

# SOUTHERN PLANTER.

ALFRED BYNUM, Editor.

WHO SERVES HIS COUNTRY BEST, BEST SERVES HIMSELF.

WM. A. A. CHISHOLM, Publisher.

VOLUME I

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1832.

NUMBER 24.

### TERMS.

Price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per annum, in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the expiration of the year. Payment to be made when the advertisement is inserted, or on demand.

### POETRY.

#### SONG.

The Centennial Celebration of the Pennsylvania Company in Schuylkill, May 1, 1832.

BY RICHARD FENN SMITH.

Pull boys, pull, and row boys, row,  
Of fishermen here below,  
Fishing on land, and some on sea,  
Where fish could never be,  
No job for whale and some for sprats,  
No others catch but water rats,  
No matter where our boat we row,  
We find all fishing here below.

Man who protests that he  
Do for us and liberty,  
Who swears in spite of time,  
Healthy widow in her prime,  
Sanguine who makes a fuss,  
Telling all to gudgeon us.  
The poll boys, pull, and row boys, row.  
We are all fishing here below.

Lady casts the wily net,  
In vain, to some fine fish as set,  
Tame, timid as the deer,  
Fishing with the rough leer,  
Though modest as the wife of Lot,  
No fishing for—you all know what.  
The pull boys, pull, and row boys, row.  
We are all fishing here below.

Who below extends the plan,  
To keep himself a fisherman,  
To fish like him can bait a hook,  
To lose, sometimes, have "fisher's luck,"  
To gain or shine, what e'er befall,  
Never gets a water haul.  
The pull boys, pull, and row boys, row.  
We are all fishing here below.

From the Nashville Tennessean.

Rose on the bosom of a young lady,  
Queen of flowers and is it thou  
Saw upon that bosom now?  
Oh sunny banks you used to blow  
But now—on banks of snow!

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE FAIR PENITENT.

One evening, the last rays of the setting sun  
Upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey  
Shed a "dim religious light upon the marble  
Columns, and the fretted pillars that rose on all  
Sides. A young female dressed in virgin white; ad-  
orned up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps,  
eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely  
countenance half shading a countenance in which health  
and innocence seemed to vie with each other,  
she should add most beauty to features, the form  
which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment as she reached the or-  
gan of the chapel that formed a recess, on  
either side of the aisle, and then turned into the re-  
cess, entered a Confessional, and fell upon her

knees. "Ignorant sin! could this sweet one have  
guilted, that required absolution at the hand of  
holly father confessor?"  
"No shall we."

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer  
in a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence,  
and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts  
of contumacy towards her school mistress, (for-  
getting to mention her first husband,) then her little  
acts of actual commission; reserving the greatest  
of the last. At length, though she had evidently  
concluded her confession, she made a full stop  
and reluctant to proceed further.

"Come daughter," exclaimed the good priest  
who stood; you must not permit a false pride or delu-  
sion to defer you from that full confession without  
which absolution were vain. What more?"

"I'm afraid to tell you good father."

"The priest said something to encourage her, but  
she pretty penitent; he hesitated; and as she covered  
her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed  
to have it seen, the tears made their way between  
her pretty fingers.

"Come—come," said the holy father, "this must  
be done. I must interrogate you. What is it that  
troubles you? Have you done anything to  
grieve or offend your good parents?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books?"

"I've not been reading at all, father."

"Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during  
service?"

"A great deal worse, father."

"The good priest began seriously to be alarmed;  
he did not know how to frame his questions so  
as to avoid suggestions, which (if he should prove  
strong in his suspicions) might render the remedy  
more mischievous than the disease.

"At last the young beauty, as if by desperate ef-  
fort, relieved him from his embarrassment.—"Fath-  
er," she said, with a trembling and half suppressed  
voice, "I will tell you all; if Heaven will give me  
strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good  
father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I  
never thought that so much harm would come  
of it. Besides, it was not all my own fault—it was  
partly his. And he is so very handsome too!"  
The good priest trembled. "And so fond of me  
as to use to follow me about wherever I went—he  
tried to tempt me to think and care about nobody but me."  
She paused a moment—then continued—"  
Well, one night, after I had retired to rest, I  
would you believe it—I found him in my cham-  
ber." (The holy father groaned aloud.) "I never  
could tell how he got there; for I shut the door af-  
ter me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do."

