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## POETRY.

### FLOWERS.

Oh! they look upwards in every place  
Through this beautiful world of ours,  
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face,  
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!  
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams,  
They tell us of lanes and trees;  
But the children of showers and sunny beams  
Have lovelier tales than these—  
The bright, bright flowers!  
They tell of a season when men were not,  
When earth was by angels trod,  
And leaves and flowers in every spot  
Burst forth at the call of God;  
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,  
Wandered by wood and glade,  
And the Lord looked down from the highest heav-  
ens,  
And bless'd what He had made—  
The bright, bright flowers!  
That blessing remaineth upon them still,  
Though often the storm-dread lowers,  
And frequent tempests may soil and chill  
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.  
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,  
Made a home in the hearts of men,  
The blessings of God on each tender leaf  
Preserved in their beauty then—  
The bright, bright flowers!  
The lily is lovely as when it slept  
On the waters of Eden's lake;  
And sweet is the woodbine as when it crept  
In Eden from brake to brake.  
They were left as a proof of the loveliness  
Of Adam and Eve's first home:  
They are here as a type of the joys that bless  
The just in a world to come—  
The bright, bright flowers!

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

### Machine Poetry—What I Love.

I love to see a flock of sheep  
All feeding on the mountain;  
I love to see a drunkard drink  
From out the living fountain;  
At first upon his knees he gets,  
And then he sticks his nose in—  
But soon he slips, and then he rums  
His head and shoulders goes in.  
I love to see, with all my heart,  
The sun shine while 'tis raining;  
I love to see a row kicked up  
At a militia training;  
I love to see a table watched  
By civil, careful waiters;  
I love to see them fetch along  
The biggest kind of 'sters.  
I love to see 'th' industrious bees  
All busy making honey;  
I love to see a man contrive  
All ways to lay up money;  
I love to see a lot of chaps  
Engaged in midnight revel—  
I love to see them let out loose,  
And go it like the devil!  
I love to hear old women talk—  
They do some lofty talking;  
I love to see defaulters walk—  
They do some tallish walking.  
I love to hear, at dead of night,  
A glorious easterwauling;  
And oh, I love to hear at church  
A lot of babies squalling.  
I love to see two colored gents  
Call one another 'niggers';  
I love to see the ladies run,  
They cut such curious figures;  
I love my Betsy more than all—  
I love her, oh! most dearly—  
I love to hug and kiss her—oh!  
It makes me feel so queerly!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

### A MARTYRED PRINCESS.

The Princess Josephine was the beauty of her father's court, rivalling even the natural splendor of her mother, the majestic Maria Theresa. When her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, who had been betrothed to the Duke of Parma, fell a victim to that then scourge of mankind, the small-pox, Josephine was selected to fill her place, as much on account of her loveliness, as because her mother deemed that her soft and pliant disposition would render her a fitting tool in her hand, to watch the intentions of the Court at Parma, and report them to the Queen of Hungary.  
Of all this, however, Josephine was ignorant.—She had heard of the beauty and manly courage of her betrothed lover, and it was with a happy smile, therefore, that she stood before the altar and gave her hand to the ambassador. Never had she looked lovelier than on this occasion. Her clear and lofty brow; her deep soft blue eyes; the quiet and soul-lit expression of her face, seemed now to be even more beautiful than they were wont to be; when the delicate blush suffusing her fine countenance threw a charm around her indescribable.—And when her father pressed her to his bosom, and the tears gushed into her melting azure eyes, the audience, who witnessed the ceremony, thought they had never seen one half so lovely.  
That evening the Princess sat alone, for the last time, in her favorite boudoir. She held in her hand a miniature of her husband, and she blushed as she looked on the manly beauty of his face.  
Suddenly fine music was heard; they were playing an Italian air, slow and melancholy in its expression. Josephine knew the words of the music; it painted tender and passionate love. She blushed and looked at the portrait, which she held in her

