MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN,

AND FREE TRADE ADVOCATE.

[VOLUM I.] HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1839. [NUMBER XXIV]

TERMS.

THE REPUBLICAN

IS PUBLISHED BY

PATTILO & HOWE.

WEEKLY, in the town of HOLLY SPRINGS, Marshall County, Mississippi, at FOUR DOLLARS in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the end of the year.

☞ A failure to give notice, in writing, of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a subscription year, will be considered as a wish to continue. No subscription taken for less than one year.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS containing TEN LINES, or less inserted for ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion—longer ones, ten cents per line for the first insertion, and half price for each insertion thereafter.—Advertisements from a distance must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference in town.—The number of insertions required, must be marked on the advertisement or they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

☞ Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of $2 for every ten lines for each insertion. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements, and at the same rates.

☞ Announcing candidates for office, will be for State offices $10; County $5, payable invariably in advance.

☞ YEARLY ADVERTISERS.—For forty lines or less, payable at pleasure, once a week, $60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly.

☞ The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them, must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months,
" 10 do do do 6 months,
" 10 do do do 12 months,
ALL JOB WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Estray Notices.

The State of Mississippi,
MARSHALL COUNTY.

TAKEN up by C. Squires, living 4 miles east of Holly Springs, one dark bay HORSE, white in the face, right fore feet white, and the left hind foot white, appraised to fifty dollars 12 or 13 years old.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger.

Jan'y. 5, 1839—20-3t [printers fee $2]

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

BY S. Wilson, living on Sect. 15, Township one of range three, a STRAY MARE, black colored, with a star and a stripe in the face.—Left hind foot white, which we value and appraise to twenty-five dollars. Said Mare is supposed to be three years old.

G. W. GRAHRM, ranger.

Jan 5.—20-3t [pr's fee $2]

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

BY Wm. A. Furguson, living 13 miles south of Holly Springs, one yellow bay Mule, very old, the left eye out, a little white spot on the right shoulder, occasioned by the gear, appraised by Bagsdale & Wm. Furguson to forty dollars.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

——— Lowry, living on Cold Water, near ———a black stud Poney with a bell on.

BY R. to be four years old, appraised to 20 dollars, also one filley supposed to be 2 years old, appraised to 27 dollars, 50 cts., also one red cow, crop off the right ear, crop and under-bit off the left ear, appraised to $20.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger.

Jan. 5, 1838,—20-3t [printer's fee $2.]

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

BY A. C. Baker, living 6 miles south-west of Chulahoma, a small brown mare poney, main cut off, bob-tail, 13 hands high, no crands perceivable, 2 years old last spring, appraised to $35 in Holly Springs money.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger.

Jan. 5, 1839—20-3t [printer's fee $2.]

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

BY J. H. Ramey, living on S. 22, R. 2, T 2, one Rone Mare, supposed to be 8 or 9 years old, 14 1-2 hands high, right hind foot white, some white hairs in the face, some saddle spots on the back, appraised to $30.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger.

Jan. 5, 1839—20-3t [printer's fee $2.]

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
MARSHALL COUNTY.

TAKEN up by James P. Means living about three miles north-east of Holly Springs two head of Horses, one a clay bank poney, with a scar on the right fore leg, supposed to be four years old next Spring. Appraised to twenty five dollars. The other a black horse with a star and snip in his face, both hind feet white, supposed to be four years old next Spring. Appraised at $40.

G. W. GRAHAM, Ranger.

Printers fee $4.,

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
Marshall County

TAKEN up by John Morgan living 13 miles South east of Holly Springs one chesnut sorrel horse left eye out a star in the face 13 years old 16 hands high appraised to fifty dollars. Said horse had a small saddle bridle and jingills.

Jan. the 7 1838.

BY S. A. Tucker a sorrel coloured mare left hind foot white, star in the forehead, right eye out, with one big knee, and supposed to be twelve years old Appraised to twenty dollars.

G. W. GRAHAM. Ranger.

Prin. fee. 2.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
Marshal County

TAKEN up by William Crain Living on Sect. 27 Town 1—one red cow and calf mark, Crop on the left ear and split in the right branded on the rump with M. B. Appraised by Tom Strong and M. B. Watson at $15.

Also one red stear with white belly and face about 20 months old marked as above appraised by the same at $4.

Also one red stear marked crop and split in each ear about 3 years old appraised by the same at $10.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
Marshall County.