"Well," exclaimed the confessor, in the anxious  
tone, "what more?"

"Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night,  
in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he  
looked so very handsome, and seemed so very fond  
of me—and—that—in short—"

"But," exclaimed the pious priest, with a sud-  
den shew of indignation, "did your mother never  
warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct?  
Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—"

"No, father," (interrupted the penitent,) "she  
never told me there was anything wrong in being  
fond of such a very beautiful man—and—"

"A cat!—was it a cat?"  
"Yes, father," a large beautiful white Agouti,  
that I was at wicked as to steal from the pastry-  
cook's opposite where we live, and have kept him  
concealed in my room ever since."

In nomine Patris et Spiritus Sancti, absolvo,  
said the good priest; and never did he pronounce  
the words with a more full and gratuitous feeling  
of pious satisfaction.

#### YANKEE COURTSHIP.

After my sleigh ride last winter, and the slipper-  
y trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would  
suspect me of hankering after woman again in a  
hurry. To hear her curse and swear, and rail out  
against the whole feminine gender, you would have  
taken it for granted that I never should so much as  
look at one of them again to all eternity. Oh but  
I was wicked; and damn and blast their eyes," says I,  
"blame their skins, torment and darn their hearts,  
and damn them to damnation!" Finally, I took an  
oath, and swore that if ever I meddled or had any  
dealings with them again, (in the speaking line,  
I mean,) I wished I might be hung and choked.

But awaking off from woman, and then going  
into a meeting house chock full of gals, all shining  
and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean  
faces—in like swearing off from liquor and going  
into a grog shop. It's all smoke. I held out and  
kept firm to my oath, for three whole Sundays,  
forsook, afternoons, and intermissions complete.  
On the fourth there were strong symptoms of a  
change of weather. A chap about my size was  
seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new  
patent hat on, his head hung by the ears on a shirt  
collar, his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched  
out in front into a doubled-bow knot. He carried  
a straight back, and stiff neck, as a man ought to  
when he has his best clothes on; and every time he  
spit, he sprung his body forward like a jack knife,  
in order to shoot clear of his ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and  
when I stand up to prayer, and take my coat tail  
under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I  
naturally looked right straight at Sally Jones.  
Now, Sally has got a figure not to be grinned at in  
a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think  
she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For  
my part I think there is not much bot between  
them.—Any how, they are so high matched, that  
they hated and despised each other like rank poison,  
ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got the evening fire on, and set  
himself down to reading the great bible, when he  
hears a tap at his door: "walk in—well John how  
d'ye do? get out Pompey?" "pretty well, I thank  
you, Squire, and how do you do?" "why so as to  
be crawlin'—ye ugly beast will ye hold yer yap—haul  
up a chair and sit down." "How do you do, Mr. Jones?"  
"Oh, middlin', how's yer mammy? Don't forget the  
mat there, Mr. Beedle." "This put me in mind that  
I had been off soundings several times in the long  
muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grand-  
father. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle  
and racket, he opened both his eyes at first with  
wonder and astonishment, at last he began to bal-  
loo so loud, that you might hear him a mile; for he  
takes it for granted that every body is just exactly  
as deaf as he is.

Who is it? I say who is the world is it? Mrs.  
Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "his  
Johnny Beedle." "Ho, I remember he was one sum-  
mer at the stage of Boston—" "No, no, father, bless  
your heart, that was his granddaddy, that has been  
dead and gone these twenty years." "Ho, but where  
does he come?" "Down town." "Ho—and what  
does he follow for a living?" "And he did not stop  
asking questions after this sort, till all the particu-  
lars of the Beedle family were published and pro-  
claimed in Mrs. Jones' best schreech. He then  
sunk back into his doze again. The dog stretched  
himself before one andirons; and the cat squat down  
before the other. Silence came on by degrees,  
like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but  
a creak under the hearth, keeping time with a sappy  
yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim as if  
she were pinned to the chair-back; her hands crossed  
gently upon her lap, and her eyes looking  
straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to  
straighten herself, too, and laid her hands across in  
her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full  
twenty-four hours, since they had done any work,  
and they were out of all patience with keeping  
Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet,  
they would bounce up, and then go through the  
motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For  
my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The  
more I tried to say something the more my tongue  
stuck fast; I put my right leg over the left, and  
said "hem!" then I changed, and put the left leg  
over the right. It was no use; the silence kept  
coming on thicker and thicker; the drops of sweat  
coming to crawl all over me; I got my eye upon  
my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door,  
and at that moment the old captain came all at once  
out, "Johnny Beedle." It sounded like a clap of  
thunder, and I started right up end.

