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W. S. EPPERSON, EDITOR.

The Administration a Failure.

It is a very easy thing to find fault. The most degraded of human beings retains to the last the faculty of falsehood and vituperation, and those who are least responsible are always the most offensive in their use of foul language. We take up a whig paper that has been published, let us say, twenty years, and has witnessed if not condoned, the fact that no whig administration has ever existed from the beginning of the government without inflicting an indelible stain upon the interests of the people; and we find its columns stained with language the most unjust and discreditable in regard to the present general administration. The New York Courier is a specimen of its class; and what, with Gen. Webb, the absent editor, who carries in London, flatters the nobility, and writes falsehood against his country to his newspaper in New York, and the subordinate he has left behind to manage the examiners, the virtuous indignation against the administration which is poured through its columns is almost overwhelming. Who would suppose—we refer to the Courier and Enquirer—not by way of particularizing its own somewhat obvious bias, but simply as one of a class—who would suppose that this complaining satirist had seen the bankrupt law passed, the Bank of the United States plundered, the people, the high tariff of 1842 taxing labor, and, finally, the Galphins and the Goddards rioting upon the streets upon the pretext of equity, and yet did not, in report of all this, print a single syllable? On the contrary, it was a refreshing spectacle to see how unconscious were these whigs of whiggery, while during the last administration, plauds to high places were the rule and integrity the exception. They did not seem to know anything that was going on. They were in a state of blissful ignorance; and, finally, when they did break, it was to exclaim that which they feared to demand. Now, however, when President Pierce moves his determination to conduct the administration on the most economical scale, and in the most patriotic and progressive spirit—while his measures, before two years of his term have expired, are putting benefits upon the country—we hear such prattle as the New York Courier and Enquirer declaring that "the administration is a failure!" Why this accusation is so familiarly made by whig papers North and South, no one has yet attempted to show. A list of the failures of the administration having never yet been published, we propose to make one, as follows:

The administration has failed to commit itself to the peculiar policy of its predecessor. It has failed to give way to the assaults of the abolitionists. It has failed to permit them to violate the constitution of the United States. It has failed to yield to the insolent demands of foreign governments. It has failed to oppose the Nebraska and Kansas bill. It has failed to follow in the footsteps of its predecessor by filling to make several treaties vitally important to the peace, tranquility, and welfare of our country. It has failed to commit itself to native-Americanism, know-nothingism, and fanaticism generally. These are among the failures of the administration. We do not wonder that they excite the ire of the whigs and the whig leaders; but we wonder that this ire should be so publicly and so bitterly manifested.

(Washington Union.)

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, destined to roll on down 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 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 the number 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

The Lunar World.

Mr. Crampton, in a little book entitled "The Lunar World," draws the following interesting picture of the appearance which the surface of that satellite would present to a visitor from the terrestrial globe:

"Choose the period of the last quarter, and direct our way to that dark, shadowy spot marked N in the map, and situated at the North-east portion of the lunar globe. It is the Mare Imbrium, or the Sea of Showers, as it is called, though no water is to be found there, and no shower ever cools or moistens its barren surface. It is about seven hundred miles in extent every way. Let us cast our eyes around, and what do we see? A boundless plain or desert stretching away as far as the eye can reach on every side, save in one or two points where a chain of lofty mountains can be perceived, whose brilliant pointed summits, glistening in the sunbeams, just appear upon the distant horizon. The light glares upon the plain intensely, and the heat of a tropical fierceness, for no clouds shelter us. By that light we may perceive scattered over the plain an indefinite number of circular pits, of different sizes and depths, varying from a few yards to some hundreds in diameter, and sunk in the body or crust of the planet, some of them but a few feet, and others to an immeasurable depth. Above the sky is black, out of which the sun gleams like a red hot ball; and the stars sparkle like diamonds, for no atmosphere like ours exists, to give by its refractive and reflective powers the delicious blue in our heavens, and the softened shade to its landscape. The lights and shades are indented upon its features deep and dark, or intensely bright, no softening away in the distance, no gentle and beautiful perspective; no lofty twilight, morning or evening, stealing over or away from the scene. All the shadows are abrupt, sudden; all the outlines sharp, clear; appearing startlingly near even when really distant. No sound follows on foot, or is ever heard in this silent place, for there is no atmosphere to conduct it; no breeze blows on its mountain tops, sighs through its budding forests, rustles through its brilliant green of forests, or waves over meadows; the silence of death broods over its arid wastes and rocky shores, against which no tides or billows break."

