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WARD & FOOTE, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, PANOLA, MISS.

WILL practice in the various Courts of this and the adjoining Counties, the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and the High Court of Errors and Appeals at Jackson.

TAYLOR & MARTIN only will be associated in the practice of the Probate Court, Oct. 11, 1860.

HARRISON, TAYLOR & MARTIN, Attorneys at Law.

WILL practice in Chancery and Circuit Courts of the Seventh Judicial District, the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and the High Court of Errors and Appeals at Jackson.

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SIMMONS & CRUMP, Attorneys at Law.

WILL practice in the Courts of Panola, De Soto, and other Counties in North Mississippi, and will pay particular attention to the collection of debts, and all other business entrusted to their care.

Dr. T. B. PAYNE, DENTIST, Has permanently located at Panola, and is prepared to perform all operations with the least possible pain, and in the most skillful manner.

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GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT FOR PANOLA COUNTY.

MANSION HOUSE, Having procured License for the Board of Police, I am now prepared to sell all kinds of property at public sale, on short notice and agreeable terms.

Ambrotype Gallery, THE undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened in connection with his stock of Jewellery, Watch and Clock repairing, &c.

GAYOSO HOUSE, SHELBY STREET, A. COUGHLIN, PROPRIETOR.

Selected Poetry.

George D. Prentiss pronounces the following a "perfect poem." It is from the pen of William Wallace Harnay, associate editor of the Louisville Democrat, and son of the principal editor of that paper.

THE STAB.

On the road, the lonely road, Under the cold white moon, Under the ragged trees he strode; He whistled and shifted his weary load— Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own, A figure that stooped and bowed— A cold white blade that glimmered and shone Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown, And the moon went behind a cloud!

But the moon came out so broad and good; The harn owl woke and cawed— Then roused his feathers in drowsy mood, And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood, That a dead man lay in the road.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY DOUGLAS MAY CARLTON.

Let me see! it is just three years ago last Christmas, that three of us— Sue Mae, Mary Dinsmore, and I— went to spend our Christmas holidays with one of our schoolmates, Belle Archer, in the good city of Montreal.

The vacation only lasted a week, but we took a fortnight; and as Alf Archer, Belle's brother, brought with him Charlie Lucas, John Travers, and Will Curtis, all splendid fellows for fun and flirting, and all heart-breakingly good looking, we had delightful times in sleighing and sliding, and skating and coasting, during the day, and dancing and playing whist and what-not in the evening.

One wild, snowy January morning, too stormy to think of going out, the whole eight of us gathered round the blazing fire in solemn conclave, to determine how the day was to be spent.

"I vote for a change of programme," said Alf Archer; "we've had sleighing and dancing enough in all conscience. What say you ladies and gents?"

"I second the motion," said Charlie, "as my Lord Byron sings: 'There's pleasure at least in change.'"

"There, that's enough of that, Master Charles," said Curtis. "Don't you know it's the sacrifice and high treason, and a tearing of our wigs to quote Byron, except when you are rambling with some lady fair 'alone by the light of the moon.'"

"But to return to our motion," said Alf, "what is the change to be? Let the ladies have the casting vote."

"Let us act charades," said Mary Dinsmore; "that's good fun."

"No; it's not!" exclaimed Sue, who had an inveterate antipathy to anything requiring mental exertion. "It's such a bother to feel you have to remember so many words. I'm quite certain I'd not remember two words of my part."

"Nobody asked you to play, my dear Sue," said L. "Suppose you content yourself with being one of the spectators."

"Oh, that would never do," said Alf. "We must have little black-eyes. Think of something else."

"Tableaux!" suggested I. "The very thing!" was the unanimous rejoinder. "Tableaux, by all means."

"Unless Sue thinks it too great a bother to stand and be looked at," said I laughing.

"Oh, no, I don't mind that, because I know I'm very well worth looking at. Ain't I, Charlie?"

"I never make a point of contradicting a lady," said Charlie, politely, "so—ahem! yes—of course, Miss Mae."

"I rather think there was a mental reservation there, and very ungallant, Charlie," said Belle Archer. "And now to business; we must invite some friends here this evening, and not go wasting our sweetness on desert air. I'll make Miss Marshall write the invitations directly. Ring the bell, Alfred."

sort of upper servant," said Belle, who was somewhat arrogant. "She was what you call reduced—her father was a schoolmaster, or something, and when he died she had to support a blind mother. She couldn't get a situation as teacher, so she came here to sew and make herself generally useful. There's the whole history, so far as I know it, of Miss Annie Marshall."

"She's a very lady-like girl, for a servant," said John Travers. "I met her this morning crossing the hall, and she might have been a duchess, for grace and elegance."

