

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN,

VOL. II.]

HOLLY SPRINGS, MAY 4, 1839.

NO 4.

NOTA BENE.

All those indebted to the Holly Springs Academy for 1838, are respectfully requested to make immediate payment...

Dr. Joseph Bretney,

HAVING permanently located himself in Holly Springs, respectfully tenders his services in all the branches of medical science...

MARSHAL'S SALE.

No. 1793. Robert P. Mayrant, use &c. vs. Marcus Pierce, Camp P. Newell, James C. Hawley, Robert E. Beaty, Thomas Hall, G. Hall.

BY virtue of the above specified writ of Fieri Facias to me directed from the Honorable Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Mississippi...

ADOLPHUS G. WEIR. Marshall N. Dist. of Mississippi. Oxford, April 20, 1839. Printers fee \$5.

MARSHAL'S SALE.

L. & T. F. Sherrill, vs. A. W. Carpenter.

BY virtue of the above-recited writ of Fieri Facias, issued from the circuit court of the U. States, for the District of Mississippi...

A. G. WEIR, M. N. D. M. by Z. J. WHITE, dep'y. ap 13 Printer's fee \$5

TAKEN up by Jno. B. Pratt, one sorrel mare mule about 14 1/2 hands high six years old, the left hind angle large and gear marked, appraised to twenty-five dollars...

TAKEN up by Samuel McComack on Cold Water, Town 2, range 5, section 1, two horses; one yellow bay, a streak of white, in his face, branded S. O. on the right shoulder...

SHERIFF'S SALE.

ON MONDAY, the 6th of May next, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House, in the town of Oxford, one LOT in the town of Wyatt...

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BOY AND A WHIG.

We publish, by request, the following Dialogue selected from that spirited little paper the WHIP AND SPUR:

Whig.—What is your father? Boy.—He is a Democrat. W.—What are you? B.—I am a Democrat, too. W.—What do you mean by democrat? B.—I mean a friend to Liberty, sir. W.—You are mistaken, sir; the Democrats are enemies of liberty; they are Loco Focos; they are wicked men. Can you tell me, my lad, what democracy is?

W.—Why, my lad, you seem to be very flippant for a youngster, about Federalism. Can you tell me what it is?

B.—Yes, sir, I should think I might. It is opposed to liberty and republican government. Father and uncle both say Federalists are aristocrats, and enemies of the people. They want to have a king and make the people slaves.

W.—Boy, you are considerably mistaken. General Washington was a Federalist.

B.—I don't believe that. General Washington was a patriot and a friend to his country. I read in the newspaper a little while ago, a letter of General Washington, and it was against banks and paper money, and federalists are in favour of both of them; Besides, father gave me Washington's Farewell Address, and I have read it, and it is all against what the Federalists are now doing.

W.—Well, sir, can you tell me who are Federalists, about whom you are so ready to speak?

B.—I can tell you who was the first Federalist.

W.—You can! Well, my lad, who was he? B.—The Devil was the first Federalist. I read in a book the other day how he got mad in heaven, because he could not rule there, and was turned out. The federalists act just so. Because the democrats won't let 'em rule they want to destroy the country. Besides, sir, the primer says the devil is the father of liars, and as the Federalists lie about politics, the devil must be their father, and, sir, I have read, too, that he is the father of deceivers. When he went into paradise, he changed into the form of a serpent, to deceive Eve, and lied about the apple. Federalists change their names, and lie to the people to cheat and deceive them, and, sir, as the Devil is the father of deceivers, he must be the father of Federalists. The Devil is always doing mischief, and so are the Federalists.

W.—If you were not so young, I should call you a saucy little impudent dog—there an't any Federalists now, there are nobody now but Whigs and Democrats, or Loco Foco infidels.

B.—Very well, sir, I an't mad, sir, but I tell you what it is, Whigs are Federalists in disguise.

W.—You young puppy, how do you make that out?

B.—Father says I must always speak the truth, and stand up for my rights, even if I suffer and get whipt for it, and sir, I shall, and now I say that Whigs are Federalists. I have read in the papers, and in histories, that Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett, and Harrison G. Otis, and all the people that went to the Hartford Convention, were Federalists in old times; and now, sir, they all pretend to be Whigs. Besides, sir, the man that lives next to father used to be a Federalist, and now he is a Whig, and all the old Federalists are Whigs.

