

CANTON HERALD.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1837.

VOL. 2—NO. 29

WILLIAMS & T. C. TUPPER, Editors.

CANTON HERALD

TERMS.

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amen. Gen. Jackson changed, and a pointed sixty members of Congress during his reign, whereas his predecessor only appointed nine. The party changed; swore the old chief could do no wrong—thus giving proof the second of their consistency.

3. Gen. Jackson swore that Gen. Hayne's Nullification speech on Mr. Foote's Resolution was the greatest oratorical effort of modern times; remarkable alike for the soundness of its principles, and the elegance and purity of its diction. The party was in ecstasies. The Albany Regency printed the speech alluded to, upon satin; sent Gen. Hayne a copy; wrote him a letter, swearing that nullification was the true faith of the party. But lo! when South Carolina nullified the Tariff, Gen. Jackson changed. The party changed; he issued his Proclamation and pronounced it perfect. The party pronounced it perfect; he swore it was imperfect and not rightly understood by the people, and therefore published a codicil or explanation of it: they swore that it was not understood, but the codicil was the very thing; he denounced nullification as treason, and all nullifiers as traitors. And thus endeth the third proof of the party's consistency.

We might proceed if it were necessary, and show that Gen. Jackson passed through every sign of the Zodiac of political inconsistency and has been regularly followed by his partisans; but the party we confess have been consistent (in changing with every change of their master) in their understanding of the term, to an extent rarely equalled if ever surpassed by the pimps and flatterers of an eastern despot. And the State Rights party, by the same standard, must acknowledge their inconsistency. For although Gen. Jackson has violated every pledge made while canvassing for the presidency—changed completely from all his professions—the State Rights party have not in a solitary instance changed with him. Here they are accused of inconsistency—and now too they are accused of inconsistency because they refuse to support Col. Grimball for Governor, who has either changed his politics or they were not known at the time the State Rights editors declared themselves in his favor. If this be inconsistency on the part of the State Rights party—we plead guilty.—*Woolville Republican.*

Examinations in Law and Physic.—Our men folks, if they can't get through a question, how easily they can go round it, can't they? Nothing ever stops them. I had two brothers, Josiah and Eldad: one was a lawyer, the other a doctor. They were talking about their examination one night at a husking frolic, up to the Governor Ball's big stone barn at Slickville. Says Josiah, "When I was examined, the Judge axed me about real estate; and says he, 'Josiah, what's a fee?' Why, says I, Judge, it depends on the matter of the case. In a common one, says I, I call six dollars a pretty fair one; but lawyer Webster has got afore now, I have heard tell, one thousand dollars—that I do call a fee. Well, the Judge he laughed ready to split his sides—(thinks I, old chap, you'll burst like a steam boiler if you han't got a safety valve somewhere or another)—and, says he, 'I vow, that's superfluous; I'll endorse your certificates for you, young man. There's no fear of you—you'll pass the inspection brand any how.' "Well," says Eldad, "I hope I may be skinned, if the same thing didn't e'en a'most happen to me at my examination. They axed me a nation sight of questions; some on 'em I could answer, and some on 'em no one could, right off the reel, at a word without a little cypherin'."

At last they axed me, "How would you calculate to put a patient into a sweat, when common modes wouldn't do no how?" Why, says I, I'd do as Doctor Comfort Payne served father. "And how was that?" said they. Why, says I, he put him in so much sweat as I never seed him in afore in all my days, since I was raised, by sending in his bill; and if that didn't sweat him it's a pity—it was an active dose, you may depend.

"I guess that 'ere chap has cut his eye teeth," said the President; "let him pass as approbated."—*Sam Slick.*

A fire broke out in Washington Ga., on the night of the 22d of August, and destroyed property to the amount of \$50,000. The weather was very calm, or the destruction would have been greater.—*Ralph Gordon Gazette.*

A Vermont Colony.—The Rev. Mr. Huntington, in a letter published in the Plymouth Memorial, relates the following, of an emigrant family, whom he met in the steamboat from Buffalo to Detroit:

