

THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1843.

VOL. 7, No. 52.—Whole No. 355.

Insolvent Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed at the February Term, 1843, of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, Commissioners of Insolvency upon the Estate of Behavien Young, dec'd, will meet on the first Saturday of each month at the Office of James Hayden, in Yazoo city, to audit claims against said estate.

JAMES HAYDEN,
GEO. B. WILKINSON,
NATHANIEL PERRY,
Yazoo city, March 17, 1843. 36-4f.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration de bonis non were granted me at the March Term, 1843, of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, on the Estate of Nathaniel N. Hurst, dec'd.—All persons indebted to the late firm of Whitehead & Hurst, will come forward and make settlement and payment; likewise all persons indebted to said Hurst individually.—Those having claims against Whitehead & Hurst, and N. N. Hurst individually, will present them duly authenticated or they will be forever barred.

JOAB R. RICHARDS,
Adm'r de bonis non of N. N. Hurst, dec'd.
Benton, April 7, 1843. 39-6f

CIRCULAR

To the Planters and Merchants of the Cotton growing region on the Mississippi.

THE undersigned has established a new Cotton Press in this city, in the spacious Fire Proof Sheds of James Erwin, Esq., immediately above the angle buildings in the Second Municipality, where he has ample room to store ten thousand bales of Cotton under cover. He offers to the Planters and Merchants to receive their Cotton free of Storage, hoping to remunerate himself therefor by the superior advantage of his compressing machine; he binds himself to perform as well and as cheap as other presses in the city. He therefore respectfully requests those who wish to save the expense of storage, to instruct their agents to deposit their cotton in his press.

JOHN BALDWIN,
New Orleans, Feb 2, 1843. 33-3f.

Prospectus of
EVERY YOUTH'S GAZETTE.
SECOND VOL.—PRICE REDUCED.

The largest, handsomest, and cheapest Periodical for the Young, in the U. States: published every fortnight at the Office of the New World, and every number embellished with elegant Engravings.

WE enter upon the second volume of EVERY YOUTH'S GAZETTE on the first of January, 1843, in the full confidence of exceeding in an eminent degree our previous efforts in making one of the most instructive, useful and entertaining periodicals, for the young of both sexes, ever before established in this country. One great feature in the 'Youth's Gazette,' is the engaging will be the reprinting of the most popular works for children, by the most eminent English authors, such as Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Howitt, Emily Taylor, Maria Hack, Miss Strickland, Miss Wakefield and many others, all which will be embellished with BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, many of them executed in London, and are not only exceedingly valuable as illustrations of the various subjects, but interesting as works of art. In fact, in pictorial attractions, no periodical of the kind can compare with this—no expense being spared to make the Youth's Gazette for the young what the New World is for adults, the most interesting and comprehensive paper in the country.

In all respects, its contents—embracing Natural History, Geography, Botany, Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Tales, Sermons, &c.—will be adapted to the understandings of Youth from five to fifteen years of age; and no article is published which is not pervaded with a pure moral tone. Parents and Guardians of Youth can in no way so powerfully aid in the improvement in useful knowledge and morality of their children and wards, as to subscribe for this journal. Its great object is to make learning attractive rather than a task, and inspire a love for reading which shall tend to the formation of habits of virtue, industry and usefulness. Every father of a family should take the Gazette for his children, as the cheapest schoolmaster which can be employed for their mental and moral culture—and the great favor with which the work has been received during its first volume, justifies the publisher in the more liberal outlays to enrich its pages for the second—each which will render it worthy of a more extensive circulation than it has hitherto enjoyed, large as it has already been.

TERMS:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year, or Five Copies for Five Dollars.
The Youth's Gazette is published every two weeks, on beautiful paper, and contains sixteen quarto pages, of three columns each. Single subscriptions, \$1 50; two copies for \$2 50; five copies for \$5, and \$1 for each additional name. All Postmasters are authorized and solicited to act as agents, from whom One Dollar a year in all cases will be received in full payment for subscription, thus leaving them a commission of 33 per cent. on each. Remittances must be on a specie-paying bank, and sent free of postage.

