

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION."

[\$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 1.

YAZOO CITY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1839.

NO. 14.

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASH, or good reference in advance. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 a State or county office—in advance.

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For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$50. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

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For 10 lines or less, not alterable 3 months, \$19. 10 do do do 6 months, 30. 10 do do do 12 months, 50.

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ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR BY DELIVERY.

Letters on business must be sent paid, or they will not be taken from the Post Office.

POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

MY OWN WILD BOWER.

I stood in the hall where wealth and state
Their glittering robes display'd;
Vice, Vanity, Folly, Ambition and Hate
Assembled in Masquerade.

From the trappings of fashion, the pomp of pride,
The wiles and levity of art,
A child of nature, I turned a side,
With a chilled and a sickening heart.

I sighed to return to the hill and the glen,
The scenes of my earliest hours—
To breathe in my native air again,
As it swept through the sweet wild flowers.

I longed to recline on the violet bed,
To lose down by the murmuring stream,
Where oft I have pillow'd my infant head,
And sunk in a blissful dream.

Then my moments of life were rapid and bright,
As the ruyal parkling the sea;
And the heart that surrounded me true as light,
And pure as the woodland air.

The velvet couch and the gilded hall,
The visions of pomp and power,
Art, show and show, I would give you all
For a seat in my own wild bower.

From the same.

THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly through the lowliest dell,
When weary are our limbs and clear,
First chimed up the sabbath bell,
To warn us of the day to be.

So do the angels, in the east,
To warn the angels in the east,
So do the angels in the east,
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That sing so sweet for all;
And more than these, that too is thine,
I love an ardent heart—
But if that heart is not all mine,
I will not have a part.

Now, prudence, change thy way,
Thy words—mid—summer—will;
Be thou a wing of all praise,
Or let all praise be still.

In short, let all thy goodness die,
And be a thing to hate,
Or let thy faults and follies fly,
And then be mine, dear Kate.

THE MECHANIC.

What an exalted calling! How grand the occupation! How sublime the handy works of the craft! How purely independent is the honest, industrious Mechanic! He lays himself down to rest at the close of evening and quietly reposes in body and mind. He is not disturbed by the fluctuation of the markets. He dreams not of the obligations and liabilities which he has assumed upon himself during the day. No bills of Exchange crowd his slumbering brain; nor does the failure of chartered monopolies disturb him. He has no heavy cases pending upon the intricate constructions of the law, awaiting the decision of justice which may either restore to his client his own just claims and establish for himself the character of a jurist, or, on the other hand the confiscation of his client's property, and with it his reputation forever blasted. He goes home after his toils through the day, not to meditate upon goods disposed of and bad debts contracted—not to calculate the losses and the gains incident to business transactions—not to brood over by the midnight taper, contracts of long standing. None of these harassing moments disturb his quiet hearth. But he goes from his workshop to the hospitable fire-side, not decorated with costly apparel—no magnificent carpet spread upon the floor—no ostentatious pride finds a resting place within its humble precincts; but where neatness and order reside—where virtue and charity are the handmaids of its inmates. He returns to his cottage to enjoy the sweet counsel of the partner of his prosperity—the soother of his sorrows; she who ministers to a mind diseased, and from the fevered brow, wipes the cold sweat drops in the hour of affliction. He rises with the lark, fresh from his nest, prepared for the labors of the day, and resumes his avocation with invigorated spirits, gleefully singing the favorite ditties of his early youth, as he throws the huge hammer or draws the cutting blade, confident of the remuneration attendant upon each successive stroke. Who would scorn a boast so exulting as that of the Mechanic? Who would cast odium on so inestimable a fraternity? Who would scorn a road so smooth—one which will lead the persevering to high rank, honor and distinction among the literati of the land? Who would be ashamed to wear the reputation of Franklin, the printer, and Roger Sherman, the cobbler? The philosophy of the former drew from the towering clouds their vivid blaze; and prostrated the irresistible bolt in humility at his feet—among the foremost in the contest for freedom, the latter from industry and energy, won for himself in the councils of his country imperishable wreaths of renown, and in the Temple of Liberty, signed the charter of her Independence.

