

## YAZOO DEMOCRAT.

W. S. EPPERSON, EDITOR.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Charles James Fox.

The following account, which we take from Household Words, of the celebrated Fox, is a pretty exact delineation of that distinguished man, who acted a most conspicuous part in English and European politics sixty or seventy years ago. According to Lord Brougham, who has written an account of his public life, he must have been one of the most powerful debaters that ever sat in a deliberative body. With all his personal faults and failings—and they were not a few—no leader of a political party was perhaps ever so idolized by his political friends, among whom were men of the highest merit, of almost all kinds, which proves that their admiration and attachment were not blindly and capriciously bestowed. Mr. Fox is not regarded by Household Words as in any respect profound, or beyond the next generation. This may be, but he was not in any respect shallow either, nor, in point of political sagacity and presence behind any of his cotemporaries, and was far beyond many who ranked high for knowledge and ability. He was a good classical scholar, and master of the English language. His history of James II. is undervalued, because something extraordinary was expected of the distinguished statesman; and his peculiar notions about historical writing caused him to use a style much less impressive than that of his oratory.

Stephen; second Lord Holland, though by no means destitute of natural abilities or vivacity, appears to have had in his composition too great a predominance of the animal nature over the spiritual. Hence an apologetic tendency, which took him off at the age of nine-and-twenty.

But Stephen had a brother, afterwards the celebrated Charles James Fox, the 'man of the people,' who, however he may have indulged himself in the same way, had life enough in him to keep him wide awake (and others too) for nearly twice the time. Indeed he may be said, during his youth, to have had too much life; more animal vitality in him, and robustness of body to bear it out, than he well knew what to do with. And his father is said to have encouraged it by never thwarting his will in anything. Thus the boy expressing a desire one day to 'smash a watch,' the father, after ascertaining that the little gentleman did positively feel such a desire, and was not disposed to give it up, said, 'Well, if you must, I suppose you must; and the watch was smashed.—Another time, having been promised that he should see a portion of a wall pulled down, and the demolition having taken place while he was absent, and a new portion supplied, the latter itself was pulled down, in order that the father's promise might be kept, and the boy not disappointed.—The keeping of the promise was excellent, and the wall well sacrificed; but not so the watch; and much less the guineas with which his father is absolutely said to have tempted him to the gaming table, out of a foolish desire to see the boy employed like himself! Habits ensued which became alarming to the old gamester himself, and which impeded the rise, injured the reputation, and finally nullified that supremacy on the part of the son, which was borne away from him by the inferior but more decorous nature of Pitt.

Fox was a great lesson to what is good and what is bad in fatherly indulgence. All that was good in him it made better; all that was bad it made worse. And it would have made it worse still, had not the good luckily preponderated, and thus made the best of all even of the bad. Charles was to have his way as a child; so he smashed watches. He was to have his way as a youth, so he gambled and was dissolute. He was to have his way as a man, so he must be in parliament, and get power, and vote on the Tory side because his father had indulged him, and he must indulge his father. But his father died, and then the love of sincerity which had been taught him as a bravery and a predominance, was encouraged to break forth by the galling of his political trammels; and though he could not refuse his passions their indulgence, till friends rescued him from insolvency, and thus piqued his gratitude into amendment, that very circumstance tended to show that he added strength and largeness of heart to his father's softness; for the spoiled child and reckless gamester, finally settled down as a representative of a nobler age that was coming, and was the charm in private of all who admired simplicity of manners and the perfection of good sense. Apart from this love of truth, we do not take him in any respect to have been profound, or to have seen

beyond the next generation. What was greatest in Charles Fox was his freedom from nonsense, pettiness and pretension. He could by no means admit that greater was smaller, or the rights of the American and French nations inferior to those of their princes. He envied no man his good qualities; felt under no necessity of considering his dignity with young or old; thought humanity at large superior to any particular forms of it; and becoming its representative in circles which would have conceded such a privilege to none but a man of birth, enabled them to feel how charming it was.

The spoiled child prevailed so long in the life of Fox, and to all appearance so irremediably, that accounts of him at different periods seem hardly recording the same man.

To give instances, in as few words as possible. We have seen the smashing of a watch.

When a youth, he was a great admirer of peacocks and ribbons; and on his return from his first visit to the continent he appeared in red-heeled shoes, and a feather in his hat—the greatest fopperies of the day.

His father paid a hundred and forty thousand pounds for his gaming debts.

He took to the other extreme in dress, and became as slovenly as he had been foppish.

Whenever he was in office he never touched a card; and when his political friends, out of a sense of what was due to his public services, finally paid his debts, and made him easy for life, he left off play entirely.

He dressed decently and simply, and settled down into the domestic husband the reader of books, and the lover of country retirement, from which he could not bear to be absent for a day.

