

WHIG REPUBLICAN

AMOS B. CORWINE,

"LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE, AND INSEPARABLE."

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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POETRY.

Selected for the Whig Republican.
The Emerald Isle.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing waters,
Sweet Erin, my country, I wander to thee,
Thy free hearted sons and thy bright smiling daughters
Are calling me home o'er the wild swelling sea.
My heart has gone out like a wild bird before me,
And rests on thy shore, as I linger the while,
To bless the bright heaven that sweetly shines o'er me
And the bark that is nearing the Emerald Isle.
Yes, Erin, green Erin, thy long years have whitened
The dark shaking lock that hung over my brow,
Yet closer in fondness the cords have they tightened
Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.
I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother,
I see the glad light of a sister's fond smile,
Stand in the hall of my father and mother,
Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle.
Oh! land of the grateful—where every emotion
Of kindness is fostered, of friendship sincere,
Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,
Would barter its life's blood to spare thee a tear.
Oh! beautiful land, whose sunny eyed daughters
Wear hearts on their lips, that have never known guile,
Hasten to thee, o'er the fair swelling waters,
My home, and my country, the Emerald Isle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Egypt.

A correspondent of the New York Observer, writing from France, says: "all the governments and people of Europe, turn their eyes to the ancient land of the Pharisees." The remarkable man who rules over this empire, and whose name is mentioned at the present time oftener than that of almost any half civilized monarch is now, 71 years old. He is described by a late writer as being in height five feet two inches, of a sanguine and nervous temperament, his countenance open and agreeable, blending shrewdness and good temper in its expression. His activity and industry are said to be great. Having been educated in youth as a man of business, he has good business tact, and attends in person to a great number of details connected with government affairs. His early opportunities for mental cultivation were limited; but he is said to be ready in numerical calculation, and to manifest uncommon general intelligence. He is remarkably liberal towards other religions, although a Mohammedan. It is now thirty-seven years since he became master of Egypt. Although contradictory accounts are given respecting the degree of civilization which he has been instrumental in bringing into that country, it is certain that the removal of Europeans has done much to teach the Egyptians the arts of peace as well as of war. It was not until 1830 that Mehemet took a stand as an independent monarch. He had previously paid large tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, and had put forth all his military power and resources at the Sultan's command. But he now determined to act for himself, and to take possession of Syria, which he said had been promised to him for his services in the war with Greece. Towards the end of October, 1831, Mehemet Ali sent his son Ibrahim with an army of from 40,000 to 50,000 men to Syria. A series of dreadful conflicts ensued. The siege of Jean d'Acere was long and the struggle desperate, but on the 27th of May, 1832, the place was taken and the garrison made prisoners with Abdallah, the governor of the province. Ibrahim then swept over the country to the northward, successful every where against the forces of the Sultan, and was ready to march upon Constantinople itself. The Turkish government became alarmed. After calling on Great Britain for aid in vain, and after another dreadful encounter with Ibrahim, the Sultan, threw himself into the arms of Russia. An immense Russian force was brought into the Turkish dominions, but the Sultan becoming as fearful of Russian alliance as of Mehemet Ali's rebellion, concluded to give up Syria. The dependence on Russia had however involved Turkey in bonds which could not be broken; and a treaty was agreed upon on the 8th of July, 1833, called the treaty of Unkar Skelessi, which placed Turkey in the power of Russia to a humiliating degree. The duration of the treaty was limited to eight years. From that time to this, Syria has often been in partial revolt against the government of Ibrahim, and the Sultan has been seeking an opportunity to recover it. The latest advices the question to whom it should be assigned had not been settled.

Ibrahim, the oldest son of Mehemet Ali, (or as some have asserted, the adopted son) is now 51 years of age. He is described as being of a strong constitution, naturally grave, somewhat forbidding in appearance, and less attractive in manners than his father. From the age of 16 he has been a military and civil officer. He is of course, thoroughly versed in the tactics of war; indeed he has been instructed by European officers. It will be remembered that he figured very conspicuously in the war between Turkey and Greece. His energy and military capacities have been abundantly proved in his conduct of affairs in Syria. In his last contest with the Turkish forces on the plains of Nezib, he was completely victorious.

Ibrahim has been condemned as harsh and tyrannical in his government of Syria, and the same account has been given of Mehemet. But the rebellious tribes cannot be kept in subjection except by a strong hand. Both these warriors have done themselves honor by encouraging the improvements introduced by foreigners, and expending money freely in public works, hospitals, &c.

