

# SOUTHERN PATRIOT.



MARTIN & KENDRICK,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD."—Crockett.

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Proprietors.

NO 10

## SELECTED POETRY

### The Printer's Parody.

Oh, how happy are they,  
Who the Printer pay,  
And have squared for one year or more;  
Tongue can never express,  
The great joy of the "Press."  
When delinquents pay up the old score.

Printers all the day long,  
Labor hard for a "Song."  
Oh, that their fate you could but see—  
They have worked night and day,  
And of course want their pay,  
To buy sugar and coffee and tea.

One could hardly believe,  
What few times they receive,  
For the paper addressed to each name—  
Yet 'tis farther below,  
That some people know,  
Or they'd pay up for fear or for shame.

Here is a pretty good parody on  
the well known song of the Troubadour:

Gaily the Editor  
Smoked his cigar,  
While he was scissoring  
News near and far—  
Looking for murders dire  
Items or puffs;  
Devil say—devil say—  
Ain't this enough?

## POLITICAL

### Clear the Wreck.

One foot on the ground  
Is worth a wilderness of scowling waves."  
DANTE.

A storm at sea is a thing to be remembered for years afterwards. By a storm we don't mean a cat-paw of wind, a brisk gale, or a white squall but we do mean a howling, pealing, dashing, crashing, roaring, splitting, hair-splitting northwest, which requires three days to disburden itself of its fury, and two days to become reasonably quiet again. In such a storm waves go down, single ships are foundered or wrecked, mast are whipped out of a frigate in a twinkling, and bulwarks are carried away like chips by the surge. Our government is now encountering such a storm. The tempest of party is rising in its fury. Already the wind howls fearfully through the bare poles, and the waves break in voices of thunder upon the bows. And at the moment of doubt and peril, where is the captain? At his post! Oh, no! He is distributing premiums to the little children on board—now putting a sugar plum into the mouth of a cubby archer, and now smoothing the brow of some flaxen haired angel in pontalots, bidding her prepare to become one of the mothers of freedom, and to lace the weary house of the rough sea. Yet louder blows the gale, and hoarser break the waves, and all eyes are turned to the face of "the monarch of the peopled deck" for aid and comfort; but alas! nothing is seen there but a look of stolid indifference, and nothing is heard but "the throat laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

But, thank Heaven, though the commander and his officers are incapable of managing the good old ship of the people, there are idlers on board who can and will battle with the elements, and guide her in safety through the terrors of the storm. The pilot, though drowsed, is still on board possessed of his knowledge and furnished with most excellent charts, and many a past officer who kept his watch in a seamanlike manner is ready, at the cry of "all hands save ship," to spring to his post with alacrity and watch out the dreadful havoc of the night. The world around us is at war, and our captain who earned his post by his deeds of valor on the field of blood, has settled down to the quiet bearing of a Quaker, & prates about the silver wings of peace and the propriety of keeping out of harms way. Many of the leaders of divisions are as quiet and as careless as the commander, and in view of the hour of danger, and perhaps of destruction, the means they used for the safety of themselves are supremely ludicrous. One of them may be seen

with a life-preserver around his middle, with the blow pipe behind, running around the deck, begging somebody for Heaven's sake to blow him up; while another, with a bladder tied to each heel, calculates to tread water with the beat of the world, without wetting his feet. One wears his shirt collar so stiff and tall under the ears, that he cannot touch the billows with his feet; while another has lashed himself to the stream anchor, so as to be certain of being found when they come to look after him, in case the ship gets overboard.

Old Neptune, who has had great experience in naval affairs, having crossed Rock bridge several times, is going about with an all-sufficient pod-auger, boring holes in the bottom of the ship to let out the surplus water; while the small arm of defence, the man of war, is having the touch-holes of the cannon increased so as to fumigate the crew with brimstone at every discharge, and thus save the cost of an extra pound of sulphur. There is a fine prospect for a wreck of everything ahead, and when the time does come, "the noise and confusion" will be greater than it was at Cleveland when General Cass was there. By the way, a booby who writes for the Cleveland paper declares that we applied to this administration for a justice of the peace commission, and couldn't get it. That is one of the biggest bonanzas yet, and should have choked the simpleton, even in this "heroic age." We would as soon steal a sheep as to ask this administration for any appointment; and if we should consider it good cause for our democratic friends to read us out of the party and write "Ichabod" over our key-hole.