THEY W Durram, three head of cattle, of the following description: one Heiffer of a reddish color mark with a crop of the right ear, one cow red-colored mark with a swallow fork in the right ear and one yearling red and white spotted mark with a crop of the right ear, all of which value and appraise to $28, said Durram lives on Sect. 6, T. 2, R. 4.

G. W. GRAHAM, ranger

Jan. 5, 1839—20-3t [printer's fee $4.]

FOR THE REPUBLICAN

WINTER.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire,
Nature will smile, will weare her best attire.
Shenstone.

Why dost thou mourn the leafless shade,
The lonely desolated glade
Wrapt in a wintry gloom?
What's winter but a cheerless day?
Spring drooping nature shall array,
In renovating bloom.

Though whirlwinds rise and tempests rave
Yet earth each embryo stem will save,
That lies within her womb;
So blooms for thee unfading spring,
When thou hast felt death's frost-barbed sting,
And winter of the tomb.

What though thy woodlands, groves and bowers,
Bedecked with spotless infant flowers,
When spring's young charms are gay,
Are fair to see by early dawn,
When silver dewdrops gem the lawn
Or at the close of day?

And when mild zephyr's softest breeze
Pants on thy flowers, awakes thy trees
Breathing fresh fragrance round,
'Tis sweet to hear the birds in song
From bough to bough, thy groves emerge,
Wake spring's harmonious sound.

But oh! such prospects as they flow,
Are but a momentary glow,
Of nature's fleeting scene;
Then let thine eye of faith expand—
Behold an everlasting land
Above yon blue serene.

So may thy soul from earth arise
To brighter worlds beyond the skies,
That are by Jesus given;
There thou shalt take a seraph's wing
And bask in an immortal spring
Eternally in Heaven.

B. F. D.

Holly Springs, January 29, 1839.

HON. J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

We made a few remarks last week in relation to this gentleman, which we were led to, by noticing in some of the Whig Presses, a disposition to persecute him even in his retirement, and from accidentally taking up one of his Congressional efforts (his Defence of the Settlers of the Public Lands) which stamps him a staunch friend and advocate of the rights of man, and gives striking evidences that had he continued in the councils of his country, a few years longer, he would have distinguished himself among the master-minds of the Capitol, as the foremost champion of the MANY, against the encroachment of the ARISTOCRATIC FEW.

The speech is the speech of an enthusastic advocate of equality, a hater of the odious aristocratic distinctions and oppressions which are the effects of partial legislation—of one who beholds the "wrongs and outrages with which earth is filled," with indignant scorn for the oppressors, and the commisseration of philanthropy for the oppressed. It is in the tone of a reformer, who feels and knows that the institutions bequeathed to us by the working men of the revolution, have not secured to their children so wide a distribution of the blessings of freedom and plenty and happiness, as was intended by the illustrious donors, and as they are capable of dispensing, and who is ready and willing to go as far as he who will go farthest to secure the greatest possible amount of good to the greatest number of the people; and the most equitable distribution of that good. In short it is a speech worthy of one who prided himself on being a *Representative of the people*, not of aristocratic corporations. Most of our readers have, no doubt, read the speech we allude to, but a re-perusal of a portion of it, will not fail, we think, to afford them as much pleasure as it has us; we therefore extract the following:

In despotic governments the disaffection the people is comparatively unimportent; it can be put down with edicts, and censorships and arms. Without venturing into political economy, we may divide society into two classes producers and non-producers. The first constitute the majority, but three-fourths of their labor goes to enrich the latter. The few become rich, the many remain poor, under the contributions levied upon them by the former, who, in all ages of the world, have, more or less, held the law-making power in their hands. But still the mass have the strength, and the blue, and the muscle; and when roused to exertion, by a long denial of justice, or by years of oppressive legislation, their retribution is terrible. Sir, history is full, alas, too full, too full, of illustrations. There are an hundred volumes in your library crimsoned with the story of popular vengeance. Turn to those tomes of human vice and folly, and trace through their dusty pages the course of every revolution from the earliest records of time and it will be found that, however postponed or aggravated by other causes, they always commenced with some unregarded disaffection of the people. Mr. Speaker: the agrarian spirit is very dangerous; it is spreading in England, throughout Europe, and every man with his eyes open must perceive its progress in the U. States. For the last ten years, fostered by unequal laws and high tariff duties, it has spread widely and deeply particularly in your large cities and manufacturing towns, where the inequalities of wealth, the artificial distinctions of society, and the contrasts of plenty and privation are painfully visible. This is certainly the weak point in our government. It is not dismion or foreign aggression, or extended empire or centralism; but this very community principle which we may dread. In a republic it must inevitably be produced by partial and oppressive legislation. It can only be arrested by conferring equal benefits on all. Sir, the inequality of our legislation is felt by every laboring man in the west in reference to his great object of interest, the *public lands*.

