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PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER

TERMS.—The Advertiser will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2 50, in advance, in every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. **Advertisements** will be charged at the rate of one dollar per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. **Announcing candidates for office**—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The Advertiser will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed. **Letters addressed to this office on business**, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to. **Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin**, or they will be continued until ordered out, as charged accordingly.

REPUTATION AND BANKRUPTCY.

The repudiators often attempt to shield themselves from the odium of their doctrine, by comparing them with the Bankrupt Law, and by characterizing that law as a *White measure*. We had prepared an article on this subject, but we find in our exchange papers the two following extracts which present the comparison in so strong a light, that we present them to our readers, and withhold our own comments:

"It is amusing to see the ignorance displayed by some men in attempting a comparison between the bankrupt law and repudiation: when light and darkness could not be more opposite and dissimilar. One is a stigma in constitutional law, the other is voluntary wickedness. One pleads inability and misfortune; the other waives all such reasons and places itself upon an impracticable theory in political science. The Bankrupt acts under the consent of creditors; repudiation sweeps away liabilities, *nobis coelestis*. The bankrupt gives up something; repudiation a thing. The bankrupt considers himself morally bound, repudiation recognizes no liability of any kind. One frees himself because he cannot pay; the other because he will not. We also find a difference in the motive, one grows out of necessity, the other choice. One is a misfortune, the other, a crime.—*Nat. Cour.*"

"The Atlas bolies the Bankrupt Law and its advocates, in the following prompt: 'That Law we know to be unpopular, but nothing can shake our deep conviction that it was at once humane and politic, merciful and just. It gave to the Creditor all the effects of the Debtor, and the Debtor an opportunity to earn more for his family. What would the Atlas have different from this? Must the unfortunate, penniless debtor remain a helpless bondman for ever? Who is to be benefited? If he had involved himself by using funds entrusted to him; if any dishonesty, any fraud, any concealment of property is ever proved, then the Bankrupt's discharge is null and void. What more? Will nothing satisfy the Atlas and its allies, but the heart's blood of the poor debtor? The last crust torn from his famishing children? But the Atlas asserts that debtors fraudulently cancelled their debts, yet retained their property, under the Bankrupt Law. Probably some did so; yet this could only be by means of the grossest perjury. With this, they could have defrauded their creditors without a Bankrupt Law, and been just as safe as they now are, since detection in any fraud in the exhibit of their property will now annul their discharge. The assertion that the law was framed and intended to favor such fraud is one which no honest man could make."

Nine-tenths of all debts of which the legal obligation was annulled by the Bankrupt Law had been long due, and could not be collected. They were, to all intents, of no value. If otherwise, why were they not collected? The legal remedy on a debt which the debtor will pay when he chooses, and cannot be made to pay before, is worthless; it may just as well be annulled as not. We lost (as the phrase goes) a great many debts by Bankruptcy—all the savings of eight years' hard labor—and we were better off after than before this consumation. There can be no poorer business than trying to collect money of those who can't pay it."

And now what analogy is there between Bankruptcy and Repudiation? In the one case the debtor, proving that he has no means of payment, is released from the law of legal compulsion—permitted to plant and reap without dread that another will step in and take the fruit which his family needs for its subsistence—the moral obligation

to pay his debt whenever he shall be able remaining wholly unaffected. He is liberated on proof that he cannot pay. In the other case, the Repudiator shakes his purse in the face of his ruined creditor, and boasts that he is able to pay but will not a single cent. The mind which can confound these and see no difference between them must be incapable of distinguishing honesty from fraud, misfortune from crime.

[*New York Tribune.*]

THE HONORS OF WAR.—Description of the arrival, at Dresden, of a remnant of Napoleon's army of Russia.—I was lately an eye witness of a terrible scene. The regiment of body guard that acquitted itself so manfully at Minsk, has, in returning to Moscow, been altogether cut up, mostly by the frost. Of the whole regiment, only about seventy remain.—Single bodies arrive by degrees, but, in the main, in a most pitiable plight. When they reach the Saxon border, they are assisted by them to make the rest of the road in some carriage or waggon.

