

# Louisville Messenger.

Vol. 1.

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No. 18.

Published every Saturday Morning,  
BY JOHN H. HARDY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
Advertisements will be inserted at  
the usual rates.

NEW ORLEANS MONEY MARKET.  
CORRECTED WEEKLY FROM THE NEW  
ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

United States Treasury Notes,	2 1/2 & 4 dis.
Sovrigas,	\$4 00 a 4 90
Spanish Doubloons,	\$16 12 a 16 50
Patrol	\$16 50 a 16 62
American Gold,	4 a 1 prem.
20 franc pieces,	\$3 00 a 3 00
Mexican Dollars,	par.
Half Dollars,	par.
Dimes,	par.

NEW ORLEANS CITY BANKS.

Bank of Louisiana,	paye specie.
Cass Bank,	paye specie.
Union Bank,	4 a 6 per ct. disc't.
Mechanics and Traders' Bank,	1 a 2 do do
City Bank,	9 a 10 do do
Louisiana State Bank,	9 a 11 do do
Carrollton Bank,	6 a 10 do do
Canal Bank,	15 a 20 do do
Commercial Bank,	9 a 11 do do
Consolidated Bank,	20 a 25 do do
Citizens' Bank,	36 a 40 do do
Exchange Bank, New Orleans,	55 a 62 do do
Improvement Bank, do	55 a 60 do do
Atchafalaya Bank, do	80 a 85 do do
Bank of Orleans, do	65 a 70 do do
Commercial Bank, Natchez, checks,	15 a 17
on Merchants' Bank, New Orleans, J. discount.	

NOTES OF THE MUNICIPALITIES.

Municipality No. One,	8 a 10 per ct. disc't.
Municipality No. Two,	8 a 10 do do
Municipality No. Three,	40 a 45 do do

UNCURRENT MONEY.

United States Bank Notes,	55 a 60 disc't.
Alabama State Bank, and Branches,	20 a 23
Planters' Bank Post Notes, Natchez,	55 a 60
Agricultural Post Notes,	55 a 60
Grand Gulf,	65 a 70
Mississippi Union Bank,	80 a 85
Commercial and railroad bank, Vicksburg,	85 a 90
Port Gibson,	60 a 70
Arkansas,	50 a 60
Georgia Banks,	uncertain.
Virginia and South Carolina,	par a 5

WESTERN BANKS.

Cincinnati,	1 a 3 disc't.
Ohio Country Banks,	5 a 10
Kentucky,	1 a 3
Indiana,	4 a 6
State Bank of Illinois,	65 a 70
Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown,	55 a 60
Tennessee Banks,	5 a 7

TABLE  
SHOWING WHEN, AND WHERE, THE  
CIRCUIT COURT OF EACH COUNTY  
IN THIS STATE IS HELD:

COUNTIES.	What Mon- day held.	County Seats.
Adams	4 in M & N	Natchez
Amite	2 do do	Liberty
Attala	1 in Apl' & O	Kosius' o
Bolivar	2 do do	Bolivar
Carroll	1 do do	Carolt'n
Chickasaw	2af 4in Apl' N	Houston
Choctaw	4 in Mar & O	G'nshoro
Claiborne	4 in May & N	P Gibson
Clarke	1 do do	Quitman
Copiah	1 do do	Gallatin
Coahoma	2 in Apl' & O	coaho'ch
Covington	2 do do	Wm'sbg
DeSoto	4 Mar & Sep	Herman.
Franklin	4 May & No	Me'dv'll
Green	1 Apl' & Oct	Le'kv'll
Hancock	1 do do	Sh'ld's'bo
Hinds	3 Mar & Sep	Raymo'd
Holmes	3 Apl' & Oct	Ler'gton
Itawamba	3 do do	Fulton
Jackson	4 Mar & Sept	Jack' c h
Jasper	2 May & No	Paulding
Jefferson	1 do do	Fayette
Jones	4 Apl' & Oct	Ellisville
Kemper	4 do do	DeKalb
Lauderdale	4 May & Nov	Marion
Lawrence	4 Apl' & Oct	M'icello
Leake	1 do do	Carth'ge
Lafayette	3 May & Nov	Oxford
Lowndes	1 Apl' & Oct	columb's
Madison	1 May & Nov	canton
Marion	2 Apl' & Oct	columbia
Monroe	4 do do	athens
Marshall	1af 4 Ma' & N	H. spings
Neshoba	4 May & No	Philadel
Newton	3af 4 May & N	Decatur
Noxubee	3 in Apl' & O	Macon
Oktibbeha	4af 4 Apl' & O	Sarkville
Perry	3 in Ap' & O	augusta
Pontotoc	3af 4 Apl' & O	Pontotoc
Pike	1 in May & N	Holmsvil
Ponola	1 do do	Ponola
Rankin	1 June & Dec	Brandon
Scott	2af 4 May & N	Hillsboro
Simpson	4 in May & N	Westvil
Smith	1af 4 May & N	Fairfield
Tallahatchie	4 in May & N	Ch'lston
Tunica	1 in Apl' & O	commer
Tippah	1 do do	Ripley
Tishamingo	1 do do	Jacinto
Warren	3 do do	Vicksb'g
Washington	2 do do	Princt'n
Wayne	2 do do	Win'chs'
Wilkinson	1 do do	Woodv'l
Yalabusta	3af 4 ap' & O	Louisvil
Yazoo	1 may & Nov	coffeevill
	1 do do	Benton