In Holland House, Fox passed his boyhood and part of his youth. He is not much associated with it otherwise except as a name. He and a friend one day, without a penny in their pockets, walked thither from Oxford, a distance of fifty-six miles, for the purpose, we suppose, of getting a supply. They resolved to do it without stopping on the road; but the day was hot; an alehouse became irresistible; and on arriving at their journey's end, Charles thus addressed his father, who was drinking his coffee: 'You must send half a guinea, or a guinea, without loss of time, to the alehouse keeper at Nettledale, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left there in pawn for a pot of porter.'

A little before he died, at fifty-eight years of age, of dropsy, he drove several times with his wife to Holland House, and looked about the grounds with a melancholy tenderness.—[Washington Globe.

AND SHE WAS A WIDOW.—A pale and pensive lady has just passed—she is clad in "the weeds of profoundest woe;" doubtless she is a widow. A moment to imagine her history. He whom she mourns had wooed her in girlhood. There is a fragrant nook, where a river gurgles, which she never remembers save with tears, wherein love's blessed drama was performed by their fervid lips. They were wed at last. Months, perhaps years departed, and then the shadow fell. He blessed her amid the marches of the night and in the morning went out with the stars. The earth is laden with such histories. She was blithe and merry once. She loved the customs of society, and adhered with a sort of piety to the maxims of fashion. Gay and happy as the world in which she dwelt. But 'tis a mournful thing to carry a dead heart in a living bosom. It is a bitter thing for a lip used to dainties to feed on ashes. It is a fearful thing for the living to know that their only treasure is hid in the grave—beautiful life—life linked to repulsive corruption. Her desires are written upon her face. Its expression translate her muted yearnings. She longs to join in the distant and better country him who has gone before. The welcome hour is nearer than she thinks. They shall soon lay her beside her buried idol. How lovely will be that dying smile, when the prayerful lips shall at the touch of death's cold finger. God grant that the drooping lily of earth may become a fadeless amaranth in Heaven.

POETRY IN CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the Nevada Democrat sends a patriotic poetical production to that popular paper, of which the following is a stanza:

Keep yourselves ever fixed on the American Eagle,  
Whom we as the proud bird of our destiny hail;  
For that wise fowl you can never inveigle  
By depositing salt on his venerable tail!

The following epigram, apologetic for the bear that bit the hand of Lola Montes, is from the Marysville Herald:

When Lola came to feed her bear,  
With comfits sweet, and sugar rare,  
Brain ran out in haste to meet her,  
And seized her hand because 'twas sweeter.

A young man named P. Durgle shot himself while hunting in Sunflower county, Miss., recently.

You can tell how wide a man's reputation is, but you can't tell how long.

#### Virginia Gentlemen and Ladies.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Richmond, thus expresses him- (or her-) self as follows:

"You doubtless remember the song of 'The Good Old English Gentleman, all of the Olden Time,' rendered celebrated in the minstrelsy of Braham, Knight and Russell. If I were devoted to the lyric muse, I think my song would be of the Virginia gentleman descended from the Cavaliers of old. There is something right gallant and noble in the true gentleman of this State—him of the old regime especially; there is nothing dwarfed or stunted, either in his inward or outward growth; hale, hearty, and stalwart he is, mentally and bodily; 'every inch a man.' He does not hesitate to express a frank, manly, honest opinion; there is nothing of prevarication or concealment in his nature; he is not afraid to walk with head erect, and to meet his brother face to face. The whole exterior of the Virginia gentleman is far less care-worn than that of his brother of the North, even as his mind is less subjugated to fashion, and to the 'say of Mrs. Grundy.' Of good birth and equal breeding, he knows how he stands in his own community, and is not chary how he recognizes an inferior, lest he should lose caste, or be thought a miracle of condescension. What a contrast between such a one and the aspiring Northern parvenu, who, uncertain of his own position, fears to speak to his less fortunate brother in trade, because, not having amassed sufficient property to be able to 'sink the shop,' he (the latter) has not felt authorized to cut his own kinsmen and sisters.

"The daughter, too, of this old Virginia gentleman is likewise to the manor born; her heart is not crusted over with cold conventionalities, nor her soul smothered by any omnipresent worldliness. She has received the truest kind of culture in the education of the heart and the bringing out of every attribute of the affections; her mind is a repository of useful learning, because her education has been founded upon a knowledge of the best English authors, and she knows nothing—positively nothing of Eugene Sue or George Sand. She may, perchance, be able to give you the Latin derivation of an English word, but she does not sing in Italian, and would not pretend to read German in the original text. When her father entertains company, does she know aught besides the time to dress for dinner and the art of attiring herself to perfection? Here the affirmative is emphatic. From the garret to the cellar she has the well-ordering of all things, and is equally at home in the pantry and larder. She is the true child in earnest; nobly womanly in her nature—refined in the whole tone of her education, and adapted in every sense to be the rational company of man.