He knows practically that your system of disposing of them, especially now, when the mania of speculation rages, is by no means equitable. They are run-out by surveyors, who note every valuable lot, and sell the information thus acquired to speculators. They are then put up at auction to the highest bidder. Can the settler come in competition with the opulent planter or associated capital? Can he purchase at ten or twenty dollars per acre? No, sir, no. Deceived by his government, cheated by the deceitful illusion, not broken until the last hour, that some reservation, authorised by law, would be made in his favor, the care-worn occupant returns, with a bitter and rebellious spirit, to witness the disappointment and wretchedness of his own fireside; his children *despending*, his wife, perhaps, in the agony of childbed—helpless; himself despirited and penniless, driven forth by the influence of wealth, and the ingratitude of his country. Oh, sir, it is unwise thus to sport with the affections of your people; it is hard thus to deprive one of his home, humble though it be. Sprung from the earth, and destined to return to it, every man wishes to acquire an interest in it—some little spot that he may call his own. It is a deep, absorbing feeling, that nature has planted in us. The sailor on the "watery deep," the lone Indian and wild-bee hunter on the prairies of Missouri; the mountaineer, as he threads his chamois track; and the soldier, perishing for fame ere he freezes into a stiffened corse, dreams, all dream of their early home; and when every other feeling is subdued and withered, the heart that would not blench at scenes of crime and blood, will soften under the *Ranz de Vache*, the early song of childhood.

It is an undying feeling; and when one has gone out from his father's wasted roof, and in the nate golden forest clustered his family around some humble shed, can he see it wrested from him by the laws of his country, without cursing that country and those who govern it? Sir, what can compensate a government for the loss of the love of its people? What is your overflowing treasury when it is filtered from the tears of the wretched, wrung from the hard earnings of those who would coin their blood for your protection, and rampart round this Capitol with their dead bodies before it should be polluted by the presence of an enemy? Sir, if you wish to extinguish the fatal feeling to which I have alluded, to secure the quiet enjoyment of vested rights for ages to come, you will give to every man who seeks it a home in the soil. There is little faith in parchments or charters, or in the liberty they affect to guarantee; but it is probable this government would endure thousands of centuries if every quarter section of the public domain was the *bona fide* property of an actual settler. Incorporate every man with the soil, cluster around him the blessed endearments of home, and you bind him in an allegiance stronger than a thousand oaths.

