TRUE DEMOCRAT.

"We claim as large a Charter as the Wind, to blow on whom we please."

By O. C. Dease. PAULDING, MISS., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1845. **Vol. 1—No. 2.**

TERMS.

The **True Democrat** *is published every Wednesday, at* THREE DOLLARS *per annum.*

ADVERTISEMENTS *inserted at the usual rates, viz: One Dollar per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. A liberal discount allowed to those who advertise by the year. Announcing county Candidates for any office five dollars—others, ten dollars.*

JOB WORK *executed with neatness and despatch.*

☞ *Letters on business connected with the office, must be* POST PAID, *to ensure attention.*

[From the Knickerbocker.]

The Printer.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;
All silent within, save the ticking type,
All silent without save the night watch turning;
All heavily echoed the solemn sound,
As slowly he placed o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone
With the joy of festivity gleaming,
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;
Yet the printer still works at his lonely post,
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,
And building bright hopes for the morrow,
Nor dreamed he that Fate was waving a wand,
That would bring him to fear and sorrow;
Yet the Printer was there in his shadowy room,
As he sat in his frame work that rich man's doom.

That young wife was smiling, whom lately had bound
The ties that death only can sever;
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile
For she thought they were parted forever;
But the Printer was clicking the types that would tell
On the morrow the truth of the midnight spell.

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow,
And restless the pillow was pressing;
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream
His loftiest hopes now possessing;
Yet the Printer works on in deep silence and gloom,
And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up
His budget of grief and of gladness;
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,
For the happy, a cup full of sadness;
Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,
And dark ones with terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear
To palace and cot on the morrow;
Oh welcome, thrice welcome to many a heart!
To many a bearer of sorrow;
It shall go like the wind and wander in air;
For life and its changes are impress'd there.

Temperance Ode.

BY THE REV. E. HATFIELD.

1. Friends of freedom! swell the song;
Young and old! the strain prolong,
Make the Temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory.
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march the world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

2. Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears;
Of ruined families!
Raise the cry in every spot—
"TOUCH NOT; TASTE NOT; HANDLE NOT!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

3. Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high;
"TOUCH NOT; TASTE NOT TILL YOU DIE!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed!
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When peace beneath thy gentle ray,
TEMP'RANCE, all the world shall sway,
And sign triumphantly.

John Jones has disposed of the Madisonian to Messers. Fish & Dow, both old editors, we believe, who will commence its publication about the 1st of May, under the title of the Constellation.

The gross value of property in the U. States is estimated at $3,000,000,000.

It is announced in the Pennsylvanian, that Vice President Dallas has returned to Philadelphia, and is as ormerly, attending the courts in the exercise of his profession.

Children sweeten labor, but they make misfortunes more bitter.

From the Mississippian.

CHICKASAW SCHOOL LANDS—STATE SEMINARY—500,000 ACRES—THE TWO PER CENT FUND—THE BRANDON RAIL ROAD.

By the compact between the United States and the State of Mississippi on the entrance of the latter into the Union, the 16th section of each township of land in the State was reserved for school purposes. This right was sedulously adhered to by both parties up to the period of the Chickasaw Treaty. By that Treaty all the lands claimed by the Chickasaw Tribe were to be sold, and the net proceeds paid over to the Indians. The 16th sections like other lands in the nation, were put up and sold for the benefit of the Indian, contrary to the compact and in derogation of the rights of the State. A controversy arose between the State and Federal Government, which resulted in the U. States agreeing to give to Mississippi an equivalent for the loss of her 16th sections, in other lands, to be located under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Directions were accordingly given to the Registers and Receivers in this State to make locations. So little attention was paid to the interest of the State, that after about twenty thousand acres of very inferior lands had been located, the work was arrested by an earnest remonstrance on the part of the State. Another controversy arose which eventuated in the United States agreeing to permit the lands to be located under the direction of the Governor of the State, and in quantities of not less than one quarter-section in a body. The work went forward immediately, and has now been completed. The Chickasaw counties have for school purposes, 174,500 acres of the very best lands in the known world. Selected as it has been by experienced woodsmen with great care and in small bodies, all the refuse lands have been thrown out, and the cream of the country so to speak have been selected, thus giving to the Northern counties a most munificent school fund, and turning to their advantage what at first seemed to be a gross disregard of their rights and interests. It is pleasant in looking over the history of the past, to perceive that in the acquisition of these important advantages to a single section, all parts of the State have joined with equal energy and zeal; and we are sure that the Southern counties look with no jaundiced eye on their Northern sisters in the enjoyment of all their possessions—but feel a hearty and deep rejoicing at their happy and prosperous condition. We know that in asserting and procuring a recognition of these rights, that Southern members of the Legislature, Southern Senators and members of Congress went with as much activity and sincerity as the most active and sincere members from the North—nor does any Southern man deem it his right or the right of his part of the State, to go snacks with the North in the use and enjoyment of this rich bounty albeit three fourths of the 16th sections in this part of the State were comparatively valueless—this was our ill fortune. To have got better lands was their good fortune, which we do not envy them, but rejoice that it is so, and that our efforts contributed to its consummation.