"In the afternoon, I happened to plant my chair right opposite to the effects of a family that were going about one hundred and thirty miles into the interior of Michigan. The family consisted of the emigrant and his wife, both under the age of thirty, and a son and daughter. They are part of a colony that came out from Vermont, a year ago, consisting of some thirty or forty families, known to each other in 'fader land,' and selected from the most orderly and religious. This man, like many of the rest, went out last year, alone, and made preparations for returning with his family. They purchased together one quarter of a township—each man having a village house lot of ten acres, and a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, contiguous to it. Like the Puritans, they made arrangements, from the beginning, to take their household gods and their minister along with them; though I suspect Mr. Robinson would never have done so much at farming as their minister is likely to do; for, like the rest of the emigrants, he has purchased, with his own money, the same quantity of land (one hundred and seventy acres) that the rest did. Besides this, he gave him the use of eighty acres of land, which is attached to their intended parsonage. It seems that this is all the certain provision they have yet pledged themselves to make for his support. Noticing a short rifle among his baggage, I asked him what game he found at Vermontville. He informed me, in reply, that there were bears and deer, (besides wolves,) wild turkeys and squirrels. He says, the climate there is healthy, the soil excellent, though now heavily timbered; that the water is pure and good, the streams swift, and there are two or three mill sites in the place."

Said the Spanish lover to his mistress, "Do you love me?" "Yes." "What do you love me for—because I am handsome?" "Oh, yes." "Because I have pretty mustaches?" "Yes." "Because I sing well?" "Yes." "Because I dance well?" "Yes." "Because I play on the guitar well?" "Yes." "Well, what else do you love me for?" "Oh, I love you for all your good qualities." "But if you do not love me for myself, you can never be mine." And thereupon it becomes a question, whether the Spanish lover was more a block-head or a puppy. If the lady did not cut him as dead as a drowned frog, she was a goose for her pains.

An umbrella maker, of Paris, has completed a parasol for his Majesty, the Emperor of Morocco, measuring eighteen feet in circumference. The stick is twelve feet long. The exterior is formed of rich velvet, fringed with gold. The inside is of light blue satin. When the Emperor walks out, he intends to be accompanied by his whole harem.—*Lexington Intell.*

France.—A report was current in Paris, on the 23th, of the death of Abd-el-Kader, in Algiers. It was also confidently affirmed that the Duke de Nemours would take the (nominal) chief command of the army in Africa. The papers seized in the houses of Messrs. Walsh, Genoude, and Bearper, had been laid before the King's Attorney, and the parties were to be tried for the alleged conspiracy.

The anniversary fetes of July were in progress. They were going on quietly, and with less splendor of observance than on former occasions. There was no talk of revolutionary or regicide attempts.

There was to be a grand review at Compeigne, on the 20th of August, the Duke of Orleans commanding.

One of the Paris journals states that the illness of Prince Talleyrand is so serious that his physicians have no hope of his recovery. His disease is gout, which has attacked the stomach, with paralysis of the limbs. The Prince is eighty-four years old.

The Art of Electioneering.—When the day of election approaches, visit your constituents, far and wide. Treat liberally, and drink freely, in order to rise in their estimation, though you fall in your own. True, you may be called a drunken dog by some of the clean shirt and silk stocking gentry; but the real rough necks will style you a jovial fellow. Their votes are certain, and frequently count

double. Do all you can to appear to advantage in the eyes of the women. That is easily done—you have but to kiss and slather their children, wipe their noses, and pat them on the head; this cannot fail to please their mother, and you may rely on your business being done in that quarter. Promise all that is asked, and more, if you can think of any thing. Offer to build a bridge or a church, to divide a county, create a batch of new offices, make a turnpike, or any thing they like. Promises cost nothing; therefore deny nobody who has a vote, or sufficient influence to obtain one. Get up, on all occasions, and sometimes on no occasion at all, and make long-winded speeches, though composed of nothing else than wind—talk of your devotion to your country, your modesty and disinterestedness, or any such fanciful subject. Rail against taxes of all kinds, office holders, and bad harvest weather; and wind up with a flourish about the heroes who fought and bled for our liberties, in the times that tried men's souls. If any charity be going forward, be at the top of it, provided it is to be advertised publicly; if not, it is not worth your while. These few directions, if properly attended to, will do your business; and, when once elected, why, a fig for the dirty children, the promises, the bridges, the churches, the taxes, the offices, the subscriptions; for it is absolutely necessary to forget all these, before you can become a thorough-going politician, and a patriot of the first water.—*Col. Crockett.*

