

# MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRAT.

"THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

VOL. I.

CARROLLTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1845.

NO. 51.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY**  
By F. C. JONES & J. DIBDIN.  
**TERMS:**  
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS FOR SIX MONTHS. No subscription taken for a less time than six months.  
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## Miscellaneous News, &c.

**MAN AN ELECTRIC MACHINE.**—We extract the following, being a very brief abstract of one of the popular lectures of Dr. BOYNTON, from the Cleveland (O.) Plaindealer. Electricity, the most wonderful of all the wonders of nature, is beginning to attract the attention of the learned and scientific. In the same paper we read that, by means of this mysterious agent, its editors will next summer "be able to publish in Cleveland, Ohio, the price of wheat in Liverpool, England, before the steamer which brings the news has made fast to the wharf in New York." But the lecturer speaks of electricity in the human body, whilst we are speaking of the rapidity with which it is made to convey intelligence on the telegraphic wires. Hear him:

Dr. Boynton had given out on the evening before, that this lecture would be to prove that man is an electrical machine, in fact, his brain being the galvanic battery, and his nerves and muscles the telegraphic wires that convey to the limbs, through the body, the "will to do."

In proving this, the Dr. showed himself most minutely acquainted with that "fearfully and wonderfully made" structure—MAN; and possessed of a rapidity of utterance, unexampled by any lecturer we ever heard, he used it, for more than two hours, in explaining his theories upon the subject, illustrating their correctness by recitals of facts and anecdotes, as apt and convincing as numerous.

Man, he says, like a steam engine, must "wood up"—have his three meals a day, in this climate, that the necessary carbon be furnished, which by the means of the lungs, coming in contact and uniting with the nitrogen of the atmosphere, furnishes the warmth or heat in the system, that must exist, to keep the engine in running order. That done, there must yet be some power to put that engine in motion. The power that does this is electricity; and electricity, strange as it may appear, has been proved by numberless successful experiments, to be generated in the ratio, and with the generation of the heat of the system. Heat, too, is generated in sufficient quantity in the space of twenty-four hours in the human body, to boil fifty-six gallons of water. Electricity also, during the same time, is acquired of a volume large enough, were it retained in the system, to shock another, with as fatal an effect as would follow a blow from the descending shaft of a thunder cloud. Yet the man suffers not, for notwithstanding this quantity of heat and electricity is daily generated in his system, there is no accumulation. He is no reservoir for that purpose. They pass away with the having performed their duties in his economy.

We will not attempt to give an abstract even of the lecture. For it contained so much, that with our poor powers at condescension, an abstract would run this column on to the next and past it.

There are, by courtesy, no old maids in France. Those who don't drown themselves, adopt the title of Madame, and pass for widows.

The whole line of the Magnetic Telegraph, from Boston to New York, will be completed in sixty days, and we understand the work is to be commenced immediately.

**Census of New York.**—The increase in forty-two counties of the State, over the census of 1840, is 167,726.

A young woman, brought before the Boston police, alleged, in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with all the lawyers in New York. She was instantly committed for six months.

A person who had insured his life for \$10,000 in August last, died lately in Providence, R. I., leaving the amount as a legacy to his family.

**The Mocking-Bird.**  
BY A. E. WELLS.  
From the vale what music ringing  
Fills the bosom of the night—  
On the sense entranced flinging  
Spells of witchery and delight!  
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,  
From yon locust-top it swells  
Like the chant of serenade  
Or the rhymes of silver bells!  
Listen, dearest, listen to it!  
Sweeter sounds were never heard;  
'Tis the song of that wild poet,  
Mime and minstrel—Mocking-Bird!

See him swinging in his glory  
On yon topmost, bending limb,  
Carolling his amorous story,  
Like some wild crusader's hymn!  
Now it faints in tones delicious  
As the first low wail of love;  
Now it bursts in strolls capricious,  
All the moonlit vale above!  
Listen, dearest, listen to it!  
Sweeter sounds were never heard;  
'Tis the song of that wild poet,  
Mime and minstrel—Mocking-Bird!

