

TRUE DEMOCRAT.

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

By John S. Murphy.

PAULDING, MISS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1846.

Vol 2 - No 14

POETRY.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

How shall I celebrate the day,
The day that gave me birth?
I'll weave a chaplet for my brows,
And give the day to—mirth!
Ha! ha!—'tis well that I should laugh,
On this, my natal morn!—
But 'tis not well, the notes should ring
So like the laugh of scorn!
Sure, life hath many a hidden spring,
Whence stream of gladness flow;
Perhaps!—and many a mahra, too,
Of bitterness and woe!
Where are the friends who knew me once?
Dead—absent—or estranged!
The idol of my earthly love?
How has her heart been changed?
How shall I celebrate the day,
The day that gave me birth?
I'll scatter ashes o'er my head,
And bow me to the earth.

TO MY WIFE.

God bless thee, dearest, for thy love,
Whose pure and holy light,
Upon thy pathway here below,
Hath shed its radiance bright.
God bless thee for thy tenderness,
Thy spirit hath shown,
Midst all the darkness, doubt and gloom,
Thy fond heart hath known.
Far tho' I stray from home and thee,
An angel watcheth near,
Who bids thee hope thou wilt not grieve
Too keenly, but to cheer
Thee in thy loneliness and care,
Thou'lt look to him above,
Whose powerful arm will guide and shield
The creatures of his love.

Thy tender words, thy music tones,
Still linger in my ear,
Thy sunny smile and winsome look,
I fancy they are here!
I feel thy warm caress, thy breath
Is dancing on my cheek
And yet I dare not list thy name,
For fear the spell would break.
But, dearest, I will think of thee,
Of in the silent hour,
When memory bears me fondly back,
I'll gladly own thy power.
Where'er I go what'er betide,
One only love is mine;
Thro' sunshine and thro' storm, my heart,
Is wholly, truly thine.

MISCELLANY.

WOMAN'S WIT AND LOVE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Tis midnight and save the heavy tread of the sentinel, as he passes his accustomed round, nature sleeps calmly and peacefully. The prisoner in your gloomy cell is on the morrow to be led forth to die! Money, to the amount of five hundred dollars has been found in his possession, and this money has been proven to be the property of a man who had lately mysteriously disappeared, and who was last seen in company with Louis Moran. These circumstances, joined to the fact that Moran's knife was covered with blood, and that he was very much confused when he was asked how and where he had spent the evening of the 5th June, caused Moran to be suspected, arrested and committed to prison. He had steadfastly declared his innocence, and said he received the money which was found on him from a stranger, whom he called Lewis, and whom he minutely described. But to return to the point where we started. As the clock strikes one, a fairy form rises by the sentinel, who cries out, "Who goes there?" "It is I, Mary Moran!" was the ready response.

"Dum de, Mary Moran!" the sheriff gives her permission to see your husband," was the response of the sentinel, as he passed quickly on. The doors of the prison swung heavily open, and the next moment Mary Moran was released to the bosom of her husband. "Louis, I will not forsake thee," said the weeping girl.

"And is it for me you have all these dangers for me, the outcast, the abandoned—for me who to-morrow must die?" And Moran, at a look of deep devotion on the fair girl's face, said, "You shall not, will not die, Louis, for I am and will save thee!" said the affectionate girl.

are to dream that you will see this man, and I will do the rest."

The jailor tapped at the window and said—"You were to stay with your husband but an hour—it is passed—you must retire; and she passed quickly out.

The grey dawn of the morning was just appearing, when the jailor walked softly in, touching Moran, and said, "day has come, prepare to die!"

"Oh, I had such a sweet dream!" said Moran seemingly to awake from a deep sleep.

"What was it?" asked the jailor.

"I dreamed that as I was going to the gallows, I saw this man, Lewis, who gave me the accursed money, and that I told you of it, and that you hung him in my place," replied Moran.

Meanwhile the procession was slowly moving to the gallows, when the jailor, who had taken a deep interest in Moran's dream, slightly touched him.

"There is the person answering your description of Lewis," said he, pointing in the crowd.

"Yes, by Heaven! it is Lewis!" shouted Moran.

The stranger instantly fled, but was pursued and overtaken, and confessed the crime. Moran instantly received a reprieve from the Governor, and left the country. The stranger, after lying a week in prison applied for a dismissal, alleging that she was the wife of Louis Moran. It was indeed she, who had dressed herself in such a manner as to conform to her husband's description of Lewis, and thus had saved her husband's life!

THE MEXICANS.—The population of Mexico is estimated at nine millions, though it probably does not exceed seven. It contains several mixtures, the greater portion aboriginal Indians. Among the rest are European Spaniards, Creoles, or natives descended from Europeans, Mustejes, or descendants of Whites and Indians; Zambas, or descendants of Negroes and Indians; Mullatoes, or descendants of Whites and Negroes, and a few Malays from China and the island of the Indian Ocean, especially the Philippines, a Spanish colony. The Negroes are not numerous as slavery was never extensive in the Spanish continental colonies, and was abolished on the separation of Mexico from Spain in 1810.