Mechanicism is a theme upon which we love to dwell. Would that our inexperienced mind were competent to do adequate justice to a subject so grand in its nature—so sublime in its practice—so beautiful in its utility—so indispensable. But were the pen with which we write, plucked from the wing of the heaven-soaring eagle—plumbed with the sweet notes of poetry—dipped in the withering gall of sarcasm, or the burning fire of eloquence; we were still incompetent to inscribe upon the pillars of genius, which support the proud fabric of a nation's boast, the feeling of our soul. Go on, brave, generous, patriotic sons of freedom! Persevere in the paths of honor, a crown of brilliant distinction will crown your labors. Behold the prow of yonder majestic merchantman, riding upon the mountain wave of the deep, bearing in her bosom the products of a distant clime!—'Tis the fruit of Mechanism. Behold yonder smoke in the distance, the proud vessel skimming the rugged current; her engine revolving with regularity of time! What is it? It is the work of a Mechanic—the revered Robert Fulton. Behold yonder sheet, blazing with the rays of intelligence and light of knowledge and of truth, streaming to the wind, and upon every passing breeze wafts to our ears, glad tidings from a distant clime; coming the herald of a noisy world, new from all nations lumbering at his back; teaching the lessons of freedom and showing us our obedience to the great Architect of the Universe. What is that? 'Tis the PRESS—the fulcrum and lever which moves the world—the work of a Mechanic, John Faust, the renowned Sercerer.

Then why does the fanatical spirit prevail among the more affluent grades of society, that mechanics should be respected only as the drags of the earth—as a separate and distinct class, below par in the estimation of those who wish to be regarded as the patrons of intelligence, science and knowledge? The elite of this country have drawn the lines of demarcation, while ever and anon they palm upon the workingmen the blame attached to such proceedings. Yes, the elite throw the gauntlet and must abide the result. We, as Mechanics, hold ourselves far above our revilers in the scale of useful knowledge and general information, as the stars which spangle the firmament of heaven

are separated from the earth, so should every other profession of tradesmen. Let him who would deny his birthright upon whatever vicissitude he may be placed, and shrink from the responsibility of asserting and maintaining his prerogative as a Mechanic, be branded as a traitor! Let him be come a football of contempt and his name sink into oblivion, unwep by the craft and unsung by its bards.—Louisiana Democrat.

DEATH OF MATTHEW CAREY.

The venerable Matthew Carey died at his residence in this city, on Monday evening, after a short illness. He had reached his eightieth year, and after a long life of untiring industry and unflinching benevolence, he sunk gently into death, full of years and honors. We subjoin the following notice of him from the National Gazette of the 18th inst., which shows that almost to the last, he continued those toils to which the greatest part of his existence was devoted.

Penury: a-ian.

We announce with sincere regret the death of Matthew Carey. A few days ago, Mr. Carey was thrown from his carriage, receiving a severe contusion of the head and being otherwise hurt. It was believed that his injuries were by no means serious, but they may have aggravated an intermittent fever which proved the cause of his death. Mr. Carey was in his eightieth year. A native of Ireland, he came to this country during the last century, and was engaged for many years as a printer and publisher, in which profession he realized an ample portion. During his business life, but particularly since his retirement, Mr. Carey was actively employed in philanthropic pursuits. With a clear intellect, a sound education, a disposition to seek out objects of reform and amelioration in society, and the energy to carry out approved means, he possessed also the unbounded liberality which is the purest evidence of sincerity, and the soul of success. As a writer he is remarkable for the concise array of facts which are brought to sustain his opinions. In questions of political economy, Mr. Carey always evinced a deep interest; and even those who dispute his position must admit the ability and candor with which he maintained them. His last writings, produced within the last two months, are a series of papers entitled the "Querist," concerning the cotton trade; evincing industrious research and a mind unimpaired by the lapse of four score years. The attention of Mr. Carey was also directed to plans of public education and various means of elevating the condition of the laboring classes. His exertions in favor of indigent women are unnumbered, and it is believed that in this city they were attended with gratifying changes in the condition of that unfortunate class. We cannot at this moment present a biographical sketch of Mr. Carey, or attempt to do justice to his memoirs. His name is familiar in this country and in Europe as a firm supporter of rational liberty, and a sufferer in its cause. Through a long life he devoted his energies with unquenchable enthusiasm to great and good purposes. His purse was as open for them as his counsel. In the death of Matthew Carey the cause of sound republicanism has lost an advocate, the poor a benefactor, the oppressed a patron, and society a friend. Physical infirmity limited the sphere of his personal exertions, but the scope of his benevolent desire reached the farthest verge of enlightened philanthropy.

