

"PROTECTION" TO ALL,—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

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[From the London Literary Gazette. Unrecorded Graves. The tombs of princes, they are found Amidst cathedral halls, With gold and marble glittering round

The high and trophied walls; And crown and scepter, imaged fair, Proclaiming proudly who lies there.

They of the red right hand, whose fame Hath filled the wondering world, They, too, sepulchral honors claim, And sleep with banners fur.

A glorious and triumphant band— Among the great ones of the land, But where are they, the Nameless Dead?

Who, since the birth of Time, Their life-blood generously have shed In freedom's cause sublime? Ay! where are they?—no trophy waves Above their Unrecorded Graves.

And where your martyrs, radiant Truth! Who, on the flaming pyre, In hoary age, and blooming youth, Have stood baptised with fire? Their death-song have gone up to heaven— Where are their sacred ashes driven?

Ask in the winds—the rushing blast Hath borne them far and wide; Soars in the forest's depths are out, Some the green hill's side. Oh! that meet fruits might crown such dead, That were a harvest rich indeed!

Four tombs, ye wonderers, who repose 'Neath Africa's burning sky, Rejoicing 'e'en in life's drear close For Science' sake to die,— Say—who, to grace your exiled dust, Hath raised funeral urn or bust?

'Tis sleep amid the deserts, calm— 'E'en where you gasping fell, Beneath the obelisk's palm, Or nigh the brackish well; And but the camel's echoing tread Furrows the light sand o'er your bed.

I gazed upon a field of death Where kingdoms had been won, What saw I? The green sod beneath— Above, the golden sun; While one proud chieftain bore away The laurels of that blood red day.

Hear, rear the cenotaph—but no— 'T were better thus to rest, Like gems whose hidden glories glow Deep, deep in Nature's breast, Than meet the cold and withering sneer Of busy sages—'Woe the best!

The watch-tower Light. 'T is midnight deep—the storm is loud, And wild the gale is roaring; And from a dark and watery cloud, Impetuous rain is pouring.

No star to gild the threatening sky With cheerful light is gleaming; But bright from yonder beacon high, The watch-tower light is streaming.

And though the night is dark and drear, And though the storm grows wilder, That light the gathering gloom can cheer, And make its terrors milder.

It shines like youth's unclouded dreams When hope and joy are gleaming, And bright as truth's unsullied beams, The watch-tower light is streaming.

So on life's dark tempestuous way, Where pain and bliss are twining, May holy hope's unclouded ray On us be ever shining;

And blest contentment's tranquil light Be ever o'er us beaming, As o'er this dark and dreary night, The watch-tower light is streaming.

Starvation not unavoidable. Talk with an Englishman of the suffering and starvation of his countrymen, and if he admits the fact that such do exist, as he generally will, unless he be a high Tory, he will nevertheless, in the next breath, assure you, with a great deal of emphasis, and not a little complacency, that "all this is unavoidable."

The population is so dense, there is so little land, and so many mouths, that it must be so. He will proceed to congratulate the American, that in his own country there is a plenty of land, and consequently of bread.

Having said this, his conscience is satisfied, and he acquiesces very coolly in that necessity which he has told you is the cause of all his countrymen suffer. He sees nothing wrong; and, although there are many things to regret, yet they are unavoidable, and cannot be helped, being the misfortune, not the fault of England.

Such is the reply, and now is it true? Is it in any degree true? That is the question. We answer him, that however plausible the assertion is, there is no truth in it. It is not the fact that the people of England do not every year produce enough in value to furnish the inhabitants of the country with bread, clothing, education, and all the comforts of civilized life.

can raise corn as cheap as Ohio, but by a different process. England can produce corn in the workshop as cheap as America can on the prairie; and if there was a perfect free trade, as there should be, and as there always would have been but for the English corn laws, she would no more suffer for food than we do. The difficulty is not that the English is a people are poor; no, far from it—but it is not rightly distributed. All the difficulty is in distribution and not in production.

