

THE UNION.



WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1839.

JAMES W. WALKER, Editor.

FOR PRESIDENT. M. V. BUBEN, FOR VICE PRESIDENT, WILLIAM R. KING.

R. J. WALKER.

We are authorized to announce W. G. Rasbury as a Candidate for Mayor of Yazoo City.

THE ELECTION.

After all the boasts of the whigs of this county, the friends of correct principles have triumphed! and once more do we feel the cheering rays of democracy shedding themselves over our county—once more does defeated whiggery hang her head, ashamed of her own intriguing schemes. Yazoo has for a long time been under the dominion of the opposition, but thanks to a few noble hearts she is once more redeemed and regenerated. Our principles have gained the ascendancy, and why should we not rejoice—but we would say to our democratic friends, let not your rejoicings be mingled with oppression; and let us not seek "to triumph o'er a fallen foe," but coolly and deliberately prepare to organize for the coming election, in 1840.

We this day give the returns from a number of counties, and so far as we have heard, the great whig champion, S. S. Prentiss, cannot receive votes sufficient, to elect him to a seat in the Senate of the U. S. In truth we think the democratic ticket throughout will conquer—we are certain so far as our present talented Executive is concerned. Our returns will come in slowly, but we hope in our next number, to be able to lay before our readers, another "GLORIOUS VICTORY!"

YAZOO COUNTY.

FOR GOVERNOR. E. Turner, 514; A. G. McNutt, 429.

FOR CONGRESS. A. L. Bingaman, 549; R. Davis, 519; A. G. Brown, 426; J. Thompson, 426.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE. D. S. Jennings, 412; T. B. Woodward, 563.

FOR AUDITOR. J. Cruseo, 462; A. B. Saunders, 496.

FOR STATE TREASURER. G. Fitz, 540; J. G. Williams, 399.

FOR STATE SENATE. B. W. R. Grayson, 450; Robert C. Campbell, 479.

FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. J. R. Burrus, 601; F. Davis, 464; J. M. Sharp, 490; Samuel Dilley, 298.

FOR CHANCELLOR. R. H. Buckner, 499; J. M. Maury, 191; A. Hutchinson, 164; A. Campbell, 37.

FOR SHERIFF. James W. Exum, 278; Parham Buford, 359; Thomas Stauts, 319.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE. Q. D. Gibbs, 312; R. S. G. Perkins, 151; C. E. Mount, 219; E. Guice, 131; William Dillabunt, 130.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK. T. P. Slade, 656; S. Hagerman, 283.

George Crockett has been re-elected, Clerk of the Probate Court of this county.

F. W. Quackenbush, J. J. Michie, M. Hooper, Hiram Nelson and Robert Turner have been elected Police Officers of this county.

James Biles has been re-elected Coroner. William Grisham has also been re-elected Ranger.

Samuel L. James is elected Assessor and Collector.

HINDS COUNTY.

FOR GOVERNOR. Turner, whig, 1132; McNutt, dem., 854.

Auditor. Saunders, dem., 1098; Cruseo, whig, 887.

Secretary of State. Fitz, whig, 1176; Williams, dem., 756.

Chancellor. Buckner, 690; Hutcheson, 776.

Congress. Bingamin, whig, 1144; Davis, 1101; Brown, dem., 841; Thompson, dem., 880.

Senator. Miller, dem., 733; Neil, whig, 646; Mitchell, 487.

Representatives. Allen, whig, 1002; Robeson, 1000; Woodward, 928; Beauchamp, dem., 815; Jenkins, 777; Cook, whig, 726; Greaves, dem., 684; M'Daniel, 425; Boddie, whig, 97; Martin, 97.

Clerk of Circuit Court. Johnson, 1253; Dixon, 623.

Judge of Probate. Johnson, 916; Carloss, 810.

Probate Clerk. Scott, 729; Stubblefield, 673.

Tax Assessor. Tabor, 562; Gray, 440; Crisler, 348; Jennings, 243.