"Johnny Beedle you'll never handle such a drum-  
stick as your father did, if ye live to the age of  
Methuselah. He would toss up his dramstick, and  
while it was whirling in the air, take off a gill of  
rum, and then catch it as it come down without  
losing a stroke in the tumble. What d'ye think of  
that, ha? But shall your chair round close along  
side o'me, so ye can see—there—so. Now what  
side o'me, so ye can come?" "A—te? O, just takin'  
a walk, please your weather, I guess; I mean just  
to see how ye al do." "Ho, that's another lie; ye're  
come a courting; Johnny Beedle, ye're after our

Sal; say now do you want to marry, or only to  
court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made  
but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kit-  
chen; and then she skulked into a dark corner, till  
the old man after laughing himself into a whoop-  
ing cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider, and the ice being  
broken, plenty of chat with mammy Jones, about  
the minister and the sermon. I agreed with her  
to a nicety on all the points of doctrine, but I had  
forgotten the text and all the heads of discourse but  
six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who  
I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day.  
But mum—there was no getting that out of me.  
"Praise to the face, is often disgraced" says I, throw-  
ing a sly squint at Sally. At last, Mrs. Jones light-  
ed 't'other candle, and after charging Sally to look  
well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the  
squire gathered up his shoes and stockings, and fol-  
lowed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart,  
honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied  
again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk.  
I told her all the particulars about the weather  
that was past, and also made some pretty "cute  
guesses at what it was like to be in future; at first  
I gave a hitch up with my chair, at every full stop;  
then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma  
and semicolon, at last it was hitch, hitch, and I  
planted myself by the side of her.

"Iswow, Sally, you looked so plagued handsome  
to-day that I wanted to eat you up." "Fahaw git  
along you"—says she. My hand had crept along  
somewhat upon its fingers, and began to scrape ac-  
quaintance with hers; she sent it home again with  
a desperate jerk. Try it again, no better luck;  
"why Miss Jones, you're getting antipathetic, a little  
old maidish, I guess." "Hands off is fair play  
Mr. Beedle." It is a good sign to find a girl sulky,  
I know where the shoe pinched; it was that  
Patty Bean business; so I went to work to persuade  
her that I never had any notion after Patty, and to  
prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate;  
Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I  
rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few.

I now not only got hold of her hand without oppo-  
sition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist.  
But there was no satisfying me; so I must go  
to poking out my lips after a bus; I guess I need it;  
she fetched me a slap on the face that made me see  
stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a  
quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the  
joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth,  
which gave my face something the look of a grid-  
iron.

The battle now began the regular way. "Oh  
Sally give me a kiss and be done with it now, if  
won't, so there let me alone." "Pl' take it wheth-  
er or no." "Do if you dare." "And at it went,  
rough and tumble; an odd destruction of starch  
now commenced; the bow of my cravat went squat  
up in half a shake; at the next but, smash went shirt  
collar, and the same time some of the head fasten-  
ings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a  
flood like a mill dam broke loose, carrying away  
half a dozen combs—one dig of Sally's elbow, and  
my brooding ruffles melted down to a dish cloth.  
But he had no time to boast; soon her neck tick-  
ling began to shiver, it pated at the throat, who-  
rah, came a whole school of blue and white beads,  
scampering and running inces every way about the  
floor. By the bye, if Sally Jones isn't a real git,  
there is no snakes. She fought fair, however, I  
must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and  
when she could fight no longer, for want of breath,  
she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by  
her side, her head back over her chair, her eyes closed,  
and there lay her little plump mouth, all in the  
air. Lord! Did you ever see a hawk pounce upon  
a young robin—a bumble bee upon a clover top?  
I say nothing. Co'sarn it, Mrs. Jones was about  
half between asleep and awake. "There goes my  
yeast bottle," said she to herself, "burst into twen-  
ty pieces, and my bread is all dough again."

The upshot of the matter was, I fell in love with  
Sally Jones, over head and ears. Every Sunday  
night rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones'  
door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's  
breadth of popping the question. But now I have  
made the final resolve, and if I live until the next Sun-  
day night, and if I doo' choak in the trial, Sally  
Jones will hear thunder.—John Neal.

