

CONVENTION QUESTION.

From the Farmer's Reporter.

MISSISSIPPI. Editors: When, a few days ago, the framers of the new Constitution...

When, in the year '70, soon after our Declaration of Independence, our present State Constitution was framed...

This rapid increase of population in the west, rendered it from time to time necessary to divide our counties...

But the Convention, to which I conscientiously gave my humble consent, must be an unrestricted one, untrammelled, unshackled by limitations...

Let us separate. Let us initiate the example of Tennessee, which upwards of forty years ago, actuated by certain grievances...

Finally, I deem it necessary to mention another point, which seems to me to demand imperiously the attention of a free, unrestricted Convention...

thing, and that, what little we perhaps may gain, must be accepted with gratitude. A spirit of compromise, it is said, must animate the western as well as the eastern members of the convention...

A Convention, in order to be an efficient one, and able to give the least satisfaction to the west, must be invested with the right to choose one of two alternatives...

Were the proposed convention ever endowed with superhuman wisdom, and animated generally and individually with the most fervent wish to redress every grievance...

But what are we to do; what will the gentle meek advocates of compromise say, if the east is not willing to do us full justice?

I have already hinted somewhat at another defect in our system of government, which in my humble opinion ought to be remedied...

Another Utravine Convention.—We are happy to announce, (says a Duplin paper) that the Rev. Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, arrived yesterday (Sunday) in Cork...

As well as the Romans and Sicilians had theirs.—The examples of Spartans and Adonians will be imitated by some coloured leader...

SELECT MISCELLANY.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF WASHINGTON, IN 1759.

From the life of Mrs. Martha Washington, by George Washington P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington.

It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and military as his chief, crossed the ferry called William's, over the Pamunkey...

The Colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginia domicile of the olden time without guests?)

The morning passed pleasantly away, evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup...

And much hath the biographer heard of that marriage from grey-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast and Washington was the guest.

True, every word!—If you want to make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold every time he comes home—then storms at her son Bill—knock Tom over the skillet handle—dash Nan in the mouth, and then drives them all into the kitchen with a broom stick.

OUR ABIDING PLACE. When we cast our eye upon the countless multitude of youth who are daily sporting in the sunshine of levity, and feasting upon the luxuries and vanities of this sublunary existence...

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From the Philadelphia Sportsman. A QUEER CUSTOMER.

"It is most astonishing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of Sixth and Front streets—"it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age...

Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came. "Silence there! What's the matter?" "Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing."

"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a gutterball." "They would't have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh! ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in my box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head, and legged it."

"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch-maker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time."

"Not without a go cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me.—Havn't I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletrap? If I must go, it shall be on the Yankee principle of rotation—bring a wheel-barrow. Reform me out regularly."

Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-barrow, in which Mervyn was placed.—"So we go," said Mervyn.—"Charley's making a barrow-night of me. Gently over the stones, I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of port. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra! cart before the horse!"

When arrived at the watch-house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and stiled the place a barrow-nial castle.

"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stainer.—If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to draw back."

So saying, he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue, he was soon caught, and luggage back, being, as he said, like goldsmiths' work, beautifully chased.

And, finally: If you would always have a clear conscience, be an honest man and a Christian; and if you would not be everlastingly damned—PAY THE PRINTER.

Resignation.—Mr.—, a covetous man, lost his only son, an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and, in the course of conversation, remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise—that, although in the death of his son, he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had already suggested to him some sources of consolation.—"Yes," exclaimed the weeping father, "James was a monstrous cater!"

with, and die.—While you this day sport and revel, and mingle in the scenes of a busy world, death may be extending toward you his icy hands.

Early arrival of the Sea Serpent.—Our eastern amateurs have commenced their summer amusements a month or two earlier than usual, as we learn from the Boston papers, that their standing lion, the Sea Serpent, has already made his advent, and his first appearance for the season, on the Gloucester boards, was regularly announced some days since.

A deaf and dumb Office-seeker.—J. Jacobus Flouray has issued an address to the voters of Clark county, Geo., asking them for their suffrages. He is desirous of representing that county in the State Legislature, and, according to the advertisement of the Hartford Times, in which paper we find the address, he ought by all means to be elected.

From the New York Daily Advertiser. MAJOR DOWNING. We have been much gratified at receiving the following letter from Major Downing's friend, Capt. Jumper, of the Two Polities; and we give it to our readers with as little delay as may be.

LEETLEBEG HARBOUR, March 20, 1835. Mr. DWIGHT: I put in here yesterday, and I suppose if there's been one, there's been fifty, and I might say nigher a hundred persons on board the Two Polities, inquiring of me if it was really true that I took out Major Downing to Paris.—'Twas lucky for me that the Major, on leaving the Two Polities, gave me a parting letter, which I framed, and hung up, the transmigrator, and, says I, there, gentlemen, look and satisfy yourselves; I can't stop to answer every body's questions; but this I will say, before the Major's face, and behind his back, a more agreeable up and down sort of a man I never broke a biscuit with.—I've log'd a good many yarns of his, but as he spun 'em out to me in confidence like, I don't mean to tell any of 'em, unless he comes out with some of mine. He seemed to be a little hip'd once or twice on the passage, and says he to me—"Captain, if I should not live to see home again, I should like to have you see Mr. Dwight, and give him this bundle, it contains very important papers, which are not to be made public as long as I live." If you should hear that the Major has done otherways than well, let me know, and I will perform my promise.

I hope, sir, it won't be considered out of the way or vain in me, if I should ask you to put in your paper the Major's letter to me above mentioned. Your friend, SOLOMON JUMPER.

Here's the Copy: HAVREDEGRASS IN FRANCE, Jan. 30, 1835. "DEAR CAPTAIN: I shall leave you before day-light to-morrow morning, for reasons best known to myself; but I hope I'm not the man to sneak off, and not say I thank you for favors received. I never palavoured nobody, but, Captain, if I know what's what, you're the man of all others, and the Two Polities, the vessel of all craft, which I shall always like to cross the ocean with; and whether the General sends out Iron-sides or not, if you happen to be here when I'm ready, you shall have the refusal of me. "J. DOWNING."

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