TRUTH.—If there is one thing more than another which we would teach it would be a love for truth. All things would be worthless without that crowning excellency of human character. Without it the noblest structure is but a whitened sepulchre. With all other qualifications, a man is to be shunned when deficient in this. The beholder may admire a fabric of general beauty and symmetry, but when the seam of falsehood is found running from cap stone to base, he will turn the dangerous presence. There are few things more painful, experienced in our intercourse with men, than to feel that they are unworthy of our confidence—that they are not what they seem; that they will betray while they smile, that we tread upon a creature's mouth where all is hollow beneath. Teach the child to tell the truth; to venerate and love it. Teach him so that, whatever wrong he may commit, he will frankly and promptly admit it all. Reward the honest speech. Washington's father was never prouder of his boy than when he acknowledged his falsehood.

Some idea, says the Boston Post, of the party who have "triumphed" in Iowa, elected young Grimes Governor, and "rebuked the Nebraska swindle," may be obtained from the following authentic document, a verbatim copy:

"his the 26th 1854

July
To the honorable William C Smith of Marietta, Marshall County Iowa we a whigs and free-soilers of timbercreek think it advisable to hold a meten at Marietta on next Satterday or Saterday foller for the peopes of draften resolutions not to vote for enny man who is in favor of the nebraska bill and in favor of licker traffle but wee will vote for those that will uppose the nebraska bill and is in favor of the mane licker law, now if you think it proper to Call a meten wee will mete you at Marietta at the time proposed, Send a few lines to the whigs of logrand and let them no our intension.
The whigs of timber creek are a goin to vote for Docket lackey for representative.
Jairus Gardner and others."

GOOD HONOR.—Let us cherish good humor and Christian charity. Let us endeavor to shake off that sullenness which make us so unkind to ourselves, and to all who are dependent upon us. Let us be cheerful and kind in our words, and in our actions. Let us be kind to the poor, and to the weak, and to the afflicted. Let us be kind to the stranger, and to the foreigner. Let us be kind to the enemy, and to the enemy's children. Let us be kind to the enemy's children, and to the enemy's children's children. Let us be kind to the enemy's children, and to the enemy's children's children.

YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor,
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.
A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out
From the scented summer air,
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair,
And the leaden lid of his eye droops down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.
The old man sleeps and the old man dreams,
His head drops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest,
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.
Their years unroll the fearful scroll—
He is a child again;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.
He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers gaxantine,
And holds the golden butter-cups
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin.
He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parted lips
As he hears the bell for school;
And he wishes it were not nine o'clock,
And the mornings never were full.
A mother's hand is pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A summer breeze blows at the door,
With the toss of a leafy bough,
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

(From the Nashville Union.)

What is the difference?

The Whigs and Abolitionists of the North
States have now but one aim—but one
political shibboleth. If it be doubted, read
the following resolution—one adopted by the
the Whig State convention of Massachusetts,
and the other by the New York abolition
convention, both of which bodies have just
adjourned:

Whigs. Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed against the doctrines, to the extension of slavery, and natu-
very over one foot of the territory now free, involved in the Nebraska bill, we will seek the bill, so calculated to immediate and un- dishonor our country through the Missouri Compromise, and that we will oppose the admis-
sion into the confeder-
ation of any new State in the spirit and faith of our fathers, who will struggle to the last for the abolition of slavery in the territories of Nebraska and Kansas to the prohibiting thereof.