Liable Escape.—We are assured that the  
following laughable affair is an absolute fact.—A  
Corporal and two Privates, having in their custody  
a Deserter, were enjoying themselves at the Shake-  
spear Inn, Hardwick. The Deserter amused his  
military guardians with several entertaining slight  
of hand tricks; but being encumbered with the steel  
ruffles, complained he could not display his skill to  
advantage, and requested to have his hands at liber-  
ty whilst he exhibited a favorite trick, which he de-  
scribed. This being agreed to, he proceeded to tie  
the hands of the three Soldiers and his own to-  
gether with a handkerchief, which he was wholly  
to loose with a gentle stroke. The magic knots  
were tied, but, on being shook, the knots all re-  
mained firm except the one which held the Deser-  
ter. This fell asunder with a touch, and quick as  
an arrow he lifted up the sash, and darted head-  
foremost through the window, leaving his keepers  
raging at each other, and tugging like ill-coupled  
hounds, before they thought of cutting asunder  
the bonds, which having effected, they commenced  
a warm chase. But the game having got the  
start, rendered their present efforts ineffectual.  
Manchester Paper.

#### RETRIBUTION.

It is a curious coincidence, that the Regent Mor-  
ton, who first introduced the Maiden, an instru-  
ment of decapitation in Scotland; that M. Guil-  
lone, who improved and caused it to be used in  
France under his own name; and that Bredie who  
introduced the Magistrates of Edinburgh to adopt the  
new drop, now generally used in England for the  
execution of criminals; all perished by the instru-  
ment of death which they had themselves invented.  
Phalaris, the contriver of the Brazen Bull, was also  
destroyed by his own handy work; and the Inventor  
of Gunpowder perished in his attempt to realize  
means for the destruction of his fellow creatures.

#### VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

As we have at the request of three of the majori-  
ty Members of the Bank Committee, copied an ex-  
official statement of theirs from the Globe, we can-  
not in common courtesy to the other side of the  
question, do less than comply with the similar re-  
quest, which is appended to the following article.

From the National Gazette.

The following may be supposed to be among the  
additional questions put by Mr. CANNON to the  
President of the Bank of the United States with  
Mr. BIDDLE'S answers.

Question 1.—Do you know Mordecai Manasse  
Noah, King of the Jews?  
Answer.—I never saw his Majesty, and have not  
the honor of his acquaintance.

Q. 2.—Supposing him to be a middle-sized man,  
with a Roman nose, sandy hair, round abdomen,  
and rather arch look,—a handsome man in the en-  
semble,—is it not your opinion that such a person  
would be very apt at a bribe?  
A.—It might be so; but there are so many coun-  
terfeiters current that I cannot say.

Q. 3.—When James Watson Webb got the dis-  
count, did you notice that he is Web-footed, club-  
fisted, with bushy black hair, and a blue beard?  
A.—I believe so.

Q. 4.—Do you know how many buffaloes there  
are in the West?  
A.—Not exactly,—the only one I ever saw is  
that you recommended for a branch, with Mr.  
Rochester for President.

Q.—Did you ever circulate on the Sciencetally  
rail road?  
A.—No; I believe the foundation is bad, pitch  
and tar having been substituted for granite at the  
bottom, and the front has already destroyed it be-  
fore the locomotives have been put out.

Q. 6.—In your answers to the 182 questions  
which I propounded, did you try to render me ridicu-  
lous?  
A.—By no means; I tried to prevent it; but I  
fear without success.

Q. 7.—Did you ever read my report on the coast-  
ing trade?  
A.—As many times as you estimate the coast-  
ing vessels of Great Britain, eight hundred thou-  
sand times, always with renewed wonder.

Q. 8.—Do you consider John Quincy Adams  
the only man who can save this Union?  
A.—I admire very much his description of a  
partisan politician hanging on the skirts of a leader.

Q. 9.—Do you know why my three names be-  
gin each with a C?  
A.—I understand that you were born to be Chair-  
man of the Committee of Commerce, wherefore I  
presume, your three initials.

Q. 10.—Is there no reason to apprehend that  
the late Treaty with Great Britain will cause a re-  
volution in the shingle business of North Carolina?  
A.—I think not.

11.—What is the effort of the Safety Fund on  
the bucktail?  
A.—It nicks them.

Q. 12.—Have you not heard that the French  
Academy had a Perpetual Secretary?  
A.—Yes; and that the post was filled by wits of  
the first order and repute.