Tax Collector. Cook, 440; Fartherree, 302; Carter, 245; Richardson, 222.

Sheriff. Thomas, 804; Stewart, 568; Martin, 426; Lynch, 142.

COPIAH COUNTY.

Governor. M'Nutt, 547; Turner, 525.

Secretary of State. Woodward, dem., 543; Jennings, whig, 495.

Treasurer. Williams, dem., 514; Fitz, whig, 498.

Auditor. Saunders, dem., 611; Cruseo, whig, 385.

Chancellor. Buckner, 505; Hutcheson, 344; Maury, 125.

Congress. Brown, dem., 585; Bingamin, whig, 540; Thompson, dem., 525; Davis, whig, 474.

State Legislature. Granbury, dem., 517; Mullins, whig, 493.

SENATE. REPRESENTATIVES. Graves, whig, 538; Ellis, dem., 543; Shoemaker, whig, 514; Tillman, dem., 500; Reed, 480; Weeks, 203.

WARREN COUNTY. CITY REPRESENTATIVES.—The following is the exact vote for City Representatives: William S. Bodley, 389; Thomas Anderson, 387; Seymour Halsey, 233; Peter Clarke, 226.

John I. Guion has been elected for the county. For Governor, Turner has a majority of 152 over M'Nutt, in the city box.—Vicksburg Sentinel.

YALOBUSHA COUNTY. Governor. M'Nutt, 757; Turner, 574.

Congress. M'Nutt's majority, 183; Brown, 752; Thompson, 745.

Average vote, 749; Bingaman, 582; Davis, 578.

Average vote, 580; Average democratic majority, 169.

Representatives. Rayburn, dem., 739; Kendall, dem., 701; Stewart, dem., 688; Williams, whig, 635; Maclin, whig, 587; Erwin, whig, 575.

From Carroll county, we learn that Col. C. F. Hemingway, (dem.) and Capt. John A. Binford, (whig.) are elected to the legislature. Gov. M'Nutt has a majority of about 30, and Bingaman and Davis about the same. Col. Leflore, it is said, has been elected to the senate from Carroll and Tallahatchie counties.

From Choctaw we learn that the democratic ticket has succeeded by about 200 majority.

In Tallahatchie, Judge Jenkins, (whig.) has beaten Hugh L. White, (dem.) 16 votes. Gov. M'Nutt has a small majority, and the congress tickets are nearly equal.

We have been kindly furnished by a friend with the returns from Marshall county. Upon examination it will be found that the whig vote in this county is somewhat increased, although the representatives from this county are all administration men, "good and true!"

Here follows the result of the election in the empire county:—

Governor. M'Nutt, 905; Turner, 765.

Congress. Brown, 893; Thompson, 883; Bingaman, 773; Davis, 781.

Secretary of State. Woodward, 883; Jennings, 782.

State Treasurer. Williams, 889; Fitz, 744.

Auditor. Saunders, 879; Cruseo, 763.

Representatives. Guy, 903; Greer, 889; Mull, 839; Mathews, 921; Hill, whig, 701; Means, whig, 785; Wilson, whig, 717; Allen, whig, 727.

RANKIN COUNTY. Governor. N'Nutt, 376; Turner, 337.

Secretary of State. Woodward, 362; Jennings, 316.

Auditor. Saunders, 449; Cruseo, 208.

Treasurer. Williams, 316; Ediz, 336.

Chancellor. Buckner, 360; Hutchinson, 166; Maury, 57.

Representatives. Fore, dem., 390; Drake, whig, 340; King, whig, 317; Siler, whig, 249; Coleman, whig, 90.

SCOTT COUNTY. Governor. M'Nutt, 189; Turner, 51.

Secretary of State. Woodward, dem., 141.

Auditor. Saunders, dem., 144.

Treasurer. Williams, dem., 137.

Chancellor. Hutchinson, 126; Buckner, 32.

State Senator. Thomas, dem., 133; Watts, whig, 40.

Representatives. Roberts, dem., 142; Russell, whig, 3.

