

# TRUE DEMOCRAT.

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

By John S. Murphy.

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## POETRY.

### GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, and may the god of sleep  
Press gently on thy brow,  
And on thy lip may softly creep  
The smile that plays there now.

All undisturbed be thy repose  
By visions of grim care,  
And thy yoking heart so light, that woes  
May find no dwelling there.

While angels guard thy downy bed,  
May fear of ill depart,  
And bright-winged peace play round thy head,  
And nestle in thy heart.

May all thy dreams be happy themes  
Of joy, and love, and light,  
And all thy life be like thy dreams—  
So once again—good night!

### THE ANGEL'S WING.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit around them, and the first person that breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of a seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this beautiful superstition.

When by the evening's quiet light  
There sit two silent lovers,  
They say, while in such tranquil plight,  
An angel round them hovers;  
And further still, old legends tell—  
The first who breaks the silent spell,  
'Tis said by the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel stray'd  
By the summer ocean,  
Gazing on a lovely maid,  
With a bard's devotion:

Yet his love he never spoke,  
'Till now the silent spell he broke,  
The hidden fire to flame did spring,  
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

"I have lov'd thee well and long,  
With love of heaven's own making!  
This is not a poet's song,  
But a true heart's speaking;  
I will love thee, still untired!"  
He felt, he spoke, like one inspired—  
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,  
Unawakened by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,  
Her beauty lovelier making;  
And by her blush he knew full well  
The dawn of love was breaking.  
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!  
He felt that they should never part,  
He spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing  
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

### SONG OF THE ARTIZAN.

Sing, comrades, sing!

We are part of the State, who labor,  
As well as our wealthy neighbor,  
And each, in his sphere, a king.  
We laugh, when the rich men mention  
Their wonderful condenses,  
In taking our hands with daisy grips,  
Undaunted by labor's grime,  
And giving us love, on their lying lips,  
About the election time!

Sing, comrades, sing!

We are part of the State, who labor,  
As well as our wealthy neighbor,  
And each, in his sphere, a king.  
Sing, comrades, sing!  
Not alone at the workshop's clamor,  
When wielding the saw and hammer,  
Is each of us here, a king.  
For, as part of our noble nation,  
We stand in a glorious station,  
And learn to think, at every clank,  
Whatever the fools may say,  
We are bound to the State with a golden link,  
And force her on her way!

Sing, comrades, sing!

We are part of the State, who labor,  
As well as our wealthy neighbor,  
And each, in his sphere, a king!

Sing, comrades, sing!

We are lords of a mighty nation,  
Her glory is our creation,  
And each is as high as a king!  
For we act the State in motion,  
As kings do, over the ocean;  
And in never a deed may our rulers speed,  
Till we say, how and when—  
For we feel in our power and purpose strong  
And we know that we are men.

Sing, comrades, sing!

We are part of the State who labor,  
As well as our wealthy neighbor,  
And each, in his sphere, a king!

## MISCELLANY.

### THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.

Conversing with the captain of a vessel the other day, he related the following anecdote: "I had a first rate officer who sailed with me for several years. He was an excellent seaman and a perfect gentleman. I remember I took him once to the Italian opera in London, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the performances, though he had no ear for music, didn't understand the language, and was too bashful to look at *figurantes*. A particular and very amiable trait of his character was his domestic affection. Sailors, roving about the world, are seldom very constant: in fact they too often act up to the libertine proposition of Marmontel—'Quad on n'a pas ce qu' on aime, il faut aime ce du' on a.' But this man was a perfect model of conjugal fidelity. He was always speaking of his wife—(he had no children) always buying presents for her in every port he visited.

Well, one day—we were lying off the river Gambia, in Africa my mate after dinner, leaned back in his chair, and fell asleep. I went on deck to smoke a cigar. When I came back, I found poor M. lying on the cabin floor, a corpse! A sudden stroke of apoplexy had killed him. I was inexpressibly shocked. He had a sailor's grave, and every heart on board the brig was heavy at his loss. On the home voyage, I was thinking all the while of the agony of M's poor wife when hearing of his death, and how I could breathe the news to her. She always flew down to the pier as soon as she heard our brig was coming up the bay, and I believe she could read every signal flag that was thrown out from the station. Well, we had no sooner made fast to the wharf, when down came a handsome hack, and out springs the mate's pretty wife, rigged out from top to toe like a first rate frigate on a gala day, with a fathom or two of ribbon towing astern of her. Poor girl! thought I; how soon my tale will blench the roses of your cheek. 'My husband!' she inquired, as she sprang lightly on deck, showing a pair of tiny feet cased in the daintiest satin boots that ever a French shoemaker turned out. 'I'm sorry to say, madam,' said I, 'that he has been very sick.' The color came and went into her cheek. 'Tell me all,' she cried, 'grasping my arm. 'Well then, madam,' said I, 'if I must say it, he is dead.' 'Glad of it, by jingo!' was her answer. She was ashore and off again in the tying of a reef point—and the next week she was married to a merchant's clerk. The Captain plunged his hands deep in the pockets of his pilot coat, 'I'm a bachelor,' said he, 'The worse for you,' was our answer, 'exceptions only prove rules.'