Copies of the first volume will be sent to all new subscribers, for \$1 additional, which will thus render the series complete. Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to examine the work before subscribing, if the request is made free of postage.
J. WINCHESTER, 39 Andrus N. Y.
December, 1842.

Great Enterprise!

**UNITED STATES
SATURDAY POST
AND CHRONICLE.**
A Family Newspaper of the
Mammoth Class.

THE proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the "SATURDAY CHRONICLE," and also that of the "UNITED STATES" weekly newspapers, the immense subscription list of which concerns them united with the heavy list of the SATURDAY POST, a family newspaper of 22 years standing, and now issue the three in one under the title of "The United States Saturday Post and Chronicle." The present number will commence on the 21st inst.

THE TWENTY FOURTH VOLUME, and with the superior facilities now possessed by the proprietors, they can afford to publish a larger, handsomer, and better paper for the money than can be had elsewhere. The editorial department will be under the control of several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary sheets. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being, to make a

First rate Family Newspaper in every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other, the following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE GREAT SIZE.

It is a sheet of the largest class—is printed on fair, clear type, with fine white paper, and contains more reading matter than any weekly published.

Popular Tales.

It is devoted to the highest grade of light literature, each number containing three or four choice Original and Selected TALES; which, while they shall interest the young, shall at the same time point a moral. It also contains much good, and never any bad POETRY. A copious compound of well-told Anecdotes, Rich Humor, Pointed Wit, Just Satire, and Sentiment the most touching. It contains also, the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, besides the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all other fountain of choice Original Literature. In fine, the Post, upon which the concern is founded, has been conceded every where to be the very first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its Original Tales, Essays, Poetry and other matter.

[Here follows a list of names of about fifty eminent writers, who are regular contributors to the paper, which we have not room to insert.]
Original Stories appear in every number of the paper, with Original articles on all subjects.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season, to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES carefully reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper—by one of the best reporters in the United States. Hence, subscribers remote can have all the advantage of the highly popular discourses with but little cost. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

THE FARMER.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the Reports of the different Agricultural Associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence; so that the Agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without entrenching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

As a Newspaper.

As a weekly newspaper, it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. It contains full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and which means less extensive than those connected with the establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam-power engaged in the publication of his paper, altogether surpasses that of any other of a similar character.

In short, the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST is considered in all respects equal, if not superior, to any of its class, while its price is far cheaper. Instead of three dollars a year, which is the price of the two mammoth newspapers of New York, and the two of Boston, the subscription of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is only Two Dollars a year, per single copy. GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.,
No. 96 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have just received a new and splendid Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of DRY-GOODS of every description, Hats, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., which they sell on the most reasonable terms.
ULLMAN & HAUSMAN,
Nor. 11, 1842. 18-1f.

Blue Back Money!

WE have a few hundred dollars of the Commercial Bank of Natchez Checks for sale.
FUQUA & WILSON.

BLANK DECLARATIONS.

For sale at this OFFICE.

POETRY.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY THE LATE WINTHROP MACKWORTH PAED.

I saw her once—so freshly fair—
That like a blossom just unfolding,
She opened to Life's breathless air,
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding;
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing;
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender—
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness
Nought could the raptur'd gaze trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm—
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's salliance less warm,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd, to live but in each other—
But matron care, or lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, smile look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the rosy glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something sadder, sadder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
Had broke the Elysian of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reverie portray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serenely, soothing, soothing, holy,
In feeling which, the bosom felt—
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever;
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw the first,
When she, a girl, was tender-hearted,
And when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swarm before me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine. Euroclydon.

At one stride came the dark, and it is now night. Cold and loud is the raging storm. Rain, snow and sleet are dashing most furiously against the windows, actually dampening the curtains within. There—there goes a shutter, torn from its hinges by the wind! Another gust, and how desolate its moans! It is the voice of the Winter Storm Spirit, who comes from beyond the ice-panels of the North. I can interpret his cry, which is dismal as the howl of wolves.