## A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, it was found necessary to besiege the fort called Budge Budge, some few miles from Calcutta down the river, which the natives held in spite of our remonstrances—probably supported in their hostile obstinacy by the Dutch and French Governments—who, as all the world knows, have several settlements in the East Indies. These settlements we could wrest from them in an instant, but for some unaccountable reason or other, we allowed them to remain in their hands, to the no small hindrance of justice and equity, since it frequently happens that characters deserving punishment for their offences have merely to cross the river, and, in ten minutes, are beyond the pale of British law, having found refuge in Chinsurah, or some other foreign town. The existence of these little colonies have a still worse effect in case of disaffection among the Indians, inasmuch as they are ever ready to pour forth foreign emissaries, who urgently foment the feud, and mislead the poor natives, by holding out hopes of assistance from their respective countries.

Such had been the case with Budge Budge, the aforesaid fort, before which a couple of frigates and some armed boats, were lying at the time of my sketch. The native garrison, which amounted to about six hundred men, had vainly been summoned to surrender. They vowed they would rather die than do so. For three days long shots had been fired at them: but, as the fortress was built of mud, no sooner was the smallest breach made, than it was instantly closed up, and rebuilt stronger than ever. One of the commanders advised the adoption of a storming party. His brother officer, however, differed with him, urging that the place was too well garrisoned to be easily carried by assault. The opinions of the two leaders were forwarded to Calcutta, and the reply was expected to be returned on the morrow.

James Bunting (so we will call the old tar) heard all these palavers, as he styled them, and looked very knowing. He understood there was a chance of fighting, so felt perfectly delighted. To his berth he descended, and, as usual, when he was particularly happy, managed to get particularly drunk, and turned in evidently the worse for liquor. Now, it so happened that in about an hour after he had thus settled himself in his hammock, he suddenly awoke. A burning fever, an agonizing thirst parched his mouth; so he arose and went to his locker; but, alas! he had drunk every drop of the liquid he possessed; and where to find more he knew not. On board the vessel he had no hopes; shore was his only chance: so, unseen by any one, he made his way into the water, by lowering himself from the chains or from a port-hole, or some such place, and struck out for the beach, where he landed safely, in spite of alligators, sentinels, and all other similar oppositions.

When he had shaken the water from his hair, and hitched up his trowsers, he began to look around for a shop, where he could purchase some of that liquor, or some arrack, to take the chill off the water he had swallowed; but, alas! no building of the kind met his view—not a single habitation could he see. The fort frowned gloomily over him in sullen grandeur; no other place where spirits were likely to be found could he discover, though he peered anxiously round on every side. To lose time—to be laughed at by his comrades on his return, from the wild goose chase he had undertaken—was by no means palatable to Bunting. To be baulked is a maxim unknown to a sailor; so, rather than lose his grog, he determined to lose his life, or, at all events, to risk it. Without further ado, he began scaling the walls of the fort. This he easily managed, and in a few moments found himself at the top of the glacis. Elated at his success, he began shouting as loud as he could bawl, to the horror of the garrison, who, instantly fancying themselves assailed, started up, and were

about to run to the spot where they supposed the attacking party had made good lodgment; when Jim, who had scampered round the defences, began to shout from the opposite side, and suddenly lowering himself into the town commenced cheering as loud as he could, intermingling his vociferations with the cries for liquor.

