THE YAZOO WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor. YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1841. VOL. 6, No. 17.—Whole No. 277.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY J. A. STEVENS,

(CITY PRINTER.)

On Main Street, opposite M. B. Hamer's, in he north end of the "Manchester Hall."

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at $5 00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASH, or good reference in town. Announcing candidates for office will be $10 for county offices, $10 for state offices—in advance.

All advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double price, and payment required in ADVANCE.

Yearly Advertising.

For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure $60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

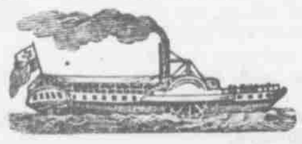
For 10 lines or less, not alterable,			3 months,		$12
" 10	do	do	do	6 do.	20
" 10	do	do	do	12 do.	30

☞As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

☞ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

REGULAR PACKET

Between Yazoo City and Vicksburg.



THE new, substantial, fast running, upper cabin (all in State Rooms) steamboat

YAZOO PLANTER,

S. H. HALL, Master, will run as a Regular Packet between Yazoo City and Vicksburg, twice a week until the water rises.

For freight or passage (having splendid accommodations) apply on board.

Yazoo City, Sept. 9, 1841. 9-tf.

The Lexington Union, and Yallabusha Reporter will please insert the above three times and forward their account to this office for collection.

REGULAR PACKET,

(Twice a Week,)

BETWEEN YAZOO CITY AND VICKSBURG,

The new and substantial, light draught, upper cabin (all State-Rooms) steam boat

BELMONT,

J. S. WALLACE, Master, will run as a regular packet, twice a week between this place and Vicksburg.

For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply on board.

Yazoo City, Sept. 24, 1841. 11-tf

COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have established a House in New-Orleans for the purpose of conducting a

General Commission Business,

where they hope, by close application, to merit the patronage of their friends.

They are prepared to make liberal advances on Cotton, and furnish planters with Bagging and Rope through their agent, Mr. James M. Allen, at Yazoo City.

ROBSON & ALLEN.

New-Orleans, Aug 27, 1841. 7-6m.

TRUST SALE.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust executed by Hayden Leavel, bearing date April 7th 1841, and duly recorded in Book L. pages 517 and 518, in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court of Yazoo county and State of Mississippi, to secure to the commercial Bank of Manchester the payment of a Promissory Note, made by said Leavel and made payable to said Bank, as will more fully appear by reference to said Deed in Trust;—I will expose to public sale to the highest bidders for cash, (in pursuance of the authority vested in me as Trustee. by said deed,) on Monday the first day of November, 1841, between the hours of 12 M. and 4 P. M., before the front door of the dwelling-house of said Hayden Leavel, in Yazoo city, the following slaves, to wit:—Singleton, aged 13 years, Edmond, aged 12 years, charles, aged 3 years, Rebecca, aged 45 years, Minerva, aged 24 years, Jane, aged 6 years, Violet, aged 4 years, and Mary Jane, aged 1 year.—ALSO, all and singular, the Household and Kitchen Furniture on said premises of said Leavel. I will make such title to the purchasers of said property, as is in me vested, by virtue of said deed in trust.

J. V. CALDWELL, Trustee.

Yazoo city, April 24th, 1841. 42-28

Bagging and Rope.

A LOT of Kentucky Bagging and Rope just received and for sale, by

LEAVEL & EVANS.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINILG in the Post-Office at Benton on the 1st of October, 1841; which if not taken out by the 1st day of January next, will be sent to the General Post-Office as *dead letters*:—