"Mortal crutch—crutch like a worm beside thy hearth-stone and acknowledge thy insignificance. When the skies are bright, and thou art surrounded by the comforts of life, thou goest forth among thy fellows boasting of thine intellect and greatness.—But when the elements arise, shaking the very earth to its foundation, thou dost tremble with fear, and thy boasting is forgotten. Approach the window, and as thou lookest upon the gloom of this stormy night, learn a lesson of humility. Thou art in thyself as frail and helpless as the icicle depending from yonder bough.

"O, this is a glorious night for me! I have broken the chains which have bound me in the Arctic Seas, and fearful elements follow in my path to execute my bidding. Listen, while I picture to your mind a few of the countless scenes I have witnessed, which are terrible to man, but to me a delight.

"An hundred miles away, there is a lonely cottage on the border of an inland lake. An hour ago I passed by there, and a mingled sound of woe came from its inmates, for they were poor and sick, and had no wood. A miserable starving dog was wining at their door. I laughed with joy and left them to their suffering.

"I came to a broad river, where two ferry-men were at work. I loosened the ice that had been forming further up, and it crushed them to death in its mad career.

"Beside a mountain, a solitary foot traveler, of three score and ten, was ascending a road heavily and slow. I chilled the crimson current in his veins, and the pure white snow became his winding sheet. What matter! It was his time to die.

"On yonder rock-bound coast a fisherman was startled from his fire-side by a struggle of distress. He looked through the darkness and discovered a noble ship hastening towards a dangerous reef. I brought her there, regardless of the costly merchandise

and freight of human life. She struck, and three hundred hardy men went down into that black roaring element which gives not back its dead. The morrow will dawn, and the child at home will lip its father's name unconscious of his fate, and the wife will smile and press her infant to her bosom, not doubting but that her husband will soon return to bless her with his love. I have no sympathy with the widow and the fatherless.

"Hark! did you not hear it?—that dismal shout! Alas! the deed is done; the torch of the incendiary hath kindled a fire such as this city has never beheld. What rich and glowing color in those clouds of smoke rising so heavily from yonder towers! Already they are changed into an ocean of flame, hissing and roaring. Unheard, save at intervals, is the cry of the watchman, and the ringing bells; and muffled are the hasty footsteps of the thronging multitude, for the snow is deep. Slowly do the engines rumble along, while strained to their utmost are the sinews of those hardy firemen. But useless is all this noise and labor, for the receptacles of water are blocked with ice.—Fire! fire!! fire!!!

And here endeth the song of Euroclydon, which was listened to on the 16th of December, 1835. It will be recollected, that when the sun rose in unclouded beauty on the following morning, six hundred buildings had been consumed, many lives lost, and twenty millions of property destroyed.

Grandeur of our Continent.

The terrific grandeur of American scenery, in many places, is beyond description.—The New York Sun gives a short but interesting description of a fall on the Connecticut River, of which we have not before heard, which almost rivals in magnificence and singularity, the great Niagara itself, formed by shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of floods bury the northern country. At the upper Cohos, the river then spreads "24 miles wide," and for five or six weeks first rate ships might sail over lands that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings and surly motions of water, trees, and ice through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is condensed, without frost, by pressure, by swift-ness, between the adamant, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of incuration that no iron bar can be forced into it. Here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible, if not swift as lightning; the electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners. At high water are carried through this strait, masts and other timber, with incredible swiftness, and sometimes with safety; but when the water is too low, the masts, timber and trees strike on one side or the other and though of the largest size, are rent in one moment to shivers, and splintered like a broom to the amazement of spectators. The meadows, for many miles below, are covered with immense quantities of wood thus torn in pieces, which compel the hardest travellers to reflect how feeble is man, and how great the Almighty who formed the lightning, and the irresistible power and strength of waters!

No living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman, who was in a canoe, attempting to cross the river above it, but carelessly suffered herself to fall within the power of the current. Perceiving her danger, she took a bottle of rum she had with her and drank the whole of it, then lay down in the canoe to meet her destiny. Most wonderful to tell, she went safely through, and was taken out of the canoe some miles below, very much intoxicated. Being asked how she could be so daringly imprudent as to drink such a quantity of rum with the prospect of instant death before her, she replied,—"Yes, yes, white man—it was too much rum for once to be sure; but I was not willing to lose a drop of it; so I drank it, and you see I have saved all."