We don't desire to belong to the ban of honest men who have sold their democracy for the smile of a military hero and a cold shoulder. But the ship of State is indanger. Folly—imbecility—anarchy and selfishness, are all at work; and while a distinguished dancing master is giving the Second Washington a drawing-room polish at Chambers—as Talma, the celebrated artist, tutored Napoleon—the tricks and habits of frontier life "stick out a foot" from our Magnus Apollo, and he forever forgets himself, and gives the sailor's scraps with his foot, and brushes the top of his head when he makes a bow. Constant attention, however, and a rap over the knuckles, duly given once a day, as in the case of other children, may, however, bring him up to the standard of court etiquette, but as Mrs Partington justly remarks, you cannot make a kneading-trough out of a swill pail, and the days of miracles are over.

The great discrimination used in selecting persons from among the people for appointments abroad is another evidence that the ship is in danger. When the cook and the jack of the Dust are promoted to the quarter deck, and posts below are filled by means of a lottery from the fore-castle—when honesty and capacity are sneeringly alluded to as words used during the canvass, for the purpose of catching gulls, and fidelity is a by word and good wife turn over and ask, in hurried accents, "What is the matter?" It is currently reported that the great Ohioan, the immortal Secretary of the Interior, who knows how to give and how to take away a contract for stationery—see the case of Wheeler & Co.—is about to go to Russia after court polish and hear's oil, and fit himself to run for the presidency in 1852. But it all went down.

"You may wash him and brash him,  
And do what you will,  
The scent of the rose,  
Will cling to him still.

The Secretary of the Interior has just removed the following clerks from the General Land Office:

Dr. Fraily, Mr. Foster, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Cansin, Mr. Minnix, Mr. Flood, Mr. Frazier, Mr. I. D. Vedder, Mr. Bestor, Mr. Pennybacker, Mr. Parker, Mr. Cueran, Mr. Greenleaf, Mr. Whitacre, Dr. Brown, Mr. Slade, Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Hungerford.

This removal of some of the very best clerks in Washington, without the slightest cause—in a manner contrary to law—is on a par with all the other official acts of the Harrison

Butcher. Mr. Ewing turned out two of the gentlemen above named before, when he was in office. He, however, was shortly afterwards ejected neck and heels himself, and with the blessing of God and reasonable luck, he will be served in a similar manner at the next session of Congress, and the American people will say amen.

Zachary Washington, we would say to you as Tom Pipes said to old Commodore Truncheon when he wanted him to marry Miss Pickle—  
Zachary Washington, get up and be saved.

Or lie still and bed—d.

You cannot sleep with dogs without being troubled with fleas. You must clear your skirts of all leaches before the American people can implicitly trust you after dark. Then wake up, old soldier, grasp the sword of power and helm of state, send your council of administration to their law-caid and their black letter again; be yourself the President; act as your own good judgement, if you have any to speak of, impels you to act; do wrong a little if you cannot help it—much will be pardoned to the spirit of liberty, let us have a government strong and respectable; and if it must be a fig, let it be a pretty big one, and the devil take the hindmost.

The vessel may be saved, but it must be done by those who are out of commission. How past ages look down upon us! how Europe looks at us! how Mrs. Franklin honors us! how Russia loves us! how Austria, who is hangary for liberty, rejoices in our smiles, and courts our good opinion!—we, who could aid the Greeks by building frigates in New York harbor for them; aid Brazil by building the frigate Hudson, in Brooklyn, we who could, by our Clays and Websters, awake the spirit of chivalry for Greece, South America, and Poland; who could present colors to the Polish legion on Boston Common, in presence of the United States troops from Fort Independence, brought some four miles to assist at the ceremony; we who permit foreign officers to do duty on board our ships of war while we are at peace with their enemies; we who suffered the troops of old to be mustered on our soil and to march into Texas, who suffered lately a regiment to be raised in New Orleans for Yucatan; who furnished food for the Sufiote and the Albanian, and cherished the Russian rebel and the French traitor;—Oh yes! we, now we have a military man at the head of our government, must strangle liberty in Germany, and become the willing tools of the tyrants of the Old World in fastening on the fetters of the bondman and the slave in the nineteenth century.

Well, "go it boots," as they say in classic Mantua; and when you feel sorry, sneeze, that mankind may be aware of your conversion, and rejoice over you as they did over the ninety-ninth sheep of old, when honesty, fidelity, and capacity existed without the presence of the  
"HEROIC AGE."

### Old Whity.

Old Whity is the greatest lion now in Washington; his laurels rest upon a stable foundation, and are as green as United States grass can make them.