Q. 13.—Have you any objection to my self-ap-  
pointment as perpetual Querist to Congress?  
A.—None whatever;—you are a wonderful adept  
in the Socratic method.

Q. 14.—In case the world should revert to hiero-  
glyphics how do you think I shall be designated?  
A.—Of course, by a well chosen note of inter-  
rogation.

Q. 15.—It has been asserted in the New York  
Courier that Isaac Hill lately "took Mr. Webster  
to pieces" in Secret Session of the Senate. What  
is your opinion as to the time it would take said  
Isaac, to put him together again?  
Answer.—I will think of that.

Editors of newspapers are respectfully re-  
quested to copy the foregoing queries. Such  
persons as may be pleased to propound others, will  
probably confer a favor on the President of the  
Bank, as he must be much in want of occupation,  
his office being in fact, almost a sinecure, particu-  
larly at the present juncture.

#### WORKING MEN.

The farmers and mechanics of New England  
are rapidly acquiring correct notions of Mr. Clay's  
"American System." In no State is the manufac-  
turing interest so strong comparatively, as in Rhode  
Island. Yet, the Working Men there have com-  
menced a resolute opposition to their influence,  
which bids fair, in a short period, to place the  
power of that State in domestic hands.

A meeting was called in Providence not long  
since, at which a journeyman-carpenter, made the  
speech which we copy below. A letter from Provi-  
dence gives the following account of the meeting  
and the orator:

"A meeting was called by the mechanics and  
middle interest men, for the purpose of nomi-  
nating candidates for city officers in opposition to  
those set up by the Aristocracy of the place. A re-  
spectable mechanic was appointed Chairman of the  
meeting which was numerously attended. Among  
them were a portion of the 'adverse party,' some of  
whom (the young sprigs of nobility) exhibited by  
evident design of breaking up the meeting, and at-  
tempted to insult the moderator by hooting, hissing,  
&c.

"Mr. Luther is a poor journeyman carpenter,  
though a respectable citizen, and his speech was de-  
livered in a style that fairly astonished the auditors.  
The facts related by him, in reference to the prac-  
tices in manufacturing establishments, are undoubt-  
ed. His speech had produced a great sensation  
here." &c.

"The speech is read here; by the working class  
with the utmost interest, coming from one of their  
own number, and there is every reason to hope  
the whole body of them will throw off their shack-  
les and support that party to which they legitimately  
belong."

From the Republican Herald.

#### MR. LUTHER'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I would ask if persons not pos-  
sessing one hundred and thirty-five dollars in equl-

are admitted to address this meeting. If so, I wish  
to make a few remarks. This country seems  
to be divided into two parties. Not Jackson men  
and Clay men; not Masons and Anti-Masons; but  
the Aristocracy and Democracy. The term denotes  
a privileged class. Although the Constitution of  
the United States acknowledges no hereditary right,  
yet there exists among us a class well deserving  
the name of Aristocrats. I will mention some of  
their privileges. They assume the right of con-  
trolling the vote of the Freemen by threatening to  
fore-close the mortgage held against him; by hint-  
ing to him that he may loose the steam-boat paint-  
ing, and in various ways by threatening to 'with-  
draw from him the means of subsistence. They  
claim the right of meeting at any, and all the ef-  
forts made by the working man to improve their  
condition.

Have we not, Sir, been contending for months,  
to obtain the acknowledgment of an undoubted  
right, to wit: The right to sell our own time in such  
quantities as we deem expedient? Have we not  
met with contumely and reproach from the would-  
be-lords! Say they—"these workies" can do noth-  
ing.