hand; she looked forth, until the view was lost in the distance, perhaps to think over the future, dreaming as youth loves to do, when imagination lends its brilliant illusions to reality. The images of happiness enchanted her heart, when the door of the apartment opened.  
Josephine arose, strongly moved at the sight of her mother, Maria Theresa was cold and proud in her demeanor, she suffered no opposition in her will; it was not to be wondered at that the countenance of the Princess should express embarrassment and reverence, rather than child-like affection at the sight of her mother. The Empress seemed at present, however, inclined to tenderness. When her daughter offered her a seat, she advanced, took the hand of the Princess kindly within her own, drew her towards her, and then seated herself with her in the recess of a window. She then immediately opened the conversation.  
'These are Italian books, (she said,) and the music I heard is also Italian. Ah, dear child, do you already seek to forget us? Alas! those bonds which are so strong amongst ordinary people with us are weak, if not wholly broken. How often, my dear daughter, must I have appeared cold and stern to you! But the cares of the throne as seldom allow me a cheerful brow, as an outpouring of the heart. Dear child, when far away thou thinkest of thy mother, remember the cares with which she is overwhelmed.  
Josephine was deeply moved.—She seized the hand of the Empress and bathed it in tears. Her mother now ventured to hint to her daughter her wishes. She kissed that soft, confiding face, and said—  
'I know you love me, Josephine, and will do my will—hear me now!' and she proceeded to reveal to her daughter her wish that she—a Princess, and a wife!—should become a spy in her husband's cabinet.  
'No, no,' she cried, while she sank at the feet of the Empress, 'to observe his actions? to penetrate his most secret thoughts, that I may lay the information before the Austrian court? to excite his confidence in order to betray it? no, no, this cannot be my duty! My love would then be nothing but—'  
'Softly, softly, Princess,' interrupted Maria Theresa, while she repressed with difficulty the anger that sparkled in her eyes—  
'I was not prepared for such a burst of romantic love.'  
'The character of a spy,' said the Duchess, as she raised herself with dignity, 'does not suit a daughter of Maria Theresa.'  
At this moment the expression of her face assumed a character of grandeur and pride, such as had never been before visible in it. Her brow, hitherto always serene, became furrowed. One might have mistaken the Princess Josephine for the Empress. She, when she perceived her daughter look so much like herself, lost all hope of making her the docile instrument of her will.  
'I believe, indeed,' she said with a derisive laugh, 'that the little Colonel has turned your head. But we have not yet learned to tolerate self-will and disobedience.—Leave it to me to settle the business.'  
'Dear mother,' cried Josephine, endeavoring to detain her, 'for God's sake do not leave me with so much coldness.'  
The Empress withdrew her hand; their eyes met; and as the Princess caught a glance of the pale face of her mother, in which was painted an expression of concentrated bitterness, she fell back fainting on her seat. When she recovered her senses, she exclaimed sorrowfully, 'it is broken!' and she looked at the fragments of the broken chain, to which the picture of the Duke of Parma had been attached. The Empress, when she broke from her daughter with so much indignation, had entangled herself in the chain and broke it. The Duchess leaned against the balcony dissolved in tears.  
It is a crushing pain to the souls of the young when they discover that their deepest feelings have been awakened, only to plunge them into misery. But sorrow and amazement now vanished from the strong presentiment of a near, threatening, and terrible peril, which overpowered all other emotions. The shadows of night began to extend themselves. Josephine had looked on the pale and angry countenance of the Empress by the doubtful twilight; the power of her imagination still presented to her its threatening aspect. The loneliness around her became insupportable. She called her ladies. Yet neither their laughing faces, the sound of their voices, the brightness of the lights, nor the songs of her beloved sister Pauline, had power to cheer the soul of the Princess. She walked up and down the apartment with unsteady step, when a knock was heard at the door, and she was awakened from her reverie by terror.  
It was Martina, the confessor of the Empress. The features of this priest were modelled like those of an ancient statue. The lofty brow gave his face at once a stern and penetrating expression. His demeanor

was humble and benevolent, his voice slow and gentle; yet it was impossible to avoid a sensation of fear at his presence. No one ever looked on that cold, piercing eye, without saying to himself—'This is a man who delights in human misery.'  
He approached the Duchess, looked at her dress, for in changing her robe after the ceremony, she had put on black, her usual color, and said, 'I see with pleasure, my daughter, that you did not await my coming to prepare for fulfilling the duties of to-night.'  
'What do you mean?' asked the Princess: 'I consulted nothing but my own convenience in changing my dress.'  
'I believe it to be done for humility.—The wedding clothes and worldly decoration would be unsuitable accompaniments for prayers in the presence of the dead.'  
'I beseech you to explain yourself,' cried Josephine, trembling in every limb.  
'Your Imperial Highness, very well knows that it is your turn to watch and pray to-night at the grave of the Archduchess.'  
Josephine felt with her forehead against the wall. Pauline then interposed with these words:  
'The Empress will never permit it. Every one knows that the Archduchess died with the small-pox, on which account no one has since entered the chapel.'  
'On the contrary, her Imperial Highness expressly demands that this pious duty shall by no means be neglected. She herself sent me hither to lead the Duchess of Parma immediately to the coffin of her sister.'  
'Appeal to the Emperor,' whispered Pauline; 'but what can be expected from his will? No—there is no hope there. But throw yourself at the feet of your mother, I conjure you.'  
'I have just now seen her,' answered the Duchess, with an expression of the deepest distress. Pauline had hid her face with both hands.  
'I wait,' said the priest, 'the pleasure of your Imperial Highness to follow me to the chapel.'  
'I will accompany you,' said Pauline, 'something might happen to you in the night—'  
'Your Imperial Highness must watch alone,' answered the confessor decidedly.—  
'Besides, such is the custom.'  
Martina was still speaking, when a child rushed into the apartment of the Duchess, and hastened up to embrace her.  
'Dear sister, thou wilt leave us perhaps forever.—You must give me twice as many kisses as you usually do.'  
'Good Maria, thou hast no sorrows; thou wilt sleep quiet enough to-night.'  
'Thou wilt perhaps not sleep so quietly, but wilt be happy. To-morrow, and I shall never see thee again.'  
'To-morrow! O God—' At these words a torrent of tears rolled down the cheeks of the Archduchess.  
'What is the matter with you?' asked the child; 'why dost thou weep?' they told me thou wast going to reign.'  
'Good child, may heaven spare thee from such nuptials!  
The little child mingled her tears with those of her sister.  
The Duchess repaired to the vault. Her ladies followed her to the door. When it was opened, they perceived that its damp darkness was changed into a faint twilight by the light of a single taper. Josephine turned around, pressed the weeping Pauline in her arms, and entered the chapel. Her ladies saw her kneeling at the foot of the altar, when the door was slowly closed and locked.  
Pauline was obliged to wait until the sitting of the council chamber had ended, to inform the Emperor that his favorite daughter was passing the night in an offensive vault, by the corpse of a sister who had died with an infectious disease. More than half the night was already gone.  
The Emperor hastened himself to the chapel. He found the Duchess just in the very spot in which they had left her kneeling at the altar, and her head bowed, as if in prayer; her body shrank, and her arms rested on the marble slab. Her father spoke to her.—No answer. He raised her up.—She was dead!