"Yes; she's well enough," said Belle, indignantly. "Very handsomely and elegantly, but she's out of place in an upper servant. She is quiet, tho', and knows her place. Sue," she added, "a penny for your thoughts!"

Sue's keen black eyes were fixed on Alfred Archer, who had risen when the discussion began, and now stood with his back to us, taking no part in the conversation.

"They're not worth it," said Sue, with a slight laugh. "I was just wondering what Mr. Archer would be absorbing in that snowy, deserted street he is watching so intently."

Every one, of course, looked up, and Archer had nothing for it but to turn round. There was a slight flush on his handsome face, and a bright, angry light, I thought, in his dark eyes. He laughed, though—shook back his clustering dark hair, and flinging himself on a lounge said, carelessly:

"I was just looking to see if the clerk of the weather showed any symptoms of smiling on us to-day, but I see nothing save a 'frowning sky above, a frowning earth below.'"

As he spoke, the door opened, and Miss Marshall entered. Something in what had passed made me look at her more closely than I had ever done before; in fact, as she came in she encountered the fixed stare of eight pairs of eyes—no, seven—for Alf Archer's sole attention was absorbed in caressing a little Scotch terrier of incomparable ugliness. But I must do the young lady—for such she was, in every sense of the word—the justice to say that she bore it with the most admirable coolness and self-possession. She was not exactly pretty, I thought; yet she was one of the most perfectly graceful creatures I have ever seen—every motion seemed as if keeping time to inward music. For the rest, she was small, slight and delicate-looking, with large clear blue eyes, fair brown hair worn in a pretty silk net, and straight, regular features.

She bowed slightly as she entered, and turning to Belle said, in a low, clear voice—that "excellent thing in woman":

"You sent for me, Miss Archer?" Belle, who was scribbling hastily on a piece of paper, did not look up, or answer, for a moment or two, and I saw her brother raise his head, and look at her angrily.

"Yes," said Belle, at last, "I want you to write a lot of invitations—there's the list. And when that's done, you must help us to fix dresses for the tableaux this evening."

Miss Marshall bowed slightly again, as she took the list, and her graceful, lady-like air struck Belle and irritated her, for the haughty young Canadian had no notion of servants taking airs.

"Can't you speak?" she said, sharply. "Be sure you hurry, too, for you must go and hunt up dresses, and fix them after you have finished. Get one of the other servants to go with you, and you will find enough in the attic."

I did not venture to look toward Archer; for I felt instinctively that he was excessively angry, but the calm face of the young girl was unmoved.

"Certainly," she said, quietly, as she took the list, and sat down by a distant table to write.

"And now, Alf," continued Miss Belle, "you go and get a carpenter to fix a stage in the drawing-room, so that we can have everything arranged before evening."

Her brother arose immediately, as if glad to get away, and Charlie Lucas, Travers, and Curtis arose too.

"We had better leave the girls to plan and plot together by themselves," said Charlie, "for the rest of the morning. I know they want to get rid of us." And passing an arm through that of Archer and Travers, he went off, singing Dick Hatter-sick's song:

"And three wild lads were, we brave boys, And three wild lads were we, Thro' on the land, I on the sea, And Jack on the gallows tree!"

"There they go," said Belle, looking after them, "four of the wildest."

most hair-brained fellows this side of the Red Sea. And now, let me see—we four are all to perform, so where is the music to come from?—we must have an orchestra, you know. We can have our two pianos moved up to the stage, but who is to play? It won't do to ask any of the audience."

"Well," said Mary Dinsmore, "I will take possession of one; I don't much care for taking part in the tableaux."

"Oh, will you, Mary? What a darling you are! Well, I suppose we must do with one, since it can't be helped."

"I will play on the other, if you choose, Miss Archer," said Miss Marshall, looking up calmly. "That is, if you can get no one else."

"Fou!" cried Belle, with a broad stare. "Yes; if you wish?"

"My goodness! Do you play?" Her supercilious tone was positively insulting, and Sue's eyes flashed indignantly, but Miss Marshall was perfectly serene and composed.

"Yes—a little."

Belle looked round at us; but seeing we looked grave, and Sue positively angry, she restrained her sneers, and said:

"Perhaps you will favor us now, Miss Marshall, that we may judge whether you can play to-night."

"Certainly," said Miss Marshall, rising instantly, and taking her seat at the piano.

She played beautifully, brilliantly, and with ease, the most difficult pieces from memory; and when she arose, Sue and Mary and I broke out into rapturous praises of her skill and execution. She smiled slightly, and bowed her acknowledgments, but with the same calm, composed face as ever. I began to wonder if the girl was made of ice.

