

# THE HORNET.

TOUCH—AND WE STING.

Carrollton, Mississippi, Tuesday, July 18, 1843.

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OWN & TERRETT.

TERRETT'S OFFICE.

## ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP COLUMBIA.

The Columbia arrived at Boston yesterday morning, about 7 o'clock, bringing Liverpool dates to the 4th, and London dates to the evening of the 3rd inst.

The news, especially from Ireland, is of high importance.

Great inactivity appears to prevail in all branches of trade.

Ireland abounds, at the present moment, the exclusive attention of the British Ministry and the British people.

The repeal movement continues to make the most gigantic strides—the whole country is in a feverish state of excitement, and Mr. O'Connell, after visiting Cork and various other parts of Ireland, has returned to Dublin.

During his sojourn in the provinces, hundreds of thousands of his countrymen congregated at his back, and his progress resembled a continuous ovation from his outset until his return.

He addressed them, on every occasion, in the most inflammatory strain, condemnatory of the British connexion, while he poured out the most unmeasured vituperation and ridicule against Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Brougham.

The great bulk of the Catholic clergy have thrown themselves headlong into the movement.

Scotland has been the scene of religious movement, the most important in its consequences, the most extended in its ramifications, which has taken place since the time of Reformation.

Nearly 500 ministers—the heart's blood of the Church, embracing all that are most distinguished for learning, talents and energy—have seceded from the Kirk, and thrown themselves upon the voluntary principle, rather than submit to an interference in matters of discipline with the civil power.

The new ministry in Spain appears to be beset with the same difficulties that fell to the lot of its predecessors, and to be very unsettled as regards the measures it will pursue.

It is evident enough that Spain has very little to gain by a choice between any two sets of rulers.

Another conspiracy was said to have been discovered in the Turkish army, which had in view the dethronement of the Sultan and the placing of a brother on the throne.

The difficulties between Turkey and Persia are assuming a more belligerent aspect, and the mediators of the European governments are seriously talked of.

IRELAND.

All eyes appear to be turned to Ireland, awaiting with most intense anxiety the result of the movements now going on there.

The decided stand taken by the Peel administration on the subject of Repeal does not seem to have caused any abatement in the enthusiasm of Repealers, and we have accounts of their meetings, large and small, in all parts of Ireland.

It is evident, however, that O'Connell—the master spirit of the cause—is moving with rather more caution and circumspection. He does not deem it expedient to push matters to extremes, as he knows full well that the Irish people are very impulsive, and are not yet prepared to push an actual revolution with any hope of success.

All the strong places are in the hands of the foes to repeal. Meantime, it cannot be concealed that the British Ministry, despite of an affected calmness, are in a state of great alarm and inquietude.

With an income much short of what was anticipated, and with almost a certainty of a still greater falling off for the year to come, the government is hardly prepared to meet the tremendous expenses always attending a civil war.

Much reliance is evidently placed upon the Queen's forthcoming visit to Ireland, to soothe and soften down the asperities of the people; but whether such will be the effect, depends upon circumstances which time alone can develop.

All the Irish Forts, castles and battlements have been inspected by a government engineer, and ordered to be repaired and placed in a state of perfect utility.

Indeed, the preparations of government are such as would indicate that a civil war is not far distant.

The latest Irish papers contain an account of a melee between a party of Orangemen and a body of Repealers, at Dunganon, on the 30th of May. A house was razed, and many persons beaten, but no lives were lost.

The departure of the Coal coaches from Dublin, at 9 o'clock, on Monday night, was preceded by the usual mob-assembly, with an accompaniment of yellings, groanings, &c. Some rioting subsequently took place. Stones were thrown at the police, and the crowds were dispersed by the blue coats, who used their batons lustily.

The repeal affair of Cork was very brilliant. It is said that upwards of 400,000 persons were congregated on this occasion.

LIVERPOOL, June 3.—The demand for Cotton continues dull, and the market has remained in the same flat state during the whole week.

The sales of the week are 350 bales surat, ordinary to good fair, at 2½d to 3½d—270 bales Madras at 2½d to 3½d; and 60 bales Bowed Georgia at 4½d per lb.

HAVRE, May 27.—Our Cotton arrivals this week amount to 3000 bales, against 4500 bales sold without any alteration in price.

Pulverized Alum and Salt, of equal proportion, is an infallible cure for the tooth-ache.

## THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

The subjoined letter gives a bold and faithful picture of the cyclophantic honors being paid to the President in his tour east:

From the Philadelphia Forum, of June 19.

TO JOHN TYLER, ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir:—Yesterday, when you arrived in this city, you seemed to feel humiliated at the cold and lukewarm reception with which you were greeted.

A few selfish partisans, without weight or influence in this community, surrounded you, and endeavored to compensate for the absence of feeling among the people, by their fulsome flattery of your vanity.

Few of the citizens of Philadelphia, venerated for character and talents, went out to greet you—the task of receiving you was left to the insignificant popularity and notoriety hunters, with whom this, as all other great cities abound.

The Whig Councils of the city, and the Locofoco Commissioners of the districts could not be prevailed upon to pay you the ordinary compliment bestowed upon travelling Presidents.

They are republican freemen, and do not subscribe to the despotic doctrine of bowing to the "cup of Gosler," when it may be elevated for adoration.

Having no respect for you as a man, they cannot offer a senseless homage to the office which you accidentally occupy.

Men of sense do not honor things, they look to the character of the man to know whether he be worthy of respect or not.

You may recollect, perhaps, when you deserted the party which made you the accidental great man that you are, that the first step in your career of political apostasy was a contemptible proscription of all the friends of that man whom nature made great—HENRY CLAY—he for whom you once manifested such a tender regard, that, according to your own confessions, tears fell from your eyes, when he was superseded in a nomination for the Presidency.

You may remember how, in your eagerness to evince your hatred for his friends, you addressed letters hither, asking "How many Clay men are there?" in the Custom House, when every man whom you found infected with the contagious fever of Clayism, you set your mark upon, and designated him as an object of your proscriptive hatred.

Did you expect that any admirer or friend of Henry Clay, with the soul of man in his bosom, would so far forget his self-respect as to mask his feelings and pretend to honor a man whom at heart he had good reason to abhor?

"How many Clay men are there?" What, sir, had you even the vanity to believe that John Tyler could injure Henry Clay—that your petty persecution and proscription could diminish the millions of friends who gathered around the name and fame of the Ashland Farmer—that you could detract from his immortal reputation, or obscure the lustre of a genius that has shed such benefits upon our common country? Vain thought!

In future ages, when you shall be known only as the traitor President, Henry Clay will be enrolled among the immortal benefactors of his country; and millions will honor his memory and emulate his virtues.

"How many Clay men are there?" Wherever you travel you will meet them, but you will not be welcomed by their open hands, or hailed by their approbatory voices.

If you should travel onward to the remotest verge of the North, pursue your pilgrimage to the farthest edge of Western civilization, or descend with the mighty rivers of the west to the southernmost bounds of the Union, every-where; in the cities, in the mountains, on the prairies, by river, flood, and field, you will find the friends of Henry Clay.

"How many Clay men are there?" You might as well attempt to count the stars in the skies, the sunbeams in the air, the sand of the seashore, as to expect to number them.

Bury forever the thought that it is in your power to build up a party in this country, on the ruins of the fame of Henry Clay.

The office you occupy, sir, is the most dignified and august in the world, and it has been worthily filled until you became its incumbent.

You have invested that republican office with many of the attributes of a despotic monarch—you have set up your individual will as the standard of law and legislation, and like Louis XIV, you have pronounced yourself the State—*c'est moi, l'Etat*. We honor your office, but we have no regard for the man who prostitutes its functions and assimilates the President of the United States to the character of a royal monarch.

The icy chillness with which the people look upon you must drive your thoughts back upon yourself, and demonstrate to you that you cannot tame the spirit of the generous people, or force them to indirectly honor you personally, in awarding honors to the office of the President.

Hereafter, men will know that honesty of purpose, fidelity to friends, integrity in party attachments, and an honorable performance of pledges can alone command the public approbation, and that the reverse will never fail to provoke popular scorn and reproach.

As you journey on take time to ascertain your true standing among your fellow-citizens—turn away from the sycophants who hang at your heels, and see if you cannot catch something of the real sentiments of the pure, unpurchasable people, who neither seek office nor dread the frowns of power.