In character, the Indians, who constitute seven tenths of the whole population, are intelligent, docile, peaceful, rather industrious, and very ingenious in mechanic arts, especially those of painting, carving and moulding. They are gentle, kind and hospitable; and though intemperate, like all American Indians, North or South, they exhibit no violent or ferocious propensities when intoxicated. They exhibit capacity for improvements under good government, and would quarrel with no government that protected them in person and property, and encouraged them in developing their resources, mental and physical.

If Mexico should be conquered and annexed to our Union, what would be the fate of this Indian population? If a good government were established, the great resources of the country would invite large numbers of Americans, who would infuse a new spirit into the Mexican population. Its fertile valleys and table lands would invite large numbers of German and other continental Europeans. Under American laws, and the protection of the Federal Government, this European population, mixed with the American from the States, would soon become as much American in character and feeling, as the European population of any present section of the Union. And both, operating upon the native Mexican population, would gradually raise it far above its present standard. The European population, instead of incorporating itself with the North American Indians, has gradually exterminated them. But this would not be the fate of the Mexican Indians. The aborigines of the United States were savages. Those of Mexico are civilized, and therefore would as readily assimilate with any European races, as those races would with each other. Annexation would confer the greatest benefits upon the population of Mexico.

A GENUINE YANKEE.

"Halloo, my good friend can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan then started up, leaned upon his hoe handle, rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and replied:

"Halloo yourself—how'd'ew? Well I guess I can. Taint near as far as it used to be afore they cut the wood away; then it was reckoned four mile, but now the sun shryels up the road, and don't make mo'n' tew. The first house you come to 't'ing is a barn, and the next is a haystack, but old Hoskin's house is on beyond. You'll sure to meet his gals long afore you git there, t'arnel rompin critters, they plague our folk mo'n' a little. His sheep git into our orchard. Dad set the dogs after the sheep and m'arter the gals, and the way the dogs make the wool and I make the petticoats fly, I tell you stranger is a sin to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man, pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never lows any body to meddle with my grass tangers, mister, but see in its you, I'll tell you, I was born so at my tickler's request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrow, and futher on land, and not lop over, besides it

is convenient when I mow round a hill side."

"Very good indeed—how do your potatoes come on?"

"They dont come on, at all, I digs them out—and theres an everlastin snarl on 'em in each hill."

"But they are very small along here, I see."

"Yes I know it. You see we planted some whap in bite noses over in that ere patch there, and they flourish so all firedly that these here just stopped out of spite cause they knowed they could'nt begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and should think you could afford a better hat than the one you now have on."

"The looks aint nothing—its the behavior. This here hat was my religious, Sunday go to meetin hat, and its chock full of piety now. I've got a better one to hum, but I don't dig taters in it no how."

THE WRECKING OF THE TRUXTON.

The Washington Union of Tuesday night announces the receipt of despatches from Commander Carpenter, communicating the particulars of the wrecking of the Truxton, from which that paper makes up the annexed summary. The despatches are dated August 24th, at which time Commander C. was at Tuxpan, and, with his officers and crew, was in good health. He writes: "The people here continue their kindness to us, and the men are furnished with as good quarters as the place afford."

His disaster did not result, as some have supposed, from any misplaced confidence in the Scotch captain whom he had on board, but from the peculiar character of coast. He first anchored off the bar, in five fathoms water. Intending to send in his boats the next morning, he desired to get nearer shore for their protection, and found that he might safely anchor in three and a half fathoms. In attempting to drop the brig into that water (under a jib and spanker) she was lost. He was on the forecastle looking out, with the lead heaving constantly. "Deep four" having been called, he supposed the next cast would give the desired soundings; instead of which, "quarter less three" was called. Instantly seeing his peril, he ordered the sails to be loosed to back her off. The maintop sail was hoisted when she struck. The sails were taken in, the weather anchor dropped, the vessel lightened by throwing overboard shot and pumping out water, and the largest keg was got out astern, for the purpose of keeping her from forging further ahead. But these and all other efforts failed—the boats were unable to life in the surf alongside. The launch was save by the force of the breakers. The two cutters were with Lieut. Hunter and Berryman. Thus situated, with no chance to save the vessel—exposed to the elements, and with a prospect of destruction to all in case a gale, or even a heavy squall, came on—he received a message from the shore offering them assistance, if he would surrender with his officers, men and vessel. He refused at that time to surrender the vessel, but on the following day felt himself compelled to accept the offer.