Mr. Speaker: For years past our legislation and our constitution, or at least the spirit of our constitution have been frequent antipodes to each other. The constitution rose from the wreck of ancient prejudices, a structure of light and beauty, based upon the great principle of equal rights, and dedicated to rational liberty and law. The other has too often been deformed by features incompatible with the genius of the age; stamped with the crude conceptions of feudal times; fettered with restriction dug up from sepulchred centuries. Thus your criminal code in this age of philosophy, is founded on the precepts of Draco. The dungeon and the scaffold do their work as they did a thousand years ago; and the Promethian light of science that we hold in our hands, serves but to show the skeletons of the victims shut up for debt, who have perished amid the death damps of your jails and prisons. The same current runs through your whole system of jurisprudence. For years past it has seemed to be the study of gentlemen to create castes or classes in society; and to legislate for one at the expense of another. What is your tariff system, but a daring outrage on the great principle of equality; an experiment on the forbearance and credulity of the people; a shameful plan to enrich the non-producers, at the expense of those who produce? What are your banks, but part and parcel of the same system devised to harness in the service of the few the God-given energies of the many? Incorporated manufacturers, stock-jobbers and shavers spring up like fungi into affluence and distinction; but the laboring men, the wealth-creators, remain poor. "Why is it that those who cause the earth to produce, live themselves without comfort, convenience or luxury, and continue to be poor?" So far from giving them protection, there is a heavy burden upon very article of prime necessity required by the producer. You tax to oppress one man and to benefit another; and this is justice! these are equal rights! Sir, this protective policy is calculated to render all the necessaries of life scarce and dear, and to make manual labor, individual productiveness, a mere drug in the market.—Look at the state of things in our great cities. There are thousands of poor females destitute of clothing and starving for bread. Many, alas! too many, yielding to maternal sympathies to hush the cries of a famishing child, are driven into prostitution, to be laughed and scoff'd at by the fortunate and happy. Others go out as menials, or labor for the great merchants, at wages barely enough to subsist upon. They pay the most exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life, and a tax to this Government for every garment put on their shivering children. Thus we lay an excise upon wretchedness itself; we demoralize hundreds of unfortunate beings, crowd the almshouses with bastards, and the streets with miserable wretches, starving and plundering, to labor in the plundering, to labor in the penitentiaries or perish on the scaffolds. You create criminals, and then chastise them, like the abandoned mother who strangles with her own hands the unfortunate offspring of her abominations. If this be the effect of your protective system, on the morals of the community, what must be its effects on a political point of view? I pass this by—the odious systems of landlord and tenant, and absenteism, and stewardship, which are fast gaining ground in this country. I pass by the large manufactories, and the scenes of oppression and guilt that are witnessed there; the ricketty children doomed to an early slavery; the unhappy beings lost to shame in the depravity of a promiscuous association; the vassal tenantry who fawn upon the rich proprietor at the polls—a species of Helote, more servile than a southern slave, who, receiving for his daily labor just enough to support life, never hopes for emancipation. Oh, sir, could we throw open those prison manufactories, could we reduce the price of public land, and place a home within the reach of every one, how many, in the vigor of manhood, would rush out to our glad, green valleys and laughing streams, to harvest wealth and honors? How many of the young and beautiful, as yet untainted by the contagion of crime, would leave those darksome cells to be the joyous mothers of freemen in the far off forests of the West! How many too would abandon those scenes of poverty that spread along your Atlantic coast! Those exhausted fields where labor is never repaid; those deserted halls that echo only to the whistling winds; those crumbling tombs, mute memorials of the past! How many of the poor would leave their miserable hovels in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, starving as they are upon the reminiscences of by-gone prosperity, for a home upon soil where industry is always rewarded! And yet gentlemen have and will continue to oppose reduction from the selfish, I call it mad ration, that it will drain off their population and thus they doom thousands of their constituents to a life of toil and suffering, their children to an inheritance of poverty. Sir, let the case be explained to these suffering people, let them be told that a comfortable home would have been provided for each of them, but for the opposition of their own representatives; let this be known and my word for it, gentlemen will regret their course.

Sir, are we to pass laws to restrict emigration? Are we to issue a writ of *Ne exeat*? Must we throw a barrier between the respective States and forbid the people to pass from one to the other? Sir, what if we do draw off part of the population of certain districts? Is it not merely a transfer from one State to the other, under the same broad aegis of our national Union? Are we not one in origin, one in language, one in the glorious destiny that awaits us? What boots it where the physical power preponderates, if you give equal laws and protection to the whole? Sir, when you have the means of making so many indigent families comfortable, and of augmenting at the same time your national wealth, will you refuse to do so because of its probable effects on population? Sir, you owe a boon to the laboring class. Who fill the rank and file of your army in time of war? Whose bones lay scattered over your battle-fields?—Who crowd the decks of your men-of-war? The laboring men. They have been patriots always, from first to last, however divided among political parties; and at a period not far back, when the angry passions of a gallant State were aroused, and thousand of kindred spirits fevered in her cause—when the rich and educated of the south were moving in mailed array against this Government, had the men of moderate property joined them, this Union would have passed away for ever.—This very Capitol would have become the fortress of a frontier State; this district the battle-ground of brothers! Sir, you owe a boon to those suffering people.

Mr. Speaker, this is the only Government that ever speculated in the soil. England, when she held dominion here, was prodigal in her donations. Spain gave away her lands. Her sons were the pioneers of this new world; no storms, nor unknown seas, nor famine, nor shipwreck, could deter them. On, on they went, in the career of high adventure. Land and honors were the rewards she held out to them, and their whole history is a series of phenomena, from the outset of her great navigator to the downfall of Montezuma—the most extraordinary triumph ever obtained by civilized valor over physical force. Texas has pursued the same policy and its wisdom is evident. If the public domain had been fettered with the same legal restraints to settlement that exist here, not five, nor two of the many thousands now there would have crossed the Sabine.—But she has invited them by liberal inducements, and when that soil was invaded, and the flag of despotism rocking over her beautiful prairies, look how bravely those emigrants have rushed to her defence. Oh sir, you may ruffle the leaves of history for deeds of fame; you may search among the fallen columns and mutilated tombs of Greece and Rome immortal even in their dissolution but you will never find a name more sacred, that has been more nobly maintained, than the cause of Texas. Land of the brave and free! refuge of the unfortunate! one of the poor! soon may thy star shine in cloudless array from our own broad banner of living glory!