**Bird of music, wit and gladness—**  
Troubadour of sunny climes!  
Disenchanted of all sadness—  
Wouldst thou art were in my rhymes!  
O'er the heart that's beating by me,  
I would weave a spell divine;  
Is there aught she could deny me,  
Drinking in such spells as thine!  
Listen, dearest, listen to it!  
Sweeter sounds were never heard;  
'Tis the song of that wild poet,  
Mime and minstrel—Mocking-Bird!

**Thoughts on making the Grave of a Child.**  
BY N. F. WELLS.  
Room, gentle flowers!—my child would pass to  
heaven!  
Ye looked not for her with your soft eyes,  
O, watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!  
But let while you delay to let her forth!  
Angels beyond stay for her! One long kiss  
From lips pale with agony, and tears  
Wring after anguish had dried up with fire  
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life  
Held as a welcome to her. Weep, oh mother!  
But not that from this cup of bitterness  
A cherub of the skies has turned away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!  
It is too soon to let thee go!  
My daughter! With thy birth has gushed a spring  
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears.  
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—  
A love—oh God, it seems so—that must bow  
Far as thou lovest, and twist heaven and me,  
Henceforth be a bright and yearning chain  
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!  
'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows  
No place to treasure up its loved and lost  
But the grave! Thou, who so late wast sleeping  
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,  
Scarest from her breast a single pulse receiving.  
But it was sent thee with some tender thought.  
How can I leave thee—near! Alas, for man!  
The herb in its homily may fall,  
And waste into the bright and genial air,  
While we—by hands that minister'd in life  
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—  
The earth lying in upon our just cold bosoms,  
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,  
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,  
And thought how little it would seem like death  
To sleep among such loveliness. The brook  
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps  
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,  
Beating the dead hush of the mourners gone;  
The birds are never silent that build here,  
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters;  
The clop is beautiful with moss and flowers,  
And far below, seen under arching eaves—  
Glisters the warm sun on the village spire,  
Painting the living after thee. And this  
Seems like a comfort, and replacing now  
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go  
To whisper the same peace to her who lies—  
Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work  
Of many a dark hour and many a prayer,  
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.  
Hope must give o'er, the busy fancy blot  
The images from all the silent rooms,  
And every sight and sound familiar to her  
Undo its sweetest links—and so at last  
The fountain—that once struck must flow forever  
—Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile  
Steals to her pallid lips again, and Spring  
Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,  
And standing by thy new music haunted grave,  
Look on each other cheerfully and say—  
A CHILD THAT WE HAVE LOVED IN HEAVEN,  
AND BY THE GATE OF FLOWERS SHE PASSED AWAY.

A horse 20 hands high, beautifully proportioned, and said to be the most beautiful and largest horse in the world, has lately been purchased in England, and is to be brought to this country for exhibition.

**FASHIONS.**—The cravens in such matters announce that short dresses are soon again to come into fashion among the ladies—shorter than ever.

**Ladies' Logic.**  
There is a sort of reasoning, very prevalent in domestic circles, and especially the female members of them, that may be called the non-sequential. It is a style of argument which, although perfectly satisfactory to the propounder, and to most of the household, is found, on being analyzed, to be quite inconclusive. It consists either of a simple assertion, destitute of all support from evidence; or—in its more complicated form—of an argument, the first and last parts of which are not the faintest connexion. My fair friends must not imagine me too severe on this little peculiarity; which is, after all, an amiable weakness, often arising from a fervent impulse towards truth, and what they believe to be justice, which men—generally of a colder, more calculating temperament—do not possess. I only desire to extract a little amusement, or perhaps edification, out of a peculiarity which themselves will hardly deny forms a prominent characteristic of their sex.

**Ladies' logic**, as above stated, of two kinds. The first is an asseverative substitute for argument, so frequently employed by the fair sex, that a proverb has truly designated it a woman's reason.—Your wife, for instance, presents you with the draper's quarterly account for payment. You glance at it, and though you take a pride in seeing the chosen of your heart well dressed, the amount is startling. The lady sees a play of dissatisfaction hovering over your countenance, and divining the cause, thinks that it is hard to be thought extravagant, when she had, during the past three months, been unusually economical. She therefore determines, should there be a demur, to question your right of objection and investigation by resorting to the unanswerable woman's reason. "How happens it, my love," you ask, "that the draper's bill is so much greater this quarter than it was the last?" "How happens it?" she repeats, "because it is!"

