

THE YAZOO CITY WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1843.

VOL. 7, No. 36.—Whole No. 339.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I WILL sell, at the Court House door in the town of Benton, on Monday the 27th day of March next, 1843, within the hours prescribed by law, the following described Town Lots, for the taxes due for 1842, and all costs that have or may accrue thereon.

Lot No. 150 in the town of Sartaria, assessed to the heirs of John Vickers; taxes due \$1 00. Pr fee \$8 00.

Part of Lots Nos. 153 and 144 situated in the town of Sartaria, assessed to James & Frederick Sherry; taxes due \$2 00. Printer's fee \$8 00.

Lots Nos. 100, 110 and 111 situated in the town of Sartaria, assessed to B. G. Sims; taxes due 75 cents. Pr fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 87 situated on Yazoo street in Yazoo city, assessed to the heirs of Bethavian Young, taxes due \$1 00. Printer's fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 150 situated on Washington street, Lot No. 245 situated on Jefferson street, Lot No. 366 situated on West Alley, and Lot No. 158 situated on Third street, all in Yazoo city, assessed to the heirs of John Williams, taxes due \$5 50. Pr fee \$8 00.

Lots Nos. 203 and 204 situated on Hamilton street in Yazoo city, assessed as the property of Thomas Ward, taxes due \$2 00. Printer's fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 300 situated on Water street in Yazoo city, assessed as the property of Washington Elliott, taxes due 50 cents. Printer's fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 22 situated in the town of Benton, assessed as the property of the heirs of Wm. Jarrod, taxes due 24 cents. Pr fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 47 situated in the town of Benton, assessed as the property of Joseph Gibson's heirs, taxes due 74 cents. Pr fee \$8 00.

Lots Nos. 143 and 145 situated on the corner of Mound and Broadway streets in Yazoo city, assessed to the heirs of Wm. T. Breckenridge; taxes due \$2 50. Printer's fee \$8 00.

Lot No. 57 situated on Broadway street in Yazoo city, assessed as the property of Geo. Garr, taxes due \$7 50. Pr fee \$8 00.

East half of Lot No. 63 situated on the corner of Broadway and Mound streets, south half of Lot No. 420 situated on Monroe street in Yazoo city, assessed to the heirs of Edward A. Jackson; taxes due \$1 50. Pr fee 8 dollars.

East half southwest quarter of Section 36 all in Township 12, Range 2, east, containing 122 acres, assessed as the property of D. G. & R. Moore, taxes due \$1 24. Printer's fee 8 dollars.

S. L. JAMES, T. C. Y. C. Dec. 30, 1842. 25-141.

Tax Collector's Sale.

I WILL offer for sale, to the highest bidder for cash, before the court-house door in the town of Benton, county of Yazoo and State of Mississippi, on Monday, the twenty-fourth day of April, 1843, between 11 o'clock, A. M. and 3, P. M., the following described Town Lots, being in Yazoo city, to wit:—

Nos. 47 and 48, on the corner of Broadway and Yazoo streets.

No. 65, fronting on Broadway, between Mound and Water streets.

No. 134, fronting on Choctaw street, between 3rd and 4th streets.

Nos. 285 and 286, at Upper Landing.

Nos. 416 and 417, between Monroe street and South alley.

422, 423 and 424, adjoining lots, corner Leake street and South alley.

428, corner of Perry-st. and South alley.

446 and 447, lying between Broadway and Madison street.

454, on Madison, between Mound and Water streets.

456, bounded by Broadway, Madison-st., Water street and South alley.

479, on Town Bayou, between Main and Washington streets; and one hundred acres, more or less, not laid off in lots, lying on ——— streets. Assessed as the property of the heirs of S. G. Matthews, dec'd. The Administrator or Executor of the estate of said Matthews was called on by me for the taxes on said property, and he refused to pay the same. Said property may at this time be claimed by other persons, but I will sell it exclusively for the taxes due thereon for the year 1842. Taxes due, (including State and county) 30 dollars.

SAMUEL L. JAMES, Tax Collector of Yazoo county. Jan. 20, 1843. (Pr fee \$37.50) 28-141.

I will offer, at the same time and place, the following described property, to wit:—

Southwest quarter section 29, township 12, range 2, west, containing one hundred and sixty acres; entered by and assessed to John G. Andrews and Enos Fletcher. Taxes due, 3 dollars and 40 cents. Pr fee \$7.50.

Southeast quarter and east half southwest quarter, and west half northeast quarter of section 7, township 11, range 2, west; east half southwest quarter section 27, township

Tax Collector's Sale.