On Sunday forenoon I went to the Linze, near Bad, and found a crowd collected round a car, in which some soldiers had returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of his ten fingers, and he showed us the black stumps. Another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks, for he wanted both ears and nose. Most horrible was the look of a third, whose eyes were frozen the eyelids hung down, rotting and the globe of the eyes were burst, and protruded out of the sockets. It was awfully hideous, and yet a more hideous object was to be seen in the car. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully out, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were his features. The lips were rotted away, and the teeth exposed. He pulled the cloak away from before his mouth and grinned on us like a death-head. Then he burst out into wild laughter; began to give the command in broken French in a voice more like the bark of a dog than any thing human; and we saw that the poor wretch was mad from a frozen brain. Suddenly a cry was heard—"Henry! my Henry!" and a young girl rushed up to the car. The paralytic rubbed his brow, as if trying to recollect where he was, he then stretched out his hand to the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. A shuddering fever fit came over him. He fell collapsed, and lay breathless on the straw. The girl was removed forcibly from the corpse. It was her bridegroom Her agony found vent in the most horrible imprecations against the French and the Emperor and her rage communicated itself to the crowd around her—especially the women, who were assembled in considerable numbers—they expressed their opinions in language the most fearfully frenetic. I should advise no Frenchman to enter into such a mob; the name of the king himself would help him little there.—[*Reminiscences of the year 1813 in Germany.*]

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION, OR THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALONS.—The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti-British spirit in the woman as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid some of them, especially in the capital of the county, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms *whawl*, *loom*, &c. The first is the name of an old fashioned piano with one string the other is a big house organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was next older than I was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I arose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said, that, though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The right of mother's tears

always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garment was needed. She replied, "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"but we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can mother."

"How can you weave it if there is a long web of linen in the loom?"

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web, we then set to go with the rest of the fleeces. I sent the wool in by my sister, Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the way, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of the fleeces.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove and cloth prepared, and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept, not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."

"The garment being finished, I retired and went till my own changed and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America!

[*Greenfield Mercury.*]

NECESSITY.—This very convenient word, and one which upon occasions, is made to cover every kind of error and neglect in the discharge of our various duties in life.

The farther who from ignorance or indisposition is disposed to neglect the most important of his duties, will say that it is not necessary to give his son a liberal education, or have him instructed in some useful trade, by which he may become a useful member of society—and forsooth, because he is wealthy enough to live without the former, and because the latter is not sufficiently respectable for one of the sons of wealth. Instead of this, many are permitted to live in the indulgence of every vicious habit which is the natural offspring of ignorant idleness. And when the results are produced, we will occasionally hear such parents bewailing these very consequences which the chief portion of their time and attention have been expended in producing.—Parents who teach their sons that any honest or useful occupation is unnecessary or degrading, because their situation in life is such that they might live without it, need be surprised at no degree of wickedness and disgrace which they may attain, and need charge it to no other source than their own error.

If necessity were to be the only rule of life with all men, there would be but very little accomplished in art, science, or any thing else by which the world would be benefited; for by this rule—

"Our best beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's."

Absolute necessity then is not to be the rule of action with man, whether as a parent, or as a member of society—but the greatest amount of good—immediate and remote—which it may be in his power to accomplish.—*Ernest.*

SUBSTANCE OF PUREISM.

About ten years ago, some half dozen clergymen of the Church of England, Dr. Pusey among the number, combined together, and agreeing that high church principles

had fallen into practical neglect of late years, they commenced issuing at irregular intervals, the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," which reached the 90th number, when the Bishop of Oxford arrested their publication. The tracts advocated most of the essential doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church:

1. Apostolic succession in both Protestant and Catholic Churches.

2. The regeneration of children by baptism.

3. There is no salvation of those out of the pale of the church.

4. The authority of the church is higher than that of the state; and that the King and the Senate are bound to obey the Church.

5. The writings of the fathers are preferred to the narratives of the inspired evangelists, and the letters of the apostles.

6. That the scriptures ought not to be read by the laity, unless accompanied by the exposition of their meaning to be found in the book of Common Prayer.

7. The atonement, requiring the religion of the heart, is virtually rejected.

8. That Religion mainly consists in the observance of forms and ceremonies.

9. That the bread and wine in the Sacrament are converted, when consecrated by the clergy, into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, and that the sacrament constitutes a kind of continuation of the Monement of Christ on the cross.