"What a comparison I might draw here between such a daughter and that of the new-made Northern millionaire, who being born in Short street, or North street, or some other obscure locality, scarcely knows how to deport herself under a new regime and with an onerous burthen of estate; she calls her less fortunate sisters who are better born and more duly educated than herself, by the elegant name of 'snobs'—cut them behind her sunshade when she meets them on the pave, and betrays her own original dirt by assuming hothouse airs, though many a one remembers that she first saw the light herself from 'under a hedge.' In the words of the worthy satirist:

"As a wild flower, all would have owned it was fair,  
And praised it, tho' gaudier blossoms were there,  
But when it assumed hot house airs, we see  
Through the foliage, through the leaves, and suspect that it  
Under a hedge."

"The contrast I have thus drawn is striking, and the existence of these two extremes of being arises from marked differences of education, and the more rapid growth of one State over another in wealth and population. But these things will right themselves in the course of time. The sun will rise to the surface, the 'snobbish' effervescence escape, and the extreme of fashionable foolery find its own level. There is a thank-worthy conservatism in that kind of good manners which proceeds from true heartedness and noble principle, which no modern innovations can approach or parallel."

WHAT IS ARISTOCRACY?—In reply to this question, Gen. Foy, a distinguished orator in the French Chambers, gave the following answer: "Aristocracy in the 19th century is the league, the condition of those who would consume without producing, live without working, know without learning, carry all honors without deserving them, and occupy all the places of government without being able to fill them."

"The 'Say Nothings'—The 'Know Nothings' are not to have all the fun to themselves. Another new organization has been introduced into this city called the 'Say Nothings.'—Washington Union.

#### Extract from the Life of Jefferson.

BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.  
Mr. Jefferson as a lover—Personal Description of Him.

With Mr. Jefferson, the lover succeeded the school boy in the due and time-honored order, as laid down by the "melancholy Jaques." The only record of this affair is to be found in a series of letters addressed by him to his friend Page, commencing immediately after he left college and extending, at intervals through the two succeeding years. These are to be found at length in Professor Tucker's life of him, and in the Congress edition of his correspondence. They possess some interest perhaps in relation to their subject matter, but most, as the earliest specimens of their author's epistolary writing which have been preserved. Though they display something of that easy command of language—that "running pen"—for which he was afterwards so celebrated, they exhibit no peculiar grace of style, or maturity of thought. Perhaps, however, these would scarcely be expected in the careless, off-hand effusions of boyish intimacy. It causes a smile to see the future statesman "sighing like furnace" in a first love; concealing, after the approved fashion of student life, the name of his mistress under awkward Latin puns and Greek anagrams, to bury a secret which the world, of course, was supposed to have a vast interest in discovering; delightfully describing happy dances with his "Belinda" in the Apollo (that room in the Raleigh tavern where we shall soon find him acting so different a part); vowing the customary despairing vow, that "if Belinda will not accept his service, it never shall be offered to another;" and so on to the end of the chapter in the well-beaten track of immemorial perscription. The object of his attachment, was a Miss Rebecca Burwell, (called Belinda as a pet-name or by way of concealment,) whom tradition speaks of as more distinguished for beauty than cleverness.

Mr. Jefferson's proposals seems to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in foreign travel before marriage. Whether for this, or because her preferences lay in a different direction, Miss Burwell somewhat abruptly married another man, in 1764.

Mr. Jefferson was generally, however, rather a favorite with the other sex, and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular, and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy, and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut hair luxuriant and silken. His full, deep-set eyes, rather light in color, and inclining most to a blue or brown, according to the light in which they are viewed, were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part. His manners were unusually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in moulding the young and wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness and cordiality in its tone—a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny—which irresistibly won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it—of such men as the scholar-like Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gifted Fauquier. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placidity, there was not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencontre, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits, which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolled by oaths or tobacco! Though he speaks of en-

joying "the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of the fox," he never put but one horse in training to run, never run but a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives and even of vice royalty to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex. He became of age in 1761.

The following letter was handed us with the request to print it, and after looking into its subject matter and style with that wary diligence which fear of offence incites, we are of an opinion that no tenable exceptions can be taken to it. "Myrtilla" is confessedly severe upon the individuals engaged in the serenade, and the autography of the name too, would seem to indicate that the writer is of the "softer sex." Be that as it may, we give the letter for what it is worth:

#### THE SERENADE.

Mr. Editor.—Music has been defined as—a charm, a power that sways the breast, Bids every passion revel, or be still; Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves; Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.

It would be proper for me to promise that I am excessively fond of music. Having devoted more than half of my time and attention to attain the ordinary perfectibility in the art. It will not, I am sure, be improper in me, to say that I have some idea of good performance, and although my appreciation may not be very acute, as indeed it is not,—I do fancy that I have a very correct taste so far as my capacity as a judge extends.