Abolitionists. Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed against the doctrines, to the extension of slavery, and natu-
very over one foot of the territory now free, involved in the Nebraska bill, we will seek the bill, so calculated to immediate and un- dishonor our country through the Missouri Compromise, and that we will oppose the admis-
sion into the confeder-
ation of any new State in the spirit and faith of our fathers, who will struggle to the last for the abolition of slavery in the territories of Nebraska and Kansas to the prohibiting thereof.

If there is any difference in these resolutions, the whig resolution is the worst. And it is not an isolated expression of opinion.—The abolition candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania has been withdrawn in favor of the whig candidate, and the whig resolution above quoted is the unanimous sentiment of northern whig conventions. Yet our Tennessee whig leaders are looking forward to a cordial union in the next presidential election with these northern whigs!

Love.—Within man, love is never a passion of such intensity as a woman. She is a creature of sensibility, existing only in the outpourings and sympathies of her emotions; every earthly blessing, may every heavenly hope, will be sacrificed for her affections.—She will leave the sunny home of her childhood, the protecting roof of her kindred, forget the counsels of her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother on whose bosom her head has been pillowed, forsake all she has clung to in her years of girlish simplicity, do all that woman can do consistently with honor; and draw herself into the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would forsake a woman, after these testimonies of affection is too gross a villain to be called a man.—The wrath of Heaven will pursue him, the brand of Cain is upon his brow, and the curse of Judas will rankle at his heart.

end?" has been the constant cry of the faint-hearted from the earliest days of the Republic. Still the "outward bound" went on until they reached the shores of the Pacific, and sent back their ships freighted with gold. "Outward bound" is the joyous cry of the men of progress—the men who spread knowledge, civilization and the blessings of liberty. The shout has been "Westward, ho." Let us now take up the cry of "old fogydom"—"outward bound"—as our fathers did the tune of Yankee Doodle, and nationalize it.

VICISSITUDES OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

The following remarkable and touching narrative is from a German paper at St. Louis—another instance of the remark that "truth is sometimes sadder than fiction."

"A few days since at St. Louis, at an early hour in the morning, the common dead wagon, which at the cost of the city conveys friendless paupers to their last home, stopped before a house in the southern part of the town. The driver got down, went into the house, and soon after appeared at the door, along with another indifferent-looking man, carrying a coffin of rough boards. The coffin was put into the wagon, and the wheels rattled away over the empty streets to the place of interment. No one followed it with looks of sorrow; no one stood with heavy heart beside the grave, as the clods fell upon the coffin. And yet that coffin hid the form of a woman once the object of countless attentions, who was once honored, admired, envied in society, who controlled vast riches, and who, but a few years since, before she trod the shores of America, could look forward to a happy and contented old age.

The deceased was Rosa Nechemi, the daughter of an immensely rich nobleman.—In her early youth she was attached to the court of the Austrian emperor, where, at the age of eighteen, she married a French nobleman, who was also very rich. She lived afterward, for long and happy years, partly on the estates of her husband, partly in journeys through Germany, Spain, Italy and England, and bore her husband three sons, who received the best education, and on whom their parents looked with the greatest pride.

This happiness was interrupted by the July revolution at Paris. Rosa's husband was actively engaged in it, and fell on July 28th, shot through by three bullets. His name may still be read in the place de la Bastille. Of the sons, the eldest, a young man of remarkable talents, had greatly succeeded in Spain, and was at that time private secretary to King Ferdinand. After the death of the king, he withdrew to a country-house near Valencia, where, as is supposed, he was assassinated. The second son, who had become a priest, was a special favorite of Pope Gregory; but he, too, died shortly after this event. The third, who was then quite young, remained with the mother, who had found an asylum in Switzerland, whither she brought the relics of her fortune. When he was sixteen he left his mother and went to America. In New Orleans he found employment and earned money, but bad company and a natural disposition to excess soon led him astray, and about five years ago he resorted to the last desperate means of reviving his credit, by inducing his gray haired mother to come to this country. She could not resist the entreaties of her only son, and came. She was able to get together \$6000 in cash, which her son very soon dissipated. Some two years ago he ended his career in New Orleans, by stabbing a creole. He fled to California, and the aged mother, to whom New Orleans had naturally become hateful, went up the river to St. Louis.