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W.—You are a mighty knowing boy.

B.—Sir! W.—I say you are a remarkable child, a little Loco-foco, a radical little brat, a real pigmy mobocrat, a disorganiser in pantalettes.

B.—I don't know what you mean, sir, but father says that when my mates call me names, and use low and vulgar language, I musn't answer them, but go right away from them immediately. Good by, sir.

W.—It beats all. These little villains are poisoned with this odious democracy in their very cradles. We shall never have a good government until we put a stop to such work, and our common schools, I'm afraid will be the curse of the country. Children have got so they know as much as men, and even poor men pretend to have opinions, and won't hear to the rich at all. If a stop is not put to such jacobinism, society will be overturned, and the property of the rich people will be divided among the poor. Who'd thought that little saucy imp knew so much. We have got into terrible times; the country will certainly be destroyed at this rate. The rising generation are all growing up to be radicals and infidels. Shocking!

From the Columbus Democrat.

CAUSES OF OUR PECUNIARY DISTRESS.—The last Argus in an article headed "The Vicksburg Sentinel" assigns four causes as the secret of the difficulties we labor under in consequence of the banks. The two last causes we fully concur in—they are as follows:

"The madness of the State Legislatures in granting every charter for a bank applied for, and

"The culpable recklessness in our Legislature loosely framing charters, by which the government of a Bank can do almost anything thing not inconsistent with the laws or constitution of the State."

We are happy to agree with our neighbor on these two heads. If honest in the expression of these opinions, and we cannot doubt that he is, he is bound to unite with us in the support of Gov. McNutt who is pledged to bank reform and to use every means which he constitutionally can, to check the "madness" of the Legislature in granting, and their "recklessness" in loosely framing charters.

The first cause assigned may be partly true, but the second is utterly destitute of even the shadow of a foundation—so far from being true, it is even the reverse of truth, because:

1st. The United States Bank did not prevent the commission of excesses by the State Banks. It rather stimulated them to excessive issues. In 1835 the Bank, but a few months before the expiration of its charter, increased its circulation within a very short space, some millions. This unprecedented expansion gave the first impulse to the spirit of speculation and over trading in 1835 and '36, which has been the ruin of thousands, and indeed is the primary cause of all our present embarrassments.

2nd. Pecuniary difficulties occurred in every section of our country, during the existence of a National Bank, as aggravated and ruinous in their character as those which at present afflict the People of Mississippi. These the Bank had little hand in creating, but it was powerless, to relieve them. And because

3d Trade is as brisk and there is as little pecuniary embarrassment in many parts of our country, now, as there was during the period of the existence of a National Bank.

Charles Griswold, late teller of the Commercial Bank at Manchester, is advertised in the Whig, as having robbed the Bank of \$11,007 66. and absconded.

MARCOLINI.

A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in a cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. 'Lovely Guiletta' he cried, 'and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as as thy Marcolini?' But as he spoke, he stopped—for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery—what was it but an earnest of good fortune? Rest thou there, he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; 'if another claim thee not, thou hast changed masters!' and on he went, as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Guiletta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth.

He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had been committed. The Senator Ranaldi had been found dead at his door; the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight, had thrown away his scabbard; and smeared with blood, with blood not dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye, and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent, an energy and composure—an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent—to which none can be altogether insensible; and the Judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, and Guiletta her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself—the real criminal, in his last moments, confessing his crimes; and hence the custom of Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court, before a sentence was passed, 'Ricordatevi, del povero Marcolini,—"Remember the poor Marcolini."

Great indeed was the lamentation throughout the city, and the Judge dying directed that henceforth and forever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church, for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filled fast with the gay and dissipated, a bell is rung for the service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where, on a scaffold, Marcolini breathed his last.

What a piece of work is man! How noble is reason—how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god. The beauty of the world—the paragon of animals.

That's all very fine, Master Hamlet—but when you place the "Animal" along side of woman,—he can't shine.