

Mississippi Democrat.

Free State

THREE DOLLARS]

"THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

[IN ADVANCE.

Volume I.

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Miscellaneous.

THE DARK YAZOO:
AN INDIAN LEGEND.

AIR—"Lucy Neal."

Oh deep within the "sunny South,"
There rolls a quiet stream;
Its waves so gliding on their way,
As in a dream.
The grass is green upon its shore,
Bright blossoms mingle there;
And music's soft bewitching spell
Is laid upon the air.
O! the dark Yazoo,
O! the dark Yazoo,
There's beauty on thy heaving wave,
As the soft zephyrs woo.

The wild deer from his covert hies,
To quaff its sparkling wave;
And there the swans at heat of noon,
Their snowy bosoms lave.
For well they know, whilst they are there,
No Javelin will be hurled;
'Tis there the Indian tells,
By him who rules the world.
O! the dark Yazoo, &c.

It was a joyous morn in May,
When all was calm and still,
Save passing breeze or voice of bird,
Or sound of distant rill—
A deer came bounding to the stream,
A red chief on its track,
Drawn was his bow, when rose a voice,
To warn his footsteps back.
O! the dark Yazoo, &c.

Retreat, it cried, thou know'st this spot
Must have no bloody dye,
That here thy bow must never sound,
Nor fatal arrow fly.
The chief then heard, but still press'd on,
Quick flew his arrow dread;
But as it left his yielding bow,
His spirit with it fled.
O! the dark Yazoo, &c.

The long hours of the night came on,
Bright rose his wigwam flame,
And eager watched his wife and child;
But still no chief came.
And though long years they waited thus,
Alas! 'twas all in vain;
Vain was their search, and vain their tears,
He ne'er returned again.
O! the dark Yazoo, &c.
ION.—(Lou. Jour.)

THE KISS.

Oh no—oh no—for shame! pray, not so fast;
Why you suffer, I see, to grow unwell;
What though I beguiled you to my clasp,
I did not give you leave to kiss me, surely!
Why, sir, I really am quite shocked, I vow,
To see of late how very rude you grow.

What would my mother say? I dare not think!
Oh dear, if she had caught us—how I tremble!
I am afraid to night I shall not sleep a wink—
Ah, think how you will oblige me to dissemble!
How I shall blush, if I but meet your eye!
Indeed, 'twas very wrong, you can't deny.

Pray remove your arm from around my waist:
I must not suffer you to sit so near me;
I'm afraid 'twas wrong to be so close embraced,
You mean no good by doing so, I fear me.
My mother warned me of you to take heed—
I did not think you'd be so bold, indeed!

Pray don't approach your lips so close to mine,
As you do now—you know there's no one list'ning,
Why you should whisper, then, I can't divine—
And see your eyes now with mischief glist'ning,
Oh, if you dare again attempt another,
Why, really, sir, I shall inform my mother!

But if you must do such a naughty thing,
And what you hath said is true—you love me,
Perhaps, dear youth, a simple golden ring,
To grant such might have power to move me.
Were I your wife of course 'twould not be wrong,
And then you'd, if you pleas'd, KISS ALL DAY LONG.

We have good authority for saying that
the rumor that President Tyler was to be
presented with a cradle, is a malicious in-
sultation, entirely groundless.

A very pretty broom lass in Michigan
has bet herself that Gen'l Cass will be
the next President. The editor of the
Cincinnati Enquirer says he would like to
hold the stakes.

A dentist, after making several ineffec-
tual attempts to draw a lady's tooth, said,
"The fact is, madam, it is impossible for
any thing bad to come from your mouth."

SIMON SUGGS, THE SHIFTY MAN.

[In our last we gave a leaf from the life of this worthy. In the progress of the history, Capt. Suggs turns land speculator—of course without capital or credit—and the following is given as his first "operation."]

