THE YAZOO DEMOCRAT,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
In Jefferson street, Yazoo City,—directly opposite the Livery Stable of Lawrence & Graves.

At THREE DOLLARS a year, IN ADVANCE,—or FOUR, if not paid within a month from the time of subscribing.

Terms of Advertising.

For a square of ten lines, or less, first insertion, ONE DOLLAR—and FIFTY CENTS for each continuance, over ten lines, and not exceeding fifteen to be charged as a square and a half; over fifteen and not exceeding twenty, as two squares; and in that proportion for longer advertisements.

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YAZOO DEMOCRAT.

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

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☞Political Circulars will be charged as advertisements, and payment equired in advance.

No JOB will be delivered to any person with whom we have no regular dealings, until paid for.

☞Single numbers of the paper, 12½ cents.

No variations will be made in the above rates.

[From the New Mirror.

The Parting Look.

We parted—cold and worldly eyes
Upon that parting fell,
And bravely we kept back our sighs,
And calmly said "Farewell."

But there are looks we learned of Love,
That none but Love can read;
And, like the flash from cloud to cloud,
From heart to heart they speed.

Calm, as it no'er had breathed a vow,
Thy rich voise faltered not;
Serene as heaven thy princely brow,
As Love were all forgot!

Yet, in one eager glance, thy soul,
On wings of light to mine,
In wild and passionate sorrow, stole,
And whispered words divine!

Heaven's blessings on that royal heart,
That thus can lavish feeling!
'Twas almost sweet, tho' pain to part,
Our silent love revealing.

Little Bark upon the Wave.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Little bark upon the wave,
Floating down the ocean, Time,
I, for thee, large bounty crave
In this simple, lowly rhyme.
May the great Almighty Giver
Lay his hand upon thy helm;
Guide thee through Life's deep'ning river,
Through the storms that overwhelm.

Laden now with pleasant dreams—
Dreams like clouds upon the sky;
Coming with the morning's beams—
Fading when the evening's nigh;
And a cargo rich with feeling,
While Affection hovers near,
Gentle Hope, too, there is kneeling
Down beside a sigh and tear!

Safely to that other shore
Calm and peaceful may'st thou glide,
Furl thy sails, nor venture more
O'er a dark and wrest'ling tide.
Little bark, so sweetly freighted,
See thy moorings are secure;
By no adverse winds belated,
Enter in—thy port is sure!

Dr. Moriarty in Ireland.

* Mr. O'Connel then rose at a meeting in Limerick, and said he had to hand in £1, the subscription of the Rev. Mr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, whom he regretted to see in Ireland. Personally, he rejoiced to see him, but he regretted exceedingly the cause that had brought him there; it was to raise money to rebuild Catholic Churches that had been burnt during the late riots. The public were aware that atrocity unparalleled in civilized times—horrors that made many men ashamed to belong to human nature—had been perpetrated by the inhabitants of Philadelphia, under the name of Natives, against the Catholics and the Irish.

On the first occasion of these riots, they held a meeting for the purpose of entering into resolutions against the Catholics, and, as the Irish were allowing them to proceed peaceably, they moved an adjournment into the Irish quarter. They went looking for a riot, and the persons who went among Irishmen for such a purpose was not likely to be disappointed; or if he were, he could easily get up a riot himself. They destroyed the Catholic Churches, and on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence, that brutal and barbarous mob got the authorities to disarm the Catholics under the pretence that they should be protected, and then attacked them, until they were driven back by a superior military or militia force. Such was the origin of this horrible instance of bigotry and fanaticism. (Hear, hear.) He rejoiced that *no Catholic people* had ever been guilty of any fanatical violence, though sovereigns—as in the atrocious reign of Queen Mary of England—had done so.

Hold—hold! O'Connel. What were the wars of the Crusades? Were they not MURDERS? The Waldenses, the Albegenois, the Huguenots, of France and Germany,—when the torch, rack, and stake were resorted to to force upon them a peculiar religious belief, what was it? RAPINE—BRUTE FORCE—MURDER! Aye, the BLOOD shed on Calvary is yet reeking from the Cross, in Spain and Portugal. Christ taught PEACE! Observe his language—Mat. xxii, v. 37, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy MIND." V. 39, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This—this is the language that Christ uses; and NEVER recommended FORCE. And, again, Mat. v. verse 40, "And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have *thy* cloak also,"—Such language was used by Christ. The language of mildness—of LOVE. "GOD is LOVE." Try again—O'Connel. In America, the heart of the Earth, GOD has declared that man should know him, and the people of the whole WORLD should worship HIM as their consciences might dictate. America for ever—the whole Union, and nothing but the Union. United we can REASON the world into the "true belief,"—that GOD IS LOVE. Fire and Water are both destructive elements—cement them with LOVE—we are happy—existence is Heaven.