I WILL offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, before the Court House door in the town of Benton, Yazoo county, on Monday, the 17th day of April next, 1843, between 11 o'clock, A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M., the following described lands and town lots, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the State and county tax due thereon for the year 1842, and all costs.

Northwest quarter and west half northeast quarter Section 35, west half Section 28, east half northeast quarter Section 34, all in Township 13, Range 1, west; entered by and assessed to Wm. P. Grayson, but now belongs to the estate of Wm. R. Hale, containing 637 24-100 acres; taxes due 6 dollars and 34 cents. Pr fee 8 dollars.

East half southeast quarter Section 28, and east half northwest quarter and north half west half southwest quarter all in Township 10, Range 3, west, containing 189 acres, assessed as the property of James Christian; taxes due 1 dollar. Pr fee 8 dollars.

Lot No. 86 situated on Monroe street and Lot No. 116 situated on North Alley, lying in Yazoo city, assessed as the property of Obadiah A. Runnels; taxes due 1 dollar and 25 cents. Pr fee 8 dollars.

Lot No. 52 situated on Broadway street, in Yazoo city, assessed as the property of H. G. Runnels and I. Caldwell; taxes due one dollar. Pr fee 8 dollars.

South half west half southwest quarter Section 7, west half northeast quarter and north half west half northwest quarter and east half northeast quarter Section 18, south half northeast quarter and southeast quarter and east half southwest quarter and east half northwest quarter Section 19, west half southwest quarter Section 20, east half southwest quarter and west half northwest quarter and north half west half southwest quarter Section 20, east half northeast quarter and north half east half southeast quarter Section 30, all in Township 12, Range 3, East, containing 1269 44-100 acres, assessed as the property of Hiram G. Runnels; taxes due 29 dollars and 76 cents. Pr fee 15 dols.

A parcel of land at the mouth of Sun-Flower river containing 93 acres, assessed as the property of Sarah Till; taxes due one dollar and 40 cents. Pr fee 8 dollars.

East half southeast quarter Section 22, west half of southwest quarter Section 23, all in Township 11, Range 1, west, containing 160 41-100 acres, entered by and assessed to John M. McMorrough; taxes due 2 dollars and 40 cents. Pr fee 8 dollars.

Lot 272, corner of Ward & Jefferson sts., in Yazoo city; assessed to Malone & Hanlon, and now belonging to Lucas & Eskridge, and will be sold as their property. Taxes due 1 dollar and 66 cts. Pr fee 8 dollars.

Lot 353, corner of Leake and Washington streets, in Yazoo city; assessed to Malone & Hanlon, but now belongs to Thomas Adams, or his heirs, and will be sold as such. Taxes due 1 dollar and 66 cts. Pr fee 8 dollars.

Lot 14, on Washington street, between Holmes and Jefferson streets, in Yazoo city, assessed to Malone & Hanlon, but now belongs to Lemuel C Moore, and will be sold as such. Taxes due 1 dollar and 66 cents. Printer's fee, 8 dollars.

North half of west half of southwest quarter of section 34, township 13, range 1, E., south half of east half of southwest quarter section 2, township 9, range 3, west, containing about 81 acres. Taxes due \$1 22—Assessed as the property of Elisha Walter. Printer's fee 8 dollars.

The west half of the northwest quarter of section 26; the east half of northeast quarter, and north half of east half of southeast quarter; west half of southeast quarter, south half of east half southeast quarter of section 27, all in township 12, of range 2, east, containing 320 acres; assessed to, and entered by John Bridges. Taxes due 4 dols. and 80 cents, for the year 1842; assessed for 1841, to Geo. B. Dameron.—West half of northeast quarter of section 27, township 12, range 2, east, containing 79 84-100 acres; entered by and assessed to Fountain Land for 1842. Taxes due 1 dol. and 20 cts. Assessed for 1841 to George B. Dameron. Taxes due on the above described land for the year 1841, 11 dols. and 25 cents; as'd to said George B. Dameron.

S. L. JAMES, T. C. Y. C. Jan. 13, 1843. 27-141

POETRY.

From the "Mind and other Poems." SWEET EIGHTEEN.

By Chas. Swain.

Sweet eighteen! graceful eighteen!

Bring me roses, the birth-day flower,

Bathe them in dew where the fairies have been,

To wreath a charm for my natal hour:

Time will show me his magic glass,

Future life in each varied scene,

Lights and shadows will come and pass

Over the heart when it's turned eighteen!

Mother, oh! sing me again to rest,

Tender and fond as thy bosom of yore;

Father, I kneel, again to be blest

Over my prayers as thou blessed me before!

Nature, half grieving, half glad, appears;

Tears and smiles on the skies have been;

Just as I feel when I call past years,

And think that I now am—oh, sweet eighteen!