"Because it is!" The assertion is unanswerable; it summarily cuts off discussion, and blows up the best-laid train of argument. However eloquent and convincing the rejoinder you had arranged in your mind, you feel it impossible to tail it on to "because it is." Before "because it is" was uttered, "it was a very pretty quarrel as it stood;" but now it is no quarrel at all; the elements of disagreement are withdrawn. Your beloved opponent admits that the bill "is" large. You cannot contradict that, because it furnishes a ground of your complaint; unless, indeed you change sides and contradict yourself. In short, you are as effectually disarmed as if you had—however cunning of fence—taken up a finely tempered rapier to defend yourself against a bludgeon. One blow from the formidable club shivers your fragile foil to pieces, and leaves you at the mercy of your opponent.

To understand the full efficiency of "because it is," let us for a moment cast a glance back to the days of ancient schoolmen, and suppose some of them to have changed their sex. Imagine such lady logicians sticking their theses against college gates, and daring all comers to disprove them, in the manner of the admirable Crichton, and the inimitable Gil Bias. Picture a whole class of capped and gown'd reasoners coming forth from the cells of learning, and assailing the aforesaid with catalogues of pithy "whys?" and hosts of pungent "wherefores!" Fancy, to bring the illustration more home to you—your wife "gating" her linen-draper's bill at Trin. Coll. Cam, as a mathematical thesis, and, in answer to all the whys and wherefores, exclaiming "Because it is." Why, the most the senior wrangler himself could do, would be to sneer at it as an "identical proposition," and sink away to his rooms. Then what chance have you, my good friend! Believe me, only one available kind of rejoinder exists, and that is—Pay and have done with it.

Ladies are little skilled in the mysteries of analysis. I complained one day of the leg of a lamb being—what it ought not to be; when my wife instantly put in the caveat, "It cannot be—I bought it myself in the market only the day before yesterday." Analysis would have here enabled her to see that the date of putrefaction does not necessarily commence from the time of buying, but from the time of killing the animal. On another occasion, the evening being very cold, I vainly endeavored to coax a glow from the fire.—"These are very bad coals," I remarked. "Bad coals!" repeated Mrs. Peppercorn; "that cannot be. Why, we have dealt with the same man ever since we were married. Besides, most of our friends deal with the same man, and I have never heard a single complaint before. No, no; it is not the coals, my dear; perhaps the chimney requires sweeping, or the draught is stopped up." Finding it useless to contend against this sort of argument, I went shivering to bed. The truth is, Mrs. Peppercorn having in reality been well served by the coal merchant, had conceived a very good opinion of him, which she would not on any account have disturbed.

This is the same sort of ladies' logic which gives rise to endless inferences from one datum. If there be a single prominent good quality in an individual that is supposed to color and influence his whole character, I have only to say to my wife that such a man is a very disagreeable companion, and she will immediately contradict me by saying, "How can you say that, when he is so kind to his nephews?" How often do we hear the fair sex praise the sound doctrines and eloquence of an orator, merely because he has a fine voice! Something pleases them, but they are not sufficiently analytical to trace whether it is the mimic of the voice or sound reasoning. I shall never forget being present at a discussion on one, perhaps, of the most eloquent preachers who ever stood in a pulpit. A lady remarked that she thought some of his doctrines were a little wild, and that his language was a little overstrained. "Dear me," said another, "I am surprised you think so, for finer hair, eyes, and teeth, I never beheld. The lady was probably a poor judge of divinity or rhetoric; but on hair, eyes, and teeth, she was an authority." The effect of the preacher's discourses was extremely pleasing to her; and whether pleasure arose from the handsome person and elegant delivery, or from the—in her estimation—subordinate qualifications of eloquence and sound doctrine, she could not determine.