### GOSSIP OF PARIS.

Eugene Guinet, who fills very agreeably the post of *feuilletonist* in the Paris *Siecle*, always manages to collect together a variety of amusing gossip for his portion of the columns of that paper. In one of the recent numbers this story is told as a french *feuilletonist* only could tell it:—

An adventure which took place at the last *soiree* of the Chateau Rouge, might furnish the subject for a sketch of our contemporaneous manners. Last Monday evening, in the smiling and beautiful gardens of the Chaussee de Clignancourt, a young dandy, something of a Viscount as most of them are, persecuted a pretty *baroness* of the Rue Breda, who did not appear disposed to listen to him very favorably, with his eager homage. Yet our hero had every thing that is necessary to please; he wore a little hat without brim, a ribbon for a cravat, an embroidered shirt, a coat of immoderately small size, with skirts three inches long, a vest which reach to the middle of his thighs, and pantalons large enough to cover the column in the Place Vendome and that to commemorate the Revolution. But alas! the Baroness was insensible to so much merit, and showed a most disobliging disdain, coldness, and weariness of her ardent admirer. But he was in no ways discouraged; he offered a bouquet, proposed refreshments, he sought a waltz, begged for a polka, claimed a *rodova*, and above all, he solicited the honor of being the cavalier of the Baroness, and of conducting her to her residence after the ball. All this was said and done in the most aristocratic and purest style. The gentleman perceiving his want of success, redoubled his amiability, and said in that charming tone which only belongs to people of quality:

"Zounds! my most adorable, do you know you are very difficult to please, and that I am not used to being treated so by ladies! No, 'pon honor! I have never met such a tigress, or one who could be compared to you. But I will not submit to a refusal; I must get paid for my trouble; and willing or unwilling, I will away to make you accept my arm and my carriage on leaving the ball."

Seeing she had to do with an obstinate gentleman, the baroness of the Rue de Breda changed her batteries; all at once she relented, and attributing her past coldness to the fear of compromising herself,

begged her persecutor to be prudent; "for," said she to him, "in order that I should have the pleasure of allowing you to conduct me home, I must escape the jealous who watch me.

"We will escape them!" replied the young man, charmed at the fortunate turn things were taking. "I adore cunning and mystery, let us be cunning and mysterious."

"Well," continued the baroness, "in the first place we must not go out at the same time."

"I will go first, and will wait for you at the door."

"Again, I must not appear to go; if they were to see me put on my shawl and hat, they would follow me and all would be lost."

"What must we do then? You can't leave your things here, and go with your head and shoulders bare?"

"No, but I can complete my toilet when I am out of doors. Take my shawl and hat carefully off of that chair, and go and wait for me at the head of the street."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the young man, taking the shawl and hat that were shown to him, and walking slowly away.

"Now, then, I am rid of that troublesome fellow, and I believe I have played him a pretty good trick for the *cunni* he has caused me."

That said, the baroness, who doubtless had her reasons for desiring to go alone from the Chateau Rouge, hastened to put on her hat, drop her veil, and wrap herself in her shawl.

The shawl and hat which she had designated to the gentleman, were not hers, as the reader has guessed—and that was the trick at which the ingenious baroness of the Rue de Breda was so delighted.

"He is waiting for me at the head of the street," thought she;—"I will go on the other side—and thus enveloped, how can he recognize me, when he believes my head and shoulders are bare?"