CARDINAL MAZARIN AND THE DUKE OF GRAMMONT.—The cardinal, who was prime minister of France in the reign of Louis XII, and during the minority of Louis XIV, was jumping against the wall in his study for amusement and exercise. The duke, entering suddenly, surprised his eminence in an occupation which solemly stupidity would consider very undignified for a cardinal and a prime minister; and in those days, and at the French court, when a wink from a prime minister might cost a man his liberty, if not his life, and certainly blight all his hopes of political preferment, a surprise of a prime minister that wounded his vanity or

pride, might be dangerous. Under such circumstances, any courtier less skillful than the duke would have been disconcerted, would have stammered excuses, retired, and been hated and persecuted or neglected by his eminence. But such an old soldier in courts as the duke was not easily caught.—He at once joined in the amusement with all his might, saying, "I'll bet a hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence." Both proceeded to jump higher with great vigor; but the duke was careful to jump about six inches lower than the cardinal, admitted that he had lost the wager, sent the hundred crowns to his eminence on the same day, and was appointed a marshal of France within six months.

A CURIOUS MISPRINT.—The London correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives the following amusing instances of misprints:—One of the most singular misprints of the press ever met with has lately been made. It beats the famous one of Sir Robert Peel joining a party of fiends (friends) in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting peasants (pheasants). It occurs in a copy of Handel's "Messiah," and is occasioned by the omission of the letter c at one of the sublime passages—"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be (c) hanged!"

A newly married lady, who was very fond of her husband notwithstanding the extreme ugliness of his person, once said to a friend, "what do you think! my husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon, on purpose to please me." "The dear little man!" cried the other, "well, it is just like him."

RUSSIAN APPETITE.—Madame Junot says, that in the preceding year young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to turn in all standing, boots and spurs into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite, that it was all that her maire d'hotel could do to keep pace with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and among them laid a plot to check this march of stomach, if possible. They gave the young Cossack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited with anxiety for the result. Presumption and vanity to think that any thing but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian accustomed to the digestion of train-oil, bullock's liver, and saw-dust rusks. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then awoke calling loudly for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of Madame's establishment.

From the Charleston Courier. Meeting of the National Masonic Convention.

We have received a small pamphlet containing the minutes of the proceedings of this body, at its session in Baltimore, Md., which commenced on Monday, the 8th of May, and closed on the 17th.

The following is a list of the officers and members.

Dr. John Dove, of Virginia, President.
Rev. Albert Case, of S. C., Secretary.
Rev. Dr. W. E. Wyatt, of Md., Chpl'n.
Charles W. Moore, of Massachusetts.
Thomas Clapham, of N. Hampshire.
Wm. Field, of Rhode Island.
Ebenezer Wadsworth, of New York.
Daniel A. Piper, of Maryland.
Nathaniel Seavers, Dist. Columbia.
John H. Wheeler, of North Carolina.
Lemuel Dwell, of Georgia.
Edward Herndon, of Alabama.
Thomas H. Hylwood, of Florida.
John Delafield, Jr., of Mississippi.
John Barney, of Ohio.
S. W. B. Carnegie, of Missouri.
Joseph Foster,

The pamphlet contains forty-eight closely printed pages, and yet much of the doings of the body were not included. We are informed by the delegate from this State, that the business was conducted in perfect harmony, and the members separated from each other under the kindly influence of Masonic principles. It is expected to meet at Winchester, Va., in May, 5848.

