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THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$3 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 CASH 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, an charge accordingly.

THE WHIGS UNITED.—The prospect before them.—Mr. Clay.—The Whig party of the United States has not, since its organization under the name it now bears, been more thoroughly united than at the present time. From all parts of the Union we hear but one expression of feeling. From the North and South, from the East and the West, the favorite, the only candidate of the Whigs for the Presidency, is HENRY CLAY of Kentucky. Thus far, every delegate to the National Convention is in his favor. Georgia has spoken through the largest Convention ever held in that State, and every Whig paper throughout the Commonwealth has taken bold, manly, and decided ground in favor of Henry Clay. A similar spirit breathes among the Whigs of every State in the Union; and it now seems to be placed beyond all doubt, that Mr. Clay will receive the nomination of the National Convention, not only with unanimity, but with an enthusiasm unprecedented in the history of political assemblies. The Whigs, we repeat, were never more united. But more; they never were more conscious of the patriotism of their cause, and the identity of the principles of that cause with the real prosperity of the country. Admiring as they do, with a warm almost without precedent the public services and patriotic career of their candidate, their attachment nevertheless, to Whig principles is much stronger. They will go forward to the struggle, therefore, satisfied in the first place, that the man of their choice is in the field, and still more satisfied because of the integrity of their motives, and of their belief that in his election, they will not only render justice to a tried patriot, but they will promote the best interest of their country.

Such being the condition of affairs, the Whigs can afford to be liberal. They can with perfect propriety invite thousands of the Democracy to rally with them, because it is quite apparent that there is not and cannot be union in the ranks of our political opponents with regard to a candidate. Mr. Van Buren, the chances are, will be selected by the Locofoco National Convention. He can never receive any considerable support from the South, or indeed any enthusiastic support from any section of the Union. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The people have tried him and have rebuked him. His Administration was not fraught with a solitary measure calculated to brighten the honor, to strengthen the credit, or to assist the prosperity of the nation. He identified himself with Sub-Treasurism, and with Sun-Treasurism he fell. Mr. Van Buren, it is the conviction of thousands who supported him at the last election, can never be re-elected to the office of President of the United States. But, we repeat, the chances are in favor of his being nominated. His great competitor, at the present moment is Mr. Calhoun, who has many noble traits of character, and much calculated to recommend him to the South. But the fatal beryl of Nullification still darkens his character, and weakens his strength in the public mind. Besides Mr. Van Buren, can and will out-manage him. The question arises, with Van Buren in the field—would the entire party rally with him? They would not at the last contest, and is he more popular now? Few will venture to say he is. He was too weak for success then, and he will prove far weaker in 1844.—We repeat, that under all the circumstances, the prospect for the Whigs is every way encouraging. Let them keep together; united, earnest and determined; but let them never forget that their true duty to their cause and their candidate, requires them by a liberal, manly and truly American policy, to win as many converts to their ranks as possible, and thus to increase the strength of their cause and the majority for their candidate.—Phil. Inq.

DANIEL BOONE.—The Louisville Advertiser says:—"Some weeks since, an acquaintance of ours made an excursion through what is known as the Popular Level, some three miles south of this city, in quest of woodcocks. Being fatigued and thirsty, he sat down by the side of a small spring that bubbled from the roots of a Beech—and whilst enjoying the shady refreshment, detected at some 30 feet distant from his seat, the dim outline of letters on a Beech tree, barely discernible at the distance he was from them. Approaching the tree, and carefully removing the moss which covered the inscription, he found the full name of the forester, Daniel Boone, carved in large and rude characters above the date 1774. The tree was some four feet in circumference—and the letters, after their trenches were clear of mould, distinct at the distance of fifty paces. This is the only memorial of old Boone we have ever heard of as extant in this region, and from the evidences of antiquity that surround it, no doubt can be entertained of its being the genuine work of the solitary autographist."

FORTY YEARS HENCE.

A portion of our readers may rationally expect to live forty years. Let us look forward to what will be the condition of the world in 1883.

Judging of the future by the past, we shall in that period see added to the American Union, ten new States, and settlements will extend to the Rocky mountains, within a considerable population in Oregon. This vast extent of country will be cultivated by a population of ninety millions of free, intelligent people—such a nation of men and women as the Sun has never shone upon.

The city of New York will have a population of more than one million, and lines of packets, propelled by machinery so much improved, that the passage to England will be made in four or five days, starting every day, and the fare not exceeding twenty dollars.

With all this immense population on the sea board, the most populous and powerful portion of the Union will be the valley of the Mississippi, to some city of which the Government will be removed, while the present national buildings at Washington, will be used as a great National University.

Our trade with the whole world will have increased in population, and about this time, the China trade, having become of immense importance, through the diplomatic intercourse about to be opened by Mr. Cushing, will be carried on by immense steam ships, across the Pacific ocean and up the Oregon river, across the mountains, by a railroad, and so down the Mississippi to St. Louis, the probable great centre of trade.