Shortly after the land-office had been opened at Montgomery, a perfect mania for entering government lands prevailed through the country. Speculators from Georgia and Tennessee, and from the older settlements of Alabama, might be seen dashing along at half-speed, almost any hour in twenty-four towards Montgomery. Many a long and hard race was run by rival land hunters, intent on the possession of the same "first-rate eighty," or "tip-top quarter." Ah! those were "the times that tried" horse-flesh. But as we were going to say, there was a public house on the road from Captain Suggs' neighborhood to Wetumpka, about fifteen miles from the latter place, and double that distance from Montgomery. At this house the captain stopped once, in the hope of finding prey among the numerous speculators who thronged it almost every night, going to or returning from, the land office. So he chanced on the occasion to which we refer, that supper-time brought with it no additional guest to Mr. Doublejoy's table; and the captain having nothing better to do, retired early to bed. He had hardly fixed himself snugly between the sheets, however, when two persons ride up to the house almost simultaneously, and put up for the night. One of these persons came from the direction of Wetumpka, the other from the Georgia end of the road. It was not long before the new comers, who proved to be old acquaintances, had despatched supper, and taken a bed together in a room adjoining the captain's. Their bed, however, was close to his, and the chinks of the log partition enabled him to catch a part of the conversation which occurred after the strangers had laid down. From it, he gathered the facts that one of the parties was bound for Montgomery, and that his object was to enter a tract of land upon which was a very valuable mill-site. He listened to hear the numbers, but the speculator only incidentally mentioned that it was part of section 10, leaving the captain entirely in the dark as to the township and range.

"If," muttered he, "I could only get the township and range, I'd make a *cahoot* business with old man Doublejoy, get the money from him, and enter that mill-site with the twenty-foot fall, before ten o'clock to-morrow." But though he listened closely, he could obtain no more accurate description of the land than that it was part of section 10, in the eastern part of his own county, near Dodd's store, and valuable as a location for a set of mills. He learned further that the stranger was very apprehensive that the agent of a certain company would be at his heels by morning, and give him a race for the land.—This determined the captain how to act, and he rolled over and went to sleep.

By day-break next morning the mill-site man was off. The captain was "wide awake," but said nothing until his intended victim was fairly gone. He then ordered his own horse and dashed down the road at half speed. By the time he had ridden half a mile, he overtook the land-seeker, whose horse seemed very stiff and slightly lame.

"Mornin', mister," was the captain's salutation, as he rode up by the stranger's side. "Sorter airish this mornin'—judge that horse o' yours is tetch'd with the founder."

"I'm afraid so," was the reply.
"Oh, I'll be d—d if you need be *after'd* of it, mister. It's just so," said captain Suggs. "In two hours more he won't be able to step over the butt cut of a broom straw."

"I hate it worse," said the stranger, "because I'm just now in a particular hurry to get to Montgomery on important business. I would give any gentleman," he continued, eyeing the captain's old sorrel, "an excellent trade, to get a nag that would do a few hours' hard travel."

"Oh, I understand—but you needn't view this here old animal like you thought so much on him. I tell you what, mister—what did you say your name happened to be?"

"Jones."

"Jones, eh?—well, 'squire Jones, I'll tell you on the honor of a gentleman, if you was to 'light from your horse and lay the purtiest hundred dollar bill that ever had a picter on it, across your saddle, I wouldn't take 'em both for old Ball, at this particular time. In four hours I must be in Montgomery."

"You certainly must be going to enter land, from your hurry?"

"A body would think so, that looked in to the matter rightly. And what's more," said the captain, "It's quite likely there's somebody else after my land from what I have heard—so I must push. Good mornin' to ye."

As the captain struck his heels against

Ball's sides, Mr. Jones seemed to grow nervous.

"Whereabouts does your land lie?" he asked.

"Up in Tallapoosa," replied Suggs, and again he thumped Ball with his heels.

"Mr. Jones evidently grew more uneasy. "What part of the county?" he asked.

"Close to the Chambers line, not fur from Dodd's store—get along Ball!" was the captain's answer.

"Stop, sir, if you please—perhaps—I would like—we'd better perhaps under—" gasped Mr. Jones, in great agitation.