The country may be said to groan under its load of wealth, and half of the nation are starving! What a solecism! Capital is lavished with a degree of extravagance unparalleled in any part of the world, on all useful or useless undertakings; on Railroads, Thames Tunnels, &c., and yet millions upon millions of laborers suffer for want of comfortable habitations as well as daily bread!

A greater delusion never existed than that there is any natural necessity for all the misery and privation endured in England. There is no such thing and nothing like it. This seems to us Americans something almost inconceivable. We can hardly conceive of what legordeman of legislation and government in church and state, all this would be effectually brought about, yet it is done; and if we would patiently study British institutions, and thread the labyrinth of fraud and injustice which class legislation has framed for that unhappy country—if we would trace the bearings of its almost innumerable monopolies, and discover the true and ultimate bearing of them all, we should see, that it is to these, to her institutions, and not to her limited territory, that England should trace all her miseries. The question of which we speak is not an innocent one. It is a great practical evil, inasmuch as it paralyzes all effort to remove the true cause; it is forever putting men upon the wrong track.

It is the trick of the aristocracy to keep the people from looking to the true source of their misfortunes. But, thank God, numbers begin to look at the matter aright. The spirit of inquiry and reform is aroused and will never sleep. The anti-corn law and other kindred movements are opening the eyes of the people to their true condition, and making them acquainted with their real oppressors. The mask is being stripped off, and the monster will be at last exposed to the full gaze and detestation of the people of England and the world, and it will then be found that there is none too dense a population in England to get a plenty of bread, even were the present population doubled.

And this is a matter in which Americans are not uninterested. Not only as philanthropists, who are bound to regard the world as their country, and all mankind as their brethren, but as citizens of this republic we are deeply concerned in the great question whether Man has a right to the fruits of his own toil; whether he shall enjoy the privilege of selling his products in the dearest markets and buy his commodities in the cheapest market he can find. The same false principles are propagated in this country, and but two generally received, which have brought England to her present state of misery and starvation. We do not intend to moot the great question of commercial freedom, but, say this much, that those who read may reflect on this deeply interesting subject, and argue the point in their own breasts. In New England, at least, we generally maintain that no man or body of men have a right to rob a human being of all the fruits of his toil, and may it not be a fair question whether government has any right to rob him of any part of his own earnings, under any pretext whatever?—[Amasa Walker.

Machinery has already been invented and tested, to perform something like nine tenths of all the work now done by the manual labor of shoemakers, hatters, tailors, farmers, and indeed of all classes of laborers. All classes of laborers must be the servant of capitalists, unless, by their voluntary association and combination, they make themselves masters, both of capital and machinery. They must own and cultivate land together. Farmers must put their farms into a common stock and cultivate them by a machinery, or they cannot compete with the steam plough, with the Yankee Paddy and the other machines that have recently been patented at Washington and London, to cut down and gather in crops of hay, corn and wheat. There is no choice, no alternative left for farmers and all other operatives, but to combine together, trade on their own capital and credit, and become independent of all the influences, fashions, monopolies and unneighborly, unchristian, unequal competitions, frauds, extortions and trades, which now impoverish the many, to enrich the few.

Strikes afford only a temporary relief. Tariffs help only one nation, or one class of laborers within a nation. Sects do not practise christianity, which requires all sects and all men to be socially equal. To do this, the altars erected to the worship of a Deity, must be purified; the money changers driven out of the temple, and an entire separation made from religious sycophants, pharisees and parasites. "We must become one." All men know, that there is hardly a shadow of the principle of our Divine Master found in organized societies, or seldom referred to, in a right spirit, from the pulpit. It is war, war.

Let mechanics study more closely their own interests—seek to inform themselves—form debating societies,—and discuss the topics that most interest them; which is the "greatest good of the greatest number." Let them learn that the great amount of trade now going on devours all the products of their labor. They should learn the cause and prevent its evils. No duty must continue to slave on.—[Essex Banner.

