: I enclose herewith the very latest intelligence received at Havana up to the time of the sailing of the Cherokee, 12 A. M., August 2d.

On Friday, August 1st, the Captain General sent out all the war steamers except the Pizarro; Saturday, August 2d, he ordered the army to take the field in force.

You can rely on this, as it comes from a reliable source; it might not answer to give names of our friends in Havana.

I am your friend, E.

**THE TRIUMPHS OF THE PATRIOTS.**—A SERIES OF SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENTS—A CONTINUOUS AND DETAILED REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS AND MOVEMENTS OF THE PATRIOTS.

[From a Reliable Source.]

On the 4th they pronounced, in the "partidas" of Guatimoro and Gibanics, with the small number of 250 patriots.

On the 5th, in concert with another party from Holquin, they marched upon Tunas; but in the night one party mistook the other, and a *meele* took place, in which five were killed in the obstinate battle and 28 wounded, before they discovered their sad error. Nevertheless they, as soon as they saw it, combined, and set upon the company of the Zaragoza Regiment in its barracks, and, after a short resistance, in which there were a few wounded, the Spanish troops joined them with the cry of "Liberty!" The Governor implored their lenity, and they left him at liberty, only taking from him his horse, sabre, pistols, and one thousand

dollars of the Government money.—They then marched upon the *partida* of San Juan de Santa Cruz, and on the 8th they found themselves in Cascorro, with 380 cavalry and 200 infantry.

The 8th and 9th were passed in the organization of four parties under the command of those patriots who had distinguished themselves the most at Lav Tanas.

On the 11th, three of these set out—the other remained in the mountain. That commanded by Don Serafio Reina advanced towards Santa Cruz, and shortly before reaching the river Najara he was informed that four companies of the regiment of Cantabria, commanded by Col. Conti, were marching in the same direction, but as the river was swollen they were occupied in making a raft, in order to pass over it. The patriot allowed the Colonel and first company to pass, and when the second was on the wharf they fell upon them and threw them into complete confusion. The result was, that they took the Colonel, Conti, six officers and fifty-six men prisoner; they saw thirty-six dead, without counting the wounded; they captured several materials of war and guns. In this most brilliant affair the patriots only lost one man killed, and ten wounded.

On the 10th and 11th, the other parties had various skirmishes with the Government troops, both of cavalry and infantry, from Puerto Principe.—On the 14th, they were joined at Guamarino by a section of artillery under the command of Don Gabriel Fortun, consisting of sixty men and four obuses. The 14th and 15th, they remained still, recruiting forces—but on the 17th, Divine Providence pleased that the plains of Cuba should witness more acts of heroism. The party commanded by Don Agustin de Aguiro y Aguiro—three companies of the regiment of Ysabel II, and 80 lancers of the squadron of Borbon, were completely defeated, and of the 80 lancers only ten men remained, and those badly wounded.

On the 18th and 19th nothing of note took place, the ranks of the patriots filling fast. On the 20th all the parties again joined, and marched towards the mountains, interrupted by three companies of the regiment of Cantabria, who were beaten, and driven off, and on the 21st these heights were occupied by 2000 Patriots, 680 cavalry, and four pieces of artillery, with the necessities of war, and maintenance sufficient for two months—only waiting the movement of Trinidad, to descend into the plains.

**A GREAT LETTER.**—At the request of a young friend, we insert the following *soul-stirring, heart-splitting epistle, verbatim et literatim*, addressed by mail to a young lady not many miles from this place. Clip it out boys, all who are too timid to make the "discovery" verbally, and take care of it. On a similar occasion, it may aid you in making the "discovery" to "yer charming friend."

Dear Miss — I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well at this time, and hoping that these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. O, how I love you; and I hope that I will enjoy the pleasure of seeing you before long. When I am ever sleep I am dreamin' about you; when I am awake, I take no rest. Every moment is en hour. O, what a pleasure cross my breast. I loved love you to yer very hart-bone, even to yer very gizzard. My horse is ded, and my saddle wore out, and Daddy sold it for ginger cakes, and the old sow lies tore up my blanket, and my bridle is gone, what shall I do? God bless you, how I love you! I should have hazzardid this discovery much sooner, but was restrained by the dread of meeting a censure for my presumption in aspinning to the persuasion of a Lady, being bewty, wit and fortune, has knawered to raze so high above reason's reckspashushans. God bless yer, honey, I know yer Daddy.

Yer charming friend.

**Corner.**—The chimney-corner is a place endeared to all—a snug corner in a will; never objected to—a corner in a woman's heart is a warm and delightful place; and a corner of a newspaper filled with choice bits, like this, is always acceptable to the reader—especially if well digested.

A talking-match came off, once, between a Kentuckian and a Frenchman. Betts run high. The talking continued thirteen hours—bystanders and judges were all talked to sleep, and when they waked up in the morning they found the Frenchman in the last agonies of death, and the persevering Kentuckian *rehearsing in his ears!*

"So here I am between two tailors," said a dandy at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are two beginners, and can only afford to keep one between."