	A.		
Adams B C		Adams Wm C	
Adams Lemeul H		Adams G E	
Allen Y D		Aldridge John	
	B.		
Baker Absolum	3	Battaile John	4
Burrus Martha		Brumfield Chas	
Brothers B D		Brasly Mr	
Brasty Jno S		Brister Wm	
Bosly Doct		Brages Sarah	
Benton Cullen			
	C.		
Collins L P	2	Cullen Jno M	
Callihan Young		Cook Joshua	2
Corwin D M		Castilow Mrs B	
Campbell R C		Corwin R M	3
Copeland Reily		Cheatham E	
Childers T. J		Callihan James	
Carson Joseph			
	D.		
Dillora P F		Davis Mary H	
	E.		
Exum Mrs Sarah		Ellison Soseph T	
	F.		
Frasur R P		Frasur Barnett	
Friley Mrs Sarah		Faulkner Samuel	
Fleming L D			
	G.		
Gibbs H H		Grigsby Miss W Ann	
Gwinn William M		Guthrie S A	
	H.		
Holmes Henry	6	Hardin B R	5
Hoges Jesse		Harrison A G	
Hoover J M		Hall Thomas	
Hughes James		Hargrove James	
Hart Daniel			
	J.		
Johnston Daniel	2	Johnston Jo Gales	
Jackson Upton		Jackson J H	
	K		
King Douglass	4	Kuble A F	
King E C			
	L		
Lane James		Lewis James M	
Lard Noah			
	M		
Moore Allen	2	Moon D G	2
Moon Robert		Mosely Joseph R	
Mosely Arthur		Mosely Miss Sarah	
Mosely Capt Peter		Mobly F F	
Mundy J W		Mangum W H	
Manning C		Miller James	
McKinstry W D		McMorrow mrs E'bth	2
McMorris uoseph F		Morris T D	
McClure T J		Morton James	
McKinstry Robert	2	Manning John	
McKinstry A			
	N		
Nolen John T	3	Newell James S	
Nisbet M E			
	O		
Owen Anderson			
	P		
Phillips Charles		Phillips Edmund	
Phillips illiam		Patton James	
Patton S C		Pepper Z	
Fowers B		Perry C R	
	R		
Richards J K	2	Richards Mrs M	
Ried William		Roberts Isaac	
Royal John S		Runnels H G	
Ried James			
	S		
Selser Hiram		Selser Mrs M	
Stephens Tolbert		Slaughter Mrs Dicey	
Smallie B		Shambless Vernon	
	T		
Turner R C		Towns J T	
	W		
Wallace James		Worthy Seaborn	
Woods Thomas		White H	
Whiten C F		Wroten E B	
Wortbington G H			
	Y		
Yarborough Thomas		Yandell William M	

Persons calling for the above letters will please say they are "*advertised.*"

M. A. JENKINS, P. M.

October 15, 1841. 14—

NEW GOODS!

LEAVEL & EVANS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they are now receiving, at the Brick Building opposite the Phœnix House, (lately occupied as a Drug Store)

A General Assortment of MERCHANDIZE,

suited to this market. *Their Stock is entirely new.*

They have a good COTTON SHED immediately on the river, from which cotton can be shipped free of drayage. They wish the public to examine their Stock.

Yazoo City, Aug. 27, 1841. 7-tf.

Pay up!! Or look out!!!

A great amount of money ts still due me for Job Work and advertising for the last four or five years, and those who wish to save costs will *please* to call and settle without delay. J. A. STEVENS.

NOTICE.

ALL persons holding liabilities of any discription against the firm of Vance & Woods, will please send a true copy of said ilability without delay, to the undersigned at Yazoo City, Mi. J H WOODS

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Original Character.

Whoever travels through any of the New England States, and twigs, as he passes, the eccentricities of some of the natives, cannot fail to be amused and gather new ideas in respect to etymology and diversity of character.

Some years since, an acquaintance of ours was out on horseback, from the east part of Massachusetts for the Green Mountains in Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem his road led into a piece of woods, some five miles in length, and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation; but as all things must have an end, so at last had the woods, and the nut brown house of the farmer greeted his vision. Near the road was a tall, rawboned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably 17 years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his tow breeches was amply made up behind; his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was a dingy white felt—poor thing! it had once evidently seen better days, but now, alas! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempests of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it *out*, was difficult to tell; at any rate it was missing, and through the aperture red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our travelling friend, feeling to scrape acquaintance with the critur, drew up the reins of his horse and began:—

"Hollo, my friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up—leaning on his hoe handle—rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and replied:

"Hullo yourself! how'd dew?—Wall guess I can. Taint near so fur as it used to be afor they cut the woods away—then 'twas generally reckoned four miles, but now the sun shrivels up the road ant dont make more'n tew. The fust house you come to though is a barn, and the next is a hay stack; but old Hoskin's house is on beyant.—You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore you get there; tarnal rompin' critters; they plag our folks more'n a little. His sheep get in our paster every day, and his gals in our orchard. Dad sets the dog arter the sheep, and me arter the gals—and the way we makes the wool and petticoats fly, is a sin to snakes.'