MEXICAN TREES.—Some of our volunteers on the Rio Grande complain that they "have not seen a decent sized tree in Mexico." The trees on the Rio Grande and St. Juan, are generally less than one foot in diameter. Several of the Sante Fe prisoners informed us that they scarcely found a tree that measured more than one or two feet in diameter on their route from Santa Fe to Vera Cruz. If they had passed by the ancient garden of Montezuma, near the city of Mexico, they would have found trees that far exceed the greatest monarchs of the forests of the West. There is a cypress tree near that city that is 117 feet in circumference, and according to Decandolle's method of computing the age of trees by the concentric circles, this tree is more than 5,000 years old. Humboldt considered a certain Baobab tree of Africa, which was nearly 34 feet in diameter, to be the oldest organic monument of our planet, and Adanson, by ingenious calculations ascertained that its age was 5,150 years; but the great cypress of Mexico is considered by naturalists to be older than the Baobab of Humboldt. Huge skeletons of the Mastodon and Mastodon have been found in the marshes near the cypress, and there are strong grounds for the belief that it existed before the races of these mighty animals became extinct.—*Houston Telegraph*

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.—Some people have a horror of housebreakers. A strong fellow in a lustran jacket, with a piece of crape over his face, and a pistol in his hand, is certainly a disagreeable visitor to a country gentleman in the middle of a dark night in December; the hoarse whisper conveying a delicate allusion to your money bags or your life, is far from a pleasing method of carrying on a conversation; and therefore without descending to any more minute particular, and pluming myself upon my personal immunity for such visitations on score of having no house, I agree at once that a house breaker is a dreadful character, and worthy of condemnation. A murderer, also, I am not

prepared to vindicate. A knife forced into the stomach of an elderly gentleman in a half sleepy state after a bottle of old port—a razor drawn across a beautiful bar-maid's throat or a bullet scientifically inserted through the earhole of a deaf old lady engaged secreting her half-years dividend in a black trunk in the garret—are disagreeable objects of contemplation to the philanthropic mind; and therefore I at once coincide in the fervent execration in which a murderer is held by every person I have conversed with on the subject, except the students of anatomy, and two or three popular authors of the conclusive school. But there is another miscreant for whom I have no commiseration; a wretch, compared with whose atrocities, house breaking becomes meritorious, and murder innocent; before whose negro-like blackness,—to borrow the language of Charles Phillips—the darkness of annihilation becomes white as snow; whose benediction is a curse; whose breath is pestilence; whose name is infernal; over whose sunless memory shall settle the conflagration of a fury, and whose soul shall shudder beneath the appalling convulsions of a fathomless doom forever. After this description need I say that I mean the unhallowed monster who neglects to pay his Newspaper Bill.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The following from Bennett, of the Cincinnati Enquirer is good—very good.

THE MAN WHOM NOBODY KNEW.—One of our business men, who has been engaged on the landing so long that he knows every body, comparatively, and thinks every body knows him, had a package of money addressed to his care, which he was to dispose of according to direction. The money came on the Louisville mail boat and was in charge of the clerk. The clerk is one of that kind of men who think that the least said is soonest mended, and in all his transactions, if he can get off with monosyllables only, he seldom uses more, and even with his oldest acquaintances, he is most always extremely taciturn.

Going on board of the boat, soon after breakfast, our citizen addressed the clerk with, "Well, Mac, have you got a package for me?"

"I've got one for Mr. H."—holding it up.

"Yes; that's for me."

"You must get somebody to say so, before I deliver it."

"Ha! ha! ha! don't know me; well, that's a good one."

"I know your face very well, but not your name."

"That is a good joke—don't know me! well, no matter; here comes Capt. A—, he'll tell you who I am. Captain, who am I?"

"How the d—! should I know?" exclaimed the captain, who is about as blunt in his address as the clerk.

"Why, don't you know me?" said Mr. H. doubtingly, but still with a smile.

"Saw you about a great many times, but don't know you."

At this juncture a drayman, who had hauled many a load from the store of Mr. H. came in. On the moment he saw him, he appealed to the clerk again with strong confidence, and with a little sternness demanded his package. Turning to the drayman he said: "John tell the clerk of the boat who I am."

"Pon my soul I can't; know you very well, but never happened to hear your name called!"

Getting a little desperate just then, he was about to curse the whole party, captain, clerk and drayman, when a gentleman stepped on board, acquainted with both parties, and Mr. H. was relieved from his peculiar situation, and the package was delivered, but he will not soon forget the time that nobody knew him.

GENERAL WORTH—His Manly Appearance, Valor, Skill and Prudence.