Assailed, as they supposed, on both sides, the enemy actually in the fortress, surprised in the middle of the night, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces in the dark, what could they do? The bravest might well hesitate; unable to get their forces together, confused and astounded, they naturally believed that they had been betrayed. They had but one course left to pursue. They opened the gates, and fled as fast and as far as their feet would carry them, leaving the town in the quiet and peaceable possession of James Bunting, who, after shouting vainly for some time, fell down and slept for a couple of hours, when he awoke perfectly sober, though about as much puzzled at finding himself alone, and in the enemy's fort, as the poor man was in the Arabian Nights, when he suddenly found himself transformed into an eagle.

Jim rubbed his eyes. He pinched his legs, and, walking up to a tank, actually drank three mouthfuls of water before he was awake. He then strutted up to the ramparts, and convinced himself he was in his proper senses; for there lay the two frigates and their floated the union jack, for which he had so often risked his life. "Shiver my timbers! but this is a queer go!" said he; and with that he twitched up his trowsers, as usual, and shook the pigtail, which then hung from every sailor's head.

The vessel, perceiving a man thus expose himself began to fire at our hero.

"Avast there?" shouted Jim; but, as they did not hear him, or attend to him, he ran to the principle battery, and, climbing up the flag-staff, pulled down the Dutch colors, and hoisted up an old ragged turban he found lying in one of the streets. The commanders of the vessels thought this extremely odd. Something strange had evidently happened; so they scut a boat on shore, bearing a flag of truce, carried by the first lieutenant of one of the frigates. Unmolested, the party marched up to the fort; and, as the gates were open, unmolested they marched into it. Not a soul did they meet, until Jim strutted up to them.

"Holica, you sir, what is the meaning of this?" said the first lieutenant to Bunting, in a voice of anger, for it was sadly *infra dig.* for an officer of his rank to have been thus sent off to parley with a common sailor. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Please your honor, I hope you won't be angry, lieutenant: but some how or other, I've taken this place. The enemy have cut the painter, and sheared off."

Jim nodded.

"And who the devil gave you leave to do so, I should like much to know? Get on board, sir, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jim, respectfully, instantly doing as he was desired.

In the meantime, the lieutenant went, and formally took possession of the place, by running up the British colors, then writing a most pompous despatch, in which he recommended the real captor to be tried for leaving his ship without permission, he sent it back by a young midshipman, remaining behind himself, with half-a-dozen sailors, in order, as he expressed it, to garrison the fort.

Strange to say, his recommendation was attended to, and Jim Bunting brought to a court martial, who, most reluctantly, were compelled to find him guilty—adjudging him, however to undergo the least possible punishment that could be inflicted for a glaring breach of discipline. Jim felt highly indignant at the turn things had taken. He could not help fancying himself an ill used man, but he bore it stoically. When, however, he heard the verdict delivered—when he heard himself pronounced guilty—

he once more hitched up his trowsers, and exclaimed, in an audible voice, as he left the cabin. "D—n my eyes, if ever I take another fort as long as I live."

Need I add that though, to satisfy the strictness of the law, (to which all in the navy must bow,) the verdict of guilty was brought in, he was afterwards amply rewarded by his superiors.

## RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

There is a paper published in Boston called the *Rose Bud*, edited by a lady. The way she occasionally raps some of her own sex over the head is a caution. She says:

"We are extensively acquainted with female operatives; and can safely say, that, though generous, confident, and lovely, they have a great deal more respect for character than those in the higher circles, whose faults, if they have any, are covered with 'golden tapestry,' and thus hid from the vulgar gaze of the world."

In the following she hits the bachelors. Speaking of women, she says,

"Our aim now is, to defend her rights to a liberal education; and to defend the 'seamstress,' or the woman who 'takes in.' This class of females have been imposed upon—sneered at by the senseless *elite*; and their company shunned as if a moral pestilence mingled in their breath! The fact is, this is the most useful class of females, and ought to be supported and encouraged; and, instead of the poor pittance which they now receive under the name of *wages* (?) hardly enough to keep spirit and soul in action, they should be liberally paid, that they might have heart to work, and live comfortably, cheerfully, and happy."

A tailor [may be a scamp of an old bachelor, too] can be paid a price and a half for undertaking a garment, which he sends to a 'female seamstress' whom he compels to do the work for one-half price; thus making for himself a clear profit of one hundred per cent.—for what? Why, forsooth, cutting a garment! Are women *slaves*? If so, let's have an understanding in the matter; and let the lords of creation do the business of master and overseer as it should be done! Why let us have any money at all? Won't food and a little clothing do just as well?"—*Globe*.