The groom as we are informed, however, has no sinicure; he has to watch his tail as closely as a hen watches her chicken when the hawk is in the sky with blood upon his beak. Ladies and gentlemen press for his hairs with a pertinacity seldom equalled, and if they are not gratified, turn away with a look of touching sadness which brings tears into the eyes of every beholder.

Old Whity is peculiarly marked.—He is white where every other white horse is black, and is in bad health. Why he was brought on here is a matter which we cannot certainly fathom; but we presume time, that great exposor of all secrets, will tell the tale. Some things he is to accompany the Second Washington in his northern tour to Bangor, and others think he is designated as the member of the cabinet who is to dispense the hospitalities of the capital to the American people. At any rate he is a horse with funny marks about

him, and those who want to ride him may do so for aught we care. We stay dismounted, unless a better steed is presented for our use.

But we were going to tell the American people how it is done. Well then, pretty much everything is done by backbiting and quibbling, and he who gets an office never receives that which he applied for, and wonders when all is over, how he happened to get what he got. The second Washington, who has removed Col. Weller from the Mexican boundary commission and put Col. Fremont in his place, when asked if there had been any charges preferred against Col. Weller, replied: "I don't know that is altogether a proper question for me to answer. I don't put myself on the stand about such matters." We think when the Senate comes together, and this removal and appointment comes up, he will "be put upon the stand," & be put to his trumpet, too. Ticked the great Misourian is not going to secure his vote if we know anything about him; and if it does, it will drive off others sufficient to make matter for cool reflection all about the board in December next.

We notice that relatives of members of the Senate are freely provided for without distinction of party and that whenever our Truman makes his mark, something sticks closer than adhesive plaster.

The Philadelphia Sun—whose beams of heavenly effulgence illuminate and fructify the City of Brotherly Love, where they never burn churches, nor have fire riots, and where juries never let off rowdies because they are respectable—is horrified (so says the organ) at the "heroic age." We are horrified at it ourselves, and with the blessings of God and a clear conscience, we hope to see the last number of the Philadelphia Sun and of the "heroic age" at precisely the same hour, which we trust will be half past 12 at night in the year of our Lord 1852, greens or no greens, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls.

The Sun threatens us with Judge Parsons and his peculiar decisions.—We think, if the Sun is decided not to be a "nuisance" in Philadelphia, that even our cotemporaries might circulate there unharmed by any one though, as they are the organs of a "green age," they might come under the denomination of "unhealthy vegetables," especially in the "huckle-berry" time. Thank God, the alien sedition laws are repealed. If, however, any of our federal cotemporaries are desirous of reviving them again, we can only say that they will die suddenly with the "gully gumbango" and be rejoiced over by the people as the last of the  
"HEROIC AGE."

### Important & Significant.

The Boston Atlas is the leading and most influential whig paper in the New England. It is known to be very friendly to Abbott Lawrence the new minister to England, and probably does not express sentiments on the subject of Slavery which that gentleman does not entertain and approve. And we will give the Atlas the justice of testifying to the frankness and candor with which it has expressed its views and opinions upon the subject of slavery on many occasions. It has not sought to conceal the fact that it is itself opposed to the further extension of slavery—or, in other words, in favor of the Wilmot Proviso; nor that its sentiments and opinions are held in common by the whole whig party of the North. We like this bold and manly candor, so rare in the press devoted to the same system of politics with the Atlas. It is worthy of a paper which seeks no concealment of its principles nor of its opinions. We are, therefore, gratified to see in the Atlas of the 28th inst. the following paragraph announcing its course and that of the whig party upon that subject. It may be regarded as an authoritative announcement of the position and intention of Messrs. Webster, Winthrop, Lawrence, and the whole whig party of the North upon the great question now agitating the Union so kindly.

From the Boston Atlas of July 28th.

The Slavery question.—Our readers will bear us evidence that we have endeavored to present the slavery extension question fairly and candidly. We have stated what every person knows to be true—that every whig member of Congress from the free states would vote in favor of excluding slavery from the territories of the Union, and would exercise his talents and influence to effect such a result. We know of no whig paper in the free states that does not stand uncompromisingly upon the platform of the non-extension of slavery. We know no whig that does not. We now believe that a large proportion of the democratic congressmen from the free States will take the same position. There are members from Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, who will go against freedom; while on the other hand, there are whig members from slave States who will vote for it. Mr. Clay, we believe, will; so will the two whig senators from Delaware; and Mr. Houston, the Representative from that gallant State, has always voted for it. There is no doubt that Gen. Taylor will affix his signature to a Bill containing the Proviso. We look upon the further extension of slavery upon this continent as a moral impossibility!