Mr. Speaker: I need not tell the House that the tide of empire is sweeping to the West. The physical power of this nation is crossing the Alleghanies. In a few years your capital may stand on the banks of the Mississippi and flying its broad shadows over the prairies of Missouri. Then, sir, when your cis-montane representatives throw themselves upon the charity of Congress, and beg protection and relief, could you complain, if the voice of the Great West should remind you of your neglect? At no distant day our relative positions will be changed, and you will be the suppliants. Every thing around us points to the mighty change that is taking place. Where are your noble mansions, once the seat of a generous hospitality? Where are your master minds, who impressed their names and spirits on the age?—Look abroad at the symptoms of decay. Exhausted plantations, crumbling edifices, depopulated towns crowd upon the eye. Even your beautiful river sweeps along its magnificent course almost unshadowed by the wing of commerce; and where villages once stood, a few solitary tenants may claim the scene of desolation. This, sir, is no fancy sketch. Your power is rapidly coming to us. But we are your sons and ask for assistance. Do, not like an unnatural parent, force us to rebellion. We ask but for a small portion of the soil we live on. It is moistened with the blood of our fathers; the bones of those who fell upon it are sepultured there; surrender them not to heartless speculators but give us part of a soil consecrated by such solemn memorials.—Give us this, and in the hour of peril call on us for gratitude. Like the ancient Egyptians; we will guard the very ashes of the dead to preserve the integrity of this Union; and when you shout your battle-cry, our gallant men will echo it from mountain to valley, and from state to state; wherever your banner floats, and wherever the "blows fall heaviest and thickest" there they will be, the bold and generous settlers of the West.

From the Darien Telegraph.

THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT

In days of yore, when I was young,
I tripped about so gay;
That many beaux around me sung.
In all their bright display.

The time then passed so sweet,
That evening came so soon;
And sprightly beaux in dandy feet;
Would often come to woo.

Yet, still I met them with a smile,
And gave my hand,
I pledge, that I was free from guile,
As any in the land.

The evening soon was passed and gone,
But my guitar as yet,
Had not began "The Mellow Horn,
And mute was flageolet.

Thus days, months and youthful years,
Away had quickly sped;
And I began to have my fears—
For many beaux had fled.

Till now I'd sought to please them all.
And little thought that I
Should ever suffer such a fall;
For I had flown so high.

In little time no one appear'd
To care a jot for me;
Then to my toilet I repair'd
The reason there to see.

I brush'd my glass to take a look
At my angelic face;
The toilet I at once forsook,
With brisk and lively pace.

I sat me down, and here I wept—
I wept and sobb'd aloud—
To think that o'er my brow had crept
Such wrinkles in a crowd.

Then to my toilet I did go,
And powder off did I try;
To hide the wrinkles from each beau,
In my poor evening sky.

My hopes are blasted, like the corn
That feels the early frost;
And I am sad and much forlorn,
Since I the line have cross'd.

And oh! a darken'd cloud I see—
An omen of the storm—
And yet, I know not where to flee,
For one to keep me warm.

EDITORIAL CHANGES.—We learn that Mr. Haliday has purchased the interest of Gen. Besançon in the Natchez Free Trader, and that the paper will be under his exclusive supervision. We are sorry to learn also that Mr. H. has determined to withdraw from the political arena, and occupy, for the future, a neutral ground. We regret this determination. The Free Trader was one of the ablest Administration papers, in the State, and its loss will create a vacuum in our ranks which will be regretted by every Democrat.—GRENADIAN.

From the Southern Advocate.

This is an age of humbug—every thing goes by puff! puff! puff! Neither Religion Law nor Physic is exempt from universal empiricism—it is now the only way to become famous.