MISCELLANEOUS. From the London Metropolitan.

THE PIRATE. Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent, when the man at the mast head sung out, "Deck a hoy—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—"Every one to his post.—We're in luck at last!"

Carlic's whistle responded to his order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by the hideous countenances of our lawless crew.—Dirty, bearded, and already scented with blood, their eyes flashed with the fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman whose appearance promised at once easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows, bringing her to. She immediately hoisted white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclination was quite thrown away upon the commander of the Shark. "Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," cried he; it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting.

We were now within pistol shot of the stranger, and Peters, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired, and knocking the man's straw hat from his head, frightened the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no further injury.

"Pretty fair, that!" said Stamar; "but another time level lower. Halloa, you sugar heads! send a boat aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming along side us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or suspicion.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar, "loblolly-boy of your craft, or cook's sawb's second mate?"

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man firmly, "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. Lieutenant, you see my flag? it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of low rank."

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your trading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?"

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice, when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain, who had so happily fallen into our power, was well known to me.

Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you have specie on board!—Well your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of."

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that I have specie on board. To it, and to every thing else we have, you are welcome; but I trust that, in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment."

"For whom do you take us, messmate? For upon your suspicions! You may go as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to his boat, accompanied by Lorenzo.

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say we are so very wicked, we others?"

The Captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his voyage. The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you."

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantman dreadfully torn by our shot, her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fools, brute beasts," he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; why did they not give it to her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot. Master, start me all those novices, put the very best men on board at the guns; above all, see that they ram home well, and level low."

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effect produced by our volley. Frightful but impotent imprecations reached us through the livid atmosphere; and at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his chartered vessel, now tearing his hair, and anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and deprecation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking, and just as she was finally settling down, some other crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of their sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, he shouted, "Shoot me off a few of those jolly fellows first! Die! die! die! the seem marvellously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our rog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say there, some of you, and shoot me them off!"

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Not followed shot in quick succession, and an after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates.—Now and then a cap or a straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the boiling waves were now fast engulfing.

FATAL ENCOUNTER.—In Carrollton on Tuesday morning last, Thomas Rhodes, Esq., as shot by W. C. Clarke, both citizens of that town. The difficulty we understand originated in a report, to the prejudice of Mr. Rhodes, set on foot by Clark; the truth of which report Mr. R. promptly and publicly denied, and denounced Clark as a liar and coward.

As soon as Clark heard of this, he swore that Rhodes should "either eat his words or die;" and immediately armed himself, and went in pursuit of Mr. R. They met on the street, and Clark, stepping up to Rhodes, asked him if he had used the offensive language. Mr. Rhodes answered in the affirmative, and reiterated the epithets; which Clark held down his head for a few seconds as if abstracted in thought. Mr. Rhodes, probably thinking that Clark had declined making an attack, turned and walked off; when, just as he stepped into a store a few yards off, Clarke deliberately drew a pistol and shot him in the back! This occurred between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and he expired in two or three hours. The community was much excited against Clarke; who, fearing they might lay violent hands on him, sought shelter in an adjacent building—but being promised protection, he surrendered himself to Judge Shattuck, (who happened to be on the spot,) and was immediately conducted to prison, where he will await his trial at the next term of the circuit court.

As an evidence of the standing of Mr. Rhodes with his fellow citizens, it is but necessary to state that he was a candidate for the Probate Clerkship, (which office he had filled for some years) and was elected by a

large majority. He lived beloved, and lamented, leaving a wife and several children to execrate the memory of the man who cut off in the prime of manhood their natural protector.

It gives us much pleasure to learn, that Mr. Young, (the opponent of Mr. Rhodes at the late election) will again run for the office and, if elected; give the required bond for the faithful discharge of the trust, and leave the duties to be performed by the son of Mr. Rhodes, (as they were principally during the lifetime of his father,) and the profits arising therefrom to be applied to the support of the widow and children of the deceased. Such a determination speaks volumes for the generosity and benevolence of Mr. Young.