"On reaching the place of encampment we came up with General Worth, sitting on his horse in beautiful style. A handsome officer than he appeared then, I never saw. Every one remarked the change that had suddenly come over him. From the somewhat dejected air and saddened countenance that he is said to have worn of late, 'Richard' was now himself again! And the gallant soldier, forgetting all his cares; now appeared before us, the personification of an accomplished military chieftain. His handsome face, was lighted up with a proud but affable smile, as he motioned gracefully to his officers; pointing out to them the direction they were to take with their respective commands; and not a man who saw him, but what would at that moment have followed him to the cannon's mouth.

"Yesterday morning, the whole Division under General Worth entered the town on this side, and have been fighting there ever since. The heart of the city is nothing but one fortification, the thick wall being pierced for muskets, and cannon being placed so as to take the principal streets. The roofs being flat, and the front walls rising three or four feet above the roof, of course, every street has a line of breast-works on each side. A 10 inch mortar came strewn from Gen. Taylor

last evening, and is now placed in the largest plaza, to which our troops have fought, step by step, and from house to house. Duncan's batteries are in town, and the present impression is that the place will soon be taken. Gen. Worth has gained all the strongholds that command the city, and has pushed the enemy as far as they can go, without falling into Gen. Taylor's hands on the other side of the city. All this has been done with the loss only about seventy killed and wounded! The achievement is a glorious one—sufficiently so to satisfy the ambition of any man on earth. I was expecting to see Gen. Worth rushing his men into unnecessary danger in order to win for them and himself great military fame, but his conduct has been very different from this. His great study has been to gain these commanding points with the least possible sacrifice of life. At first, it seemed totally impossible to storm these heights—it looked like charging upon the clouds—but it has been nobly done. The Bishop's Palace, which is as strong as it has been represented to be, has been stormed and taken by our brave soldiers. I should have stated that Col. Hays with a body of his troops, and Captains Gillespie and McCulloch, were at the taking of the Palace. Capt. Gillespie was mortally wounded; and died yesterday morning, regretted by the whole army."

FROM THE U. S. SQUADRON—VERA CRUZ—RELEASE OF PRISONERS—MORE HANGING IN THE NAVY.—Dates from Tampico of the 3d and from Vera Cruz of 13th, say that a flag of truce was sent from shore to Commodore Conner, offering to deliver up Commander and the crew of the Truxton, on their parole of honor, and it was thought that they are now at Vera Cruz. There are also said to be an officer and 6 or 10 seamen belonging to the Princeton, who were taken whilst endeavoring to fire the Truxton. The prisoners will all be released.

A Court Martial was held on the 1st inst., on the U. S. Ship St. Mary's—to try Samuel Jackson, on charges preferred by Capt. Saunders—for seditious and mutinous conduct, and also striking his superior officer whilst engaged in the duties of his office. The sentence of the Court was—"That Samuel Jackson, seaman of the U. S. Navy, be hanged by the neck till he be dead, at such time and place as the Commander in Chief may direct."

The Commodore confirmed the sentence, and ordered him to be hung from the yard arm of the St. Mary's, on the 17th ult. The following is an extract from the letter and the order of execution.

"In order that a suitable impression may be made on all minds in the squadron, and that there may be nothing to divert their minds through so melancholy a spectacle and that they may be duly impressed with the awful consequences which must ever follow such violations of law as were committed by this unhappy man, it is directed that no work be done in the squadron on that day—that when the preparatory signal is made for execution by the Commodore, a yellow flag shall be displayed from the fore royal mast head of the St. Mary's the officers and crew of every vessel of the squadron present shall be mustered on deck, and they shall be kept on deck until the yellow flag on board the St. Mary's is hauled down.

The fate of this unhappy man, it is hoped, will have a salutary influence, and impress on the minds of all present, the necessity of keeping a strict watch over their passions and tempers at all times and in all situations.

I am sorry to learn that every officer on board the St. Mary's believes that the execution will not take place—and the opinion, unhappily, extends to the man himself. I fear he will be awfully disappointed, as the Commodore considers him an irremissible victim to the demon of example.

His offence was a gross one; he struck the officer of the deck who was at the time acting as 1st Lieutenant, almost entirely without cause for anger or complaint. He is an Irishman, and it is said of a very respectable family.

A CHAPTER ON TEARS.—Tears are sometimes a relief, and sometimes a burden; they are a relief to a woman, but a burden to a man; they relieve a woman, because her sympathy approves them; they burden a man, because his pride rebukes them; a woman weeps because she feels; a man because he can't feel; a woman's tears affect a man, but a man's tears disaffect a woman; a woman weeps for others; a man, for himself; a woman's tears are common property; a man's are his own; a woman believes them a profitable investment; a man considers them a useless expenditure; a woman's tears are easy and natural; a man's are forced and awkward; woman's are the warm streams of the summer cloud; man's the cold dropping of the icicle.

A Brethren—"Ma," said an impatient little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go up to Heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there." "Then ma, why don't the rich and poor Christians sit together here?"