

# WARSAW MESSAGE.

BY TH. GREGG.]

The Past—the Present—for the Future.

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## THE WARSAW MESSAGE.

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For the Warsaw Message.

Mr. Editor:

Sir: If you see proper you may publish the enclosed verses in your paper; they are a "writing on the wall," but so much the more necessary for publication, for it is time that all should know that there are hundreds of thousands in New York who will neither worship the image nor wear the yoke of the tyrant.

## BUCKEYE'S LAMENTATION FOR WANT OF MORE WIVES.

1.

I once thought I had knowledge great,  
But now I find 'tis small;  
I once thought I'd Religion, too,  
But I find I've none at all.  
For I have got but one lone wife,  
And can obtain no more;  
And the doctrine is, I can't be saved,  
Unless I've half a score!

2.

The narrow gate that Peter kept,  
In ages long ago,  
Is locked and barred since he gave up  
The keys to *beardless Joe*.  
And *Joe* proclaims it is too small,  
And causes great delay,  
And that he has permission got  
To open the broad way.

3.

The narrow gate did well enough  
When Peter, James, and John,  
Did lead the saints on Zion-ward,  
In single file along;  
When bachelors, like good old Paul,  
Could win the glorious prize,  
And maids, without a marriage rite,  
Reached "mansions in the skies."

4.

But we have other teaching now,  
Of greater glories far;  
How a single glory's nothing more  
Than some lone twinkling star.  
A two-fold glory's like the moon,  
That shines so sweet at night,  
Reflecting from her gracious lord  
Whatever he thinks right.

5.

A tenfold glory—that's the prize!  
Without it you're undone!  
But with it you will shine as bright  
As the bright shining sun.  
There you may reign like mighty Gods,  
Creating worlds so far—  
At least a world for every wife  
That you take with you there.

6.

The man that has got ten fair wives,  
Ten worlds he may create;  
And he that has got less than this,  
Will find a bitter fate.  
The one or two that he may have,  
He'll be deprived of then;  
And they'll be given as talents were  
To him who has got ten.

7.

And 'tis so here, in this sad life—  
Suchills you must endure—  
Some priest or king, may claim your wife  
Because that you are poor.

A revelation he may get—  
Refuse it if you dare!  
And you'll be damned perpetually.  
By our good Lord the Mayor!

8.

But if that you yield willingly,  
Your daughters and your wives,  
In spiritual marriage to our Pope,  
He'll bless you all your lives;  
He'll seal you up, be damned you can't,  
No matter what you do—  
If that you only stick to him,  
He swears you'll take you through.

9.

He'll lead you on to the broad gate,  
Which he has opened wide—  
In solid column you shall march,  
And enter side by side.  
And no delay you'll meet with there,  
But "forward march" you shall—  
For he's not only our Lord Mayor  
But Lord LITURGICAL.

10.

This is the secret doctrine taught  
By Joe and the red rans—  
Although in public they deny—  
But then 'tis of a sham.  
They fear the indignation just,  
Of those who have come here,  
With hands that clean and honest hearts,  
To serve the Lord in fear.

11.

Thus, all the tactics do slyly teach,  
And slyly practice, too;  
And even the sage Patriarch,  
Went have *waded his shoe*;  
For sure, 'twould be quite impolite,  
If not a great disgrace,  
To have a widow sister fair  
Spit in a Prophet's face!

12.

But Joe at snoring beats them all,  
And at the rest does laugh;  
For widows poor, and orphan girls,  
He can ensnare with chaff,  
He sets his snares around for all,  
And very seldom fails  
To catch some thoughtless Partridge,  
Shoo-birds or Knight-ungales!

13.

But there are hundred other birds  
He never can make sing;  
Who won't be driven nor dragged to hell,  
By prophet, priest or king;  
Whose sires have bled in days gone by,  
For their dear country's cause;  
And who will still maintain its rights,  
Its Liberty and Laws!

\*B. Y. & O. H.

For the Warsaw Message.

## LEAP YEAR.

Another LEAP YEAR has come! How many of our female friends, who stand upon the rosy verge of womanhood—beautiful expectants of Matrimony, fondly anticipating the hour that bears upon its airy wings the bliss of Hymen, as one of the proudest, happiest moments of their lives—to such, we would say, do not let this auspicious time glide away irrevocably, unimproved.

There is too much promeness of human disposition—male more than female, to defer these things that constitute our blessedness. A mitigating circumstance, however, is, that leap-year, "like Angels visits, are too few and far between," to grant the fair the power to woo the objects of affection, though the disposition prompt at all times. There is a retired modesty—the attribute of woman only, and too, the brightest gem that sparkles in her character, that forbids her cupid-smitten heart to make love.

This office properly belongs to man—he has the power, the time, the opportunity—and is not bound down to leap-year only—manacled and chained by the stern usage of a thousand years.

Love is a golden chain that ties the husband to the wife—the mother to the infant—and the infant to its mother. Love is the pure, eternal fountain, from which flows the shining river of conventional fidelity—around whose flowery banks congregate a host of beauty and chivalry, more ardent and devoted than the visionary Hindus, who worship the golden Ganges. Love is the mighty moral law of gravitation, that binds our little orb together with a thousand spheres—that wheel unseen through the immensity of space to the throne of heaven. And were it severed—were it broken, the husband from the wife—the daughter from the mother—the friend and confiding girl from her lover—man from man—world from world and nature from her God! would part forever! Love is a spark from heaven—why repulse its influence—why quench its fire?