Paper.—Paper when bleached, if the chloride be not removed, or permanently neutralized, produces effects of the most disastrous kind, and often times where the cause is little suspected. The delicate blossom of plants folded up in our herbaria lose their colors; colored silks, especially delicate tints as violet, mazarine blue, lilac &c. become eventually blanched when wrapped up in white paper. A silk manufacturer once bitterly complained to me of the loss he sustained from the difficulty in preserving colored silks. I had him use any paper but white paper, and the evil was cured. The manufacturers of paper hangings, and stained paper had lost thousands of pounds before the cause was discovered. Gilt buttons to the amount of two or three hundred pounds, have been returned as unsaleable to the manufacturer, because folded up in white paper—chloride having the property of acting chemically on gold, and forming a chloride of that metal. It is easy to see what would be the effect of allowing delicate colored silks, muslins, &c. to remain in boxes or a chest of drawers lined with similar paper. It might be supposed that the chloride of lime employed to bleach the half stuff, or the paper pulp, was ruinous enough, but in this inference we should be mistaken; to complete the work of destruction, some paper, after it is entirely manufactured, must be bleached by being exposed to the heat, and such paper is called by the trade "tinctor-d." The typographer, lithographer, engraver, all complain of the difficulty of "working" particular kinds of paper, and the shreds of wool or hair, will sometimes perplex them. I have been informed, that with some paper not more than a hundred impressions can be taken by the lithographer, before the impression on the stone is almost destroyed, while with the best qualities of paper some thousands of copies may be obtained before it is sensibly altered.—[Murray's Phormium Tenax.

Original Well-known.—There are what I call cutting remarks; as the lauffer said when he was wounded for the fourth or fifth time and told to leave.

"New Sam, if you don't stop licking that molasses, I'll tell the man." "By chalks, you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the 'lasses too."

"Will you come to the bower?" as the heat-swain said to the crew, when about to weigh anchor.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair."

We should think it would stand a pretty smart chance of being combed out.—Argus. Very little of sticks, as we know cuckle-burs do.—Mud-sucker Gazette.

"I'll blow you sky high," as the gas whispered to Lauriat, when he filled his balloon at Hoboken.

"You're a little cornered," as the big toe said to the little one.

The Rev. Charles B. Parsons is performing at the Nashville Theatre to crowded houses. The course of Parsons in leaving the stage for the pulpit, and then again the pulpit for the stage, is disgraceful, and makes him in our opinion, undeserving public countenance.—Murfreeboro' Tel.

A FINE LITTLE FELLOW.—In the criminal court at Philadelphia the other day, a small boy was objected to as a witness on account of his extreme youth. When asked "do you know the nature of an oath?" "Yes," he replied. "What is it?" "That thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." He all ye witness, learn of this boy and be wise.

BOTTLED TEARS.—In some of the morning assemblies of the Persians, it is the custom of the priest to go about to each person as the height of their grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates the 46th psalm, viii.—"Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Some Persians believe that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known revive him; and it is for such a use they are collected.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?" Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no—you have not hit it, nor never will—I bought them and paid for them."

FEMALE LOVE OF SWAY.—Which is the most impetuous, love of pleasure or love of sway, may be doubtful; but at least the last is so engrossing as to become a passion; and rather than not to be admired, a duchess will sometimes angle for the eyes of a shoepeeper. I have heard indeed, of a fine town lady going to a country church, in order to turn the heads of all the bumpkins; which she did all save one, who would not even look at her. Piqued, and resolved to conquer, though the contest was so inglorious, she played off every art that she would have used in a drawing room. Still, to her astonishment, and even mortification, the riddle was explained, for she saw the impenetrable clown led out of church by a friend. The insensible was blind.