This was perfectly logical; nothing troubled the retreat of the baroness, who amused herself as she walked along, at the idea of the sad figure which her unlucky adorer would make, on finding himself the dupe of feminine stratagem. In the meanwhile, considerable excitement was caused in the garden. The owner of the missing hat and shawl had gone to resume them, after the contra-dance, and not finding them, it was quite natural she should believe herself robbed. People sought about, and made inquiries; some one said he had seen a young man take the articles and go towards the entrance of the garden. The superintendents recollected that they saw a young man, carrying a woman's hat and shawl, pass a minute before. The boys at the gate noticed the same young man, with the shawl and hat, hidden in the shade—doubtless waiting for an accomplice. By the aid of all this information, they soon discovered our hero—who, instead of the gay baroness, so impatiently expected, saw a party of people, who seized him by the collar, and treated him as if he was a robber. He is indignant—he remonstrates; but how can he deny it? Is not still in the possession of the stolen articles? He would explain his adventures, but these kind of fables are so worn out! All thieves who practice their trade beneath a fashionable costume, always pretend that there is a woman in the case, when they are taken with their spoils in their hands. The lock-up instead of the Rue de Breda, what a contrast! It was not till the next morning that our young gentleman could convince the authorities of the trick of which he had been the victim. It was a cruel trial for his self love, but his honesty shone with the purest light. Some excuses were made to him, and he was honorably set at liberty; swearing—but rather too late—that he would not be caught so again. It is best not to take any rash oaths, however.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. WM. JAY.—Not many years since, when the Edward Irving mania raged, a man calling himself an "Angel of the Church," proceeded from Bristol to Bath, on a special mission to William Jay. The grave, thinking old man was in his study, and when the "Angel" (a man with a dismal countenance, a white cravat and rusty black trousers) appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his business.

"I'm the 'Angel of the Church,'" said the man.

"What church?" asked Mr. Jay.

"The Irvingite Church, at Bristol," replied the angel.

"Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay.

The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay quietly rubbed his shoulder blades.

"What are you doing?" asked the angel.

"Looking for your wings!" was the cool answer of Mr. Jay.

RAIL ROAD IN ROME.—A correspondent of the *Charleston News* says that an Englishman has recently obtained a charter for a railroad through the Papal States. This road is intended to form only a part of a line of rail way from France to India.

A French girl in writing to her lover, now in this country, says: "Would that Columbus had never discovered America, since it keeps you so long absent!"

THANKING THE MOST HIGH BY RESOLUTION.—We place below the following resolution, adopted by the passengers, on board the Great Western, after the storm had abated. The idea of thanking God by proxy, in this manner, and deputed a Committee to draft the resolve, is certainly novel. The clause, including the "Captain, officers and crew," in the same vote of thanks, is not the least curious part of the affair:

"Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to draft a resolution expressive of our gratitude to Almighty God for his great goodness in our almost miraculous deliverance from destruction; and also to the captain, officers, and crew of the ship, for their arduous labors, and their skill, firmness, and perseverance, in carrying the ship through her late perilous condition."

The serious reader will probably be still further astonished to learn that this Parliamentary mummery was actually carried out, and that the Almighty received a vote of thanks for his exceeding kindness and providential care, precisely in the same manner that captains of packet ships are frequently complimented at the close of dangerous and protracted voyages.

People, for aught we care, may worship God as they choose, either through committee or otherwise, and Mr. Greeley's peculiar notions in such matters, render the *Tribune* eminently appropriate, as the medium through which such ceremonies may be spread before the world. When people, however, parade their method of devotion through the press, they cannot complain if it be commented upon.

KISSING ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—A case is on trial in Newburyport, Mass., founded on the following circumstances, detailed in a letter to the Boston Traveller:

A young gentleman of unexceptionable character, engaged in business in one of our South-western cities, who usually spends his summers with his friends in Newbury, in taking leave of his mother, some two years since, ventured to give a parting kiss to a young married woman who resided under the same roof with his parent, and with whom his family were on the most friendly terms. The husband was at that time absent, but on his return, being apprised of the liberty that had been taken, he resolved on vengeance.

It was not, however, until this summer that he had any opportunity of gratifying his passion. During the young man's usual summer visit to his friends, he was one evening decoyed, without suspicion of the fell purposes, into a neighbor's house, where he met the angry husband, with his wife and his brother, and was beaten in a most dastardly manner. After being thrashed with a cowhide until the skin was nearly broken in many places, he was knocked down, stamped, and terribly pounded.

When his assailants had been interrupted by the timely arrival of a neighbor, who had been called by a member of the family, one of them was kneeling on the young man's breast and beating him in the face in a most brutal manner. He was fortunately rescued, but not until he had received some severe injuries, from which he may not fully recover for some time.

The assailants have been prosecuted, and it is hoped will receive full justice from a New England court.

TRAGICAL AFFAIR.—Mr. D. M. Hoyt, a Lottery Broker was shot yesterday morning about half 6 o'clock, as is represented and believed, by Mr. Wm. R. Myers, who, according to report accompanied by his brother, Colonel S. S. Myers and Mr. Wm. S. Barr, went into his office, the former armed with a revolving pistol, for the purpose of making the assault. Mr. Hoyt was twice wounded, one ball entering his head just above the eye, and the other one of his thighs, and wounding also the other. Late yesterday evening he was alive; but but we understand that there is a very slight prospect of his surviving his wounds.