THE STATE SEMINARY.

Many years ago, the United States gave to Mississippi a township of land as an endowment of a State University. These lands were selected with great care, and were sold at high prices—about ninety-five thousand dollars of the money was invested in Planters Bank Stock, and has proven an almost entire loss, together with all the interest which should have accrued on it. The balance of the fund, amounting to some one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, has either been collected and paid into the treasury, or has been placed in a condition to be entirely secure, so that the institution may now be regarded as being beyond the reach of contingency, with the handsome endowment of 160,000 dollars. Many thought that as this was a state institution, it ought to have been located near the centre of the State—in which event, Jackson, Clinton, Brandon, or Canton, or some neighboring point, would have been selected; but commissioners were appointed to select a site, and the beautiful village of Oxford, in the county of Lafayette, was the favored spot chosen by them. The south, east, west, and middle counties acquiesced, giving another instance of their indisposition to grudge the bounties which both the state and national government were disposed to give to their northern sisters. There is but one feeling in this end of the state, and that is, that the seminary may flourish and prosper, and that the youth of north Mississippi, may enjoy all the advantages which their proximity to this seat of learning and science affords, and that Oxford may become as famous in the annals of literature, as its great transatlantic namesake.

THE 500,000 ACRES OF LAND.

The Federal Government, vulgarly termed Uncle Sam, in one of those generous and jolly moods into which it sometimes falls, in spite of the cold avarice of the Yankees and the cormorant growling of the western people, opened its heart and gave to Mississippi 500,000 acres of land, for works of internal improvement. This land may become (and we fear it will) a fruitful source of contention between the different sections of the State. It has been all located and is represented as immensely valuable by the commissioners appointed to select. We note this disadvantage in making the locations for this grant. We were compelled to take not less than 320 acres in a body, whereas the Chickasaw commissioners were permitted to take as little as 150 acres. There must be proportionably a larger amount of refuse lands in this grant, than in the Chickasaw school lands. Here again, in the disposition of this land, the south is ready to display her generous disposition towards the north. Not only is south Misssissippi ready, willing and even anxious to give to the north her due proportion of the land, but as we believe, to go further; to give her as much as will suffice to improve all her fine navigable rivers, even though it amount to two thirds or three-fourths. The leveeing of the Mississippi is a work often spoken favorably of, and we dare say that Wilkinson, Pike, Copiah, Lawrence, and other southern counties, will be found as ready to embark in it, whenever it shall be found to be practicable. Desoto, Tunica, Ponola and other counties immediately interested in it. We feel a proud exaltation in being able to say, that so far from nursing any feeling of sectional jealousy, the people of the south, as a people, spurn the very idea, and are always ready to show by their actions, that one part of our glorious commonwealth, is as dear to them as another.

THE TWO PER CENT FUND.

When Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union, five per cent. of the net proceeds of the sales of all the public lands within her limits, was guaranteed to her for works of improvement; three per cent. of this money was to be expended under the direction of the Legislature within the State, and this took the name of "three per cent-fund." The Legislature divided it among the several counties in equal portions, and it has "gone glimmering through the dim distance" to parts unknown. The remaining two of the five per cent. was to be expended under the direction of *Congress* on works leading *to the State*. This took the name of the two per cent. fund. Congress did not exercise its right to expend it, and the fund to accumulate, until it reached the sum of about 300,000 dollars. After repeated memorials on the part of the Legislature, (all parties uniting,) Congress finally yielded to our earnest solicitations, and passed Senator Walker's bill, relinquishing the entire two per cent. to the rail road leading from Brandon to the Alabama line. Now, to our mind, this money no more belonged to Mississippi before this relinquishment, than to any other State—and for any other purpose than to build this road, it no more belongs to the State now than it did before the relinquishment. It is a trust conveyed to Mississippi for a specified purpose, and the State has no more right to refuse to execute the trust, and retain the money than has one man a right to get another's money under a promise to apply it in a particular way, and then refuse to apply it, and use it for another purpose. We speak with great confidence when we assure our Eastern friends that there cannot be the least doubt that the State will, in good faith, apply the money to the road; that the great north is too noble and generous to withhold from the East that which is her due; and that if every other consideration failed (but with the North there can be no such thing as fail in doing right) her gratitude to the East would prompt her to give her justice. But we will not speculate on a subject so improbable in itself as that the north or any other part of the State will interpose to rob Eastern Mississippi of that which the United States has given her with the full consent of all the States interested. It is hers by gift, and other parts of the State cannot and will not insist on taking it from her. There would be more justice in making a son divide his patrimony with his brothers and sisters, after they had got their full shares, than to compel Eastern Mississippi to divide this money. We always hated family jars; but we have always hated worse to see a good natured little boy imposed on by his larger brothers. We hope there is no disposition any where to impose on the East. We can almost say we know there is not; justice is all she wants; justice, we are certain she will get. Then let us say to the East, the Gibraltar of Democracy, stand to your ancient battlements; stand to your principles; do your duty as you have always done; demand your rights and they will not be withheld.