One morning of week before last, at early dawn, the miserable city dead-cart of St. Louis bore the mortal remains of Rosa Nechemi to the place of their last unwept repose. Such is life.

CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.—When a crisis befalls you and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it; be equal to the requirements of the moment and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men, whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands: if you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of betwicking sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties; keep a stiff upper lip; and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in

Work! Work!

I have seen and heard of people who thought it was beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man among his fellows, too. And the man who forgets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures and his God—who so far forgets the blessings of life as to allow his energies to stagnate in activity and uselessness, had better die; for says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumber of the ground; a weary curse to himself, as well as to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! by what but the continual history that bears forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with an attainment he may have effected—what but this raises man above the brute creation, and under Providence, surrounded, him with comforts, luxuries and refinements, physical, moral and intellectual blessings! The great orator, the great poet and the great scholar are great working men. The vocation infinitely more laborious than that of handy-craftsmen, and the students life has more anxiety than that of any other men. And all without the perseverance, the attention to real industry, can never succeed, hence the number of mere pretensions to scholarship.

Beneath human beings to work! Look into the artist's studio, the poet's garret where the genius of immortality stands ready to sell his work with an unfaceable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by her side.

Beneath human beings to work!—Why I had rather a child of mine should labor regularly at the lowest, meanest employment, than to waste its time, body mind and soul, in folly, idleness and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year than to rust out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! What but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our church edifices, cultivated our minds and souls!—"Work out our own salvation,"—says the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles.

THE CONDITIONAL MAN.—There are some men who are never known to give an unconditional assent to any proposition, however self-evident.

We have in mind a person of this character, to whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall give the name of White.

"A beautiful morning, Mr. White," we remarked on one occasion.

"Yes," said he, doubtfully, "but I shouldn't wonder if it rained before night."

"Your piazza is a great improvement to your house," we continued.

"Yes, sir, but it's a little too narrow. If it was, say, a foot wider, it would be just the thing."

"In that case, you must like Mr. Smith's, for, if I am not mistaken, his is precisely that width."

"Very true, but then it's too high."

"How do you like our new minister? He is generally popular—a good preacher, a good pastor, and a good man."

"Why, yes, I admit all that, but didn't you notice how askew his neckcloth was last Sunday?"

"No, but admitting that to be the case, it was no objection to him in his official character."

"Why, no, but then we expect a minister to pay as much attention to dress as other folks."

"You have a fine field of potatoes yonder Mr. White."

"Yes, they look well enough above ground, but there's no knowing but what they may be all rotten before they are gathered."

"The new railroad will be a great thing for the town, and do very much to build it up, don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know but it may, but then it will be very noisy, so that a body can't have a quiet moment to himself."

"We must be content to submit to a little inconvenience for the sake of obtaining a great good. That is the true philosophy of life."

"Perhaps it is, but then, them railroads are confounded noisy."

Almost despairing of obtaining a straightforward, unconditional answer to our inquiries, we, as a last resort, pointed out a boy who was passing by and remarked,

"That boy has very dirty hands."

"Yes," said Mr. White, "yes, but—but—but," he was evidently seeking some way in which to bring in an objection. At length his face brightened up and he continued—"but if they were washed, they would be clean."

SCENERY IN CALIFORNIA.—A writer thus describes a singular locality called the Devil's Basin, in Placer Co., California.

"The Devil's Basin, of which the foregoing statistics absorb the entire mining intelligence in general, possesses other attractions, well suited to excite the curiosity and feed the imagination. Those having an innate love for nature's bold and romantic scenery, aided and heightened by the workings of the lapse of time, tracing the wonderful evidences of the conflicting elements that have from time of old played their fantastic tricks about the giant hills and moss-grown rocks, may here view the stupendous masses that have been hurled from their solid pedestals, and where once had been a velvet lawn and a winding rivulet—the carved earth and its tattered fragments, bidding tears to the beholder, will furnish to the enquiring mind, calmer reflections, leading from thence to our communion with God.