"To be sure we had," said Suggs, with great sang froid. "It's just as you say. But what the devil's the matter with you? are you going to take a fit?"

Jones explained that he thought it likely they were both going to enter the same piece of land. "What did you say were the numbers of yours?" he asked.

"I didn't mention no numbers as well as I *now* recollect," said Suggs, with a bland smile. "How's ever, squire Jones, as it looks like your gear don't fit you somehow, I'll just tell you that the land I'm arter is a d—d little no-account quarter section that nobody would have but me; it's poor and piney, but it's got a snug little mill-site on it with twenty or twenty-five foot fall—and maybe they'll want to build a little town at Dodd's some of these days, and I might sell 'em the lumber. Seen' you're pretty much afoot, even if you wanted it, I may as well give you the numbers, if I can without lookin' in my pocket book. Its ten—ten—ten—Section ten, township—Oh, d—n the number, I never can remember—"

"S. E. quarter of 10: 22: 25: aint it?" said Jones, who looked perfectly wild.

"Now you got me!—good as four acres—them's the figures!" said Capt. Suggs.

"It's the same piece I'm arter; I'll give you fifty dollars to let me enter it!"

"You wouldn't now, would you?"

"I'll give you a hundred!"

"Try again!"

"Well, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, and not a dollar more," said Jones, in a decisive tone.

"Let's see—well, I reckon—tho' I don't know—yes, I suppose I must let you have it, as I can't well spar' the money to enter it at this time, no how"—remarked Suggs, with much truth, as his cash on hand didn't amount to quite one-fourth part of the sum necessary to make the entry—

"But we must swap horses, and you must give me twenty dollars to boot."

This was agreed to, and Captain Simon Suggs received the one hundred and seventy dollars with the air of a man who was conferring a most substantial favor; and made divers remarks laudatory of his own disposition, while Mr. Jones counted the money and changed the saddles. "Give my respects to Col. Benson when you see him at the land office; tell him we're all well"—said he to Jones as they shook hands. Certes, he didn't know Col. Benson from the great chief of the Pawnees—but Suggs has his weaknesses like other people.

Turning his horse's head homeward, Captain Suggs soliloquized somewhat in this vein: "A pretty tolerable fair mornin' of my work, I should say. A hundred and seventy dollars in the clear spizarincentum, and a hoss wurth jist fifty dollars more than old Ball!—That makes about two hundred and twenty dollars, as nigh as I can guess without I had Dolbear a'ng! Now some fellers, after making such a decent little rise, would milk the cow dry by pushin' on to Doublejoy's, startin a runner on to Montgomery by the Augusty ferry, and enterin' that land in somebody else's name before Jones gits thar. But honesty's the best policy; honesty's the bright spot in any man's character! Fair play's a jewel, but honesty beats it all to pieces! Ah yes, honesty, honesty's the stake that Simon Suggs always will tie to! What's a man without his integrity?"

LEUT. FREMONT'S EXPEDITION TO OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.
The recent expedition of Lieut. FREMONT, under the direction of the War Department, is one of the most daring and romantic among the achievements of modern travelers. It was not merely an expedition to Oregon, but it was the crossing of the great North American Andes, in the midst of winter—a feat far exceeding the passage of the Alps, by the ancient or modern warriors.

In the annual report of the Topographical Department there is a brief sketch of this journey. It has none of its romance, but contains an outline of what was done, which may be enough to excite an interest in the narrative, which we hope, Lieut. Fremont will hereafter give the public.