Mehemet Ali owns all the territory of Egypt, and has it cultivated by men who are paid for their labor in a share of their produce. He has a monopoly of cotton, rice, opium, &c. "He is the great farmer, the great merchant of the country. All business of exchange is done by him and for him." His maxim is—"The earth belongs to God and to the sovereign who is his representative."

North American.

How happy we were at School.

Never believe a great, broad-faced, beetle-browed spoon, when he tells you with a sigh that would upset a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are those he spends at school. Does he forget the small bed-room occupied by eighteen boys, the pump you had to run to on Sunday mornings, when decency and the usher commanded you to wash! Is he oblivious of the blue chalk and water they flooded your bowels with at breakfast and called it milk! Has he lost the remembrance of the Yorkshire pudding, vulgarly called choko-dog, of which you were obliged to eat a pound before you were allowed a slice of beef, and of which, if you swallowed half that quantity, you thought cooks and oxen were work of supererogation, and totally useless on the face of the earth! Has the fool lost all recollection of the prayers in you cold, wet, clay-floored cellar proudly denominated the Chapel! Has he forgot the cuffs from the senior boys, the pinches of the second master! and, in fine, has he forgot the press at the school-room, where a cart load of birch was deposited at the beginning of every half year, and not a twig left to tickle a mouse with long before the end of it! He talks of freedom from care—what a negative kind of happiness! Let him cut off his hand, he will never hurt his nails. Let him enclose an order for all his money, even unto us, and no more will he be troubled with cares. School-boy care is perfect nonsense—it is the most miserable period of a human being's life. Poor, shivering, trembling, kicked, buffeted, thumped and starved little mortals! We never see a large school but we feel inclined to shoot them all, masters, ushers and door-keepers included, merely to put them out of pain.

Natye Poetry.

The subjunctive is the last specimen of natye poetry that has met our eye. It is from the Lowell News, a lively little penny, which has just drawn on "mortal coil." Read, wonder, and admire the delicious morceau:
the moon did ris last nite
while i sot at my winder—
i wept almost, not kwite,
cause there was nothin to hindur.
my saler boy is a goin' to see,
and that's cause wi i weep,
tost on the billur will be be,
the billur that roles over the deep.

"Wagner."

From a letter received by the editor of the Spirit of the Times, it appears that this noble animal was "doctored" just before his defeat by Gamma. A negro boy, belonging to Mr. John Campbell, a rubber in his stable, has confessed that he was instigated by a party to administer to Wagner sugar of lead with salt, which he did. This may account for the defeat of the noble racer.—N. O. Pic.

Russian Drunkenness.

Bulwer, in DEVEREAUX, tells us that Russian ladies thank most gratefully the drunk man who honors them by making them drunk. It is said, from late accounts, that nearly a fourth part of the revenue of Russia is derived from the sale of spirits. This sale is kept entirely in the hands of the imperial government. The out-spread wings of the Russian eagle are over the door of every gin shop in every village throughout that vast empire. Mr. Pinkerton calculates that "the enormous quantity of eighty-two millions of gallons of brandy alone are drunk every year by the peasantry of the empire.—N. O. Picayune.

The Visit.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

"You are romancing, James: what! visit a family without an introduction, or an invitation, or an exchange of cards!"

"In this family, my dear Amanda, there is no ceremony of cards," said James, "but they will not be less pleased to see you."
"I never used to go to see poor people, but" continued she, after a short deliberation, "I will go with you any where."

They passed from the handsome street of their residence, to a small public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses built in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Laddison gave a gentle rap. A plain dressed woman opened it and welcomed them.

Two chairs were immediately set out, one with the back broken off, the other one rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise, which the attendant female in vain endeavored to quell. A girl about ten years of age came out of a small bed room and smiled as she spoke.

In a large room sat a thin female. She looked up when Dr. Laddison addressed her, but neither smiled or spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close her mouth. After receiving some nourishment at the hands of her companion she seemed revived.

"I am glad to see you, Doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but I suffer"—she shivered and stopped suddenly, but in an instant said, "I thought it very hard when I lost my child last summer—I see it was kind; what would have become of it now! I must leave these, young as they are, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the steadiest."