The following letter, addressed by the Convention to the fraternity throughout the United States, was written by our delegate—the Rev. Albert Case:

To the Masonic Fraternity of the United States:

BROTHERS.—The venerable institution of Masonry was planned in wisdom, and established on the firm and unshaken foundation of love and friendship, in ages long since rolled away. These foundations were laid broad and deep by those master spirits of yore, who, whose trust, are now conversant with other scenes in that blissful and immortal lodge which no time can remove.—They constructed the temple of the choicest materials of past ages, and it is ours to embellish it with the finest ornaments of modern times. Masonry is therefore venerable

with age. It nobly lived in the hearts of those worthy spirits of ancient days before even science had thrown her beams over the world, or put forth the embodied expressions of her glory in the combinations of letters into words.

This fair Fabric of Masonic splendor was planned and reared and finished for durability.

It has withstood the shocks of time, the revolutions of ages, the concussion of empires, and the convulsion of hostile contending nations.

When they have rolled garments in blood on the field of war, and shaken thrones to the dust, she has stood in her retiring and solitary grandeur, retaining all her ancient glory, and continually gathering around her brow fresh wreaths and new accessions of majesty and splendor.

Regardless of nation, kindred, tribe, or tongue, she speaks a language understood and felt by all, and has united the hearts of her votaries in the same mystic tie of endearing Love and Fellowship; and by the mild glance of her eye has melted even the rough Indian into tenderness, and turned away the tomahawk and scalping knife from the victim at which they were aimed.

While every thing ungodly in nature falls, and even Kings and Kingdoms are lost in the vortex of revolutions, and thrones crumble into ruin, and totter and fall from their basis, Masonry towers above all that is awful and ruinable in nature's realm, stands unmoved as the mountain rock, and undimmed listens to revolution's stormy voice. She has passed safely through the dark ages of superstition and bigotry—when wars and commotions convulsed the world to its centre, and when change seemed to sway a sceptre of universal empire.

We, in this happy land of the brave and the free, have raised our eyes, and gazed upon her venerated splendor.

Thousands became entranced, entered the sanctuary of her consecrated Temple, and the tide of popularity, rather than principle, has swept some of the unworthy, unhallowed and profane into her holy of holies.

A hand stained with crime has been raised against her principles, a night of darkness has gathered around her brow, and an army led on by unprincipled recreants has assailed her fortress in more than the horrors of war. Convolving clouds of stormy darkness have gathered around her. The lightning's of vengeance have shot their fires of death, and the rolling thunders of human wrath and indignation have been heard in reverberating peals. The storm has spent its violence. Her enemies in despair have retired from the field of conflict. The unprincipled have been cast out of her sanctuary, and many of those who were neither cold nor hot, have been spewed out of her mouth.

Having thus passed the fiery ordeal of public scrutiny, opposition and rage, she has come forth from the furnace, purified from evil men, and from those who had denounced her as unworthy; has fixed upon the bright escutcheon of her character; she has put on her beautiful garment, and, shining with renewed accessions of splendor, she stands among us in the firm majesty of warlike grandeur, like some lofty Appennines which sublimely tower to Heaven, while the very earth rocks at her feet.

On her venerable head which pierces the dark cloud, we see the beams of the omniscient EYE resting, and around it, the Light of Eternity playing; while on her stainless vesture, Faith, Hope and Charity are written. There she stands, and will stand till the last vibrating pendulum of time—till the pillars of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, that support and adorn the Fabric of nature shall fall.

It now remains for us to add, that the system involving the work, lectures and ceremonies as agreed upon after mature deliberation by this Convention, will be laid before you by your respective delegates. To that which may be emphatically termed a NATIONAL SYSTEM, believing it to be in accordance with the ancient land marks and usages of the craft, we invite and urge a strict and unswerving adherence.

It being the solemn duty of all who wear the badge of a Mason to square their actions and to keep themselves within the bounds of morality, a strict watchfulness is necessary on the part of all faithful Masons, and in those instances where a departure from duty, after perpetual admonition, is wilfully persisted in, the Lodges should exercise their powers and cleanse the sanctuary. To all faithful Brothers, we say—stand like men to your posts of duty and imitate those worthy Masons of yore.

Be true to your principles and the great moral edifice will stand beautiful and complete.

Together, Brethren, be true and faithful.
ALBERT CASE,
CHAS. W. MOORE,
NATHL SEEVERS,
J. DELAFIELD, Jr.