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THE MAN-MACHINE.

In Paulding's "Three Wise men of Gotham"—a work so full of just and pungent satire, wit, and sense, that his countrymen ought to be ashamed of its small circulation among them—one of the Three, who had been brought up in a cotton factory, according to the most approved recipe of the tariff mongers, for increasing the wealth of the nation, and the virtue and happiness of its people, gives to his brethren the following account of his boyhood. The tale is curious, 'tis true; but numberless scenes that have come to light, from the interior of those unnatural hot house of premature industry called *manufactories*, show that fiction here, as in many other instances, falls short of the truth.

"My father," said the man-machine, "for so the narrator was called) "had little or no money, but was blessed with the poor man's wealth, a fruitful wife and great store of children. Of these I am the eldest; but we were all too young to take care of ourselves, until the fortunate discovery was made by some great philanthropist, that little children, six or seven years old, could labor a dozen or fourteen hours a day without stinting their minds, ruining their health, or destroying their morals. This improvement in the great science of productive labor, delighted my father—it was shifting the burden, as the lawyers say, from his own shoulders to his children's. He forthwith bound us all over to a cotton manufactory, where we stood upon our legs three times as long as a member of Congress, that is to say, fourteen hours a day, and among us, managed to earn a guinea a week. The old gentleman—gentleman he became from the moment he discovered his little flock could maintain him—thought he had opened a mine. He left off working, and took to drinking, and studying the mysteries of political economy and productive labor. He soon became an adept in this glorious science; and at length arrived at the happy conclusion, that the whole moral, physical, political and religious organization of society, resolved itself into making the most of human labor, just as we do that of horses, oxen and asses.

"I was nine years old when I went into bondage, and had previously learned to read and write pretty fluently, for in my country, there are few so poor that they cannot obtain these advantages.—It was luckily for me, for I never learned any thing afterwards, but the art of adding to the amount of *productive labor*.—I continued in this happy asylum of infant innocence till I was thirteen years old. I say *happy*, according to the glorious science of 'productive labor.' It is true, we had little to eat; but as we had little time to eat it in, it was of little consequence whether we had plenty to eat or not. The short space allowed us for eating, had another great advantage—as the superintendent assured us. By swallowing without chewing, our food was longer in digesting, and of course administered more to our nourishment.—He instanced the snakes, who always swallowed their prey whole—the wisdom of serpents was proverbial. Food and time were precarious things, and people ought to make the most of them. I was also a maxim with him, that too much liberty or leisure, was quite as bad as too much food, and too much time to eat it in. It made people radicals and unbelievers. Thus he proved that the little we had to eat, and the little time we had to eat it in, were highly beneficial.

"To enforce this salutary doctrine, there was a system of fines, which for a long while made a great hole in our pockets. Our moments were all numbered; there was a fine for every moment we exceeded the limited time of meals—a fine for every moment we went beyond the time allowed for all the ordinary occupations of nature—a fine for looking out a window—a fine for opening a window although we might be suffocating in a atmosphere of cotton exhalations, heated like an oven—a fine for sneezing, least we should blow away some of the particles of cotton, and thus diminish the "productive labor." There was a fine for nodding over a spinning

jenny, when the poor souls, worn out with the endless, motionous toils of the day, involuntarily sought refuge in a momentary forgetfulness. In short, we were chained and enslaved by a system of petty fines and exactions, which, in addition to the certainty of being punished on Saturday night when we carried home our diminished earnings, soon made us as docile as the galley slave at his oar. We had neither time to learn, nor inclination to play for the short intermission of our labors were passed in dozing. We became stupified in mind, and the functions of our bodies gradually obeyed the impulses of the engine which gave life and motion to the great machinery. By the time I had been there three years I felt as if soul had transmigrated into a spinning jenny, and as if I had actually become a piece of machinery."

VALUE OF LEAVES FOR MANURE.