He read the other day in an American newspaper, a leading article stating that peace could never be established in America until those misguided unfortunate people, the Mormons, were annihilated; and it then added, after the Mormons were exterminated, they should exterminate the Catholics. He would leave the meeting to consider what state of society it was, where such a newspaper was supported. It was from that system of miscreant murder, that his reverend friend had returned, and he trusted that his introduction of him to that association would not be injurious to him, in his efforts to collect subscriptions for the erection of their churches, (Cheers, and hear, hear.)

The Rev. Mr. Moriarty on rising to address the meeting was received with loud cheering, and proceeded to speak at some length. He begged to assure his friends, that were it only for the sake of their religion he appeared to them, he would not come forward so willingly; but during the recent outrages in the United States, it was not only the extermination of Catholicy, but the suppression of the nationality and of the movement in favor of Ireland which was sought for. (Cheers.) Her cause had been advocated by the educated, enlightened and civilized men of America; but he was sorry to say that the number of such men there was few.

Dr. MORIARTY should know—*does* know that a majority of the American people reprobated these outrages—loudly condemned the rioters—and that by the election of JAMES K. POLK, the American People once more ratified the First Article of the "Amended Constitution of the United States of America," and to support and keep inviolate the provisions of that article of the Constitution, the heart of every American citizen is ready to yield up the last drop of life-blood:—

"ART. I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of Religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Although the name of poor Philadelphia had been but seldom heard in that hall, he could assure the meeting that there was to be found love and zeal for old Ireland, and that they were, to a man, ready to lay down their lives for her sake.]Loud cheers.]

Yes—we will help Ireland to rid herself of English oppression. But we shall never—never aid in erecting on the ruins of our Country, Church dominance. O'Connell—Louis Phillippe has closely scanned your motives—the Navy of France, ere long will be greater than England's. France and America will oppose religious intolerance. We know no distinction of religion or country here. For here WE, ALL, ARE AMERICANS. If you will have blood, then on your own head, be the consequences.

They had suffered much there, but in obedience *to the mandate of a teacher of Nations*, (Mr. O'Connell,)—[And is it there you are, Daniel. We raise here *American* Irish "prayties."]—they had avoided every possible chance of a collision with their enemies. (Cheers) Their houses had been laid waste, their churches burned, *his own life* had been three times attempted in the public streets of Philadelphia. (Loud cries of oh! oh!) He had nothing to depend upon for his protection but his own *fearlessness*,—[¡G-r-a-c-i-o-u-s!!¡]—and he did not but doubt but he and his fellow countrymen in America would again rise up the cross to be encircled by a wreath of shamrocks. (Loud cheers.) He trusted no Irishmen would leave America. It was intended to frighten clergy and laity out of that country, but they were not to be frightened. (Loud cheers.) They might be exterminated, but it would only be while with their dying breath they called aloud for their cross and for their glorious father land. (Loud cheers.) The news of his reception here would be gratifying to his friends in America, and he would be able to make the news ring through the United States that there was deep sympathy felt for the persecuted Irish, by their fellow countrymen in their native land. The reverend gentleman concluded by commenting upon the *ingratitude* of the United States, which would venture to exterminate Irishmen, when they had done so much for that country by their bravery and talent. (Cheers)

Announcing the fact the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the runaway Paster of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, is now in Ireland collecting money by subscription to rebuild the Roman Catholic Churches destroyed in the late riots, the Philadelphia Chronicle says: One can scarcely restrain the smile which the circumstances of the case are so well calculated to occasion. The Irish Repealers who have been drawing so largely upon their brethren on this side of the Atlantic, are appealed to, through the chief of the faction—O'Connell, to rebuild the Roman Catholic Churches in this city! Dr. Moriarty is regularly introduced to the Association at Dublin, and the object of his mission made known: Now, the energies of Irish Priestcraft and Repeal are to be awakened, and the poor deluded peasantry fleeced, to create a Roman Catholic fund for the United States, and to give a fresh impetus to Romanism in Philadelphia.—While all this is going on in Ireland, "The Hermits of St. Augustine's" are prosecuting the county for damages, and will, in all probability, obtain a full recompense for the losses sustained in the destruction of their Church. And we are informed that, in addition to this, a large amount has been guaranteed, by private subscription among the Catholics, for the same purpose.