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT.**  
JIM GRISWELL.—A hard looking case was Jim Griswell as he stood up yesterday before the Recorder, to answer to the charge of being found gloriously corned the previous night. He stood at least six feet high in his pegged boots; his face was of a clay colour, like the Mississippi at high water mark; his hair, which was of a ginger dye, hung down over his coat collar after the old cavalier fashion; his pantaloons just descended as far as his brogans ascended, no farther; and his Kentucky jeans coat was minus one of the skirts. He held before him, in both his hands, a crownless hat, against the leaf of which he kept bobbing his knee while speaking.  
'Griswell,' said the Recorder, 'you have been found drunk.'  
'I know it, squire,' said Jim, 'I know it—' and this he repeated in the most contrite accents, and looking round at that part of his body over which the skirt of his coat should hang—he exclaimed, 'now ain't I a nice lookin' coon!'  
The Recorder, seeing he felt uneasy at parting company with the skirt of his coat, remarked, 'why you have lost the crown of your hat too!'  
'Yes, I have—I know I have, squire,' said Jim, 'and I tell you what it is, I don't feel anything the more comfortable for it, particularly when it rains; and I must say, squire, you have some of the loudest kind of show-ers in these diggins.'  
'But surely,' said the Recorder, 'you did not imagine that wearing a hat without a crown would contribute to your comfort?'  
'Yes I did, squire,' said Jim, 'but now I find I was the biggest kind of a fool. Did't the player that performed in Squire Boon's barn in our town say,  
''Unesay lies the head that wears a crown?' but now I find it's a d—d sight better for a feller to wear a crown in his hat than to be without one.'  
'Well,' said the Recorder, 'how came you to be drunk in the streets at so late an hour last night?'  
'Squire!' said Jim—and his eye showed a desire to assume the melting mood; 'you know, squire, it's a delicate pint for a young man like me to touch on, but Jim Griswell will tell the truth if he loses his hat. You see I came down from old Kaintuck with a right decent sort of a broad horn, and considerable plunder. I sold them off at a smart chance of a profit, and as I never was in Orleans before I wouldn't go hum without lettin' folks know I seed sumthin'; so I went on a regular wake snakes sort of a spree, and I went here and there turning, twisting and doubling about, until I didn't know where or who I was. But spare my feelings, squire, and don't ask me to tell any more. Here I am in town without a rock in my pocket, without a skirt to my coat or a crown to my hat; without—but, squire, I'll say no more: I've seen the elephant; and if you let me off now, I'll make a straight shute for old Kaintuck, and I'll give you leave to bake me into hoe-cakes if ever you catch me here again.'  
The Recorder let Jim Griswell off on his parole, as he confessed he had seen the elephant.—N. O. Picayune.