The Taxes paid by the Laboring Classes.

It is possible for a man of ordinary knowledge of trade, and an average degree of fairness of mind, to look over the tariff as it is "the whig tariff of 1842" as the whigs themselves call it in their handbills, without acknowledging that, if the express object of its framers had been to oppress the laboring classes, they could not have devised any thing more efficient. The only reason why that class, holding, as they do, the political power of the United States, have not before this risen up, and, with a common voice, demanded its repeal, is that they have not been allowed to know what taxes they were paying. The real amount of what they pay as a tax, is so blended with the prices of the articles they consume, so covered up by minimums and other devices of the framers of the tariff, and only to be got at by referring to the merchants in voices, which they never see, that they pay their money without knowing how much of it might have been spared if they lived under an equitable government.

If the reader will accompany us a little way in this article we will give an example of the manner in which the laboring man is cheated in the payment of nearly twice what he ought to pay for his working dress.

The woolen mills of this country weave large quantities of a kind of coarse cloth worn by laboring men, under the denomination of kerseys. It has a cotton wool, but the principal material is the cheap wool which is allowed by the present tariff to be imported on the payment of the nominal duty of five per cent. This wool is brought in enormous cargoes from South America, purchased by the agent for the mills, manufactured into kerseys, is sold at an immense profit, to be worn by laborers.

The price of these cloths in our market—the wholesale price we mean—is seven pence a yard. They may be bought in England at seven pence and three quarters. The importer pays a duty of eighty per cent, the shipping charges and commissions amount to about twenty-five per cent and selling these goods at the market price—for they still continue to be imported—he obtains the moderate profit of about five per cent.—These goods are to be seen exposed for sale in the warehouse along our principal commercial streets, where any person can satisfy himself of the exactness of our statement.

It follows that, but for the high duty, laid on kerseys, the laborer might purchase them eighty per cent cheaper than now; not eighty per cent merely; but, if we estimate a profit of five per cent, to the merchant on that duty, eighty-five per cent cheaper than now. If he purchases the American article, he pays this eighty-five per cent to the manufacturer. When he lays out a dollar and eighty-five cents in the purchase of these coarse cloths, the eighty-five cents is a tax—a tribute.

Yet these people boast of being the friends of domestic industry. These mill-owners and their attorneys and agents who have had the dexterity to procure the passage of a law making their machinery a source of immense profit, vaunt themselves to be the friends of American labor. They first reduce the duty on that kind of wool for which they have most occasion to a mere nominal rate; they then raise the duty on the cloths for which the working man has most occasion to the oppressive rate of eighty per cent. Having thus taken care that he shall be taxed, and they exempted from taxation, they issue handbills—one of which is now before us—calling upon the "mechanics, carmen, butchers, sailors, and all those who earn a livelihood by their own arms," to attend meetings designed to sustain the very tariff by which the mill-owner is favored and the laboring man oppressed.

The laborer goes in his jacket on which he has paid a forced tribute without knowing it, of nearly half its price to the manufacturer, and bears Daniel Webster, a paid agent of the mill-owners bargaining on the blessings of the tariff as it is, and insisting that the laborer shall not only be taxed by it, but vote for it.

Times of taking Food. Nature has fixed no particular hours for eating. When the mode of life is uniform, it is of great importance to adopt fixed hours; when it is irregular, we ought to be guided by the real wants of the system as dictated by appetite.

A strong, laboring man, engaged in hard work, will require food oftener and in larger quantities than an indolent or sedentary man.

As a general rule, about five hours should elapse between one meal and another—longer if the mode of life be indolent, shorter if it be very active.

When dinner is delayed seven or eight hours after breakfast, some light refreshment should be taken between.

Young persons when growing fast, require more food and at shorter intervals, than those who have attained maturity.

Children under seven years of age, usually need food nearly every three hours; a piece of bread will be a wholesome lunch, and a child seldom eats bread to excess.