Messrs. Editors: For the encouragement of manuring, I send you the following practical facts just as they occurred, if you value them as highly as I do you will make room for them in your paper. A piece of the oldest, poorest and most worn out land I owned and thickly set with Bermuda grass was selected. I should observe, the Bermuda grass when well broke up in the winter gives very little futher trouble although it is not killed. The piece of land being well broke up twice in the winter, was put in corn and well cultivated. It was a good crop year, the corn, in cluding rotten nubbins and all, made near one barrel to the acre. Next winter the field was made larger, well broke up, and covered broad-cast with leaves from the woods, and such other manure as was at command; it was put in corn and made three barrels per acre of good corn.—It was again well broke up in the winter, covered broad-cast with leaves and soil from the woods, with a little manure from the horse lot, a storm passed over the field and blew it very badly, it however measured seven barrels of good sound corn (much of the corn being rotten and not measured,) per acre. The whole field was now sown in oats without manuring; all who saw it said, it was the best field of oats they ever saw; it was very tall and had to be cut with reap hooks. Middleton Thompson who is a good practical planter, insists if it had made one more shock, the ground could not have held the shocks. It made three large double stacks per acre; as the size of a stack of oats is only comparative, to give a better idea of its produce, I would say, on fresh land, the best oats I have ever made, has never produced more than one stack of the same size to every three acres; so that this field made nine times as much per acre as the best land I ever cultivated. The next winter, this field was partially covered broadcast, where it seemed most to need it, with litter from the woods as well from the horse lot, and directed to be broken up during the winter. Another little field of fresh land was manured broadcast where it most required it, with stable manure, which was given to me by one of my neighbors. Another little field of this land was put in cotton; the rest of my cotton crop was 150 acres on another part of the plantation, not connected with these three little fields. I had a long spell of sickness, and when I was able to examine my crop, I was disappointed to find that the whole cotton crop was planted without breaking up the ground in the winter, and covered in such a way, as to throw the cotton seed out of the rows, instead of covering them in the rows. I discharged my overseer immediately, and employed Mr. Barber, a good practical planter in his place; he was directed to pass over the crop—examine and see what had best be done; his opinion was that the 150 acres could produce no cotton, and had better be ploughed up and put in corn; that on the other three little fields, by careful working, a half stand might be saved; so observe, the cotton crop consisted of three little fields making, as we guess, 15 acres. By having to plough up 150 acres and plant it in corn, the cotton lost its first and most important working; the Bermuda grass by losing its winter's breaking, was very much in the way and done much injury; we think no part had more than half a stand. Now for the produce:—when nearly all the cotton picked was out, I directed Mr. Barber, who, observe, is a good practical planter, to get bagging sufficient and

have it ginned and packed; in a few days he came and said the cotton would overgo his calculation, and required more bagging—the quantity he wanted was got a few days more, he again came and informed me the cotton still over went his calculation, and he must have more bagging he was again directed to get it. I now went to examine my cotton, and rather found fault with Mr. Barber (as a practical planter) in his judgment what the land would produce. He said he had made the crop, and knew how it had been injured; first, from loss of the first and most important working; second, the Bermuda grass from not being broke up in the winter, had been in the way the whole season and injured it greatly; that again, part of it was not manured at all, and that no part had half a stand; that he was confident it had not made half a crop, that it was all now ginned up, that there were sixteen 51 yard bags of well packed cotton; that he certainly never was so much deceived, and was more fully convinced that the study of the planter should be how to manure. Is not the history of the little crop as I have given it, sufficient to put those who shall read it in the notion, that the proper system of planting is to cultivate less land' make that rich, and put it in high culture. Here is (by guess) 15 acres, which we think by bad management has not made half a crop, still produces sixteen baies. Now take plantations such as we shall find them over the country: if a planter wishes to make fifty baies, he will be unsafe in trusting to make it on less than 200 acres;—make 25 acres rich and put in high culture, and he will be sure of his fifty baies, (barring accidents.) If he will but his whole crop under high culture, he will have seven-eighths of his time to make manure, and still make as much as he now does; the question is not where to find manure, whoever begins will always find the materials at command, if he will give sufficient time and attention to it; seven-eighths of his land will be at rest, and he can select the best spots to manure. Lightly manuring land is a waste of time and labor; the crop perhaps is improved, but the land is no better than before; so manure year after year, until the whole nature of the land is chemically changed, and poor land made rich.—The field above alluded to, was a thin white ridge, I have never yet made one acre rich; but by partially manuring a number of acres, I have made in corn 46 bushels per acre; in oats the products have been increased nine-fold; in wheat 45 bushels to the acre—five bushels is a passable crop; in cotton, I have never made an acre do its best. I presume, if one hundred dollars was offered to him who would cultivate the best acre of cotton, not more than one would make two baies per acre.

ROBERT. R. HASDEN.