If the Catholics are successful in their various efforts, as they are very likely to be, the destruction of their churches will prove a blessing, *rather* than an evil to them. Instead of operating against, it will be in their favor in every point of view.—This, however, is not the feature of the case most worthy of consideration. We recognize in it the fact, that Roman Catholicism in the United States is a foreign institution—planted and sustained from abroad. Vast sums of money are sent to this country annually from the ecclesiastical treasuries abroad, to build up this faith amongst us, and most of the priests who minister in the churches are foreigners.—When two of their churches in this city are destroyed by a riot, the first appeal for aid is made in a foreign country—to the priest-ridden, and half-starved Catholic Repealers in Ireland. The embers of the edifices are scarcely cold, when Dr. Moriarty is on ship-board, bound to the land of his nativity, on this mission for aid and supplies. It is from distant lands, therefore—from foreign tythes and collections, that Catholic Churches are built and sustained in the United States, and from the cloisters of foreign institutions that their priests are sent to us.

Irishmen in America are tythed to keep alive the Repeal movement in Ireland.—From the Irish Repealers contributions are levied to keep alive Roman Catholicism in America—to rebuild churches—sustain the priesthood, &c. Here is a glorious reciprocity between two parties, playing into the hands of each other, and keeping up an allegiance of a most questionable character. Dr. Moriarty may, as he appears to be much beloved by the Catholic clergy and politicians of his native land, but while in this city he distinguished himself more as the most virtuous of our Catholic clergy, engaging largely in that anti-Christian denunciation which contributed so much to the unfortunate occurrences in question.—He verified the proverb, "those who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

The Catalogue of Catholic Curses.

The following anathemas and curses beats every thing in their line, ever brought to light. We copy the whole from the Knoxville Register:—[Eagle.

Not long since, Mr. William Hogan, who had been appointed to an office in the Boston Custom House, was unceremoniously discharged from his place, upon the application of a large number of Irish Catholics of that city for his dismissal. This occurred just before the late election, and the reason for their hostility to Mr. Hogan, was that he was a member of a Native American Association, and that they would not aid by their votes any party that would encourage Native Americanism in any manner. This was not the true cause of their enmity, however; they had other reasons, and this will be evident from a perusal of the following anathema, which was pronounced against Mr. Hogan some twenty years since, by the Pope's bishop, because he, Hogan, then a Catholic Priest, would not consent to deliver his Church property over to the control of the bishop, at the command of His Holiness the Pope. We find it in the Boston Republican, of the 16th November, which was handed to us by an influential and respected citizen of this county a few days since.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF "WILLIAM," PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

By the authority of God Almighty the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, Mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all celestial virtues, Angels, Archangles, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubims and Seraphims, and of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles and Evangelists of the Holy Innocents, who in the sight of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song of the Holy Martyrs and Holy Confessors, and of all the Holy Virgins, and of all the saints together, with the Holy elect of God—may, he William Hogan, be damned.

We excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the thresholds of the Holy Church of God Almighty we sequester him that he may be tormented, disposed, and be delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord, "depart from us, we desire none of thy ways;" and as *fire is quenched with water*, so let the light of him be put out for ever more, unless he repent and make satisfaction. Amen!

May the Father who created man curse him! May the Son who suffered for us, curse him! May the Holy Ghost, who was given to us in Baptism, curse him! May the Holy Cross, which Christ for our Salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him!

May St. John the Precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other Christ's Apostles together curse him! And may the rest of his disciples and four Evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, and may the Holy and wonderful company of Martyrs and Confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing in the sight of God Almighty, curse him!

May the Holy Choir of the Holy Virgins, who for the honor of Christ have despised the things of the world, damn him! May all the Saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages, who are found to be beloved of God, damn him!

May he be damned whereever he be, whether in the house or the stable, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the path or is the wood, or in the water, or in the Church, may he be cursed in living and in dying!

May he be cursed in eating and in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, in ——, and——, and in blood letting.

May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body!

May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly, may he be cursed in his brains, and in his vertex—in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in his eyebrows, in his teeth, and in his grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers.

May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach.

May he be cursed in his veins, and in his groins, in his thighs, in his gentials, and in his knees, his legs and feet, and toe nails!

May he be cursed in all his joints, and articulations of the members, from the top of his head to the sole of his foet, may there be no soundness in him!

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his Majesty, curse him! And may Heaven, with all the powers which move there, rise up against him, and curse and damn him—unless he repent and make satisfaction! *Amen, be it so, so be it, Amen!*

How different from the foregoing, is the language of Christ—"Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Necessity of Labor.