This officer left West Port, Missouri, on the 1st of June, 1843. His route from there was first to the north of Kansas; thence up that stream to the Republican Fork, which was pursued to Long's Peak. This, with two other lofty summits, are spurs or shoots from the gigantic range of the Rocky Mountains. Long's Peak is called from Col. Long, now of the United States Topographical Corps, who was at

the head of the most important and advantageous exploring expedition which has visited that country since the day of Lewis and Clark. This peak is erroneously printed in the maps, at 12,500 feet in height. Its real height is 15,000 feet—This we have from Col. Long—himself, who surveyed it. The head of this peak, with those of its giant neighbors, rises above the region of perpetual snow, and their frozen brows defy the melting rays of the warmest sun. Here Lieut. Fremont arrived on the 4th of July. On the 14th he was at the Arkansas river, at the mouth of *Fontaine qui bouit*. He crossed the mountains at the south-west Pass, and descended into the valley of the Mexican Colorado. This is one of the most remarkable spots on earth. Here, at an angle formed by the line dividing Mexico from the United States, and the head waters of the Arkansas, in the midst of the northern Andes, are the fountain springs and branches of some of the greatest rivers in the world. Not far from each other, are the head waters of the Yellow Stone, which flows into the far-rolling Missouri; the Arkansas, which joins the mighty Mississippi; Lewis' river, flowing into the Columbia, and the Colorado of Mexico, rolling its waters into the southern Pacific! With barren plains on one side, vast ranges of mountains on the other, and frozen summits above, the traveler here contemplates the geographical key of the North American continent.

On the 3d of September, Lieut. Fremont reached the great Salt Lake of northern Mexico, and spent a week in surveying it. On the 18th of September he reached Fort Hall; and on the 26th of October, Fort Nez-Perces. On the 4th of November, he was at the Missionary Station of Dallas, on the Columbia. This was the northern termination of his journey on the territory of the United States.

On the 20th of November he commenced the bold project of returning amidst the severities of winter. There was then a heavy fall of snow, and the thermometer was 2° below zero. In the course of a few days he found himself between the river *Aux Chutes* and the Cascade Mountains. Here vast parallel ranges of mountains continue to run southward, and he continued to traverse their western base till on the 10th of December, he was at Hamatt Lake. This was probably about 43° of north latitude and 42° of west longitude from Washington. This was a region of great discovery and extraordinary interest. His animals were however, entirely worn down, and there was no prospect of getting east. He then determined to cross the Sierra Merida, or great California mountains, which lay between him and the Bay of San Francisco. He did; and the cold month of February was consumed in crossing the snows of lofty mountains. These snows were from five to twenty feet deep. Early in March he descended from icy regions to the perpetual spring of the valley of the Sacramento.—By the Mexicans he was received and treated with great hospitality. At the end of March he proceeded up the valley of the Joaquin river, re-crossing the Sierra at a very beautiful pass to the south. On the 21st of April last, he took the Spanish road from Pueblos de los Angeles to Santa Fe. Arrived again at the Colorado, he proceeded northeast, passed the Euta Lake, and encamped at Brown's Hole, June 5th, 1844. Crossing at Colorado, he again passed the Rocky Mountains, and proceeded to the north fork of the Nebraska. On the 30th June, he was on the Arkansas; on the 2d July, reached Bent's Fort, and on the 31st of July returned to the mouth of the Kansas river.

Such is an outline of one of the longest and most adventurous explorations of our time. That part of the expedition which relates the passage of the California mountains—the return to the Colorado, and the survey of that river, must have peculiar interest, and will be new to the public mind. The government deserves credit for the zeal with which it has pursued geographical discovery.

Correspondence of the Vicksburg Sentinel.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 26, 1845.

SIR:—Yesterday was a proud day for the Southern and Western democracy—a day that will be remembered as an era in the history of our country, when the present actors on the public stage are forgotten.

The heart of the patriot dilates with pleasant emotions, not to be described, in reflecting on the occurrences of yesterday. Truth, justice and liberty then triumphed over abolitionism—a hatred of the public institutions and a corresponding love of Great Britain. The house of Representatives passed a resolution yesterday by a majority of 22, for the annexation of Texas as a State. The subject had been debated for about three weeks and more than fifty speeches had been made on the subject. On the day before yesterday, the House was in session from eleven in the morning till after eight at night. So great was the interest felt in the debate, that from day to day, hundreds of persons of both sexes were in atten-

dance to hear the speeches on the subject. When the time arrived yesterday to take the vote, I think I can safely say, there were nearly one thousand persons in the galleries. Senators Walker, Buchanan, Woodbury and Henderson—possibly others were in the House, showing thereby the great interest they felt for the success of this greatest of all great questions.—Every northern and western whig opposed it to the last, and a majority of the northern democrats. The western democrats, with two or three exceptions, to their eternal praise be it spoken, nobly sustained the South—so did the democrats from Pennsylvania. These latter, are woefully wrong on the tariff, but on the Texas question they are noble fellows, and no mistake.