We wish you a pleasant tour, which may be profitable both to yourself and the country. Wherever you go may you meet with the same cool and expressive reception as that which you met

when you yesterday entered Philadelphia.—You can travel on in perfect security. The friends of Henry Clay are gentlemen, and they would not dishonor themselves or disgrace the character of American citizens by offering you the slightest insult. Their feelings will be seen in their faces and expressed in silence and sorrow. Look upon them, and see what a noble race of men you have betrayed, whose attachment you might have secured had you possessed any of the virtues of Henry Clay, of Kentucky.

A SCENE—MOORFIELD, BET SCENES.—One of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, says the N. Y. Observer, in giving an account of the recent seizure of the Islands by the British, states the following particulars of the last act in this affair, so disgraceful to the men by whom the surrender was basely compelled.

After the king had finally given his reluctant consent to the cession, nothing remained to be done but the signing of the papers.

"When this last act was to be performed, an affecting scene occurred. The chiefs sat silent for a season in sadness, struggling to suppress the emotions of their heaving breasts. One proposed prayer—they all kneeled down and prayed, and after the prayer was closed, they all remained kneeling for several minutes. After they arose, the King and Premier stepped forward, and with aching hearts, bowed away their Islands by subscribing the requisite proclamation."

If this act of the British officer is approved by government, we trust that the historian, in recording the victory of England over King Kamehameha, will not forget to write down the incident we have here related. A few years ago this Island, king and subjects were heathen. Under the influence of Christianity they have been raised to the enjoyments of liberty and civilization, and in the very infancy of their new existence they are summoned to surrender their all to foreign masters at the mouth of the British cannon.

The whole debt of the city of New York, is said to be \$14,000,000, and we are proud to say, not a word is uttered there in favor of repudiation. Like good men, good christians, and true patriots, they are willing to pay for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, support their government without murmuring and preserve the public faith.

The mind of one man over another in ingenuity, trickery and so on, cannot be imagined. The lawyer perhaps, excels all others in this respect. He is ever in deep study planning and digesting different parts of law, to suit particular cases, which in his sight perhaps, is quite hopeless. The art of gaining the good will of a jury in his client's favor, is another move he is sure to make. And upon this point the success of the practitioner depends. It was said by an eminent lawyer in one of the Eastern States when speaking of a learned brother, that the latter had the advantage of him in one respect. He was in the habit of using tobacco, and when engaged in his argument, would turn to some prominent jurymen who was a lover of the weed, and in an off-hand, familiar way, ask him for a quid.—The jurymen, flattered at finding such a similarity of tastes and habits between himself and the dignified counsel, would follow the example, and the good impression made on his mind was not unfrequently transferred from the advocate to his cause. Even so eminent an orator as Patrick Henry did not disdain to have recourse to vulgar phrases and vulgar modes of pronunciation, to gain the favorable ear of the illiterate; and Miss Martineau relates that Webster, at the trial of the Knapps, made careful inquiries into the dispositions and pursuits of those to whom he was then about to speak.

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.—When we insert marriage notices hereafter, and are expected to do it up in "brown style," the bride and groom must not neglect to accompany said notice with a large piece of the EXTRA fixins. A Yankee editor has chalked out a line which we expect to plumb to the nicety of a "nat's heel." He says, all notices of marriages when no *bride-cake* is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked into some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be placed conspicuously in large letters; but when *gloves*, or rather *bride favors* are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editors attend the ceremony in propria persona and *kisses* the bride, it will have a *special notice*—VERY LARGE TYPE, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen; or coined from the brain editorial.

ANTI-BOWD MEDICINE.—It is believed that no fatal or certain remedy has been hit upon to rid the country entirely of anti-bowdism; and as a remedial discovery would be of great value, and undoubted credit to the inventor, we have ventured to wear the plume by the introduction of the long sought for discovery. It is Ephraim's prescription to Pompey for the cure of the rheumatism. If you just get de brains of an iron wedge, and de blood of a mallet, and leaf fat of a wooden hoe, wud a half pint of pigeon's milk, and stew 'em together in a hog's horn lined with cat feathers, and take it three times a day before breakfast eternally, and rob a little on de outside every nite, it'll cure you.

Now anti-bowdets, when every thing else fails, use this medicine freely. 'It'll cure you.'

The "native astonisher," the immortal bonny-face, lousy-headed, sleepy looking and soppy-mouth JAKE THOMPSON, has again let off a large quantity of his 'combustibles.'—At Holley Springs, the other day, he squealed for upwards of an hour, to an audience of the real simon pure, red onion gilled, cat-fish amphibious monsters, who swam in the loco-foco mud-pool. The Holley Springs Gazette, has nailed Jake's coat-tail to the wall, and from the way he flounders, the nail must have pierced his rhinoceros hide. Poor Jake!