During the first months of infancy there can be no set times of giving nourishment. The best rule is to satisfy the real wants of the child, but never tempt it to take food to still its crying from pain when it is not hungry.

Those persons who eat a late supper should not take breakfast till one or two hours after rising. Those who dine late and eat nothing afterwards, require breakfast soon after rising.

Persons of delicate constitution should never exercise before breakfast.

If exposure of any kind is to be incurred in the morning, breakfast should always be taken previously. The system is more susceptible of infection, and of the influence of cold, miasma, &c., in the morning before eating than at any other time.

Those who walk early will find great benefit from taking a cracker or some little nourishment before going out.

Never go into a room of a morning, where a person is sick with a fever, before you have taken nourishment of some kind, a cup of coffee at least.

In setting out early to travel, a light breakfast before starting should always be taken; it is a great protection against cold, fatigue and exhaustion.

In boarding schools for the young and growing, early breakfast is an indispensable condition to health. Children should not be kept without food in the morning till they are faint and weary.

Never eat a hearty supper just before retiring to rest.

It is injurious to eat when greatly heated or fatigued. It would very much conduce to the health of laboring men if they could rest 15 or 20 minutes.

Machinery.

Almost every paper we pick up, contains a notice of the invention of some new labor saving machine. In almost every department of labor, we find that the slow process of individual hand labor is being superseded by that of machinery, and a work which gave employment to numerous able bodied men, is accomplished in many cases by one woman. What is to be the result of all this? What becomes of these men who have been trained from youth to a particular business, and find themselves thus suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence? We find in no instance that this machinery results directly or indirectly to their benefit. It falls as a matter of course, into the hands of the wealthy employers who have never yet hesitated to use it solely to their own interest. We fail to perceive, so far as the welfare and happiness of the mass are concerned, a particle of good which has resulted from the use of machinery. It is true we have more articles of elegance and perhaps more of convenience, but contrast our condition with that of our fathers and fore-fathers. Instead of the general comfort and contentment of that day—the general prevalence of good order and morality—and the general sociability and good feeling which pervaded all classes, what have we? The extremes of wealth and poverty. The useless luxuries, and the hovel with aquid poverty and its attendant miseries. The good feelings as well as morality of society are gone. An unrelenting strife appears to exist among men; on the one hand to add luxury to luxury, on the other for the bare comforts of life. We consider machinery as the main instrument in conducting to this condition of

things. By the great facility with which articles of every kind could be produced, an unnatural thirst for gain was caused. The machines, of necessity controlled by the few are used as instruments of oppression to the many. This world is alive with them; day and night they continue unceasingly their operations, and the world is running over with their products. But is there less of sorrow, of suffering and degradation abroad? Alas! no; for sorrow, suffering, and degradation are on the increase in every walk of life.

But was it for this end, that man has been enabled by his Creator to press into his service the elements? We think not. A glorious result will yet be accomplished by machinery. Every machine, with its never ceasing clank, may be considered a powerful instructor in urging man to his duty, and its instructions cannot be disregarded. From the hurly, strife and toil which now animates mankind, these machines will force leisure by the over-abundance of their production. Such must be the result of their operation, and with leisure comes thought, and with thought new and better action. They will themselves demonstrate the folly of the purposes for which they are now used, and instead of being engines of oppression, levelled against one portion of mankind, they will be used as the servants of all.

We doubt not, at the present time, the introduction of every new machine is a source of evil, but we hail them as results of the onward march of science, which will eventually elevate man to his true sphere.—[Southport (Wisconsin) Telegraph.

Men of Genius.

The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour confidence and tranquility his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labors of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius: on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say—"I am not the less Peter Corneille." Descartes whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent, in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home though he carried none of it in his pocket, or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit—"He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment, he labored at some future speculation! Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe. The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to a "silent person in a tie-wig." It is no shame for Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation.