

# TRUE DEMOCRAT.

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

By Dease & Graybill.

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## True Democrat.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1846

O. C. DEASE,  
JEFF. M. GRAYBILL, } Editors.

The *Mississippian* came to us last week, in our humble judgment, very much improved. Although not so large as it has been, yet it contains much more reading matter, and far more neat than it ever has been. We can now cordially recommend it to our friends as one of the best journals in the State and richly meriting the patronage of the Democratic party.

### The Tariff.

Mercury from every quarter brings intelligence of the deep interest which pervades the country upon the subject of the tariff. Who has not noticed the gradual encroachment of protection upon the rights of agricultural labor? Public news has proclaimed it aloud—the South has heard it with alarm. The gabbling protectionists of the North mock the prosperity of our southern farmers by tauntingly holding up to the public eye, the reduced price of goods and wondering at our ignorance. Their partisans of the South repeat, "ignorance"—and deceitfully contend that putting on, means taking off, and if they could, to gain some party end, they'd send away the people quiet, and deceived. Do they think the people are always willing to be deceived? We are stupid—they are wise. Our arguments and explanations are unlearned, at which they affectively laugh, save a few, and they gaze stupidly in the face of those who speak under the peculiar influence of the spirits, [not whiskey we trust.] of the true whig revealed faith, and such vainly try to understand, but fail. But one sentence they mechanically learn, like babbling parrots to repeat with words of supposed learned length. "High protective duties, upon articles of domestic manufacture, in proportion to the advance of duties, reduce their price to the consumer, and therefore it is to the interest of the South to encourage the protection of American industry." "Too much learning makes a man mad." By the time some of our plain unsophisticated farmers could comprehend the syllogistic truth of the above argument, we opine their pulse of nature would irregularly beat. Faithful messengers these, who know so much about the permanent interest of man, and prove so much by so short a speech. In a speech as short as theirs, we will reply—and leave the two to plain and simple truth. Duties for protection advance the interest of the manufacturers and are detrimental to the prosperity of consumers. Proof—the former beg of Congress protection and the latter deny the power of the government to give it or the right of the farmer to ask it.

Our readers will naturally conclude, that none will ask for that which will do them injury—at least when they understand their true interest. Upon the other hand we would not withhold that the giving of which would make us prosperous and rich. If ours be ignorance, father of our destiny give us more. If theirs be wisdom, give us less—for surely "too much learning will run us mad."

WASHINGTON PAPERS.—The Washington Union and U. States Journal appear to be out to some extent upon the subject of public patronage. The Editors of both papers were candidates for the public printing and they were all Democrats. The task of making an Election, inasmuch as both are gentlemen of standing and ability, was truly delicate. But nevertheless necessity forced Congress to make it, and in electing the proprietors of the Union, we cannot conceive in what manner it reflected upon the private or political reputation of the other gentleman. Old Thomas Ritchie is a veteran in the ranks of Democracy. Many a well fought battle has he made and as many laurels has he borne off in the cause of equal rights.

To the veteran editor then, we candidly believe the public printing should have been given. Yet, whilst we award to him this justice, we cannot flatter him, by lauding his bitter course towards the editors of the Journal, nor do we pretend to appreciate the spirit in which they received their defeat. The service of jealousy is laborious, and her wages are truly the most bitter. Why watch the success of our adversary? and why deplore his triumph? Why wait our time in a useless declaration of defeat? None of these secure success. In society there always interests that clash, and the double demand of duty and justice opposed to gratitude and inclination draw the severest drafts upon the conduct of public men. It matters not, so far as discontent is in question, whether they only have a choice of evils or of undoubted merit, they are forced to give offence, so long as rivalry and enmity are considered significantly one and the same thing.

If the true motives of our actions are wounded pride and revenge, it is folly to attempt to

conceal them, for whatever pretext we employ as an apology for our conduct the true secret will eventually, to persons who reason logically, uncover itself. But on the other hand should the condemnation of an adversary be disinterested and for the public interest there is scarcely one person in ten thousand who will give us credit for so much public honesty—hence the result in both cases is identical. Holding them up in any point of view the differences of the Union and Journal are sadly to be deplored because it appears to the people that each would pull the other down to rise instead.

Geology.—We concur in opinion with the "Reformer," that a State Geologist ought to be appointed. The source of agricultural wealth in this State, can never be properly developed until the qualities of our various soils are ascertained and explained to those persons from whom all our social, political, and national wealth is derived. The learned Geologists, by geological surveys, ascertain the hidden resources of the earth, reduce them to the control of the husbandman, by which worn out fields, that were before considered worthless, are reclaimed, and crops of rich production greet the renewed energy of hardy farmers—and amply compensate them for the slight tax necessary to defray the expense of geological research.