Revolution.—In pursuing the pages of history, the mind is frequently struck with particular points in the detail, which seem to serve as pivots upon which the destinies of nations revolve. The elements of our young republic, which were thrown together only 60 or 70 years ago, have not had time to harmonize—the spirit of independence and the genius of monarchy have been continually warring for the mastery. The protean monster that would swallow up all power, has assumed every shape from the haughty dictatorial bearing which characterized the Tories of '76, to the cringing supplicating of the present day, that pretends to echo the breathing of the multitude. By designing tyrants, who played the demagogue and practiced upon the credulity of the people, Rome fell from her proud eminence. The history of all popular Governments, teaches the same lesson. An undue degree of love for the dear people, which is always manifest in a canvass for political station, is the surest index of a designing demagogue, and a heartless tyrant. The success of such aspirants proclaims to the world that the great body of the people are honest, but ignorant of their dearest privileges as a nation of freemen.

The political history of our country for the last 3 or 10 years, will form an era in the annals of our national existence. A revolution is taking place that will end in the establishment of order, quiet, prosperity, union and happiness, or in the overthrow of every interest dear to society. A revolution is going on. But whether for weal or for woe, the future alone can tell. Could the mind penetrate the veil which covers the ultimate fate of a struggle for the dearest principles of our Constitution—could we look through the cloud that hangs over our present deranged commerce, and disorganized domestic affairs—could we trace the future route of the demon of Abolition, and the ascension of the star of Texas, we could fix metes and bounds to the tide of the great political revolution which is now on the flow. But these things rest in the bosom of the unfathomed future.

Our constitution has been assailed by the enemies of republican institutions, in every manner that cunning could devise, or open hostility could dare attempt. The effects of these assaults are now visible in every part of our confederacy—it requires no finger to point them out—every branch of trade wears the garb of ruin.

Abolition, hurried on by the fiends of an illiterate and phrenzied priesthood, who, under the garb, and in the sacred name of christianity, would put the torch to our country, as to a funeral pyre, increases in strength every day. The very infant is taught to look upon the South with more abhorrence than upon the cannibal, & with its first feeble accents takes the oath of eternal enmity to the South and her institutions. Where will this end?—Where must it end? The surge that is tossed by the wind may be effectually checked in its progress, but the mighty tide that rises by degrees and

receives its power by the accession of particles to the great sea, rolls onward, and must roll onward in despite of opposition. He that believes that the "man of God," in the pulpit, and at the fireside—that the young maiden and the aged matron, can make but puny efforts in turning the die that must decide the fate of empires, reckons not only without the host, but without a knowledge of facts, and the secret springs of the human heart.—The South must not, cannot expect any thing from the puritanical portion of the North, but an undying hatred to her domestic institutions, and a never ceasing effort to scatter firebrands to inflame the elements of her society.

By our trade, as now carried on through northern ports, the South pays a tribute to a section of country of at least 20 per cent, upon all her natural resources, which will enable the abolitionists to carry on their nefarious schemes. Should the South ever begin to do her own business independent of the North, the strongest weapon will be wrested from their hands by which they would crush the whole South. The day of retribution is fast rolling round, when the contest must be decided by dint of physical force. Let the South then be awake to her interest—let her drop the curtain that will shield her from a base and ignominious dependence upon a people who have no common sympathy, and who are her most deadly enemies, although bound by the ties of national brotherhood.

Texas, the land of the single star, is of the South—her every tie of consanguinity and of interest is of the South—every law of nature points her out as a sister from whom we cannot be separated. If she can be united to our republic, the South can maintain herself against all internal aggressions—if she cannot be annexed to us, we shall ultimately have to beg to be united to her. A union is the order of nature, and every innovation upon Southern interests, will tend to bring us nearer together. The line that separates the slave-holding from the non-slave-holding States, is every day becoming more and more distinct; whereas that between the South and Texas is well nigh effaced.

We have then the elements of a revolution. The political demagogue who shuffles and cuts the doctrines and opinions for the people, so as to elevate certain individuals who may, in their turn, elevate them—the prostitution of the elective franchise—the overthrow of commerce and credit—an irresponsible executive who seizes the sword and the purse—a northern horde of incendiary abolitionists more heartless than the barbarians who overran the Roman empire—a disposition on the part of our enemies to prevent an accession of Southern territory, when the North can extend its flood of emigration to the Pacific ocean—all these, with many apparently minor causes, point to a revolution—a revolution, which, if moral, will be effectual and sufficient—if physical, bloody and decisive.