Those who shall, forty years hence, look over the file of the New York Sun, for 1743, will be more astonished at the truth of these predictions, than are many now at their apparent extravagance.—N. Y. Sun.

A plunge into the people's pockets.—The human heart is curiously a strange instrument. It produces strange vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly.—We give the following as a specimen:—An English preacher, advocating a generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to the hearers:—"From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of—that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now it is my duty to inform you that justice, though not so pleasant, should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting any thing into the box who cannot pay his debts." The result was an overflowing collection.—Boston Recorder.

SWEARING OUT OF FASHION.—Another thing struck me with surprise here. Profane swearing has gone quite out of fashion. I cannot speak for the nobility, because I have not reached their circle, but with all the other classes cursing and swearing is "honored in the breach" rather than "in the observance." Oaths and imprecations, so

common in America, are not heard here, even among the watermen, cabmen, coal-bearers, or scavengers. The language of blasphemy in its various "sliding scales" of enormity came as a part of our education from the mother country. Is it not reasonable to hope, therefore, that among other English fashions adopted by Americans, our people will soon forbear to mingle the name of their Creator and Redeemer profanely either in their idle conversation, or their excited controversies?—Weed's Letter from London.

HENRY CLAY.—Who can speak of Henry Clay without a word of praise? There is no intelligent Locofoco in the country who will not when his name is mentioned, for the Locofocos are after all, good in heart, couple it with a proud tribute to his genius and patriotism. They may, and no doubt do, conscientiously differ from him on points of National policy, but they are too generous to withhold from him the praise which is due to candor, honesty, and genius.

A friend told us some time since, that in a railroad car, a circumstance arose in his presence in relation to Henry Clay, in which a foreigner, with a strong German accent—a gentleman of great Hebrew erudition—spoke of Henry Clay as a dishonest man. A gentleman opposite, a distinguished member of the Ohio bar, interrupted him, and after a courteous apology for the liberty which he took, said—"Sir I am a violent Locofoco in the strongest Locofoco district in Ohio, but in my section there is not a Democrat who would not take off his coat to chastise the scoundrel who would dare to say that Henry Clay is dishonest.—The Whig party has no exclusive right to the glory of Henry Clay's character. It belongs to the country. His foes and I among the most ardent of them, will oppose him—do feat him if we can—but they will permit no man to say that Henry Clay, whom we glory in while we oppose him, is not an honest man."—Phila. Ind.

HENRY CLAY IN OHIO.

The Columbia State Journal says:

"It must have been observed that every declaration of mass and delegate conventions throughout the State have been in favor of the great American statesman of Ashland.—We do not remember having seen an expression in a township, county, or district meeting, or meeting of delegates, (and nearly every one has spoken), but what has been a clear and explicit commendation of Henry Clay, and an expression of confidence in the election of this favorite of all who are advocating a complete restoration and establishment of the policy of Washington and the fathers of the Republic—the American policy and Republican principles.—There is but one feeling among us in Ohio; and for this reason we have neglected to copy all the expressions of public feeling, but have been content with recording those of Congressional conventions. Our friends in other states may rest assured that Henry Clay will carry this State against Van Buren or any other single Locofoco, by a majority as overwhelming as did General Harrison in 1840."

CLAY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Whig meeting was recently held in Bedford county. The Bedford Inquirer says:

"The best feeling was manifested at the meeting on Monday. The enthusiastic outbreak at the mention of Mr. Clay's name shows how deep and abiding is the determination of the people to carry out the purely American principle in the advocacy of which he is distinguished, and give efficiency to the glorious victory of 1840 by a still more brilliant achievement in '44. We are proud of a demonstration so noble, founded as it is in the finest feelings of the human breast—gratitude for the services of a long tried servant, and sympathy for the sufferings of the toiling millions.—It is an earnest of what old Bedford will do when the time for action arrives."

THE EVIL ONE.—"Failing in their efforts to solve the dark problem of the origin of evil, men fall back on the idea of a malignant being—the antagonism of good. Of this mysterious and dreadful personification, we find ourselves constrained to speak with that awe and reverence which are always associated with undefined power and ability to harm. 'The devil,' says an old writer, 'is a dignity, though his glory

be somewhat faded, and wan, and is to be spoken of accordingly.' Cudworth, in his Intellectual System, says that the inferior gods or demons, being all of them able to do us hurt or good, and being also irascible, and therefore provokable by our neglect, it is our interest to appease and pacify them."

"I have seen persons in that stage of the drunkard's mady known as delirium tremens, who verily imagined they could see his Satanic Majesty hovering over them; but do not recollect of ever meeting with but one sane person who has been thus favored. He is a man of strong nerves, sound judgment in ordinary matters, and quite the reverse of superstitious. He states that several years ago, when his mind was somewhat 'exercised,' to use his own words, on the subject of his religious duties, he was standing one moonlight evening in a meditative mood, on the bridge which crosses Little River, near its junction with the Merrimack. Suddenly he became sensible of a strange feeling, as if some thing terrible was near at hand; a vague terror crept over him. 'I knew,' said he, in relating the story, 'that something bad and frightful was behind me—I felt it. And when I did look round, there on the bridge, within a few paces of me, a huge black dog was sitting with the face of a man—a human face, if ever I saw one, turned full up to the moonlight. It remained just long enough to give me a clear view of it, and then vanished; and ever since, when I think of Satan, I call to mind the dog on the bridge.'"
[J. G. Whittier in the Dem. Rev.

VINDICATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—John Jones is going to collect a number of Locofoco speeches "vindicating the President against the charges of the Clay Whigs." What good will that do, John? Their organ has already told you that the party loved the treason, but abhorred the traitor. While he was in the chrysalis state they flattered him of course to serve their own ends, and we told you at the time it was all they wanted. Were you ass enough, or was your master ass enough, to think them in earnest? It is his own wickedness and folly, not the duplicity of the Locofocos, he ought to blame. That is the way traitors have always been treated, from the beginning of the world. They saw your master was for sale, and they bought him on a long credit. If he cannot get the price he bargained for, it is his own concern, not that of the Locos. Look in the "Encyclopedia Americana," Johnny, article Arnold. You will find your master's great prototype railing against the British Government for not paying him the thirty thousand pounds promised. But no one had any sympathy for the traitor. Your master is still "following in the footsteps." Who ever thought of paying a traitor? No one; unless it be such payment as the Roman Damsel received from the barbarians into whose hands she betrayed the citadel of her country.—Richmond Whig.

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.—I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into its nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean and where beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay our presence forever.—[Prentice.

"We are borne in haste," says an American writer; "we finish our education on the run—we marry on the wing; we make a fortune at a stroke and lose it in the same manner, to make and lose it again in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; our soul high pressure engine; our life is like a shooting star; and death overtakes us at last, like a flash of lightning."

A NEPHEW OF OSCEOLA.—The Newark Advertiser says that Osceola, a young Seminole Chief, a son of the great chief of that name, now 13 years of age, was found by Dr. Andrew Welch, in Florida, six years ago, and after living in his family a year or two was taken to London, and placed under the care of the Rev. James Sherman, successor of Rowland Hill, to be educated. He is said to be a youth of much promise, not only a rigid teetotaler, but a vegetable eater and he has withstood all possible solicitations of his school mates and others to drink intoxicating fluids.

We learn that a large number of Indians of different tribes are collecting upon the Arkansas, near the Santa Fe trail. Fears are entertained that their object is not a good one. We see, and the Government will too, ere long, the necessity of a military post at that point; and none but mounted troops will answer for that service.

In casting our eyes over the map, we wonder why it is, that the Comander in Chief of the army suffers two regiments to remain at Jefferson Barracks. We are tempted to ask the question, what do they there in the East, when they ought to be in the West? A thousand miles from either frontier, where they have no revenue or intercourse laws to enforce.

Why is not one on this frontier? At Fort Smith, a convenient point from whence they can reinforce Fort Gibson, Townson, Jesup, Washita, Scott, Leavenworth, the Grand Saline, and the Santa Fe crossing, both of which points will eventually have to be fortified.

The interests of the "Far West" may be considered unimportant, and not worthy the attention of the Commander in Chief, but the time is fast approaching when her voice will be heard as attested to.—Ark. Int.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

—We cut the annexed character of a good schoolmaster from an English Journal:

A good schoolmaster ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with intelligence and taste; who is to live a humble sphere, and yet to have a noble and elevated mind, that he may preserve that dignity of sentiment and of deportment, without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness; for inferior though he may be, in station to many individuals in the parish, he ought to be the obsequious servant of none; a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking much more of his duties; showing to all a good example, and serving to all as a counsellor; not given to change his condition, but satisfied with his situation because it gives him the power of doing good; and who has made up his mind to live and die in the service of primary instruction which to him is the service of God and his fellow creatures. To rear masters approaching to such a model is a difficult task; and yet we must succeed in it, or else we have done nothing for elementary instruction.

COTTON CROP.—The worm, we understand, is doing much damage in many cotton plantations. With regard to the prospects of the growing crop we find among the farmers a diversity of opinion. Some think they will make good crops, others think they will make none. Where cotton was planted early, and worked with little or no ploughing, it is now opening pretty well; but that which has been deeply ploughed, especially if planted late, or in rich ground is opening very little, and from present prospects will not open before frost.—N. Ala.

ALABAMA COTTON.

—The Montgomery Advertiser of the 8th inst. says:

The cotton crop of this year has had much to contend against. First the late spring, next the heavy rains, and now, we understand, that the worm is beginning to be very destructive, particularly in the prairie lands. Unless the fall season is unusually late, we fear that this year's crop will fall short of an average one.

INSANITY.—A fellow plead it in New York for kissing a pretty girl. If he had not kissed her, with a good chance for it, we should have certainly believed he was crazy.—People's Organ.