The cause of this tragical affair has been the subject of remark in this place for several days past, and the event therefore has excited no surprise here. The injury said to have been inflicted upon Mr. Myers by Mr. Hoyt, in the most delicate relation of life, was of such a character as to justify, in the eyes of all men, the most summary punishment. If Hoyt was guilty of the act charged, "it was a grievous fault, and grievously has he answered it." We understand that after he was shot, Hoyt made oath, before a magistrate, that he was innocent. On the other hand, Mr. Myers had evidence in his possession of his guilt, that would have been by most men deemed conclusive.

Mr. Myers and the two friends who accompanied him made no effort to escape, and they were arrested at his house during the day. The case came on before the Mayor last evening, and the parties were bailed, each in the sum of \$10,000, until Wednesday next. They were ready to proceed with the examination at once, but there being no audience before the Court insinuating them, the case was deferred, for

the purpose, it is understood, of procuring testimony.

Hoyt was still alive last evening, without any material change in his condition. A part only of the ball that entered the forehead has been extracted. It is still supposed that he cannot recover.—*Rich. Whig, 30th ult.*

### TREACHERY AND REVENGE.

The following is an instance of "dark vengeance" meditated by a young Andalusian against his former bosom friend:

Two sworn and inseparable friends, Manuel and Vicente, went together, as on all former occasions, to enjoy bull-beating at the *cortejo* of a relation. In the course of the sport some dispute took place as to which of the two had done best, during which blows were exchanged, the advantage remaining on the side of Manuel.—They were apparently reconciled, and Vicente received the embrace and regrets of his friend with a good grace, but swore in his heart to be revenged. Some days afterwards, on Vicente's invitation, Manuel accompanied him to the *cortejo* of his uncle, to see a fine herd of young bulls, just turned in from the summer pastures.—They dined together and inspected the stables and animals.

'You must come with me,' said Vicente, 'to a beautiful bull kept for sale, which I wish to show you. He is the most furious, the whole *vega*, the cowherds themselves are afraid of him.'

The door of the lock-up was opened with caution; the low arched vault was almost dark.

'You can advance somewhat nearer without danger,' said Vicente.

Manuel did so, but the moment his body was clear of the door, the traitor, who was behind him, closed it violently, turning the key outside and flinging it to a distance, to prevent a prompt discovery of his crime.

Manuel had but little time to adopt a resolution. The bull, alarmed at the noise, sprang upon his legs, pawed the ground, and fixing his glaring eye-balls upon his victim, who had not even his cloak to give him a chance of baffling the animal and gaining a respite. The roof was supported by a heavy stone pillar. The bull was already drawing himself together for a rush. Manuel placed his back against the pillar, shouts defiance, and provokes his enemy with feet and hands. The charge is made—the quick eye of the Andalusian watched the favorable moment, he slipped aside from the pillar as the horns grazed his person, and saw the bull fall dead at his feet, his brains beat out by the shock against the column. But a sterner reckoning was now to be settled. Manuel's cries brought assistance and liberation; the story divulged itself. Vicente had gone home. Manuel mounted his horse, loaded his *trabuco*, and rode hard to overtake his intended assassin. It was not long before he discerned him afar off.

'Vicente,' he shouted, 'wait; I owe you *lavulta*,' (the return.)

Vicente, conscious his life was at stake, spurred his horse; his pursuer being better mounted, gained fast upon him. Vicente screamed for mercy; but a shot was heard immediately afterwards, which did its bidding. Vicente was buried privately, without inquiry, for his family dreaded the publicity of his treachery. Manuel left his horse and went to sea, some said to America. His flight was followed by his friends, for they all looked upon his revenge as an act of justifiable homicide.

THE VOICE OF A GOD seems almost to speak in such sublime and cheering encouragement as the following from one of the noblest of the sturdy German writers: "Be and continue poor, young man! while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gloat the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have in such a course, grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die."

The Albion, an English paper published in New York, in scolding the Canadians for their restiveness under the British government, threatens them that England will throw them overboard, and take Norway as a colony in their stead. Norway is in close proximity to England—is dissatisfied under the yoke of Sweden—has an inexhaustible supply of timber, an intelligent and maritime population, and, united once to England, says the Albion, their joint powers would maintain the supremacy of the British navy another century. This is a new direction for the spirit of annexation.

Vicious BUTTER.—"Shall I help you to the butter?" said a landlady to one of her guests. "Don't trouble yourself," was the reply, "the butter is plenty strong enough to help itself."

Puffing and blowing.—With editors puffing a man up is one thing—moving him up is another, says a cotemporary.