Agriculture in the South.—We are greatly interested in the cause of Agriculture, and how very gratifying to see such a spirit for improvement manifested, in many of our friends turning their attention to other products besides cotton. In the stead of cotton alone, many changes are recommended, such as the rearing of Sheep, Hogs Cattle, Horses, Mules, Corn, &c., diversifying the labor bestowed on cotton, including Silk. If we mistake not these maters have often been before our readers and it appears that nothing but stern necessity will produce action. Sheep could be raised in many parts of Mississippi and Alabama, no doubt to great profit, and then raise millions of cotton. Silk could be raised, for abundant success has attended many experiments that have been made, and we see this matter brought before our southern readers in a strong and forcible manner. In Georgia, we discover, much interest is manifested in establishing manufacturies, and also in South Carolina, we see the establishment of a Cotton Factory strongly recommended. Great interest is being taken on most all these subjects, and while so vast amount of cotton is forced into market, the price must necessrily be low. Many say it will not pay for cultivation; well, this being the case, why not turn your labor to something else. Unless, like an active friend in South Carolina, make your cotton crop entirely clear. One says Wool will not do, another says, Silk wont do—a third tells us stock is too unprofitable—a fourth reiterates the old saying, that manufactories will ruin our country—and so we go, like an old time piece, pursuing the even tenor of our way, without appreciating the great and untold advantages we enjoy—the invaluable resources that are lying entirely dormant, only wishing for some one to call them forth. But it would take an age to do this.

We discover that our friend COCKRILL, strongly recommends the rearing of Wool in the south, and not only to rear, it, but to manufacture. Should the establishment of Cotton and Woolen Factories prove successful in the South, (and we see no good reason why they should not,) no doubt great would be the good arising from such a course. It matters not much to us what article shall be produced more abundantly than another, but we do feel an abiding interest in the general prosperity of our country, whether Cotton, Wool, Hemp, Flax, Silk, Rice, Sugar, Grass, Live Stock, or what not, we wish to see the people prosperous and contented. Diversify your labor so as to give all emplyment. When one cannot raise Cotton, let him raise Wool—when one cannot raise Wool, let him raise Silk; when one cannot raise Silk, let him engage in manufactories, and so on until men, women and children are all engaged.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family umbrella. Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He dosen't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he'd have better taken cold than taken our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! Don't think me a fool Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no unbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are going to get to school to morrow.—They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stay at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who cant feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes: I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate for me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir, if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions to that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two and eightpence for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for em? *I* can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property and beggaring your children—buying unbrellas!

"Do you hear that rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I dont care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, that's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I should'nt wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet would be spoilt. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em! No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me.—Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords when they can't take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all.—She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have it all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things!—They'll be slopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'm, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—*I* didn't lend the umbrella."

"Here," says Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella." [*Punch.*

The intelligence from Europe by the steamer Caledonia, was published last evening at this office, in advance of every other newspaper office in the city. The present ministry of Great Britain, anxious to retain their places and avert the disastrous overthrow with which they are menaced by a powerful opposition, propose a war with the United States for the possession of the Oregon territory. They attempted to bully us out of the annexation of Texas, and now resort to the same empty vaporing on the Oregon question, not only with a view to the manufacture of political capital at home, but with the hope of yet preventing annexation by operating upon the fears of the people of Texas. War under any circumstances, is a calamity. But a war for the maintenance of our rights is not only justifiable but honorable, and should it be necessary to resort to the dread alternative, England will find in the United States an antagonist neither powerless nor contemptible.

It is the height of madness for England to talk of war in which all Europe would be involved, and in which five millions of her domestic slaves, or factory operatives, with other millions of oppressed men in another part of the United Kingdom, would be active participants. Is she prepared for domestic insurrection at home? For the severance of her colonies? For Irish independence? For Scotch nationality? For the repudiation of her national debt and universal bankruptcy? If she is prepared for all these events, then she may war with the United States. A war for Oregon would be popular with the people of the U. S., and the British ministry may find, when it is too late, that in proposing this alternative, they have committed an error which must result calamitously for that arrogant despoiler of nations over whose destinies they now preside.

[*N. Y. Sun.*

We publish today in our paper, the prospectus of the "TRUE DEMOCRAT," to be published in the Town of Paulding, Jasper County, edited by O. C. Dease Esq. the prospectus speaks for itself, and needs no comment from us. Its Editor has been long and favorably known in the State, this being the State that gave him birth, he should receive patronage from the democracy, at least of the whole State.

Disseminator.

A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in mental absence, reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

The town of Perryville, in Perry county, Alabama, has been almost entirely consumed by fire.