The serenade of Monday night the 15th inst.—a night of calm serenity and soft stillness—one that would have so much become the touches of the sweetest harmony—was certainly not the work of amateurs. The motive that influenced the act was I doubt not, in the best nature, and I willingly concede that the performance was equal to their capabilities; but sir, when an art so useful and ornamental as music is seized upon by neophytes, and its beauties thus turned into tortures, I am emboldened to make a remonstrance.

I know sir, that every person cannot perform, but all possess a discriminating judgment in a greater or less degree, so that it is impossible for the ears of people to be entertained with such music as was obtruded upon the slumbers of our citizens on the occasion referred to. Music without harmony or any other indispensable attribute, (except perhaps the grand discord) without any just spirit, or a languishment of notes, without any passion, or common sense. I have nothing of the *argumentum ad hominem* in my manner of speech, for if I did, I would say to these serenaders, "Improve your circumstances, by improving in the art which you profess, soften as much as can be, the hideous screechings of your violins, administer some kind of expectorant to the distressful wheezings of the flute, and until a respectable advancement is made in the vocal department, O! tax not so bad a voice to slander music any more than once."

This rebuke sir, is given in the right spirit, and I feel that no offence will be taken, as I am certain none is intended.

#### MYRTILLA.

GOOD ADVICE.—Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to save, the moment they enter upon the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to obtain a competency, and without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life.

To industry and economy add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The business man must keep at the helm and steer his own ship. In early life, every one should be taught to think for himself. A man's talents are never brought out until he is thrown to some extent upon his own resources. If, in any difficulty, he has only to run to his principal, and then implicitly obey the directions he may receive, he will never acquire that aptitude of perception necessary to those who hold important stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the development of the intellectual and moral character.

Attend to the minutia of the business, small things as well as great. See that your place of business is opened early, and everything going on betimes.

FAST WOMAN.—A woman named Mrs. Hamersly, in St. Lawrence county, N. York, was a few days ago divorced from her husband at half-past seven o'clock, and her original name restored, her husband being in court and resisting the application. At 10 o'clock the same day she was married to a Mr. Wike—thus being twice a wife and once single, and legally entitled to bear the names of Mrs. Hamersly, Miss Colton and Mrs. Wike; all in the space of half an hour. This woman will pass.

#### A Categorical Courtship.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—  
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;  
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,  
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;  
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;  
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night  
For thirteen days, and had a smacking notion  
To pop the question, thinking all was right,  
And once or twice had made an awkward motion;  
But somehow nothing to the point had uttered.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost;  
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,  
Drew a long breath, then my legs I crossed,  
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;  
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,  
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—  
I couldn't speak—the words were always clogging;  
I scarce could move—I seemed tied to the chair—  
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!  
The perspiration from each pore was oozing,  
My heart and brain and limbs their power seemed losing.

At length I saw a bridle tabby cat  
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her,  
An idea came, electric-like at that—  
My doubts, like summer clouds began to scatter.

I seized on tabby; though a scratch she gave me;  
And said—"Come, puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder was now out,  
The thing was all explained in half a minute;  
She blushed and turning pussy cat about,  
Said—"Pussy, tell him yes!"—her foot was it!

The cat saved me my category,  
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

METHOD.—A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matter of his sermons than those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this, but she thought the fact worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he could explain the cause. "L-happen," said he, "to make a particular point of classifying my topics, it is a hobby of mine to do so, and therefore I never composed a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, madam, your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few small purchases, not having time to write down the items; and you said, 'Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by the by; and some powder blue; and don't forget to bring a few light cakes; and a little starch, and some sugar; and now I think of it, soda,—you would not be surprised if her if memory failed her with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission ran thus, 'Now Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea therefore bring a supply of tea, and coffee, and sugar, and light cakes; and the next day, you know, is washing-day, so that we shall want soap, and soda, and powder blue;' it is most likely that she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermon."

TRIUMPH OF LEARNING.—Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement which is now flowing through the land, like another Niagara, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity, and it will bear then, on its bosom, our virtues or vices, our glory or our shame; or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It then, in a great measure, depends upon the present, whether the moth of immortality, ignorance and luxury, shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or knowledge and virtue like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time. Give your children fortune without education, and at least one half of the numbe will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them education and they will be a fortune to themselves and country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold—for it buys true honor—they can never spend nor lose it, and through life it proves a friend—in death a consolation.

LIVELINESS.—Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while they continue young and pretty—but it leads to no esteem—produces no affection if it be carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose *mot* is the most piquant—who gathers a group of laughers round her, of whom shy and quiet people are afraid—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general approbrium is dullness—but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.

Twenty steamboats have been built in Pittsburg and its vicinity during the year ending April 5. Forty-five are now in process of construction.