"Why, she'll beat you all to nothing, Mary," said Sue, "and you was accounted the best player in the pensionnat."

"There!" said Belle, testily, "it's lucky she knows—it will save some trouble to-night. Have you finished the invitations, Miss Marshall?"

"Yes."

"Then go and hunt up some old-fashioned dresses and things, and fix them for us. You'll find lots in the attic."

"Let me go with you, Miss Marshall," said Sue, springing up; "I'll help you to see them—I've an immense talent that way. I was born to be a dress-maker, I think."

Miss Marshall looked up with a smile at once, so surprised and pleased, that it was evident she was little used to such kind tones. It altered her face wonderfully, that smile, and she looked for a moment another girl.

"We had better all help you to sew these, I think," said I, "or you'll never be able to have them done in time."

"Perhaps it would be better," said Miss Marshall.

"Well, hurry, then," said Belle, half-pettishly, "there is no use standing all day talking about it."

"What a cross old thing you are, Belle," said Sue, passing her arm familiarly round Miss Marshall's waist. "Come, before Belle bites our heads off."

Belle bit her lip in angry silence. She was not, on the whole, an ill-natured girl, but she was inclined to be arrogant and overbearing, and had taken an especial dislike to her mother's pretty sewing-girl.

the company arranged themselves, laughing and chatting until the curtain should rise.

On either side of the stage was a piano; at one of which Mary Dinsmore, looking entrancingly lovely in blue silk and milk-white pearls, sat; while at the other was Miss Marshall, looking fair and graceful, in white muslin and blue ribbons. That she was unknown to most of the guests was evident; and that she excited no little interest was evident, too; for whispers went round about her, and the surprised faces of all at the answer, "only a sewing-girl," was amusing.

The first scene was Scriptural—"Rebecca at the Well"—and the curtain rose to the sweet, sad music of "Where are thy bowers, O Canaan?"

An instantaneous hush fell upon the audience, and all eyes were fixed upon the stage. There was the font; and there stood the Jewish beauty, Rebecca, with her pitcher on her head. Belle had taken the character; and the tall, dark brunette looked the Oriental maiden to perfection. El-ezior knelt at her feet with his offering; and never did John Travers look better than he did at that moment, with his picturesque costume, and dark eyes raised to her face.

Had Sue Mae seen him just then, she would have been more desperately in love than ever with the young and handsome author. A low murmur of applause ran through the audience. The curtain slowly descended, and the music died faintly away.

The next scene was "Brother Jonathan and John Bull;" and, at the tinkling of the bell, Mary Dinsmore struck up "Rule Britannia," while Miss Marshall began "Yankee Doodle."

A low titter ran through the room at the effect of this cat's concert, that increased to a loud roar of laughter as the curtain went up. Will Curtis, as "John Bull," had stuffed himself out to most Falstaffian proportions, and with some red ochre, had imparted to his countenance a glowing hue of indignation and high living, and was evidently in a teaming rage at something or some body unknown. Charlie Lucas, as Brother Jonathan, stood upright like a hop-pole—tall and lank—in a long swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons; a white hat, with a dint, on one side of his head; his countenance drawn down to a formidable length, with an expression of most doleful gravity and composure; his lips puckered up as if whistling, and a jack-knife and stick in his hand, as if in the act of whittling. Laughter, long and loud, greeted the scene until the curtain fell.

The next on the programme was "Meg Merilies and Dick Hatter-sick," in which Charlie Lucas, standing over a seething cauldron, and glaring into it in a way that would have done honor to one of the witches in Macbeth, took the character of the Scotch Gipsy; and John Travers was the Dutch freebooter. A wilter figure than Charlie looked, with long streaming hair, glaring eyes, distorted face, and frozzed posture, can hardly be imagined, aided—as it was—by the most outlandish costume that ever mortal eyes rested on. The stage had been darkened to add to the effect; and Dick stood looking at her; half in defiance, half in terror, with a drawn sword in his hand—his own wild face lit up by a sudden glare of red fire. A thrill ran through the spectators, and the curtain descended to the strange, sharp notes of the "Gathering of the Clans."

The next was "Robinson Crusoe and Friday." That unfortunate navigator, born of "poor but honest parents," suspiciously arranged in his goat-skin cap, with the flaps to keep the rain off, his leggings of the same, his household goods, earthenware and all, about him—his parrot overhead, his gun in the corner, and his Bible and tobacco on the table, sat with an expression of most dismal seriousness, which none better than Alf Archer could put on, looking down at Friday, who sat cross-legged, like a Turk or a tailor, at his feet. Curtis was Friday; and with his face blacked, and arrayed in the same festive garments as his master, he was a sight to see, not to hear of. The company loudly applauded, until the curtain fell on master and man.