In nothing is ladies' logic so strenuously employed as in persuasion, and in nothing does it show itself so characteristically. Some years ago my wife wanted to persuade me to dine at the supper, instead of the dinner, time of day. Her reasons for the change were of the most feminine character. Convenience, health and comfort were quite out of the question, but—Sir Charles Grandier never thinks of dining till eight, and, in fact, there is hardly a family whom we visit, that thinks of sitting down before seven.

The ladies will, I am sure, agree with me that that which we call logic is not their forte. Their powers of conquest over us are derived from other more potent sources—the convincing eloquence of their eyes, the irresistible persuasion of their smiles, to say nothing of their lips. But about them we dare not enter into farther particulars, except to observe, that nature never intended them for chopping logic.

**The Giant's Bones.**  
In our last paper we gave an account of the Tennessee Dwarf, the real living Dwarf; in our paper of to-day we give an account of the Tennessee Giant. If the account as given be true, it certainly opens a new chapter in human nature, for we have no account in history of any giant that bore any proportion to this one. If the bones alone weigh 1500 pounds, the living giant must have weighed not less than 5000 pounds. Rather a good sized gentleman we should say.

We were informed by a gentleman not long since, that he had conversed with a gentleman who had seen the bones of the giant, and that there was really no humbug in the matter. The gentleman referred to, we are informed, offered \$5,000 for the fourth interest in the skeleton, but the owner would not think of taking that amount.

**GIANT'S BONES.**—There have been recently dug up in Williamson county, Tennessee, seven miles from Franklin, the bones of a giant and no mistake.—We have conversed with an intelligent and enterprising gentleman of our city, who has seen, examined, and purchased an interest in the skeleton. From him we derived the following facts:  
A Mr. Shumate was boring for water near his residence, upon a hill of considerable extent and eminence, situated in a rocky, mountainous section of country, where the bones were discovered about 60 feet beneath the surface. They were immediately exhumed, and were found embedded in a strata of the hardest kind of clay which had apparently filled an extensive cavern or opening in the rock.—The position of the skeleton was that of a reclinant, making an angle of the horizon. The bones are not at all petrified as is the case with most of the skeleton monsters of animals which have been discovered in our country, but are, nevertheless, in a most perfect state of preservation, and weigh in the aggregate about 1,500 pounds!

No doubt rest in the minds of any who have seen or examined them, that these bones belong to the genus homo. All the larger and characteristic bones are entire, and the skull, arms and thigh bones, knee pans, shoulder sockets and collar bones remove all skepticism as to their humanity. The whole skeleton, we are informed, is about 18 feet high, and must have stood full 19 feet in stockings (if he wore any). The bones of the thigh and leg measure 8 feet 6 inches, so that our friend, "the General," could have marched erect, in full military costume, between the giant's legs.

The skull is described as being about 23 the size of a flour barrel, and capable of holding in its cavities near two bushels; a coffee cup of good size could be put into

the eye sockets—and the jaw teeth, which are all perfect even to the enamel, would weigh from 34 to 6 pounds, some of the smaller ones which were loose have been weighed—the front teeth are missing.—These teeth bear the evidence of extreme age; from their cavities are apparent diminution from use in wearing away.

An eminent physician and anatomist, properly assisted, is engaged in having the skeleton put together and the small deficiencies supplied by art.  
We are further informed by our fellow-citizen, who has purchased an interest of one fourth in this interesting and wonderful curiosity, that it will be ready for exhibition in about one month's time, when it will start on its tour through the civilized world, and proceeding from New Orleans will shortly be among us here. Our fellow-townsmen keeps the price he paid for his interest a secret, but says that \$50,000 has been offered and refused for the whole of this curiosity.