She did not weep; she was past that point of human suffering. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from this scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would have been at thirty-five.

It brings down all our vanities and little repinings—a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost insensibility of the sick was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

"Is this your sister?" asked the woman.
"No," said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, "It is my wife."

"Is it your wife?" said she, showing some vivacity. "How sweet she looks. Can she sing! Oh! can she sing,
"I would not live always!"

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled how by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tone around the narrow apartment.

The dying one raised her eyes so thankfully that she even looked pretty. A hectic light relieved her vivid countenance. She said inaudibly, "I hear the angels singing around me," and then relapsed into a state of almost insensibility.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as they left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, "We will take care of you."

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every shadow of a tint! The rich and the poor, the delicate and the coarse; the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she loved her husband; but luxury is a dead sea atmosphere, in which the nobler passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as they returned home with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow-creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought her no addition of earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it that will awaken delight.

A Scientific Love-letter.

(Picked up in the street—A true copy.)
Bangor county, Indiana state. }
Sunday morning, 9 o'clock, A.M. } 1840.
AT HOME IN BED.

My dear sweet Henry—how I do want to see your big gray eyes. Oh! how horror stricken I am at your long absence. Lord knows I want to see you, and feel your little heart beat like a tit hammer right close up agin mine. Oh! Sweet Henry do come out and let's get married, for if you love me I wont fight you a bit. John has moved to his new place and Jane does live so snug—but she fights him a little sometimes when he gets a little *antony-over*—Mary Tilden's got a little baby and dady says as how I must get married for I have let it run on too long already.

God bless you if you are not sufficiently blessed in being so sweet. Oh! that I could see you once more to kiss the single tinge from the rose on your soft round cheeks. O what a lilly you are, and what a rose bud in the morning of its virgin bloom, full of sweet odors sparkling with the dew drops of heaven-born love, beaming with the kindlier blendings of the rainbow—the sign of peace.

Oh, you marry gold; you hollyhock, you tulip; you cabbage. Oh, you sweet owl; come and comfort your distressed, your sorrow-smitten, dying, dead, Caroline.— Oh, my dear Henry how I do love your big gray eyes.

Well, when shall these weeping eyes—these eyes red with weeping—these eyes of mine again feast themselves on the sleek black hair of your round head?—O you trim tall fellow, full of manna of sweet love, how I do want to see you, you model of perfection. You have been gone these ten months, and to me, poor me, it does seem to me like a hundred years, a thousand years. One more day, beloved Henry, will kill, yes, kill your fond confiding, distracted Caroline. Your dear presence would, to me, be as a coo, spring to the parched traveller of the desert, more than the green grass to the hungry ox; more than the pebbled pool to the wanton duck; yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoiled child. Why then, will you not come, yes, run, fly swift as lightning, to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheek of your mad love.

O, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the field, and the world without thee, yes, thee, my dumpling my jew's-harp, my oel, rooster, my gentleman. God bless thee! may thy days be many and long, and sweet, and full of joy. Oh; haste and come and kiss your partridge, your goose, your lady. Bless your sweet soul.

CAROLINE.

P. S. God bless you and all that concerns you, even so says the heart that adores you.

Beautiful Moral.

The editor of the United States Gazette makes the following comment upon the notice of the death of the mother of a brother editor, after a life of usefulness and piety.

"It is thus that we learn to estimate life, by seeing that those who made it lovely and desirable, have no abiding place with us. We look upwards and those who sustain us from childhood do not stay to assist our efforts or enjoy our triumphs. The bosom on which we lean in equal affection is chilled, the head upon which we lay our head to bless the rising spirit is laid low, and we remain taught by these things—if grief will allow us to understand the lessons which affliction should impart—that we should so appreciate these earthly blessings, that the disappointment at their withdrawal & blighting, will be lessened in the consciousness that, in the store house of these collected souls, all plants are perennial—and the breath of the destroyer will not there chill the petals of the flower, nor the hand of earth rudely break the stems."

Dr. Franklin's Wife.

Franklin, in his sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing the first piece of luxury.

"It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for making paper, etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest sort. For instance, my breakfast for a long time, bread and milk, (no tea,) and I eat it out of a two-penny porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl, as well as any of her neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

A Vivid Sketch of Republicanism.