The evils that mark our times are mistaken by the common observer. The volcanic blaze that now darts over our country like a mock sunbeam, and then leaves us buried beneath a waste of lava, has its cause in the very womb of our social system. It is folly to charge it upon this or that action of government. The whirlwind reaped in manhood, is sown in the cradle. Born with a love of money, we are from our infancy educated to idleness. We are taught, that to live without labor is the maximum of felicity. Our fathers toil, and for what? To enable our lives to rust away in sloth! They forget the doom of our race. He who pronounced on our first parents, the rain-bow curse—the cloudy blessing—that by the sweat of the brow they should eat bread; at the very moment transformed this rolling sphere into an eternal treadmill, and fixed a destiny of labor as adamantine as the walls of heaven. No fanciful labor, either! but hard, close, unwearied grapplings with the beggarly realities of our dusty life: Whether the theatre of our efforts be the field, the workshop, or the world; whether our toil be to break up the clods of the valley or to reclaim the wastes of the mind, whether our life be spent at the bench of the artisan or in the cloister of the student—in the solitude of the crowd—labor, universal labor, is our common solace and our common doom! It equalizes the blessings of God to the human family. When the poor man (falsely so called) lacks of the abundance of vanities, labor makes up to him in the luxuries of a sound body and a peaceful mind. To the threadbare student who hungers after his daily bread more vainly than after the bread of knowledge, it teaches that the impalpable glories and glittering revelations of the spiritual world far surpass the gems of the Equator, or the glory of Solomon.—It knits up "the ravelled sleeve or care,"—it makes teeming the womb of our mother earth. Its necessities and its rewards are alike on man and brute. It gives the fox his hole; the bird of the air its nest; and man where to lay his head. Of all Agrarians, it is the only true, the only peaceable, the only just.

Honored be those who have honored labor, and made it honorable! They are the patriots who have made the great globe their common country. They are the Christians who have exemplified the Godhead in humanity. They are the men who have been married to virtue—who have walked hand in hand with the heavenly maiden, whose bodies have been fit temples for the holy spirit. Have they not ploughed through life in homely garments; wrestling with hourly besetments! Be sure, that though cast down they were not conquered; that though their graves may be unmarbled, their names are written on a tablet more durable than time. But were their workings of the mind? Was their sweat of the soul's agony? Were their voices heard in the wilderness of human error; and did Genius hover about them, saying "these are my beloved sons?" Be sure, that wherever they lived—whereever they died—their own works are their cenotaphs; the domes of thought are their sepulcres; and their lingering spirits through the lofty vaults, still whisper to the gazer—"*Si monumentum qæris, circumspice.*"

Let the memory of such live forever!—And if the wisdom of the Preacher is to be the experience of all ages; if the thing which hath been is that which shall be, and that which is to be, has already been—if there is, indeed, to be nothing new under the sun—then, in God's name, let us perpetuate of the past, those things that are worthy of perpetuity. In the hoary locks of eternity that have gone by, there are both wisdom and warning. There are hairs gray with the frost of time, and every one a Preacher of righteousness. There are, too, hairs "gray, but not with years"—mildewed with vice, mouldy with iniquity. But from the mighty tomb of buried ages, let us exhume the memorable, the ancient, the holy, and present them as a glass for the fashion of our fallen times. Yes, alas! that the spirit of Humanity should be compelled to look backward and point to the past, alone, in vindication of her Godborn greatness! That in our day the meaning of the poet should be so sadly altered, and men need to be studied more as a warning than as an example!

Would to God that our conscience could accuse us of misanthropy! Would that in speaking thus of our generation, we could feel some fancied injury—some venomous prejudice, some lurking bitterness, turning our honey into gall. The condemnation in which we include ourselves, should gladly be heaped upon ourselves alone. But how is it? Is there a father among us striving to instil into a son, the principles of a lofty independence, manly decision, pure patriotism, "chastity of honor," and the scarcely more exalted virtues of the Christian faith! To what man of our time will that father point as an example? Where are our Miltons, and where our Hampdens? Not Milton the poet, and Hampden the patriot, but Milton the man, and Hampden the man! Where are our Washingtons, and our Franklins? Not Washington, the Father of his country; and Franklin the sage; but Washington the private citizen, and Franklin the printer! Do we find them among those who wear out their vigor in drudgery—whose loftiest ambition is for an old age of luxury, and the accumulation of rust for their children? Do we find them among those who live in daily disgust of their honest callings, and who force their sons into the learned professions, simply to make them gentlemen! Must we seek them in the gates of our public offices, amid the mongrels of humanity, who whine beneath the table of some successful politician; or the thousands that besiege the doors of some miraculous postmaster, who may, by chance, have five loaves and two small fishes to distribute to the multitude? There was a time when it was the climax of public virtue, neither to seek nor to decline an office. There was a time when patriotism was like honesty—small credit to have it, but felony to have it not.

☞You may take a Jack-ass, crop his ears close, cover his whole carcass with a Lion's hide, shoe him as you please—yet if he opes his mouth the Jack-ass stands confessed, exposed, and known. No disguise can save him.

What John-horse brayed the above? Why—S. A. CARNEY, of the Vicksburg Constitutionalist. "Sakes alive!" Has any body got a coup'e of "Corn-Cobs?"