Summer hath brought me a bridal dress,

Lilies all gemm'd with their treasures of morn;

Woodbines that twine with their fondest cares,

Round the old cottage where they were born!

Thus will I cherish, thus hallow the spot,

Passing the moments your loves between;

For what are the pleasures my home has not!

Oh, what other years are like sweet eighteen!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Hindu Brahmin.

The misery which knowledge—useful as it is—brings on mankind, is finely illustrated by the following touching tale, which we take from the last number of Bentley's Miscellany. The story happened in the career of Mr. Clarke, a missionary, who, one day learned to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis.

Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and at the time appointed the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several incoherent queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him,

"Are you forbidden to eat any thing in which animal life exists?" "I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?" "Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?" "Impossible!"

"Will you swear to it?" "Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?" "Daily."

"Bring me some of the fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His orders were complied with; the pomegranates were brought.

"Choose one," The Brahmin did so. "Cut it in two." With this direction he complied. "Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope. "Now look at it."

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalcule. The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit), looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince him that there was no trick in the affair. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered "Bus sruk hi." "Enough—it is true."

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That every thing being filled with animalcule, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is?" "No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?" "I have a favor to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and, being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length, (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value), and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

The Miner.

"There's danger in the mines, old man!" I exclaimed to an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the side of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation; "it must be a frightful life."

The old man looked with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he muttered, "danger—where is there not—on the earth, or beneath it, on the mountain, or in the valley; on the ocean, or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot: where hath not death left some token of his presence?"

"Truly, I replied; 'but the vicissitudes of life are numerous; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, the soldier in the field of battle, and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb!'"

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life; 'tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this business?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's appearance.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of their vicissitudes," I said, "to which you just now alluded?"

"Yes," he replied with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time when three small boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings. Now it seems but yesterday, they stood before me in all the pride of their strength, and filled, too, with a father's vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet, a bleeding mass; we were together—no near that his hot blood sprung into my face—Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears—the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry of terror, but transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment, but time, that changeth all things, brought relief, and I still had two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They, too, were taken from me—Side by side they died—not as their brother, but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They bro't them home to the old man; his jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should survive the things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have, indeed," I replied, "drunk of affliction; whence do you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up. "From Heaven; God gave and he taketh away—blessed be his name!"

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

Lesson in Quarrelling.

If unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to step short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is.—This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since, I happened to be travelling in a stage coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat and dog feeling between them; for if one opened his lips the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do I mean?" said the latter; "I means dat a sheep has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep hasn't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said

John Bull.

"What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep has got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "I say de sheep has no tail, not von bit!"

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and I cannot say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a 'sheep?'"

"Vat do I mean by sheep? vy I means von big larsh ting with sails and rudder, dat goes upon de sea."

"Oh, ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a ship."

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply; "I mean von sheep dat has de captain and de sailors, and vat goes on de water."

"Very well, sir," says the Englishman, "I meant a sheep, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von sheep vit de wool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur; de sheep vit de wool has de tail. Oui, oui."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they get into a controversy let them consider who one of the parties does not mean a ship and the other a sheep.

Fudge.

MILITARY AND HEROIC FUDGE.

"My brave fellow soldiers, we are now on the eve of encountering the enemy. See, there he stands in hostile array against you. He thinks to terrify you by his formidable appearance. But you regard him with a steady, a fearless eye. Soldiers! the world rings with the fame of your deeds. Your glory is imperishable—it will live forever—

Regardless of wounds and death, you have ever been foremost where honor was to be won. Recollect, then, your ancient fame, and let your deeds this day show that you are still the same brave men who have so often chased your enemies from the field; so the same brave men who have ever looked on death as a thing unworthy a moment's consideration—on dishonor as the greatest of all evils. Band of heroes, advance! On, on to victory, death, wounds, glory, honor, and immortality!"

"Hurra, hurra, field-marshal Fudge forever! Lead us on, field-marshal, lead us on!" "Lead ye on, my brave fellows! Would to heaven my duties would permit me that enviable honor! But it would be too much for one so unworthy! Alas!—I dare not. My duties call me to another part of the field. I obey the call with reluctance. But my confidence in your courage, my brave fellows, enables me to trust you to advance yourselves. On, then, on, my band of heroes, and fear nothing!"

The field-marshal raises his hat gracefully, bows politely to his 'band of heroes,' and rides off to a height at a safe distance, from which he views the battle comfortably through the telescope.

THE AUTHOR'S FUDGE.