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man—pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'lows any body to meddle with my grass tangtlers, misthur; but seen' it is you I'll tell ye. I was born so at my ticler request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer, and t'other on land, and not lop over; besides it is very convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good indeed—how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come at all; I digs 'em out; and there's an everlastin' snarl on 'em in each hill."

"But they are small I perceive."

"Yes, I know it, you see we planted some whoppin' blue noses over in that 'ere patch there, and they flourished so all firedly that these ere stopt grewn' just out of spite, cause thay know'd they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks aint nothin', its all in the behavior. This ere hat was my religious sunday-go-to-meetin' hat, and its just as chock full of piety now as a dog is full of fleas. I've got a better one to hum, but I dont dig 'taters in it no how."

"You have been in these parts sometime I should—guess?"

"I guess so tew. I was born'd and got my brot'n up in that ere house, but my native place is down in Frodunk."

"Then you say it is three and a half miles to next house?"

"Yes sir; 'twas a spell ago, and I dont believe it's growd much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good by."

"Good bye to ye—that's a darn'd slick hoss of yourn."

There, reader—there is a Jonathan for you of the first water. You don't find his equal every where.

THE TWO WHITE ROSES.

The following singular case was brought last spring, before the Justice of the Peace, or the Fourth District, in Paris. The object was two white roses, whose withered leaves had long since been dispersed to the winds.

Madame Gallien, (mantua-maker.)—I demand thirty francs, (six dollars) damages, from Miss Flora Maville, for having caused me to lose an order worth one hundred and fifty francs.

Judge.—Explain the facts.

Madame.—Yes sir. About two months ago, Miss Leontine De Crillon was to be married to the Prince of Clermont Tonnere; the marriage gifts were to be magnificent. I received an order to make a dress for the bride; it was to be a chef d'œvre. Splendid lace, pearls, gimp—all the marvels of the art of dress-making were to be united. But something more rare at that time was wanting; it was a natural white rose—a rose at the end of February!

Judge.—And Miss Flora engaged to procure one for you?

Madame—Yes sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells them to the great milliners of the capital. I went to her and she promised to let me have one of the two roses she then possessed, for twenty-five francs, which sum was to be paid on delivery. I depended on her promise, but she did not keep it faithfully; for I did not receive the rose, and for that reason they refused to take the wedding dress.

Judge, (to Miss Flora.)—Why did you not deliver the rose?

Miss Flora, (with timidity.)—It was not my fault. The evening before the day on which I had promised the white rose to Madame Gallien, a shower, which took place during my absence, made the flower expand, and some hours afterwards nothing remained but the stem. What I tell you is the truth.

Judge—I believe you, young girl. But the second rose, could you not have delivered that?

Miss Flora, (with tears in her eyes.)-Oh! as to that, it was not promised. Madame Gallien would certainly have accepted it, for it was the more beautiful of the two, but I could not give it. It was destined to my mother.

Judge—Was it her birth day?

Miss Flora, (sorrowfully)—No, sir, it was the anniversary of her death. [Profound sensation in the auditory.] Every year I lay on her tomb one of those white roses which she so much loved. This year I did the same. I said to myself, the bride will be as handsome with a flower less, and my poor mother shall again to-day have her favorite rose.

Here Miss Flora shed abundant tears and Madame Gallien, endeavoring to console her, said to the Judge—"Stop the cause, sir, it is wrong for me to molest this poor girl for a good action, let us say no more about it, it is a misfortune that cannot be helped. All that I wish for compensation, is to have a daughter like Miss Flora."

The Justice of the Peace, much affected, sent away the parties without further trial.

GOVERNMENT.—In the *old* world, government is viewed as something sacred—something that the citizen must live for, be taxed for, fight for, and, if need be, die for. It is something that dispenses titles, instead of justice—armorial bearings, instead of protecting rights—pensions and privileges instead of securing to all the fruit of their own earnings. It is something that *rules*.