Without its genial influence, society is a waste—the household a dreary lodgion, and man a demon. To see the youthful couple touched with its sympathetic fire—upon whose cheeks health bloom-like rose buds—whose bright eyes flash intelligence—the lightning of the wind—upon whose Western sky Hope casts her rainbow promises—whose hearts Venus binds together, present themselves, and swear upon Hymens sacred altar the sweet allegiance of affection to each other; seem to act too pure for mortals—seem to raise them far above their species, and approximate them to Angelic purity.

The matrimonial hour—bright epoch in the history of the fair; how full of wild delicious bliss. Blessed hour! unmix'd with mortal sorrow—that makes the past forgotten—the future all a blank and builds the present into a little golden paradise where mimic rainbows span the canopy.

Then Ladies, before this leap-year shall have rolled around, fly to the work with virtuous boldness; woo to the bliss of matrimony these timid, modest, unassuming beings, who in the form of Natures Lads, stride o'er her face un mindful of her duty. Reclaim the lonely solitary visionary, who enamored with celibacy, dwells in the airy tabernacle of a dreaming fancy of imaginary bliss flut through his brain; before his temples shall have grown hoary with the frost of age, and his blood turn black along his frigid veins, freeze in ruddy ice around his heart.

OMEGA.

MR. CALHOUN.

Referring to the report of the withdrawal of this gentleman, and the difference between him and Mr. Van Buren, the Charleston Mercury says:

"And these 'questions,' we say for the thousandth time, are the soul and body of the whole dissension between the Calhoun and the Van Buren men. In comparison with these we will not consider the personal question at all. If we cannot support the Democratic creed, the true creed, with Free Trade at its head, in supporting Mr. Van Buren, then we will never support him, though forty Conventions should unanimously nominate him. And if we can support that creed best by supporting him, we shall take good care not to let the interests of any man interfere. As to the National Convention we have never desired its existence and therefore can precious little whether it is composed of men or monkeys. What is reasonable or good in itself is not made a particle more so by the sanction of such a body, and what is bad is not a whit worse for its approval and praise."

Where one is always telling old stories, he is either a buffoon, a fool or a very tedious companion.

## NAVAL MONUMENT.

It is stated that a beautiful cenotaph of native marble has just been erected at Mount Auburn, Boston, by the officers and scientific crews of the late Exploring Expedition, to the memory of four of their promising young associates, who lost their lives in the service of their country. The inscription gives the names, ages, and deaths of Lieut. Underwood, and Midshipman Wilkes, Henry, Reic, and Bacon.

The Whigs of New Orleans, inspired by their late victory, are at work like patriot heroes in the advancement of the great cause to which they are devoted. At a large general meeting, they adopted a most spirited series of resolutions, among which was the following:

Resolved, That though the object of the present meeting is more immediately connected with our local politics, yet every meeting of the Whigs is a proper and suitable occasion for expressing, as this meeting now does, their animated and unwavering confidence in Henry Clay, and that through good and through evil report, through calm and through storm, the New Orleans will adhere to him, as their first, their last, their only choice for President of these United States, and they will listen to no offers—no proposals—no compromise of any kind or nature whatever, that have for its object the substitution of another name. The Whig party want, and will have for their next President, a man that has the ring of true steel in him, and with whom there is neither change or shadow of turning, and the Whigs of this city hail with delight the cheering prospects which already render so certain the success of Henry of the West, and pledge themselves that no exertions and no sacrifices on their part shall be wanting to insure that glorious result."

## The Whigs of North Alabama in Motion.

The Huntsville Advocate contains the proceedings of a meeting in Huntsville, at which several strong resolutions were passed approving of a bank which should provide an uniform currency, and a tariff sufficient for revenue, and incidents of protection to home-manufacturers, guarding them against pauper labor. The support of Mr. Clay for the presidency to any other man in the Union, and they are for him, first, last, and all the time."

Otters in Massachusetts.—On Thursday last, some citizens of Northham, on a hunting excursion, secured three Otters; the largest measured four feet nine inches in length and weighed 23 pounds. The other two measured exactly four feet, and weighed sixteen pounds.

A COCK FIGHT.—They omit no species of amusement in New Orleans. A cock fight was in time to be succeeded by a regular bull fight. The following advertisement announces the fact:

Cock Fight.—Benefit of Fire Company, No. 1 Lafayette.—A Cock Fight will take place on SUNDAY, the 17th instant, at the well known house of the subscriber. As the entire proceeds are for the benefit of the above Fire Company, a full attendance is solicited. ADAM ISAACS.

Church and State.—The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Calhoun, Senator in Congress, from Georgia, was announced to preach at the Washington Methodist Church, on Sunday next. The Express says: At home, he has been known to preach a sermon, try a case in court, as advocate, sit on a reference, marry a couple, christen a child, and make a stump speech—all between sunrise and bed-time, in one day!

When you incline to drink rum, fill the glass half with water. Thus, at the year's end, there will be \$200,000 more money in our country. [Franklin.]

The privileges of the press produce some inconveniences, but they are so trifling, when he advantages, that may be reduced to two or three words: It is better that people should be forever as ignorant as brutes, than they should sometimes be turbulent.