Mississippi is destined to be one of the wealthiest States of this Union, unless she is crippled by the unwise policy of her citizens. The faux pas of her Legislature upon the subjects of Banking and chartered monopolies, threw back her agricultural developments twenty years. Her condition was like the bloated toper—first an artificial plumpness and apparent healthfulness—next a protruberance of feature, extraordinarily excited, and then the pale, bloated, dropical rotundity of the last stages of human suffering, from an ill-spent dissipated life. Tapping, was the hazardous but only remedy. The operation has proved successful, and she is again sound and healthy. If in future she looks to the soil as the only true source of her health and prosperity, she will, ere long, occupy a proud position among her sisters. But if wild schemes and artificial resources are permitted to characterize her councils, long, very long, will it be before she attains that stand on which her natural capabilities should place her. We repeat, then, let us have a learned Geologist, one that understands his business, and our word for it, many salutary results will follow his examinations.

### For the True Democrat.

A. G. McNutt.

The time has come—the day of our redemption is at hand! Let the fearless Democracy of the State now speak, and strike death and terror into the very heart of time-serving politicians—let the voice, the free and untrammelled voice, of the people, speak through their Representatives in the next Legislature of this State, and the man whose name heads this article will be our Senator. McNutt is no time-serving demagogue; he is no changing weathercock; he is the firm, ardent and persevering wool-dyed democrat, such as the people of Mississippi love to honor, because he has convinced them by a long public career, that he is an honest, able, and upright statesman, and has done more for the State than any other man in it. In vain may a few partial friends of others point to their public acts as land marks of statesmanship and patriotism, when all the display of others has been collected together and held up as a model of patriotism, it will do to look upon for a moment, but when the beholder will turn and look for a moment over the history of McNutt, there the brilliancy of others will be dimmed forever by the superior light reflected upon the State by the champion of true democracy, A. G. McNutt. May not Mississippi, like the Roman Matron, point to McNutt as her noblest representative; truly he has written his life, you a full history upon the escutcheon of Mississippi, which adds a double brilliancy to the same. He is the hard-headed man of the South; he is the real Jeffersonian Democrat of our State, and if the people should be so fortunate as to have their wishes carried into effect he will be their Senator; then he will be placed in a sphere where he can add another evidence to the volume that now exists that he is the people's friend, he will then prove to the world that he is to Mississippi what the noble Cossack was to his loved Poland; he will ever be at his post, and with an eagle's eye, watch the intrigues of others, and with a sword competent for the task, and an arm able to wield it skillfully, he will drive back the guilt upon the head and heart from which it emanated. He will be, as he always has been, right upon every question, and will extend the parental hand, accompanied with the sincerity of his heart to the returning daughter of Texas, and by her side he will ride in placing American's northern son, Oregon, and let them be fully united with the proud family of States, and

let their names forever float upon the tangled banner of American liberty, and proudly wave in the sunshine of untrammelled freedom, unspotted and unblemished, until despotism shall cease, and Liberty be the song of the human family throughout the world. McNutt will lend his hand, his heart, yea his soul, to all this, for he is always for his country first, and his country last; it is his whole desire to see her prosper, and whatever will tend to her ultimate prosperity, he is ready and willing to do. Proudly will Mississippi be represented, if McNutt should be elected, and I, for one, now look upon his election as certain.

Let all of his friends in the Legislature determine to stand by him, and not suffer themselves to be deceived by whims and assertions of others, and when they return home to their constituents, they will receive the highest reward which a free people can give their public servants—that of their continued confidence.

Yours, &c. E.  
Scott co. Mi. Dec. 29, 1845.

### LOSS OF 10,000 RUSSIANS.

The Augsburg Gazette states that Russia has lost during the campaign of this year, in the Caucasus, 3 General Officers, 6 Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels, 20 Staff officers, 200 officers, of various grade, and from 10,000 to 12,000 soldiers. The army, says that journal, is at present in a very deplorable state; famine and sickness have carried off vast numbers of men. The operations have entirely failed. It was found necessary to abandon all the posts which had been gained with very great sacrifices, and in no part has a garrison been left.

### AMERICAN WOMEN.

M. de Tocqueville, speaking of American women says:

"As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situations are, in some respects, of extreme dependence, I have no where seen women occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now I am drawing to a close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

The following thrilling and soul inspiring effusion of liberty and glory, is said to have been delivered by the commandant of a barefoot company in the Hoosier State, shortly after the news that war with Mexico had been proclaimed. We do not vouch for its accuracy but presume it to be correct. It takes the Hoosiers.

Men of Blood and friends of Washington and that old boss General Jackson! I want your attention. Lightning has burst upon us. Jupiter has poured the ile of his wrath down the greasy shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty valley of the Mississippi reverberates the thousand-tongued hissing of Santa Anna and the gaudier ignorant lat us that revolves around that beighted and Wooded legged oggoun of Montezumas!

Citizens and sires of the bloody ground on which our fathers catawampusly pouched out their claret; free as ile, to enrich the sile over which we now hover, and watch with hyena eyes; let the catanout of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the chesny cat of vengeance, for the long looked for day has arriv! The crocodile of the Massisip has gone into his hole, and the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic Ocean looks down upon the scene and drops a tear to its memory. But hoeses, I am with you! And while the stars of Uncle Sam and the stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze; whar—whar is the cravan, low lived, chicken-bred toad hoppin, red-mouthed, mother's son of ye who will not raise the beacon-light of triumph; smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory! Waaoop! H-u-r-rah! Whar's the innemy?