The next was "Baby Blake and Charles O'Mally;" and the curtain went to the inspiring strains of the "Land of Sweet Erin." There stood Baby in her torn riding-habit, as if she had just clambered through the window, one foot thrust through the rent, to call Charlie's attention to it; Mr. Alf Archer handing the sewing-girl into his own private sleigh, and dashing off with her like the wind!

Oh Sue! I cried out in consternation. Hark! not a word! said Sue, smiling significantly. I wonder if there is a Gretas Green here in Montreal? There will be a Mrs. Alfred Archer before long, or I'm much mistaken. Just fancy our poor Belle's look when she learns it. There's the danger, you see, of keeping pretty sewing-girls in houses where there are good looking sons. Oh! won't there be a row soon!

A sudden noise behind us made us start and turn round. There stood Belle, white as ashes, and stern as a second Medusa. She sprang to the bell and rang furiously. A servant appeared

with whom every girl who reads the book falls hopelessly in love. Oh, dear! how I used to envy Lucy Deane, when she got such a prize as the gallant young dragon!

Next came "Nora Cronin," and the piano merely resounded with that pleasant air; and when the curtain went up, lo! there stood Charlie, but so disguised that his own mother would not have known him. A short red flannel—well—under garment, commonly called shirt, over which was worn a white night-gown, confined round the waist by the strings of a large blue check apron, and a huge cap with an immensely flapping tail, and a black thorn, and huge pair of brogans, completed the costume of the Irish nymph immortalized by Tom Moore. The music waxed "fast and furious," when, to the surprise of all, with a loud whoop, and a flourish of the shillalah, the damsel suddenly wheeled round and began a regular Irish break-down! That was a tableau! Shouts of laughter, and cries of "brava! well done, Nora!" resounded through the room, while the stage echoed with the tremendous clatter of the thick brogans as he danced.

"Leaving every body free To sink or swim as Heaven please!" The scene was immense! And amid a regular thunder of applause and laughter, the curtain fell, and Master Charley blushing retired on his laurels.

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Sue, who had struck up a wonderful friendship with the young sewing-girl, came in to tell us the news, as we all were assembled in the dining-room.

"Only think," she began, "Miss Marshall's going away!"

Alf Archer, with whom I was playing chess, gave a sudden start, and dropped his bishop.

"Going away, is she?" said Mary. "Where?"

"Oh! to be a Governess at Mrs. Devereaux's. I'm real sorry, I liked her ever so much!"

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Belle. "I never liked her—she had too many airs about her for her situation."

"They weren't airs," said Sue crossly; "she is proud, and naturally feels her mental station; and I am sure she is made to feel it, too," muttered Sue, *auto voce*.

"What is the matter, Mr. Archer?" said I, looking at him. "How very pale you are!"

"This room is too hot," he said, rising hurriedly. "If you will excuse me, I will go out for a few moments!"

He left the room as he spoke; and Sue and I looked at each other and smiled.

One hour later, as I stood turning over a book of prints that lay on the table, Sue Mae, who was sitting by the window, called hurriedly:

"I say, Timon, come here, will you? I went over, and looking out, I saw—what do you think, reader?—Mr. Alf Archer handing the sewing-girl into his own private sleigh, and dashing off with her like the wind!"

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Wit and Humor.

A dandy steps like an open-winged turkey traveling over a bed of hot ashes.

Oh whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man! I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the road, breaking stones with a pick-axe, and kneeling to get at the work better, made the remark: "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones!" The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you don't work on your knees."

"Pa, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?" "Yes, my child, you hurt him very much." "Well then, pa, you ought to whip mamma's nose teacher too,—for he bit her yesterday, right in the mouth; and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

A minister, as much distinguished for his eccentricity as for his piety, dined one day with the senior deacon of his church. The deacon who was in the habit of asking blessings of a wearisome length, was particularly prolix, and paused to gain a new supply of breath and word. The instant he stopped, the minister sat down and commenced rattling his knife and fork.

"Doctor! Doctor! I'm not through yet; I only hesitated." "Hesitated!" replied the doctor, "It's no time to hesitate when the turkey's getting cold."

SEASONAL OXEN IN TEXAS.—A minister, traveling along a Texas road, met a stranger driving his wagon, which was pulled by four oxen. As the minister approached, he heard the driver say, Get up, Presbyterian! Gee, Campbellite! Haw, Baptist! What are you doing, Methodist! The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked:

"Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they had such names given them."

The driver replied: "I call that lead ox in front Presbyterian, because he is true blue, and never fails; he believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end, and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go his own way until he sees done, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands, as if his journey was