Specie in the Boston Banks.—The Banks Commissioners, as one of their last official acts (says the Daily Advertiser) have just taken an account of the specie now in the Banks of Boston, the result of which shows that they are in a very gratifying condition. The gross amount of specie in all of them, at the close of business on the 21st, was \$5,100,000 or but little more than half the amount of specie on hand.—*Pic.*

American Manufactures.—There are 9,000 cotton mills in the United States, with an aggregate capital of 50 million dollars invested. In these mills are 40,000 looms, and their products is about 560,000,000 of yards each year. The advantage in favor of the American manufacture on the score of expense is so great that there is every probability of the American article being able to enter into successful competition with the English article upon their own ground.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

THE ZYGOON.—A communication in the New York Evening Post mentions that there have existed in that city nearly a year, the fossilized bones of an extinct gigantic reptile, seventy feet in length, and filling fourteen large boxes. They were discovered six feet beneath the surface, on the plantation of Judge Creagh, Clark county, Alabama. They are complete; not a rib or vertebra being wanting, and are in a beautiful state of preservation. From a minute inspection, of these osseons remains, is believed that the animal to which they belonged was of a species between the whale and lizard tribe, and the name of

Zygodon has been bestowed upon it.—The boxes are to be taken to London, for the investigation of British naturalists.

GENERAL CASS.—We see by the late English papers, that in a recent discussion in the House of Lords on the Ashburton treaty, Lord Brougham pronounced a tirade against this distinguished gentleman, which is more worthy the name of "Billingsgate" than any thing we have lately noticed. "When bad men praise me I fear I have done something wicked," was the remark of an ancient wise man. And on the same principle, when the high functionaries of England pour out the vials of their vituperation upon those who have incurred their hate, we may be sure that these last have done something in favor of the rights of nations and of the calls of humanity. Great Britain cannot forgive General Cass for his masterly exposure, at Paris, of its ambitious schemes and projects. Their censure is his highest praise.—*Augusta Age.*

COUNTERMANDED.—The order of the Secretary of the Treasury to the Collector of this port, prohibiting the publication of Exports, has been rescinded—and yesterday the several Reporters were allowed the privilege of copying, at the Customhouse, the export manifest. The remonstrance of the press, and the expression of the commercial portion of the citizens of New Orleans, has had a salutary effect, and the Secretary has repaired the fault he probably unwittingly committed through the representations of some designing person, or persons.—*N. O. Jef.*

For the three months ending on the 21st of March last, the coinage at the N. Orleans Mint amounted to \$1,000,000, of which \$916,000 was in gold.—*N. O. Jef.*

Ginger Beer.—As a summer beverage, we give the following recipe, as furnished us by a friend, knowing it to be excellent:

Take 1 oz. of cream tartar, 1 oz. of ginger, coarsely pounded, and 2 lbs. of honey, to every gallon of water. Put these ingredients into a jar or pail, and pour in the water at boiling heat, stir it until all are thoroughly mixed; best to do this early in the morning, when milk warm, stir in three large spoonfuls of yeast to every gallon of water. When settled, pour off the liquor into a jug; cork close; and if made early in the morning, bottle it up the same night.—Be careful to tie the corks well with a stout twine. A thirsty man on a hot sultry day, will relish this very much.—*We know it.*

TO CURE A BURN.—A Quakeress preacher in New York was so successful in curing burns, that many of the lower class supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the receipt for the medicine:—Take one ounce of beeswax with four ounces of Burgundy pitch, simmered together in an earthen vessel, in as much sweet oil as will soften them into the consistency of salve when cool. Stir the liquid when taken from the fire till quite cool.—Keep it from the air in a tight box or jar. When used spread it thinly on a cloth and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle to let out the water till it heals.—*[Am. Farmer.]*

RICE CEMENT.

This useful and elegant cement, which is beautifully white, and dries almost transparent is made by mixing rice flour intimately with cold water and then boiling it. Papers pasted together with this cement, will sooner separate in their own substance than at the joining. It is, therefore, an excellent cement in the preparation of curious paper articles, as tea trays, ladies' dressing and working boxes, and other articles which require layers of paper to be cemented together. In every respect it is preferable to common paste made with wheat flour.—It answers well for pasting into books the copies off by copying machines on unsized silver paper. With this composition, made with a small quantity of water, that it may have a consistency similar to plastic-clay, medals busts, statuettes basso-relievos, and the like may be formed. When dry, the articles made of it are susceptible of the highest degree of polish; they are also very durable.