The above may be regarded as a tolerably fair synopsis of the doctrines of the Puseyites, as exposed in the controversy now going on in the city of New York between Dr. Hall and Smith on the one side, and Bishop Doane, and other clergy in opposition. The latter appear to be the Puseyites, or high church party, as they lately examined Mr. Carey, who avowed his concurrence in the doctrines of Dr. Pusey, and therefore in favor of a union between the Protestant Episcopal and the Catholic Churches. As the discussion is lengthy, and unsuited to a political paper, we shall, perhaps, pay no further attention to it, in our columns to know what Puseyism meant, alone induced us to allude to the subject.—

Tax Monks.—We learn by a gentleman from Warsaw, that a meeting of the People of Hancock county, to be held at Carthage, was called for to day, to take into consideration their relations with the Mormons. It is said that a good deal of excitement exists against them, and apprehensions of a serious riot and outbreak were entertained.—The people of that section of the State are as heartily tired of the Mormons as ever the citizens of Missouri were, but they have suffered them to obtain so strong a foothold that no power exists which can deprive them of their possessions, or induce them to abandon their present residence.—*St. Louis Era.*

There was an attempt at murder, or in other words "an affair of honor," in the State of Indiana on the 14th inst. The parties were residents of Elizabethtown, Ky, one was wounded in the side, but not mortally. Affair of honor! why not call things by their right names? These "affairs" are generally anything else but affairs of honor. They usually originate in trifles, and all the honor which either acquires would not weigh a feather.—*Nash Whig.*

A CASE OF MANKERING.—It is said that Dr. Edwards, postmaster at Alton, a few days since, threw a young lady into the mesmeric sleep, and during the sleep extracted a wen from her temple without pain to the subject. So is the report of the case.

Gardner who attempted to assassinate the Postmaster General, having been pronounced insane by the Jury, has been ordered by the Court to be confined to the State Lunatic Asylum until he has recovered his reason. Of late, the plea of insanity has been so frequently set up and admitted, that many have stamped who well deserved punishment. On this subject, the New York Sun remarks:—Depend upon it, the terror of a mad brood, the strait jacket, and

shaved head, will keep many fellows in their senses, who might otherwise be disposed to be crazy occasionally.—*Nash Era.*

ONE FROM SAN SLON.—When I see a child I always feel safe with the woman folk, for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.

"There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are some others, again, who blurt out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superior fine darning fools."

"There is no way so good to learn French as to live among 'em; and if you want to understand us, you must live among us, too:—your Halls, Hamiltons, and such critters, what can they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flying along a rail road? Can he even see the features?"

"It ain't them that stare the most that sees the best always, I guess."

"Scotchmen cut their eye-teeth afore ever they set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a fubber they know what to do with it, that's a fact. They open their pouch, and drop it in; and it's got a spring like a fox trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger."

Power has a natural tendency to clothful corpulency.

"The little folks be, the bigger they talk. You never see a small man that didn't wear high heeled boots and a high crowned hat, and that was not ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him."

"An intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe."

"Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect."

"Be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change. Neither flatter the mob nor the government; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular you will at least be respected. Popularity lasts but a day, but respect will descend as a heritage to your children."

"I don't like preaching to the narve instead of the judgment."

"Every thing that gives power to numbers will carry numbers."

"I'm a great friend to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine virtue, and to decency, for decency is a manly virtue; but as for squamishness, rat me! if it does not make me sick."

"Squamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, in manners, and in other things, extremes meet."

"Humility is the dress-coat of pride."

"Book l'arned men seldom know anything but books; and there is one that never was printed yet, worth all they've got on their shelves, but which they never read nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't know the hand writing, and that book is 'human natur.'"

"Most men like to be thought knowing on the subject of women."

"Patriotism is internal hunger, and an average old Scratch if it ain't fed. If you want to cure it, you must keep it as Van Amburg does his lions—keep its belly full."

SWEETEN.—You have heard of what is called creation. How should you like to have been there? Perhaps you would like to see one for yourself. Get up, for once, before daylight; watch the coming forth of the sun.—See a new world bursting upon you from the darkness, and then go to bed again, if you like. That such things are you may depend, whatever you may suppose to the contrary—ask your milkmaid or your strawberry girl.—*John Neal.*

WESTERN POLITICS.—Are you a Scotchman?

"No, stranger, I'm a shoonmaker."

"Oh you don't understand me. I mean what part do you take in politics?"

"Polly Ticks, I don't know any gal by that name. I reckon she don't live in these ere diggins."