AN ELOQUENT REMARK.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American, alluding to the

story of Jack Sheppard, eloquently remarks: "It requires genius of a very high order to describe human nature in its lowest grades, and at the same time, excite those sympathies of our character which connect the out-ly; to portray man, corrupted from childhood by profligate association, and debased by sensual indulgence; yet having a spark in his bosom, which might be kindled into a burning light, and which, as the freblat pulsation shows the presence of life, proves that the soul within him came down from heaven. It is then we feel that God is our common father; and man, even when debased, is still our brother."

A SUFFICIENT GUARD.—A soldier was stationed at a post with directions to let no one pass without giving the watch word, which was Boston. In the course of his patrol some one approached, and the sentinel demanded: "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the answer. "Well friend, advance and give the count-ersign."

"No answer."

"Blast you," said the soldier, leveling his musket, "say Boston, or I'll shoot you!"

WOMAN is the morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our stars—may we always bask in their skiey influence till we are sky high.

The following singular resolution was passed at a political meeting in Canton, Ohio: "Resolved, That we will not support any persons who make long prayers or sour faces."

We don't know whether the men who passed this resolution, belong to the whig or loco-foco party. We have seen men connected with either, hiving faces so sour that they made vinegar blush.

SATURDAY PENCILINGS.—There is a high and holy feeling allied to scenes of danger. We see around us a deserted city; the streets are melancholy and voiceless; we look at nature fondly as if each look might be our last. We meet a friend and feel a rush of gladness that he yet lives.

On Thursday evening, returning from the Grave yard, just as sober twilight was stealing over plain and bluff and river, we were attracted by the singularly beautiful appearance of the sky. Far and deep lay some motionless, flecked clouds, the blue shining gloriously clear through the rents and checks of the white embroidery. It was as sweet and calm as the eye of love. Far below there were fragments of dark vapory clouds hurrying along with an under current of mind, sometimes, for a moment, hiding the calm bright scenery above.

We looked upon the whole as a type of the fortunes of Natchez—now obscured by the dim clouds of misfortune, stretching their dragon winds across the horizon, but not wholly veiling the bright hues of our city's future destiny.

The tears of sorrow we shed over departed worth mellow our own hearts, and seem to soften down our passions. The memory goes back to scenes of high delight, and revives every minute particular. How amiable and excellent do our departed friends appear to us! We award them, in our heart of hearts, more praise and excellence than they ever could have expected in their vainest hours.

It was night. The flame and agony of fever were over—and so was life. A noble and chivalrous friend was now an inanimate form of clay, and the hurried preparation for the grave—the shrouding and the laying in state,—were progressing. There is yet one scene of agony to be witnessed at which even friendship recoils, and wishes that it were over. It is the farewell—the heart rending and agonizing leave-taking of a wife and a brother. This is the triumph, the bitterness of death! The truly brave man can go into the world unknown with christian trust, calmness and resignation; but to witness the deep wo of those left behind, wrecked in heart by the bereavement, is more than man can bear without overpowering emotion. We veil the scene, and shall not attempt a description of such indescribable sorrow.

WONT STAY LICKED.—A country green-horn was as well pleased with the performance of a tragedy at one of our theatres, that he was induced to spend fifty cents more for theatricals the next evening. As the hero of the play made his appearance on the stage, Jonathan let off his surprise thus: "By the great never lick'd jumping Moses! they killed that felle last night as dead as a nit—and I'm blowed if here he aint agin!"—Sunday Morning Visitor.

CAUTIONSNESS WELL DEVELOPED.—A party of engineers on the Eastern railroad, who were making their surveys on the route between Newburyport and Portsmouth, finding themselves, a short time since, at some distance from their quarters, towards evening called at a neighboring house to ask permission to leave their level and other instruments upon hearing the request, "La! not for the world," said she, "I'm fear'd they'll go off!" "Oh no, madam," said the inquirer, "there's no danger of that." "Oh," said she, "I've heard of so many accidents by guns and railroads, that I should be afraid to sleep in the house with them; and notwithstanding their protestations, the good old lady persisted in her refusal, and the party were compelled to shoulder their dangerous implements and carry them to their lodgings at some distance to relieve the lady's apprehension of their 'going off.'"—Newburyport Herald.