The funeral of Mr. Carey was to take place on Thursday afternoon. It was anticipated that the benevolent societies, and citizens generally, would attend as a tribute of respect to the deceased.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST CONVENIENCE.

BY A MAN BORN OUT OF SEASON.

The world is getting far too convenient. I, for one, have watched the progress of improvement for some time past, in silent indignation; but it is really time to speak out. A plague of new-fangled inventions! We are making a god of machinery, and in doing so, we are making that which will, in time, unmake us. The sparrow hatched the cuckoo's eggs, and then the young cuckoo put the old sparrow out of the nest, as a reward for her officiousness! So are we bringing into existence prodigious creatures, who, in due time, will take this nest of ours—the earth—out of our care and keeping, and look after it themselves.

True, man, with his usual shortsightedness and self-sufficiency, talks very largely about machinery being his servant—doing his work for him—the mere creature of his will—and such bombastic stuff. Tush! a precious servant, truly, that will snap his master's head off for the slightest undue interference! Already there are a host of overbearing monsters running, puffing and blowing, over all the level land in the country, in most domineering fashion; and if man, that used to be lord paramount, chances to meet one of them, and does not skip out of its way, with most undignified alacrity, he is forthwith reduced to the consistency of a piece of snuff, and the "servant" pursues "the even tenor of its way," with as much indifference as if it had merely passed over a pumpkin!

And in such a case what is the course pursued? Is the creature laid hold of and brought to justice? No such thing. Even in the most barbarous times there was a parade or show of this article, when blood was shed or brains knocked out; but now, in this, our nineteenth century, man's life is of too little moment to cause the slightest interruption to business, and the next day the destroyer is seen openly pursuing the same track, defy-

ing opposition, and threatening all who presume to obstruct its path with a similar fate! Servants, tosooth!

Meanwhile a few fellow-imbeciles gather up the "master's" powder, sneak into a small out-of-the-way room, and deprecatingly call the affair "an accident." Should the catastrophe be marked by circumstances of peculiar atrocity, perhaps they summon resolution enough to levy a paltry "dead-end" upon the monster. As if such an overbearing bully cared a whit for their dead-end!

There is another class of these servants, who do not hold their heads quite so high and attended to, carrying hundreds of their self-styled lords hundreds of miles, and thinking it no trouble. This is all very well; but only let the slightest slight be passed upon them; let the most trivial neglect take place, even supposing it is merely forgetting to hand them a drink of water, at regular intervals, and straightway they begin to fume and fret, if not specified in time, a prodigious "blow-up" ensues, and any quantity of their employers are sent skimming through the air in every diversity of position and attitude, without the slightest previous warning.

Servants, I faith!

The truth is, we make machinery, and machinery is fast making machines of us. As Hamlet says—"I was sometime a paradox, but now the times give it proof."

I mentioned those matters to an acquaintance of mine—a great admirer of the present improved state of affairs.

"Look at the despatch—the expedition," quoth he.

"No question," quoth I;—"a few dozen fine fellows—lovely women—blooming children, full of life, health, hope, and all the pleasant anticipations of a joyous existence, sent whizzing from one world to another in the fraction of a second. No question at all about the expedition!"