Their labors, their principles, their instructions, have made new England, with its hard soil and cold long winters, 'the glory of all lands.' The thousand towns and villages—the decent sanctuaries, not for show, but use, crowning the hill-tops, or piercing out from the valleys—the means of education accessible to every family, the universal diffusion of knowledge—the order and thrift, the general activity and enterprise, the unparalleled equality in the distribution of property, the general happiness resulting from the diffusion of ed-

ucation and of pure religious doctrine—the safety in which more than half the population sleep nightly with unbolted doors—the calm, holy Sabbaths, when mute nature in the general silence becomes vocal with praise, when the whisper of the breeze seems more distinct, the distant waters louder and more musical, the carol of the morning birds clearer and sweeter—this is New England; and where will you find the like, save where you find the operation of New England principles and New England influences! This is the work of our fathers and ancient law-givers. They came thither, not with new theories of government from the laboratories of political alchemists, not to try wild experiments upon human nature, but only to found a new empire famous for truth, for virtue, for freedom guarded and bounded by justice. To have failed in such an attempt had been glorious. Their glory is that they succeeded.—Bacon's Discourses.

"Who can paraphrase upon the words forever and ever?" said the dying Newport. Yes, who can paraphrase upon them? What mathematician can number their years? Whose imagination so vivid as to stretch onward to that day when eternity shall have run its cycles? Alas! the imagination tires in the task; the mathematician is lost in his contemplation, and the mind falters as it gazes into the dreadful abyss. Well might the dying freethinker, as he hovered upon its borders, exclaim "Oh eternity! eternity! who can discover the abyss of eternity!" What countless ages forever wasting but never told, and yet how near they roll! Their waves dash upon the shores of time at our very feet—and soon, Oh, we launch upon their shoreless bottom. Sinful man are you prepared to number the hours that make up the vast eternity to which thou art hastening? Time-serving professor, art thou prepared to traverse these trackless paths, which know no termination forever? Awake; O, thou that sleepest, and gird thyself for the journey. Time is but a meteor's gleam, a single inch; and then eternity stretches onward to the judgment, and from the judgment still onward, forever and ever.—WEST RECORDER.

American Mechanics.

Whatever may be the 'pomp and glory and circumstance' of the great men of the world—whatever may be the dazzling pageantry of high life—the glitter of fashionable society, and splendid misery of those who believe that those who think, must govern those who toil; there is no situation more enviable than that of a plain American Mechanic, free for every thing for which heaven designed him; untrammelled in his opinions, and left to the guidance of his own genius, he walks erect in the full stature of man. Earning with his own hands the means by which he supports himself, protected by the government which, like the sun, sheds its light, its fostering care, upon all, who shall gain-say his right to enjoy the fruits of his labor in the way which best may please him! Under our government, produce, industry and economy are sure to meet with their reward; and it should be remembered by every mechanic that the road to preferment and official dignity is open to every one. All that the people want in those that serve them, is fidelity and patriotism—truth to the constitution and intelligence to perform their duty. It is the duty of every American to render himself competent to act on all occasions as becomes an American citizen; Intelligence, education and study are within the reach of every human being.

Mount Arrarat.

Among the isolated items of foreign news received by the steamship Acadia, at Boston, on the 17th, is the following account of a dreadful earthquake in the region of Mount Arrarat. It comes through a St. Petersburg paper, wherein it is published as part of a letter from Tiflis, dated August 3d.

"You have, doubtless, heard of the terrible earthquake of Mt. Arrarat, which has totally destroyed the town of Mackitchevan, and devastated the two districts of Shaur and Sourmate in Armenia. All the villages in those districts have been destroyed. The earth is rent in such a manner that all the cotton and rice plantations have perished for the want of water. But the most awful event has taken place in the neighborhood of Mount Arrarat. A considerable mass was loosened from the mountain, and destroyed every thing in its way for the distance of seven wersts, (nearly five English miles.) Among others, the great village of Akhouni has had the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii; About one thousand inhabitants were buried under the heap of rocks. A thick fluid, which afterwards became a river, ran from the interior of the mountain, which was opened, and, following the same direction, swept over the ruins and carried with it corpses of the unfortunate inhabitants of Akhouni, the dead animals, &c. The shock continued to be felt every day in the above mentioned districts, and entirely laid waste; then the shocks became less frequent. Arrarat is not yet quiet; the day before yesterday I was awakened by two violent subterranean commotions.—Louisville Journal.