These admissions are as remarkable and significant, as they are bold and frank, and to the point. The Atlas announces that it is itself uncompromisingly opposed to the admission of slavery in the new Territories; and it adds: "We know of no whig paper in the free States that does not stand uncompromisingly upon the platform of the non-extension of slavery. We know of no whig that does not." But the admission in relation to the course of General Taylor is most important. It says: "There is no doubt that Gen. Taylor will affix his signature to a Bill containing the Wilmot Proviso!"

Such is the declaration of the leading press of the administration in New England in relation to Gen. Taylor's purpose in reference to the Wilmot Proviso. And who can doubt that it has been made by the authority and with the approbation of Gen. Taylor? Let it be remembered that it comes from the confidential press of Abbott Lawrence, recently appointed by Gen. Taylor minister to England. Let it also be remembered that Abbott Lawrence assured the people of New England that he had a private letter from Gen. T. pledging in the letter that he would sign a bill containing the Wilmot Proviso, in the event of his election and the passage of such a bill by Congress. Is there now any longer doubt upon this subject? We believe not. We think notwithstanding the quibbles, subterfuges, and prevarications of Gen. Taylor's personal organ in this city, the Republic; which compare meanly enough with the frank and manly candor of the Atlas, that it is certain that Gen. Taylor will approve the Wilmot Proviso.

What now becomes of the tricks & subterfuges of the southern whig press on this subject? What becomes of their cry of "disgusting coalition?" And what a deeper shade of business is added to the libels upon the Democratic party, concocted and circulated by Truman Smith! The South has been betrayed by southern whigs and the people of the south should hold their betrayers responsible for this treacherous desertion of their interests.—Washington Union.

It is reported on sound authority, that while Mr. Calhoun was speaking in defence of his resolutions, John Randolph sat eyeing Webster. A hat was on the table before him which obstructed his sight. "Take that hat away," said Mr. Randolph. It was removed—and the keen-eyed descendant of Pocahontas sat himself to watch the motions of Webster, throwing into his face that piercing gaze, before which he quailed in past time. When Mr. Calhoun sat down, Webster rose and faltered blundered and sat down, utterly demolished. "Aye," said Randolph, "He's dead! He's dead, sir! He has been dead an hour ago, I saw him dying muscle by muscle."—Virginia Times.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### HINTS TO LADIES.

If you dance well—dance but seldom if you dance ill—never dance at all. If you sing well—make no excuses. If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in a conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles, what folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

If you are envious with another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection, except those which she really possesses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent it is better to exercise your ill-humor on your dog, your cat, or servant, than on your friend. If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

### MORE OF THE SAME SORT

The Shelby (Ky) News, a Whig paper, thus speaks of the late appointment of Edwards, as postmaster at Louisville. The pre-requisites—honesty, capacity, and fidelity—seem to admit of a very liberal construction when applied to whigs. The News says:

Mr. F. G. Edwards, of Jefferson county, has been appointed Postmaster at Louisville, from and after 1st October next, vice Thos. J. Read, Esq., resigned—resignation to take effect on the 30th September.

In this appointment we are sure the Government did not consult the wishes of the people. Besides not being a citizen of Louisville, Mr. Edwards is regarded by those who know him, as incompetent to the discharge of the duties of the office. The great part of Kentucky receive their mails through Louisville, and it was due to the people of the State that an energetic, efficient officer should have been appointed. Several other appointments in Kentucky have been unfortunate; but none by any means so vastly so, as this one of Post master at Louisville. The fact that he is the nephew of the President renders the appointment none the less objectionable.

The following from one of the old British poets is exquisite. It is the very essence of fancy. It was addressed to a lady, upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted.

The envious snow comes down in haste,

To prove the breast less fair,  
But grieves to see itself surpassed,  
And melts into a tear.

"Pshaw!" says Noah's Messenger,  
we can beat that any time. Look here.

Down her white bosom rolled the tear,

We know it hadn't oughter,  
Until at last—at last—oh dear!  
Her shirt was wet as water.

### High Words.

A fashionable lady in Buffalo once said to a friend, "My new house now 'directing' is to be 'sublimated' and 'splendiferous.' There is to be a 'Porto Rico' in front, and a 'Pizaro in the rear.'" This is the lady who told Gov. Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the "Penobscott."

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a helpmate, but an incumbrance.