**MEXICO.**—The advices from Mexico, in another column, exhibit the affairs of that country in a most embarrassing and critical condition. The turbulence of its own citizens, and the insubordination of foreign functionaries, leave the Government as little to hope for from the patriotism of the one as the friendship of the other. In this emergency, would it not be magnanimous and graceful on the part of our Government to make an advance for the renewal of diplomatic intercourse? We feel persuaded that, with proper efforts, the difficulties between the two Governments may be satisfactorily and advantageously arranged. Let one of our most distinguished statesmen (or two or three, if thought necessary) be deputed, with full power to settle all questions now in controversy—to make a fair, nay a liberal, arrangement on the question of boundary. Or, what would be a still more desirable object, could not a commission be proposed to Mexico, to form a compact of union between the two countries? On our part, citizens could be selected commanding the respect and esteem of all portions and parties of the United States. With such names as CLAY, VAN BUREN, and CALHOUN, to conduct the negotiations on our part, the most implicit reliance would be placed upon their patriotism and talents. Such a glorious consummation is worth an effort, and would immortalize all who would be instrumental in effecting it.  
[Washington Constitution.]

**A LONG STRIKE.**—Some time about the 1st of July last, a lady of Springfield, Mass., 25 years of age, accidentally introduced a fine sewing needle into her hand, which was broken off, leaving about half its length between the thumb and fore-finger, in a direction towards the middle or palm of the left hand. A physician was requested to extract it, but as there was so little pain or inconvenience arising from it, he advised her to let it remain, rather than cut among the tendons for it. In a very few days all trouble and apprehension were over in regard to it; about the last of September, she felt some pain in the right side of the abdomen, and just above the hip, which she conceived to be a spasmodic, and began rubbing it with her hand, when directly the needle came forth, and was extracted. The broken point was about 7/8 of an inch in length, and its fine polish had suffered but little from corrosion. The course which the needle took in making this circuitous journey is entirely unknown to her. The distance it travelled in about three months could not be much less than four feet; its nearest course, but for aught known, might have wandered twice that distance before it appeared at that point from which it was extracted.  
[N. Y. True Sun.]

**A THUNDERBOLT OF WAR.**—A letter from New Orleans says: "We have lately had among us a tall, well-looking, distinguished Scotchman, by the name of Gen. Harrison. He is said to be a revolutionist by trade. Report says he was in the African war, and fought for Abd-el-Kader in 1835, and had the command of five thousand men; that he has lately returned from South America, where he served with Gen. Rosas under the Argentine Republic, and also served the Montevideo government against Buenos Ayres; and that he has gone to Havana to see Santa Anna, and see what he can do with Mexico."

The Picayune insinuates that by the plan of "energetic inactivity" as to Oregon, (for both sides to let the country alone for 20 years,) "the bed chamber would in time achieve the territory for us." What on earth does he mean.

**CHANCERY COURT.**—The first session of the Superior Court of Chancery, since the installation of Chancellor Cooke, will commence on the first Monday in December.  
[Mississippiian.]

How long would it have taken the ass, told of in the book of Job, who "snuffed up the wind," to have grown fat on such diet? Can anybody tell us?

## MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

**SENATORS.**  
Adams.—James Metcalfe.\*  
Amite.—Jehu Wall.\*  
Attala, Leake and Neshoba.—Geo. Hix.  
Bolivar, Coahoma, DeSoto, Issaquena, Sunflower, Tunica, and Washington.—Felix Labauve.  
Carroll.—William Booth.\*  
Chickasaw and Oktibbeha.—John H. Williams.  
Choctaw.—Edward Johnson.  
Claborne.—Parmenter Briscoe.  
Clarke, Covington, Jones and Wayne.—John H. Horne.  
Copiah.—Stephen Tillman.  
Green, Hancock, Jackson and Perry.—A. W. Ramsey.  
Franklin and Jefferson.—Ed. Turner.\*  
Hinds.—James Dupree.\*  
Humboldt.—W. Lansdale.\*  
Itawamba and Pontotoc.—R. O. Boone.  
Jasper, Newton, Scott and Smith.—S. R. Adams.  
Kemper and Lauderdale.—E. A. Durr Lafayette.—Alexander H. Pogue.  
Lawrence and Marion.—Arthur Fox.  
Lauderdale.—Dabney Lipscomb.  
Lawrence and Yazoo.—Wm. R. Miles.\*  
Marshall.—Joseph W. Matthews.  
Monroe.—Joel M. Acker.  
Noxubee and Winston.—A. W. Dabney.  
Panola and Tallahatchie.—John W. Lumpkin.  
Pike.—George Nicholson.  
Rankin and Simpson.—Geo. T. Swann.  
Tippah.—N. S. Price.  
Trenton.—John H. Boone.  
Warren.—John I. Guiton.\*  
Wilkinson.—T. Jones Stewart.\*  
Yalobusha.—W. B. Wilbourne.

**HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.**  
Adams.—County, W. B. Fowles,\* city of Natchez, Ralph North,\* B. Pendleton.  
Amite.—J. M. Smiley,\* T. M. Rogers.\*  
Attala.—S. N. Gilleland.  
Bolivar.—James H. Carson.  
Carroll.—B. Kennedy, J. A. Binford.\*  
Chickasaw.—James F. Walker.  
Choctaw.—Geo. Huie, Henry Archer.\*  
Claborne.—Henry W. Allen,\* Walter Rossman.  
Clark.—Isiah Moody.  
Coahoma.—James L. Aleorn.\*  
Copiah.—Robert E. Harris, John H. Thompson.  
Covington.—Jos. McAfee.  
DeSoto.—John W. Campbell, H. Robertson.  
Franklin.—Thomas S. Head.  
Green.—John McInnis.\*  
Hancock.—  
Harrison.—John J. McCaughan.  
Hinds.—A. R. Green,\* C. S. Spann,\* H. P. Pope,\* S. A. D. Graaves.  
Holmes.—James W. Wade, D. Beatty.\*  
Issaquena.—J. J. B. White.\*  
Itawamba.—Lemuel Boone, J. C. Hines,\* Cypert.\*  
Jackson.—Lyman Randall.  
Jasper.—John McDonald.  
Jefferson.—George Torrey.  
Jones.—Drury Bynum.  
Kemper.—Peter H. C. Jennings, John H. Pettus.  
Lafayette.—John F. Cushman, Robert H. Buford.  
Lauderdale.—J. Martin, E. C. Foster.\*  
Lawrence.—John R. Chambers, William Wetherby.  
Leake.—Mason Crane.  
Lawrence.—James Whitfield, John T. Connel, Eli Abbott.  
Madison.—Otho R. Singleton, D. P. Ewing.\*  
Marion.—Elias F. Stuart.  
Marshall.—James L. Totten, James H. Cowan, Thos. J. Malone, E. F. Potts.  
Monroe.—T. C. Moore, A. B. Dilworth.  
Neshoba.—Ira M. Naah.\*  
Newton.—Joseph M. Loper.  
Noxubee.—J. M. Maxey, J. D. Brooks.\*  
Oktibbeha.—W. R. Cannon.  
Perry.—Griffin H. Holleman.  
Pike.—Wm. Simmons, Eph. Rushing.\*  
Panola.—Orville Harrison.\*  
Pontotoc.—C. D. Fontain, E. Millsaps.  
Rankin.—S. C. Farrar, J. Y. M'Nabb.  
Scott.—James Metcalf.  
Simpson.—John Berry.  
Smith.—Tobias L. Lemley.  
Sunflower.—J. J. Chewning.  
Tallahatchie.—James L. Bailey.\*  
Tippah.—Joel H. Berry, C. A. Green, Daniel Griffin, E. A. Warren.  
Tishomingo.—Stephen O. Gibbs, Andrew B. Dilworth, David W. Hyneman.  
Tunica.—Thomas Mayes.\*  
Warren.—County, E. J. Sessions,\* city of Vicksburg, Morris Emanuel,\* city and county, J. E. Sharkey.\*  
Washington.—Abram F. Smith.\*  
Wayne.—Joseph Frost.  
Wilkinson.—H. F. Sumral,\* V. N. H. Netterville.\*  
Winston.—T. J. Hughes, S. W. Smith.  
Yalobusha.—Richard H. Leigh, C. H. Gay, Daniel Yorke.  
Yazoo.—Robert L. Adams, George W. Woodbury.

Whig united.\*  
**RECAPITULATION.**—Senate, democrats 23, union 9; House of Representatives, democrats 72, union 29. Whole number 133—democratic maj. on joint ballot 57.