"Casualties, my dear sir,—casualties will occur."

"Casualties!—Zounds!—The web of life of hundreds so frequently and so rudely torn—loves, joys, affections scattered—ties sundered—wives widowed, children fatherless, hearts desolate; and all for the sake of a little extra speed!—Casualties!—murders!—massacres!"

My friend took me gently by the hand. He smiled benignly upon me, as we may suppose a superior intelligence to smile upon an inferior, shook his head, and said he truly lamented to find me so much behind the "spirit of the age"—advised me to take the "Railway Magazine"—and concluded by exclaiming, impressively, as he left me—"Speed, my good friend, speed is everything!"

"I don't think so," bawled I after him.

"You are an eccentric," retorted he, from the opposite side of the street.

An eccentric! Precious times we live in, when a man is charged with eccentricity merely for disliking the chance of being reduced to powder or blown into fragments!

But it is in vain reasoning with these sort of people. They have a quiet self-sufficiency—a calm conceit about them—that is impenetrable. Solomon said, two thousand years ago—"Show me a man that is wise in his own conceit; there is more hope of a fool than he;" and what Solomon said is a truth that has received the confirmation of four and twenty centuries. You might as well attempt to reason with a "quick train."

They have an idea that the present age is immeasurably superior to any that has preceded it, and that they, as pertaining to it, are greatly above all who have gone before them. They will tell you Archimedes was a pretty ingenious fellow, but had no idea of eighteen miles per hour by water, and sixty by land.

But were even our improvements and conveniences physically safe, are they not objectionable in a moral point of view?

I deprecate man becoming a secondary object on the earth. I have nobler views of the creature. I stand up for his primary rights and privileges. It is too bad for him to be crowded over by the work of his own hands. Not that a primitive or patriarchal state of existence is altogether to be advocated, but we are getting over-improved—over-civilized—over-regulated. Our mechanical propensities are introducing fatal habits of rule and method. We will have no fancies, outbreaks, whims, or vagaries soon. Punctuality will be the great virtue. It will be recorded on men's tomb-stones, as the same of human perfection, that they were as regular as chronometers. Indeed, some leading utilitarians are scarcely to be distinguished from pieces of mechanism already.

They are wound up with a certain quantity of motives and duties in a morning; go through the day with unvarying precision; and, when run down at night, come home and go to bed, not being able to do without sleep as yet; though doubtless some substitute for that time spending habit will be discovered one of these days.

These sort of folks are truly what Wordsworth calls,

"Reasoning, self-sufficient things."

Ask one of these people his opinion of "Collins's Ode on the Passions," and he will tell you the passions belonged to the ancients—that he is no antiquarian, and sees not the utility of wasting his time about the irrationalities of a past age.

This is a truth. Many people are already as methodical and passionless as if they were actually in the course of transmutation into

metallic substances; and there can be little doubt that flesh and blood is tending that way. A process of petrification is undoubtedly going on.

I have myself noticed an extreme rigidity in the feet of young children of the rising generation; and more especially in those that are swept into an Infant School in a morning, in order to be out of the way of their parents for the rest of the day.

This is alarming.

And what, if these things go on—if materialism continues unchecked—what will become of that humanizing spirit of the universe—divine Poesy? Without doubt, in a brief time they will be making a tunnel through Parnassus! They will water their locomotives at the fount of Helicon!

Poesy, it is true, has been leading rather a city life of late, and has become somewhat sophisticated. She is more polished, but has lost somewhat of her moor and mountain freshness. But, however, she will have to abscond. She cannot exist in the state to which society is tending. She will have to take up her abode, as of yore, with the herdsman in his hut and the shepherd in his shealing, and climb the heathland hill, and be thankful that there are still uneven portions of ground of which surveys have not been made and levels taken.