Here, government is an agency. It is part and parcel of the people. It has no paternal office to take care of subjects; it is itself the child which the people are to watch with ceaseless vigilance. It is but an agency of the citizen. It is bound to protect every one in person and property. It *confers* no rights—but only *preserves* what already exists. Those who, for the time being, exercise its powers, should never grant privileges, or injure one man for the whole, unless absolutely necessary for the public good, and then make ample reparation. It is something that is *ruled*.

MAGNIFICENT IDEA.—Observing an original character "laying it down," as the phrase is, to a neighbor the other day, we stopped to hear the tenor of his remarks. All we heard was this: "Why, deacon, just look here—I have one solemn reflection for your consideration. Suppose all the axes in the world were made into one great axe—all the men into one great man—and all the trees into one great tree—and suppose that great man should take that great axe, and cut down that great tree, and it should fall into the ocean—*what an infernal splashing it would make you, would'nt it.*

GOING THE ENTIRE.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory "Hallo, Jim, which way now, so fast?" "The fact is, I have taken two boxes of fashionable pills, directions, boxes, and all, without doing me any good. I'm going to swallow the manufacturer now, to see what effect he will have."

A man must be excessively stupid as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ with him in political principles.

Death on the Mississippi.

Death cometh when least expected," sayeth the moralist.—Ay, verily! and to none is this fact more manifest than to us who see and hear of his daily—almost hourly doings on the great "Father of Waters." Of a truth he doeth there revel like a very prodigal in the work of distruction. Its turbid bosom is the grim destroyer's banquetting table! thereon he doeth hold his festivals: while accident—sudden, blastering and disastrous—and the wild passions of men, fierce and terrible in blood-shedding, to wait upon it as survitors and caterers.

Death on the Mississippi! To us, the dwellers upon its shores, who are familiar with the myriad unanticipated shapes in which the destroyer here steals upon our race, what an impressive sermon do these few words convey!—How uncertain the current of existence!—how paltry the vain distinctions of society!—how precarious human hopes!—what a dream, a shaddow, is human life! Go search the waters upon which half an empire pours its wealth and plies its enterprize. You shall find them teeming with human bodies, one as an instinct with life—as buoyant and as high of hope—as proud of fancied superiority, and as confident of coming joy as any among the thousands upon thousands who throng the crowded thoroughfare'

But death—out upon the leveller—has put a stop to all their plans, abolished all distinctions, and stripped poor humanity of its trappings. The young and high of hope, to whom existence was a joy, and the future one bright thought of happiness, welter in that turbid flood, side by side with the aged and the hopeless—the debuchee with the moralist—the assasin with the philanthropist—the murdered with the murderer—the soldier with the counterfeiter—the beautiful, the lovely, the good, with the depraved, the abandoned and the vile,!—all struck from the eyry of life by the sharpe and unexpected bolt of the destroyer. What a promiscuous assemblage is gathered to this festival of the grim tyrant, and how unlike their associations in life, do they sweep onward together towards the sea—unkneeled, uncoffined!—and ah, how different this drear voyage to the one on which they were bound! The kindly greeting, the bitter curse, the exclamation of joy, are hushed. The eloquent as well as the blasphemous tongue is mute, and the ear which drank love's rich music,' or gave heed to the bablings of profanity and the plottings of crime, is deaf and insensate, no more to be unstopped until roused by "the trumph of the Archangle and the voice of God."—*Memphis Enquirer.*

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.

"But the thing that roused us was the assertion by the padre, that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, was a *living city*, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America! He had heared of it many years before, at the village of Chajal, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra, this city was distinctly visable. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summits of the sierra, from which, at a hight of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan, a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conqured the whole country around and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium—no horses, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls, and cocks they keep under ground, to prevent their crowing being heared.

"There was a wild novelty—something that touched the imagination—in every step of our journey in that country. The old old padre in the deep stillness of the dimly lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called upon an image of the bold and resolute prests who accompained the armies of the conquerors; and as he drew a map on the table and pointed out the sierra. to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the MYSTERIOUS CITY, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exists as Cortez and Alverdo found them; and there are living men who can solve the mistry that hangs over the ruined cities of America—who can go to Copan, perhaps, and read the inscriptions upon its monuments.—*StevensCentral America.*