Appearance.—How many judge of a person's character by the cut of his coat, his manners and conversation, or from the condition in which he is placed? A person well dressed is supposed to possess a good mind and a virtuous heart, while a man with a thread-bare jacket and a patch on his knee, passes for a simpleton or villain. Politeness and a flow of words betoken wisdom, while bashfulness and a taciturn disposition betray folly. Dress and appearance are every thing with the world. No matter how depraved and rotten his heart may be, if a person have money, dress in the extreme of fashion is agreeable in conversation, and presents a fair exterior he is received into the best circles, and is called and caressed, while virtuous poverty is slighted and shunned, and cast out from the society of the proud and fashionable. This is wrong. A man should be judged by his heart—his general deportment and character—and not by his outward appearance. If he is a villain in broadcloth, he should be detected as if he were dressed in homespun, and received as if he were dressed in homespun, and received his support by deception and rognery.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

### KATE.

"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails, drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turn-pike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though the wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head towards his companion, a lovely young female, who, pale silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulders.

"Kate, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply. Morley leaned his face towards hers, and by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears, which had recently streamed from them, seemed congenial upon her bloodless cheeks. "God of heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this! Kate, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley."

The name he uttered like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover. The alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and, drawing back, she look wildly and eagerly in his face.

"Morley," said she, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Kate," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley," she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devoted—madly!" cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heavens that is shining over us—"

"No more oaths—enough of protestations.—Are you willing, by one action, at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?" "I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine! Return, Morley; return!" Morley gazed at her as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return, Kate!

"Return instantly!"

"Kate, are you serious—are you," he might have added, "in your senses," but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no nor inconsistent, nor fickle," she rejoined, reading the impression that was rising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable to change, do not Morley, insult me by doubting even by a look. But, O! if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, implore you to take me back to my father—"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconsciously of what he uttered, so astonished was he.

"Ay, to my father, my grey headed, my dotting, my confiding father; take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves! I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, whilst the carriage rolled on to my perdition! I could not speak, but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying; yet even then was I with my father," she cried with a loud voice and look of supernatural solemnity; "he lay on his death-bed, his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested upon me, as I lay in your arms—he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me! Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it be too late—"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Kate!"

"Do you still hesitate?" she cried, "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon her father!—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife Morley, as you hope for mercy, do not do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her life!" Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility! He was confounded—subdued!

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses heads," he cried, "we shall return!" The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Kate revived.

"Where am I?—whither am I carried?" she exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father—can it be!—but no I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot! God bless you, Morley, God bless you my dear, dear Morley!" And with her pure arms around

his neck, she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom.—The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings—of the lovers; and never, in the wildest moment of passion—not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected—had Morley felt so triumphantly happy!

"Where is he? is he alive—let me see him—is he well?" shrieked Kate, as she rushed in the house of her father.

"For whom do you enquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Kate's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus! I am not what you think me. But my father—my father! is he alive? Is he well? O, dear aunt, have pity on me? I am repentant—I am innocent?"

"In one word Kate, are you married?"

"I am not!"

"Heaven be praised! Follow me—your father is not well!"

"Quick! before it is too late!" And the distracted girl rushed into the room, and knelt at her father's side.

"Father, do not avert your face! Father I am your own Kate; I am restored to you as I left you! By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment! By the memory of my mother—"

"Cease, girl! cease!" said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me truly, is this gentleman your husband?"

Kate was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, until it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word, as a man of honor. I may have inherited your hate, but I'll not deserve it!"

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morely, my daughter is yours!" Morely seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Kate, on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his. "The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Kate's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress. The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said—

"Behold in all this the goodness of God! Behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light of heaven, had entailed my hate upon all his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loves. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me, and but the morning of this blessed day, I had resolved over this holy book to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred towards my fellow creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts; and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I felt, at least thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost; my will was hastily drawn out, I bequeathed my beggared daughter, but the father's curse. It would have been signed this night, for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"Oh my father!" interrupted Kate, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; "in pity cease, my dear father." "Bless you, forever bless you, my ever excellent Kate, your filial obedience has prolonged your father's existence."

Frightful Accident on the Maine Railroad. On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Hayden, of South Newmarket, N. Hampshire, was riding in a sleigh, in company with his wife and child, and another lady. When he came to the railroad crossing, at Newmarket village, the downward Portland train was just about to pass, and he stopped his horse. The animal however, became frightened, and plunged forward, so that the sleigh came in contact with the engine, and was smashed to atoms. Mrs. Hayden and the child were killed instantly—the child's head being cut completely off, and remaining in the breast, with the strings tied under the chin. The other lady was considerably injured, but Mr. Hayden escaped unhurt.—Boston Atlas.

An Irish gentleman, in the excess of comradial affection, exclaimed, "Heaven forbid, my dear Julia, that I should ever live to see you a widow!"

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance; but when we approach them we find they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.—James.