Our eyes were greeted yesterday as we entered one of our Hotels with a half acre hand-bill pasted on the wall and much and resembling those of extensive Menageries, but on closer examination we found it to be only an advertisement of a patent medicine, the discovery of which has been long and loudly called for by suffering humanity. Apart from the common everyday cures that has been heretofore effected by patent medecine, such as restoring the halt and the blind—giving youth to the aged, and like religion, triumphing "over death, hell and the grave," it possesses many other properties which cannot but prove an everlasting blessing to our race. Among the most extraordinary properties possessed by this wonderful medicine, it is said that it prevents the extra growth of feet and hands beyond No. 2's in ladies and No. 6's in gentlemen. It is thus a great saving in leather the price of which would be much reduced by its general use. An old gentleman who had used this celebrated ointment for nervous headache found fourteen grand children cured of scaldhead, and greatly relieved of worms. And we saw but yesterday an old lady who was making anxious enquiry whether it would "actually make old folks young again on account of *her old man* who had scarcely been hisself these twenty years."—

The old woman only wanted an *extra joint in her backbone* on her own account.

From the Maine Farmer.

THE WEALTH OF A COUNTRY DEPENDS UPON THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

What is wealth? Those things which are convenient and necessary to use and which administer to our wants and our comforts. Money alone cannot therefore be considered as wealth because if the articles or things above mentioned are not to be had or are not in existence, a man would be poor indeed, though he were loaded with gold and silver. If he were hungry and there was no bread to be bought if he were shivering with cold and there no garments made for sale his gold would be but little service. It is true mankind, by a common consent, have agreed that gold and silver should be the sign or evidence of property,—or in other words, the measure of property; and he who has a large amount of it, has evidence of so much wealth.—He can exchange it for the very things or articles which do in fact constitute wealth.

Thus a man who has a hundred dollars in his pocket has the ticket, as it were, to entitle him to enter into the possession of an hundred bushels of corn, or a hundred yards of cloth or a hundred acres of wild land,—or a yoke of oxen, or a horse and wagon, as the case may be. But if these things do not exist and he needs them his ticket is of no more use than if he had a ticket to go into a theatre, and it should have been burned down before he used it. The elements therefore of wealth consists in natural productions, brought together, ceanged and modified by the skill and labor of man; of the farmer and mechanic. Commerce, though necessary and honorable, nothing more than the moving or changing of these productions from place to place. It has always appeared singular to us, that merchants should consider themselves, as too many of them do, above the farmers or the mechanics, merely on account of their profession, when they are indeed only the teamsters, to the others. They are the agents to transport their productions hither and thither, as calls may exist for them. But to return to the subject. If we are right in the position we have taken, that wealth consists in natural productions changed and wrought upon by the labor of man, it follows that the country which possesses the most of the elements or materials to work upon, such as good soil—abundance of water—forest of timber—quarries of different kinds of stones, mines, and beds of different kinds of minerals, &c. &c. must have the most natural wealth. It then only requires the hand of industry and skill to put these materials into shape, and to put them together to form real substantial wealth. This is the duty of the farmer and mechanic. They are the second creators of wealth.—They take the raw materials as they come from the hands of the Almighty, and change it by their labor into the thousands and the tens of thousands of different forms which render it useful to man, which make it subservient to the wants and comforts of human life. The more industrious and skillful this class is, the more waalth will be accumulated in the country. Do farmers and merchants consider these things rightly? Are they not too apt to think themselves as mere plodders and servants rather then as second to the great first cause in the production and increase of wealth? And indeed is there not a false false standard of respectability too much in use in society and are not the productive classes apt to measure themselves by it? This standard appears to be idleness and a fine coat; and consequently the more idle a man can be and the finer the dress the more of a gentleman. No: so. Respectability should consist in an improved mind and skilful and industrious hands.—Moral qualifications being equal he should have the most honor, who, by the combination of the efforts of his mind and physical powers has contributed most largely to the increase of those things which constitute wealth.

Such an one has done more for the amelioration of society, than a thousand unproductive dandies who loll in the shade and wash with Cologne. And society should bestow upon such a corresponding meed of honor.

GOOD.—The Louisville Journal (Whig,) is trying to prevail upon the Louisville Advertiser, (dem.) to re-publish the abolition letter of Judge Morton, of Massachusetts. The letter, in its reply, says—

"The Journal can effect its object without difficulty. Let it re-publish the whig resolutions passed by the Legislature of Indiana, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts and other States, in favor of the right of petitioning Congress on the subject of abolition—the address of the Albany abolitionists in favor of the whig ticket—Mr. Webster's avowal against slavery—Governor Ritner's denunciation of the dark spirit of slavery; J. Q. Adams' speech against Texas, and his late circular to his constituents. Mr. Clay's sentiments on the same subject, as given in his biography, and the soul stiring appeal of the negroes of New York in support of modern whiggery. Let this be done, and we will freely place Judge Morton'e letter in our colums.