I almost feel like forgiving them for their vote on the tariff last spring. Sixteen of the twenty-four democratic members from New York, and a majority of those from Maine, voted with the northern whigs, headed by that notorious abolitionist, Adams, assisted by the scoundrel Giddings of Ohio. The democrats from New Jersey, and Connecticut, I believe, were equally divided. All the members from that noble state, New Hampshire, (except one, who has lately turned traitor and joined the thieving abolitionists) voted for the measure.

On every trying and important occasion for many years, New York has opposed the South; and yet some of her politicians profess great friendship for us.

The cursed tariff of 1842 was fastened on us by the vote of Silas Wright. Last spring a modification of it was prevented by the votes of New York members; and now, on the most important question that has been before the country for a quarter of a century, they vote with the British party. Such conduct is unpardonable; and I am of the opinion that the New York members in voting as they did yesterday, misrepresented the people—they were voting the sentiments of politicians and disregarding the wishes of the people. I hope that every democrat that voted in the negative yesterday, may be politically damned by the people.

Right Southern whigs broke through the shackles put on them by the greatest tyrant of the age, (Henry Clay) and voted for their country. For this they deserve great praise. These were four from Tennessee, two from Georgia, one from Alabama and one from Virginia. The other Southern whigs, seventeen in number, voted with their enemies of the north. I feel confident of the success of this measure in the Senate. The decided vote by which it passed the House, will, I think, have great weight with that body. Some three or four whigs in my opinion will vote for it. This with the democrats will make a majority of the Senate. I presume it will be taken up immediately.

Some persons are hoping that Polk's administration will be distinguished as an era of good feeling. I hope the reverse—that it will be noted for turning out every office-holder that is a whig if the office is not worth ten dollars. No administration can be supported without the aid of public opinion—this will not be the case unless the offices are in the hands of the friends of the administration. * * * I am in favor of rotation in office. If an office is one of labor without profit, it is unfair to expect one man to keep it all the time—if it is one of profit, it is unjust in those dispensing offices to give one man the benefit of a lucrative office long at a time.

Yours, &c. LLOYD SELBY.

BANKS OF MISSISSIPPI.

"The last link is broken."

For the benefit of readers, we herewith annex a list of those of our State banks which have lived the longest, and appear to die the hardest. These have now appealed to a jury of their peers to be tried for the deeds done by their soulless bodies. The following have been served with Quo Warranto's.

Planter's Bank, information filed Dec. 7, 1843. Writ executed Dec. 29, 1843.

Commercial Bank of Natchez, information filed March 8th, 1844; writ executed March 11th, 1844.

Agricultural Bank, information filed Nov. 29th, 1844; writ executed Dec. 1, '44

Most of the other banks have been served with Quo Warranto's, except the Commercial and Rail Road Bank of Vicksburg and West Feliciana Rail Road and Banking Company, which are excepted by the law, in consequence of their rail roads. By the provisions of this law all the officers, agents, and assignees, are prohibited from collecting or prosecuting any of the debts, and in the event the Quo Warranto's are sustained, the effects of said banks are to be placed in the hands of commissioners for collection, who are to be appointed by the courts.

Now that they are likely soon to be among the things that were, it cannot but be instructive to look back over their history, and reflect on the folly of their creation and the corruption of morals and the engendering of habits of idleness and extravagance they occasioned.