"The first object claiming the attention of the beholder is the Basin itself, being an immense depression in the side, and near the summit of the mountain, forming a most perfect amphitheatre, having a depot of five hundred feet with a circumference of nearly a mile. The walls along the northern half rise at an angle of about thirty degrees, while on the south a narrow passage has been forced over an almost unfathomable precipice overhanging the northern tributary of the Middle Fork of the American river. A delightful spring gushes out from the ground on the west side, and near the centre rises a column of conglomerate rock, being seventy-one feet in height, with a diameter of thirty feet at the base. A few shattered trees relieve the marginal hue, and there some ill-shaped masses of cement complete the picture of this singular and remarkable locality.

"Overlooking the basin is one of the loveliest parks that the eye could seek to rest upon, unbroken and smooth a carpeted floor, and embracing an area of untold acres.—Here the brave old oaks that have withstood the blasts of ages, throw out their evergreen boughs far and wide, and the symmetrical pines, aspiring heavenwards, dole forth their monotonous wailings as the night breeze sweeps lazily through their lofty branches.

"Bounding the eastern horizon may be seen at a glance mountain peering above mountain, their crests glittering with the everlasting snow, whilst in your immediate vicinity and on all sides are yawning chasms of half-fathom depth, with their darkened walls and overhanging ledges; old trees uproot and broken by sliding masses in their headlong passage to the world below. Scenery at once bold and diversified, such, indeed, as to enchain the attention, rivet the gaze and crowd the reflecting mind with impressions of devotion and delight."

STARTLING!—We must keep up with the spirit (not spirits) of the age, and consequently give the following extract from the Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times under date of August 21st:

Homography is a new art—an art of yesterday or rather of to-day, for which the inventor makes the following extraordinary claims: Whoever possesses a printed book, possesses stereotype plates of that book; who ever has an old lithograph a copy of an extinct edition, an impression of a steel engraving, has, by a wonderful process of transfer, the original stone, the original type, the original plate, the original block. An octavo of five hundred pages can be executed at a trifling cost in six days. Reprints cost but half the price of the first composition; and engravings, after expensive originals, may be made for a few sous. Stereotyping will be done away with; the first edition will be printed from type, and any one copy furnishes the plates for all successive editions. Rare editions are annihilated, as one copy may be multiplied to infinity, and that, too, with all the typographical peculiarities of the epoch in which it was first printed. Books in foreign languages, in dead languages, in Hebrew, in Greek, in Sanscrit, may be reproduced by workmen completely ignorant of them. The following is the history of the process, as described by Victor Menier, the scientific feuilletonist of the *Press*.

The inventor, M. Edward Boyer, a chemist of Nimes, undertook to solve the problem that the inventor of lithography, Senefelder, of Munich, sought in vain to solve—to reproduce upon stone any typographical work, lithograph, or engraving, of which a single copy is in existence—to do it instantaneously, cheaply, without damaging the original, and so exactly that the most practiced cannot tell the difference, and finally to multiply the copies to infinity. In principle, M. Boyer arrived at a solution in 1844; he has spent ten years in researches tending to simplify, cheapen and render practicable the process. He has now succeeded, and stereotyping a quarto page in ten minutes, as he naturally did in the presence of M. Menier. A cast of the Temptation of St. Anthony which lately cost a Paris publisher, \$280, might have been furnished him by M. Boyer for two cents and a quarter!

The process is, of course a secret, and will not be disclosed even in specifications for a patent. M. Boyer does not mean to patent his invention, he will control and superintend the business in France, and will sell the secret to foreign countries. If this invention becomes as practicable upon a large scale as it is upon the scale of its present application, the name of Boyer will certainly deserve a place