The power of falsehood.—The following anecdote was told on a trial lately, by a distinguished French advocate:—

Madame Adelaide, sister of the King of France, in 1836, took under her protection a young lady of family, placed her at a boarding school, and received her frequently on holidays at her own apartments in the palace. Suddenly the protegee announced to the schoolmistress and her intimate friends that she was about to be married, under the auspices of her patroness, to a young Lieutenant Colonel, to whom she had been introduced by her Royal Highness, and in evidence of the truth of her assertions, produced letters on the subject, with the seal of the Princess, and in a hand-writing which all acquainted with that of Madame Adelaide, believed to be hers. Subsequent letters were also displayed, in which her Royal Highness was made to state, first, that the intended husband was detained away by his regimental duties—thea that he was dangerously ill, and ultimately that he was dead and buried. The young lady upon this, gave herself up to such violent grief, that fears were entertained for her own life. The only consolation she would listen to, was the permission to put herself into the mourning of a widow, and go weep over the tomb of her first lover. The under governess accompanied her to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and at the gate, desired to have pointed out the place of interment of Lieutenant Colonel Count M. who had died a week before, at the age of twenty-five. The Concierge searched the register, and then assured the enquirer that it did not contain the entry of any such burial, which consequently must, he said, have

taken place elsewhere. This answer increased the despair of the young lady, who prevailed upon her attendant to go with her to the cemeteries of Paris, at each of which they met with the like disappointment. It was night before they returned home, and the stricken pupil retired to rest in deeper despair than ever. The governess, the next day, felt it to be her duty to go to Madame Adelaide and relate all these mournful circumstances, taking with her the letters announcing the events which had so entirely destroyed the peace of her pupil.—The astonishment of the Princess—on seeing the extraordinary narrative, and on seeing letters apparently in her own handwriting, but which she had never written, and recognizing impressions from a seal which did really belong to her, could not be described. No such person as Lieutenant Colonel Count M. was known to her Royal Highness, consequently she never could have contemplated any such alliance for her pupil, nor have announced to her his illness and death. In fact, the young lady had been induced by a morbid imagination to invent the whole tale—to purloin one of her patroness' seals, imitate her hand-writing, compose the fictitious letters, and by bribing an old servant, induced her to put them into the post. Her mind however, was affected with the same grief from her own deliberate invention, as if all the circumstances had really existed.—*Picayune*.

A Dutch Justice.—A queer old Dutch Justice of the Peace out West says the New York Aurora, used to be very irritable and passionate with loafers when they were brought about him as witness, and he would rap them on the head with the Bible, and administer the oath in this wise:—

"Cum, sur; do you swear to say de druth, de whole druth and nothing acording to de druth, so help you mine Co!—Kish te pook, t—n you, kish te pook!"

Mineral Wealth of Georgia.—Large beds of Iron ore have been found in Cass co., Ga., some of a very superior quality, the crude ore yielding from forty to seventy per cent. of metal. Marble has also been found in the same section in abundance. Black lead has been discovered in Floyd co., and there is coal in abundance higher up in Tennessee. Of the gold in the Cherokee country every body knows.

## TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN GREETING.

The descendants of Benedict Arnold are requested to send their claims for his treason at the Federal Senate at Washington, under disguise of arrears for pay; and it is important that they should do so before the true and royal sympathies with tyranny and treason, who now holds the reins of Government; shall be driven from power.

As the Senate has not only decided against refusing the fine of \$1000 imposition upon Andrew Jackson for defeating their friends at N. Orleans, but also accepted a report from their judiciary committee in favor of paying the descendants of Gen. Hull arrears of his pay after having been tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot, for high treason, there can be no doubt of their readiness to reward the treason of our illustrious ancestor, which came so near placing Washington and all the rebel forces at the mercy of the British crown Dated at Tonkwootton, in the colony of Rhode Island, this first day of August, in the 57th year of the American Rebellion, and of the reign of Whiggery the second.

(Signed) KING.

A lady with a flushed face and cauliflower nose, consulting Doctor Cayene, exclaimed—"Where in the name of wonder, Doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, madam!—out of the decanter!" replied the doctor.—*Ex pa.*

SILVER.—He who has no silver in his purse should have silver on his tongue.