From the Mississippian.

U. S. SENATOR.

A great flurry was kicked up in the House yesterday because Mr. Bond of Hancock, who has been in very bad health for some time resigned and went home. Some of the ranting whigs assert that it was to avoid voting for Mr. Henderson for whom it is understood Mr. Bond felt himself intructed to vote. The idea that democrats had any hand in this business is sufficiently ridiculous, when it is known that Mr. Bond has been in extreme ill health ever since he has been in town. The imputation that this charge is calculated to cast upon the old gentleman Bond will be contented by all who known him and are not bigoted with party zeal and fanatism. There are two or three of the democratic members absent, owing to the ill-health of their families, we presume it it will hardly be supposed that the democrats effected this or that the whigs caused the sickness of these members families, yet the latter might be said with as much truth and plausibility as what has been assertained in relation to the resignation of Mr. Bond: whom the whigs would be willing to kill, strangle, or murder for the sake of one vote. They would treat him as the fellow did the goose that laid the golden egg.

If these whigs were not so anxious to perpetrate villainy themselves, they would not be so ready to imagine evil of others. They have not yet forgotton the session of the Legislature of 1835, which they actually broke up to prevent the election of a democratic Senator, when the democrats had an immense majority on joint ballot. We say the whigs have not forgotton that passage in their political history, and while they are mindful of their past sins, are not slow to suspect others. They have not forgotton that this same Mr. John Henderson headed that rowdy movement of the whig Senators in 1835, and are fearful that the poisoned chalice will be commanded to his own lips. Wonder if Mr. Henderson has a copy of that letter which he wrote to Duff Green giving an account of the Legislature of 1835, and rehearsing with much selfcomplacency the service which he had rendered the prospects of Mr. Poindexter and the whig cause, by preventing the election of Senator at that time! Sweet little epistle that! It was printed and circulated very extensively at the time and presents a fine specimen of whig fairness in politics. Whig honesty is a thing of expediency. They don't admit any thing to be honest which is not all on their side.

If Mr Bond had in truth resigned to avoid voting, his conduct would be reprehended by us as strongly as by any one else, but it is illiberal to charge a man with such a motive, when sickness has been the sole cause.

The ground upon which Mr. Bond is said to be instructed, is, that his county at the late congressional election, voted for Prentiss and Word. It is not pretended that Hancock is not a Democratic county. Now, is Mr. Bond the only member in this situation? We presume the rule will work both ways.

In the first place, there is Mr Hill, of Marshall, whose county voted the Democratic ticket for Congress; and have since elected a Democratic ticket for Congress and have since elected a Democratic member of the Legislature by more than one hundred and fifty votes. We presume, therefore, Mr. Hill is prepared to the adhere to this Whig rule.—Then there is Mr. Portiss, of Tippah, whose county voted the Democratic ticket. M. Brown, of Lauderdale, is in the same situation, as well as Messrs. Jayne and Mendenhall of Simpson.—We learn that Simpson County has instructed their representatives to vote the Democratic ticket, and that these gentlemen have pledged themselves to obey. If they are instructed we have too much respect for thes gentlemen to suppose they will forfeit their pledges.

We should be glad to see these Whigs declare that they will vote the wishes of their counties, and place the election on that issue. They dare not do it! They insist upon the doctrine of instructions when the result would be in their favor, but disregard it when against them.

Three points to be put in italics and borne in mind by all merchants who live out of the dominion of King Nicholas, and who have never sworn allegiance to him.

First—There is a difference between attacking the abuses of banking and attacking banking itself.

Second.—The truest conservative in the world is the democratic reformer.

Third.—They are the best friend of the credit system who struggle to detach it from its mischievous connection with political power.—Boston Post.

The Democratic State Rights Convention, which assembled at Jackson, on Tuesday, the 8th inst. made the following nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR—A. G. McNUTT

"CONGRESS { A. G. BROWN, J. THOMPSON,

For Secretary State,
B. W. BENSON.

For Treasurer.
SAMUEL CRAIG.

For Auditor Public Acct's,
A. B. SAUNDERS.