We do not desire to be considered alarmists, but coming events cast their shadows before, and the result is stamped upon the history of the present and past. It is time the South should begin to cast about and learn her duty to herself. Let every man who is not with us in feeling and interest on every question, be hurled from political station. We must not expect sympathy were there is no community of interests, and the base system of bending the knee to the will of a purpled tyrant to get what nature has denied us, will but embitter the day of retribution.

When we commence acting for ourselves we may find an ally in the mighty west, which nature, by her god-like streams, has linked to the South. But until we put our shoulders to the wheel we may expect the tide to roll against us. In every contest let the South be for herself and for principle—and the chivalry of her sons and her own internal resources will nerve her in the deadliest conflict to preserve her altars and firesides unpolluted.—*Southern Whig.*

The New Orleans papers announce an arrival from Mexico, bringing important documents relative to the conduct of the Mexican authorities to the United States citizens residing there, which (says the Bulletin) are calculated to excite feelings of the deepest disgust and indignation in this country. It appears that the presence of Commodore Dallas had the effect of causing additional insults to be heaped on these men, to such a degree as to render their residence

in that country intolerable.—*Nashville Republican Banner.*

Consensus.—Our Congressional news is meagre enough. All as yet is conjecture. Correspondents to the different papers serve up sufficiency of probabilities to amuse, but no two can agree upon the probable result of the session. The Message has had a singular effect upon the component parts of the administration party—some have faced to the right, some to the left and others in the right-about.—If the command was now given to March they would diverge to every point of the compass.

Committees have been appointed by both Houses. The committees in the Senate stand very much as they were last session with the exception that Mr. Calhoun has been left out of all committees, and Mr. Clay of Kentucky has been removed from the committee on Public Lands and his place filled by Mr. Clay of Alabama.

The House succeeded after 12 ballots in electing Mr. Allen, of the Madisonian, public printer, thus giving a death blow to the Globe.—*ib.*

We are authorized to say that Caswell R. Clifton, Esq. is a candidate for the office of Judge of the seventh judicial District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Coalter. This District embraces the counties of Atalla, Leake, Rankin, Madison and Hinds.

Mr. Clifton is one of the members of the firm of Rives, Hughes, and Clifton, has been engaged in a lucrative practice, and we understand, that although solicited by a large number of the members of the Bar of the District and many citizens, to be a candidate as early as June last, not being anxious for the station and being desirous to defer it to others, he rather declined to do so; but having been recently and repeatedly urged to become a candidate and receiving the most flattering assurances that it would meet the approbation of the public—and believing at the time there would be no other candidate in the District, he has determined to comply, with what seemed to be the wishes of the public.

We have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. for a number of years in another state, and his talents, high legal attainments and great moral worth have been acknowledged by all who knew him. Mr. C. would fill the office to which he aspires, with much ability and with honor to himself and the Bench.

We understand that Mr. Clifton has accepted the executive appointment to continue until the election in November.—*ib.*

The Pittsburgh Statesman, speaking of three proposed modes of quieting our public financial affairs, viz: the sub-Treasury system—the present deposit system—and the establishing of a National Bank, says—"This last plan, the efficiency of which has borne the test of experience, will probably have most strength in the House; and if any thing be effected equal to the emergency, it must be the result of compromise. Upon that principle was our constitution framed, and in two memorable instances the country quieted, and as some believed, saved from civil war. In this emergency, it is fortunate for the country that HENRY CLAY remains in her councils.—In forming a system of relief—in extricating the country from its humiliating and distressing condition, to whom ought men of all parties to look, if not to that distinguished statesman? For our part, we expect much from him, and fondly trust we shall not be disappointed. What ought to be his reward if he shall, for the third time, save the country?"

We think the country has little to expect from the placibility of the President. Even if a National Bank, upon principles of the most liberal compromise, should pass the two Houses of Congress, Mr. Van Buren is plainly pledged to veto it. His message does not contain such a pledge by direct and unavoidable implication, then language has no meaning, and words are only like other wind. Nevertheless, it is the duty, and the obvious policy of the Whigs in Congress, to act in the legislative halls as though no veto power existed. It is their duty to legislate in the most enlightened manner, on a scale that show their principles of patriotism to be superior to the ephemeral plaudits of the times, or the narrow views of partisans. If they do thus the responsibility of the failure will rest where it should, with him or them who cause it!—*Lexington Intelligencer.*