But she will have to exist upon the sorrows and sufferings of the past. There will be no new materials of which she will be able to avail herself. True, there will be wholesale death and destruction enough, and consequently sorrow and suffering, but it will all come under the commonplace heads of "accidents" and "casualties." From her crags and peaks she will look down upon a mercenary and utilitarian generation who have forsaken her worship, and betaken themselves almost exclusively to the manufacturing and boiling of huge kettles of water. She will see old ocean traversed by creatures all but independent of the elements, and voyages performed from distant land to land with the greatest facility and amidst the most derogatory comforts and conveniences.

"Ah! the brave old voyagers!" she will exclaim.

And when she looks landward, how much will her prospects be bettered? She will perceive the verdant, undulating, and picturesque old world hacked and levelled in all directions—the smiling valley filled up, the gentle eminence cast down, the majestic mountain bored through, and the hoar forest-filled to the earth; and in her more sequestered and rural domains, in place of gazing complacently on some young votary—some incipient Burns, gazing his plough

"In joy and glory on the mountain side,"

She will have the pleasure of witnessing a patent steam ploughing machine stalking so hilarily and monotonously over the furrows from the rising to the going down of the sun. And when the sun does go down, she will have reason to be thankful if instead of rosy-cheeked, light-hearted damsels "milking" and milking the kine in the "gloaming," she does not chance to find wooden dairy-maids with wash leather fingers officiating in their place!

It is well that the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and such fine fancies have been secured to us. There would have been small chance of their being engendered or quickened into vitality amidst the fume and vapour of this generation.

Everything must now be either lucrative or useful. Speed, profit, utility, and convenience are the idols of the age. The spiritual and visionary is trampled under foot as not paying sufficient interest for the capital invested; and were it not for the exertions of the missionaries, and the unflinching determination to discover the North Pole, we might well suppose that enthusiasm had vanished from the earth. Such men (the Pole-seekers and the missionaries) are the salt thereof, and are to be revered for their brave unworldliness and contempt for the beaten tracks of society. It will be one of the things to be envied in our prosaic times when the Arctic or Antarctic voyagers succed in their object, (as they will do), startle the bears with their uproarious cheers, and feel at length

"They are the first, that ever burst
Into that silent sea!"

All other voyages are getting commonplace. The vague and remote corners of the world have been visited and eulogized. There are gin shops in Otaheite; they drink London porter in Ceylon; and they have got a steamboat upon the waters of one of the rivers that ran through Eden!

This is not to be deprecated or found fault with, because it has resulted from the glorious spirit of enterprise; but it is plain and evident, that we are getting too accurate a knowledge of our planet. There will be nothing left to dream about.

Oh! we are crammed with information—suffocated with facts and statistics.

So it is with discoveries and explorations. The topography of the earth is pretty well settled. Lake Tchad, and the river Niger, the interior of the country of convicts and kangaroos; with a portion of the Celestial Empire, alone are left to stimulate expiring curiosity. And if a gentleman, by any rare marvel has the good-fortune to find himself in a place that has never been visited before, he dare not entertain us with a few amusing incredibilities on his return, as his footsteps are sure to be followed the next year by whole parties of picnics. This is a hard-

No—the days of Mendez de Pinto are gone—and for ever! The privileges of a traveller are extinct!

But to return to our improvement and conveniences. There is one thing morally certain, and that is, that our improvements will not improve us, and that our conveniences will be no comfort. We will deteriorate. Our bodies will dwindle—our minds will dwarf. The characters of our bold forefathers were formed by trial and tribulation—by rough and perilous adventure—by confidence in their individual energies—in the clear head, the true heart, and the strong arm. Everything now-a-days is performed by "Joint Stock Companies." In this mechanical age the spiritual portion of man is fast falling into desuetude; and as for the physical part of his apparatus, it will be so nursed and pampered by small and manifold artificialities, that he will gradually lose the use of a great proportion of his faculties.

There are fearful indications that the time is fast approaching when a gentleman will have little else to do than sit with his feet on the fender and his hands in his pockets, watching the manoeuvres of a self-supplied poker