"Have we not the patronage of the govern-  
ment?" But we would say to them, not so fast  
gentlemen. Where did the government get this  
power, which they have given you, and which you  
so misuse? Did it not come from the people?  
And the people can, and will take it from the gov-  
ernment if the manufacturer continue his op-  
pressive measures. Have we not, Sir, while  
contending for the education of the rising gener-  
ation, and for our own improvement, seen the  
smile of contempt and the frown of execration,  
lighting up and darkening the countenance of our  
pressors. Sir, this aristocracy of wealth claims the  
right to shut up in the Cotton Mill the almost in-  
fant child for 13 or 14 hours per diem, with only 20  
of 30 minutes for each meal, that is, breakfast and  
dinner, thereby depriving them of the best of all  
earthly good, an education. If the Manufacturer  
will put out our mental eyes, by keeping us grind-  
ing in their prison houses, and then intend to bring  
us out to make sport for the Philistines, we hope  
they will lead us to the pillars of the Temple of  
their god, Dagon, that we may bow ourselves for  
the last time, and with one mighty effort, tumble  
the vast fabric of the American System, falsely so  
called, in one wide and desolate ruin, rather than  
submit to our oppressors. Sir, the dominant party  
in this town are driving from their ranks man-  
ny, every many men, by their overbearing con-  
duct, and the opposition to the working man, is manufac-  
turing Anti-Tarif men, as fast as the power loom  
makes yards of coarse Cotton cloth. Sir, we are  
in favor of an American System that will benefit  
all interests. But we are not satisfied with the Sys-  
tem, whatever it may be, which enables a favored  
few to accumulate mountains of wealth, at the ex-  
pense of our dearest interests.—Wealth to be used  
as it has been, in this town, as we believe, to bribe  
and threaten our employers to resist the just  
demands of the industrious Mechanics. We hear  
the philanthropist moaning over the fate of the  
Southern slave, when there are thousands of child-  
ren in this State as truly slaves as the blacks of  
the South. May more; the children of slaves from  
6 to 16 years of age, do not perform one half the  
labor, nor work more than one half the number of  
hours that the children do in the Cotton Mills of  
free New England.

The American public have been recently asked  
for \$20,000, with which to build a Seminary of  
learning in Greece. Let us, Sir, educate our own  
population in preference to a foreign one.

Sir, we find the aristocracy in all countries, us-  
ing their efforts, either directly or indirectly, to hold  
the poorer classes in ignorance; that they may riv-  
et the chains of oppression more effectually. Where,  
Sir, is the difference in the affect between Southern  
measures now practised by the Manufacturers, to  
accomplish this dreadful object?

Much, Sir, have we heard respecting the happi-  
ness of a manufacturing population. The Hon.  
H. Clay, whom I highly respect, draws a most  
beautiful picture. He has seen one Cotton Mill at  
Cincinnati. It is well known, Sir, that when  
Honorable travel, timely notice is given of their  
arrival and departure in places of note. Here we  
have a case. The Hon. Senator from Kentucky  
is about to visit a Cotton Mill; due notice is given;  
the men, girls and boys, array themselves in  
their best apparel. Flowers are brought to deco-  
rate the Mill, and enwreath the brows of the fair  
sex. If nature will not furnish the materials from  
the lap of summer, art supplies the deficiency.

Evergreens mingle with the roses, the yew-  
and hollyhock to honor the illustrious visitor. The  
Champion, the very Goliath of the American Sys-  
tem. He enters!! Smiles are on every brow.  
No cow-hide or rod is suffered to be seen by the  
Hon. Senator, or permitted to disturb the enviable  
happiness of these inmates of an almost celestial  
habitation. The Hon. gentleman views with keen  
eye the "clock work."—He sees the rosy face of the  
Hours inhabiting this palace of beauty. He is  
in ecstasy. He is almost dumfounded.—He en-  
joys the enchanting scene with the most intense  
delight. For an hour more he seems to be in the  
regions described in Oriental song. His feelings  
are overpowered, and he retires almost unconscious  
of the cheers which follow his steps, or if he hears  
the ringing shout, it is but to convince him that  
he is in a land of reality and not of fiction. His  
mind is filled with sensations, which, from their  
novelty, are without a name. He exclaims, "This  
is paradise!"—But, Mr. Chairman, one of my friends  
remarked, if a Cotton Mill is a paradise, it is "Para-  
dise Lost."

But, sir, we would presume to advise the Hon-  
orable Senator from Kentucky to travel in cog, when he  
visits cotton mills. He can then see, in many of the  
prisons of that name in New England, instead of  
rosy cheeks, the pale, the sickly, the haggard, com-  
tenance of the ragged child from six to twelve  
years of age. Haggard from the worse than slavish  
confinement in the cotton mill. He may see that  
child driven up to the "clock work" by the cowkin  
in some cases. He might see in some instances  
the child taken from the bed at four in the morning,  
and plunged into cold water to drive away his slum-  
bers, and prepare him for the labor of the mill.  
And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.

And he might see that child robbed, yes, rob-  
bed of a part of his breakfast dinner, that he

might be permitted to address this meeting.