**A PLEASANT PLACE TO RESIDE IN.**—The condition of Cairo, Illinois, which was some time since set down on the speculator's map as a very large, flourishing and pleasantly situated town, is described as follows:  
'The water is about five feet all around the houses, and the frogs are so busy trying to find logs to sit upon, that they have stopped croaking entirely. The boat on board which the writer was, hailed one of the houses in the evening, thinking it was a steamboat; the pilot took the windows for 'stern lights.' On finding that he was right in town with the steamboat, and that the house was a tavern, the captain pulled up and every man 'liquored.' Cairo would make a grand temperance town now, as there is plenty of water.'  
**A HARD HEAD.**—An athletic black man, while carrying a hod in a building down town, was struck on his head by a salmon brick which fell from the scaffold nearly two stories high. 'Look out up dare, how you trow your bricks,' vociferated the hod carrier, 'guess you want to kill dis nigger.' 'What is most strange, is, that the man was not even stunned, and the brick was broke in two by coming in contact with his head.'  
*Philadelphia Gazette.*  
**TRUTH OF AN OLD MAXIM.**—A man or rather a villian, by the name of Learning, a dapper little fellow of five feet two, by profession a schoolmaster, is advertised as having played the mischief among the girls in Miami county, Ohio. During a brief sojourn there of only six months, he married two of them, and seduced a third; and then, with considerable funds obtained from his wives, cut for that earthly paradise, the 'republic of Texas.' 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

When at the accidental burning of the Richmond Theatre, many lives were lost, it was proclaimed by some to be a righteous visitation of Providence. Now, let the explicit believers in such doctrine read the following, pause—and reflect:—

### TWO MINISTERS STRUCK WITH LIGHTNING AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

A correspondent at North Stamford, Conn. gives us the following narrative:—*N. York Observer.*

'Sabbath day, the 3d inst., was a solemn day to the people in this parish. The morning devotions in the house of God ended, the exercises of the sacramental feast had commenced, the bread broken and distributed—the cup taken—when the house in which we were assembled was struck by lightning. The venerable Platt Buffet, of Stanwich, was present and assisted the pastor, Rev. Henry Fuller, in the exercises.—He had poured out the wine—taken the cup—and was giving thanks to God, when he and Mr. Fuller were instantaneously prostrated to the earth.

'The groans and shrieks which instantly broke forth from the congregation it is utterly impossible for me to describe; and yet there seemed to pervade the assembly the most solemn awe; all appeared to feel as if standing on the very verge of death. The bursting thunder, the vivid lightning without, the thrilling scene within, contributed to render the gloom most terrific.

'Mr. Fuller was not so seriously injured, though feeling considerably affected in some limbs. Mr. Buffet is very severely injured; we supposed him dead for some ten minutes; no signs of life were apparent until water was procured and thrown upon him.—He still suffers great distress at the stomach, takes no food, but is perfectly rational.

The electric fluid entered the chimney top, descended the stove pipe, and exploded immediately over the communion table, where those servants of God were standing. Some others were slightly affected, though not seriously injured.

The Congregational meeting house in New Canaan was struck about the same time, and several knocked down. An academy and dwelling house in the same town, and a dwelling in this parish were considerably injured.'

**OLD CUSTOMS.**—Young girls in the days preceding the Revolution, in this city, used to save a portion of their annual allowance to furnish bed-linen, silver spoons, and spinning wheels! Now the piano is substituted for the latter instrument.

It was usual in 1760, when an amiable lady or an heiress was married, to announce in the gazettes of the day, the marriage somewhat after this fashion—'Miss Tabatha Snow, a most agreeable and amiable lady,' or, 'Miss Dolly Dumpy, with a large and handsome fortune.'

When people were married they kept open house for two days, during which time punch was dealt out in profusion. But that was not the worst of it. The bride was compelled to submit to be kissed by all the guests even to the number of one hundred each day. It was considered a delicious repast by the gentlemen.

Dentists were not common before the revolution. In 1784, a French dentist came to Philadelphia and earned a large amount of money by his practice. Artificial teeth were unknown. He offered publicly to buy teeth at two guineas for sound ones.

Tooth brushes were unknown, and the ladies were accustomed to use chalk or snuff on a rag. It was considered in those days the height of effeminacy for a gentleman to wash his teeth even with water.  
*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

**A GOOD ANECDOTE.**—The eccentric Rowland Hill, among the numerous religious notices which it was his custom to read every Sabbath after service, once delivered the following:

'A humble partaker in Christ desires to know why brother Hill finds it necessary to ride to church in a sumptuous carriage, when his divine Master never rode any whete, except on an ass?'

Upon this pious enquiry, 'brother Hill,' showing up his spectacles on his forehead, and with an air of great humility, thus commented:

'I would say, in answer to my humble brother, that I have a carriage, but no such beast as our Master rode. However, if my worthy brother will present himself at the door of my dwelling on next Lord's day, ready saddled and bridled, I will ride him to church!'

There is a new plough in Washington which is busting the world. A right for one county in Maryland has been sold for \$10,000.—*Winchester, Virginia.*

Locks have been made with 24 movable wards, so as to spell any word, and no key will open them but the one adjusted to that word.