The Bank of Mississippi was chartered

in 1809. Her charter has long since expired and she did but little injury compared with those that followed. For a period of nineteen years, no other state bank was chartered, until 1820, at which time the Planter's Bank was organized. In 1831, three other banks were chartered, the West Feliciana, the Commercial Rail Road and the Agricultural. In 1833, two banks were chartered. Here we had a rest until the year 1835; during which year we had seven banks chartered, and amongst them the "old Breaker." Again in 1837 we were doubly cursed with legislative creation of banking facilities, the people receiving nine chartered banks; and last though not least, in 1838 we received the blessings of the Water Works and Union Bank.

Such is a history of the progressive charters. In the short space of two years, sixteen new banks had been chartered, with a capital of many millions. All we believe went into operation; and the stock generally was taken by money borrowers, instead of money lenders. This seemingly strange circumstance to the uninitiated is easily explained by financiers.—The stock was taken by the stock holders executing notes for the amount of stock subscribed for. These notes were generally left to pay themselves; and the stock thus taken sold in the northern market for cash. The banks commenced their operations frequently without money enough to pay for their books and the engraving of their bank notes. But fine semi-annual dividends were paid at the north; thus making the stock stand fair and sought after as an investment, and the notes of the bank here circulated and were received in payment of debts.

If it had not been for the baneful influence of our banks, Mississippi would have been now one of the richest and least embarrassed States in the Union; her soil in point of fertility is not excelled, and her cotton crop in years past, has commanded high prices, and cotton planters have received handsome profits on the capital invested, which by this time ought to have filled our State with wealth. But our State Treasury has been made bankrupt, having received large amounts of bank paper which has become utterly worthless.

Our citizens are oppressed by a taxation at this time, unsurpassed by any of our sister states, even while yet nothing is levied for the purposes of paying the debt.

Many conceive that the individual borrowers of this money have derived benefit from it. But on the contrary it has ruined them. It is a notorious fact that the largest borrowers of our banks are the greatest bankrupts, and cannot pay now, even were they honestly desirous, altho' the paper of a majority of our banks is only worth from five to ten cents on the dollar.

What good has it then done the community in the immediate vicinity of the banks? We refer to Natchez and Vicksburg, which have been more bank-ridden than other points. The citizens who were in business during the prosperity of the banks are with few exceptions, greatly embarrassed. Even those who did not borrow, have been induced to become security for their friends, who did, and who made bad investments.

Point to any portion of our fair State where banks existed, and there it will be seen that the citizens are more embarrassed than those who were out of the bank influence.

Again we ask, what good have they done to our State? We answer none, but the greatest of injuries. It is true that the facilities afforded have been the means of opening our land and selling our forests, also of bringing into our State, thousands of negroes which have been sold at from \$1000 to \$1500 each, and some of these purchases yet unpaid for. But ask the planter if he has been benefited, he will answer by pointing to the embarrassed and ruinous state of his business, thus reduced from prosperity by schemes of banking and kindred legislative measures. The fact is the baneful effects of an exploded banking system has pressed down our State as an incubus for the last ten years, but Mississippi although enthralled, can and will, work through by strict economy and industry.—[Vicksburg Sentinel.]

FIRE AT WETUMPKA, ALA.—A fire broke out in the store of J. C. Oliver, on the 29th ult., which destroyed nearly the whole of East Wetumpka. The loss is estimated at between two and three hundred thousand dollars. The following are the names of the principal sufferers:

W. T. Hatcher, A. Hager, T. Johnson, Dr. Jones, S. Castin, C. Yancy, Dr. Vincent, Mr. Woodruff, B. F. Cleveland, A. Lyle, Garnett & Bassett, O. E. Adams, Dale & Ives, Jas. Oliver, J. P. Winn, J. & W. Trimble, Dr. Cooper, Terrell, J. Lacey & Co., Mrs. Dixon, W. Barlow, J. Leeper, D. C. Neal, Dr. Moore, W. Cochran, J. Hoard, W. H. McElroy & Co., William Price, John Cooklin, Jesse Boss, W. H. Harvey, H. McConogh, J. D. Palmer, W. W. Mason.

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