"In putting this work into the hands of the Public, the author has not been influenced by any of those motives that usually urge writers to publication. Neither vanity, nor the desire of gaining what is called a name, has had the slightest share in inducing him to take this step; still less has he been influenced by sordid love of gain; he looks for neither praise nor profit. His sole motive for writing and publishing his book has been to promote the general good by contributing his mite to the stock of general information. The author is but too well aware that the merits of his work, if indeed it have any at all, are of a very humble order; that it has, in short, many defects; but a liberal, discerning, and indulging Public will make every allowance for one who makes no pretensions to literary excellence. The author may add, that part of the blame of his now obtruding himself on the Public rests on the urgent entreaties of some, perhaps, too partial friends."

PATRIOTIC FUDGE.

"My country, oh, my country! it is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee, my country, will I at any time cheerfully die. [Who's that calling out fudge?] Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so is my constant prayer. Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interests are as dust in the balance. [Who's that again calling out fudge? turn him out, turn him out.] My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, oh! eternal shame to the sordid wretch, unworthy to live who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandizement to his country's good. Perish his name, perish the name of the miserable miscreant! Wealth! what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness? Station! what is station, unless thou too art advanced? Power! what is

Idle Daughters.

It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a most painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, or their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but as a necessary consequence of such neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse up their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are, and made them what they are—never seeming to consider themselves in the least responsible.

These 'ladies' will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for what person of sense can believe it real!—that "poor, poor mamma is working herself to death!"

No sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than the tune is changed: "Oh, she is quite in her element—she would never be at all contented if she was not always busy—and besides, their health was so delicate, and their constitutions so frail, that they could never endure the fatigue!"

Poor, dear, suffering creatures! How astonishing that they are able to frolic and dance and caper one half their time! Oh, what delightful wives, mothers, and companions in trouble they—wouldn't be for sensible men!

A young widow who edits a paper in a neighboring state, says,—"We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the mails."

WEATHER SIGNS.—A day or two since, a very intelligent gentleman, of uncommonly minute and accurate observation, whose opinion upon the weather we value highly, remarked to us, that usually about the last of February, or early in March, something in the atmosphere gives to light, just before the rising, and just after the setting of the sun, a peculiar tint—saffron colored—or what painters would call a warm tint. This appearance is soon followed by a thaw, which is the breaking up of winter. This softened light is the "aurora of spring." Such a light was observed this present winter on the 25th of December, and the following days. On December 26, this peculiar appearance led the gentleman above referred to, to say that "the winter is broken," although we had then, and for several days following, no other sign of the nine days thaw that has since occurred. After the weather cleared up we had again on Saturday, and also on Sunday last, the same peculiar, spring promising.—New England Farmer.

IRON.—The Rochester Democrat states that "Iron was first made in this country in 1715, in Virginia. In New York, Orange county, a furnace was erected in 1751, and 1500 tons of pig and 1,000 of bar iron made annually. The great iron chain that crossed the Hudson during the Revolution, each link of which weighed 140 pounds, was made here. Peter Townsend made the first cannon there, in 1816. In the United States, 1840, there were made 347,403 tons of pig iron; twenty years ago, Great Britain made only 400,000 tons; now she makes 1,258,781 tons."

THE TOTAL RETURNS of the militia force in the United States in 1842, is 1,674,466. Pennsylvania returns 236,171 militia, including officers. New York only 173,599.

THE OPIUM TRADE.—An English paper estimates that if the Opium trade were entirely suppressed, there would be an actual loss of 15,000,000 or 16,000,000 dollars per annum as regards direct trade with China; besides several millions more for which produce is obtained in the Archipelago.

DRAINING THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.—The Secretary of War has transmitted to the House of Representatives a report of Colonel Albert, of the Topographical corps, stating information as to the practicability of draining the Everglades of Florida can be obtained only by careful and well conducted surveys. The cost is estimated at \$10,000.

DAYS OF WORSHIP.—The following days of the week are set apart for public worship in different nations.—Sunday, or the Lord's day, by Christians; Monday, by the Grecians; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians; Thursday, by the Egyptians; Friday, by the Turks; Saturday, by the Jews.

Despotism, says an eloquent writer, can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press is destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

The true use of self-esteem in the human constitution, is to give that sense of self-respect which tends to maintain right conduct, and to repel unjust aggression.

"I'll shock you," as the farmer said when he tied his wheat in bundles.

Power, unless the power of doing thee good?

Oh, my country! my country, oh! [Oh! oh! oh! from various parts of the house.] The parrot sits down, wiping his patriotic nose with a white handkerchief amidst thunders of applause.

It is, says Mrs. Ellis, a most painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, or their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but as a necessary consequence of such neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse up their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are, and made them what they are—never seeming to consider themselves in the least responsible.

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