The right spirit has begun to move the patriotic Whigs of Mississippi. In most parts of the State, Clay Clubs have been formed, and other moves made for the advancement of the Whig cause. This augurs well. At Holley Springs the devoted admirers of the gall CLAY, have formed a Club. Gen. Thon Polk, was chosen President, and Dr. Pic F. W. Huling, and Geo. H. Wyatt, Vice Presidents, and H. W. Walter Secretary.

The New Orleans Tropic has published, in advance of the mail, the imaginary speech of John Tyler, which is said to have been delivered at Faneuil Hall, during the great Bunkerhill Monumental celebration. His character, feelings and political moves on that day are ably portrayed in the sketch. Poor Accidenty!

THE CUR WORM.—Mr. Isaac Newton, an intelligent farmer of Delaware county, says the Germantown Telegraph, has discovered a remedy against the depredations committed by these worms on the young corn. He has tried it several seasons, and in all cases with entire success. It is simply by mixing fine Salt with plaster, in the proportion of one quart of salt to four quarts of plaster, and applying it to the corn after it has come up.—Care must be taken not to sprinkle the plant itself with the mixture, otherwise the poisonous qualities of the salt may prove injurious. Mr. Newton states, such is the efficacy of this preparation, that the very next hills to those not thus protected, and left so to test the remedy, were totally destroyed.

The corn crop has no greater enemy than this destructive little insect. Whole fields are frequently destroyed by its ravages. If the above remedy be as efficacious as the discoverer asserts, it is certainly one of great importance to farmers. Its simplicity and cheapness brings it within the reach of all. We doubt not many will, at all events, make the experiment.

A PROPHET NOT HONORED.—Lorenzo Dow some years ago prophesied that there would be in the year 1843 no King in England, no President in the United States, & there would be snow in June. The two first points of the prophecy we all know are fulfilled. Old Lorenzo should have been particular in his prophetic inspirations, and given the Whig party item that they might have guarded against the selection of a "thing" for the Vice Presidency of the United States.

MR. CLAY IN MICHIGAN.—The Detroit Advertiser of the 17th ult., says—"Among the Whigs in Michigan, so far as we have heard an expression of sentiment, there is no conflict of choice—all are united, warm, steadfast, and decided in favor of Henry Clay as their candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Most emphatically is he our choice, and cordially can we unite with our friends in doing battle in his behalf in the coming contest. With this able, fearless, honest, and straight-forward champion of whig principles, come success or defeat, we are willing, nay anxious, to risk our political fortunes. We have no desire to tamper with the devil to run after strange gods and be cheated with the syren song of "availability." We believe the most worthy is the most available, and that that man is HENRY CLAY."

## POETRY.



From the N. Y. Tribune.

### BESTEAD 'NEATH THE HILL.

BY SIMS.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
As before me now,  
Homestead 'neath the hill—  
Its old stoop, long and low,  
Smoothly worn door-sill;  
Its ancient, sloping roof,  
Shield'd by the summer rains;  
Its moss hanging off—  
The small cut window panes;  
Its quaintly fashioned rooms,  
Its chimneys deep and wide,  
The cricket made its home,  
The swallow came to hide.

As before me now,  
Serenely and serene,  
The leafy poplar bough  
Woodbine waving green;  
The broad, blue stepping stone,  
The open door,  
The morning-glory thrown  
Its ample beauty o'er—  
The gravel walk that led  
To the neat white garden gate,  
The rose and lilac shed  
The world of perfume sweet.

As before me now,  
Its group of children dear,  
And mother too,  
One and all, are there;  
Change has passed  
That happy hearth,  
Are separate east,  
From our place of birth;  
Homestead 'neath the hill,  
Stranger owns it now,  
Stands before me still,  
In MEMORY'S glow.

### THE ATLANTIC IN A BALLOON.

By the Philadelphia Ledger that

have been expressed that Mr.

not get any person adventurous

cross the Atlantic with him in his

ursion next summer, but it seems

far enough to make the trial,

the distinguished inventor of

is now in Baltimore, and

like passage with Mr. W. across

at any time it will suit his conve-

P. is of the opinion that it is

to ascend in the balloon above

of air, where they will remain