

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

An American Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

RICHARDSON & KNOX, Proprietors.

OKOLONA, MISS., APRIL 15, 1858.

VOL. VI.—NO. 31.

THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
J. H. KNOX,
AT \$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

SHE CAME AN ANGEL BRIGHT TO ME.

She came an angel bright to me,
When hope and peace lay wreck'd
Upon life's dark and stormy sea,
By sorrow and neglect;
She seemed to me in my distress
A spirit from above:
She filled my soul with tenderness,
And won my heart to love!

She told me of a peaceful shore,
Where joys forever reign;
She bade me sigh and fear no more,
And brought me peace again;
Since then I've pass'd thro' many gales,
Seen life in roughest form,
Nor knew Despair, for she was there,
My angel in the storm!

For the News.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father, who has raised thee,
Who loves thee so kindly as he?
He watched over thee when in innocent glee,
Be loving and kind to thy father when he's old,
His care and watchfulness can never be told—
In love for him you should never be cold.

Be kind to thy mother, who loves thee so dear,
She will never forsake thee in fear;
But will cherish and comfort thee here,
For loving, and kind has she been—
Remember thy mother—for there will she pray
The blessings of God on thee to descend.

Be kind to thy sister who loves thee so well,
Never neglect her virtues to tell—
To escape the vengeance of hell,
Be kind to thy cousin whoever you be—
Loving him on land and on sea,
And God will award to thee victory!

A. B.

Communicated.

[Written for the Prairie News.]

Influence of Moral Culture on National Liberty.

It may be worthy of notice that the present age seems to have known that stability of government and the happiness of society are greatly dependent upon national morality.

The historical illustrations in proof of this doctrine are most melancholy and painful. In various ages have legislators, law-givers, and the most profound philosophers devised systems of government, which, one after another, have been for a time adopted, "weighed in the balance," found wanting, have been discarded, and fallen to decay.

Egypt, Rome, Assyria, Greece, Carthage, have furnished instances of diversity of government, but where are these? They have fled like the vision of a night that is passed; perished for the want of popular virtue; and from their sepulchers is heard the deep thunder-toned voice of wisdom and warning.

Indeed every form of government has been alike, the victim of popular corruption; but the progress of decay has been rapid in exact proportion to the popular elements incorporated into each; so that while the general lesson of decay has been sufficiently awful, its special application to a government and institutions so popular as ours, is yet the more impressive!

Coincident with the teachings of history are the maxims of modern political science, which inform us that in the book of God's Revelation to move on, contained the only principles that can ensure national stability and happiness.

Here, then, we find the united claims of patriotism and philanthropy presented to us in the most impressive manner by the condition of our fellow men. The necessity of moral culture is also demonstrated by many of the peculiarities of American character; as an instance may be noticed that sordid propensity which is continually driving us into all sorts of enterprises and money making schemes, one which has attracted the notice of travellers from abroad as a national trait. Urged on by the national passion, multitudes gather about the altar of Mammon, while the altars of the living God are almost entirely deserted, or most sacrilegiously desecrated. This great golden image is of almost universal idolatry. We seem to be impelled by a similar spirit to that which moved the Alchemists of the middle ages; and not the ardor which

inspired these enthusiastic explorers of the arcana of nature along the thorny path of their investigations excluded that which animates the mass of our fellow citizens.

In most of our literary institutions is this debasing influence too sadly visible; every branch of study is estimated by its connection with the grand business of accumulation, a connexion which we too often hear mentioned under the name of "practical value," a cant expression which has consigned many a noble science to vulgar contempt, and many a God-like genius to oblivion. Hence the common inquiry of what practical value is the study of the ancient classics.—Why study abstract sciences, or mathematics beyond vulgar fractions? As though learning and intellectual discipline were to be valued by the dollar and cent table, or measured by our purse strings! as though the sole design of education were to convert a man's mind into a machine like a mint, into one end of which is to be forced the bullion of knowledge, to come out dollars at the other!

Many an understanding, fully competent to this dollar and cent theory, is absolutely unable to discern the worth of those sciences which lie at the very basis of civilized society, and which furnish most of the refined and exalted pleasures of life. We cannot forget, however, the circumstances in our political condition which give rise to this money-loving spirit; these circumstances are that unfettered freedom of thought and action which allow every mind unlimited range of invention, and every hand unmeasured liberty of performance; that absence of the distinctions of rank and birth which always render men honorable, the distinctions of wealth; that boundless field of enterprise, and those inexhaustible materials of profit and labor which are the peculiar gifts of the new world, and, finally, that wonderful spirit of combination—of applying science to practical purposes, by which the age is so strongly marked.

These circumstances who would change? But who does not see that to counteract them all will require a moral energy of no common type, a moral effort of no ordinary power? Moral culture can alone do this.

By a very large class of society, the intellectual powers alone are deemed fit subjects of cultivation; and, therefore, the understanding, the memory, the imagination, and the tastes are carefully educated, while every wild passion that agitates the breast, every appetite that degrades and debases is left to flourish in its native luxuriance, with no moral force to check them. This error is selfish, inasmuch as it attends solely to the happiness of the individual, and takes no thought for society at large. It assumes the proposition that the pupil is to be made happy by intellectual culture, well knowing, at the same time, that moral cultivation is most essential to the welfare of a community.

It is unphilosophical; for individual enjoyment is not, in fact, drawn from the intellectual portion of our nature. It is the heart by which is determined the happiness of every thinking being; and unquestionably the misery of the great chief of fallen spirits is vastly aggravated by the almost infinite grasp and compass of his faculties, proving but too clearly that minds may and is often given to man, but so shaped by the "Omnipotent I am," as to prove a source of woe instead of pleasure. The heart is the fountain of woe or bliss. In an uncultivated condition, it is like the bitter wells of Morah in the desert; the discipline of education operates upon it like the healing power of Moses upon those fountains, and turns their gall to sweet. If we would find the strongest possible proof that knowledge alone confers not happiness, let us look at the case of the wisest of all the kings of Israel, who, after searching out all knowledge and learning that mortal mind could know, was forced to exclaim with sadness of heart, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

It ought ever to be borne in mind by those who are laboring zealously for the diffusion of what is called "useful knowledge" that unless they also diffuse the principles of sound morality, and take care to make that morality an integral part of every system of education, they are only accumulating the fiery element of future mischief and misery; they are like the modern Prometheus, clothing with life and energy a being whose lack of conscience and moral perception will make him a terror and a curse to all by whom he is known.

It is often remarked (and but too truly) that our collegiate institutions do very little for the promotion of a sound morality. My own limited observation and personal experience tend to confirm this remark. The system of teaching therein pursued so generally, neglects the culture of the religious nature—the system of police, of supervision over the conduct of students is so lax or clumsy, and the course of study and reading is so certain to cultivate tastes and feelings hostile to the christian spirit, whilst the contact and companionship of so many thoughtless, impetuous, and passionate young men, is so sure to create and confirm vicious habits, that no father who has passed through this fiery ordeal, can, without trembling for his fate, commit his son to the same dangers and temptations.

There must be a vast change in these establishments before we can confidently regard them as the nurseries of either piety or good morals. And yet hear we have educated, and must still on account of their intellectual discipline continue to educate those in our midst, who must be the controllers of public opinion, and the rulers of our nation—they who shape and color the general destinies of the community!

The evils to be apprehended in this partial system of education may be had in the effect already alluded to, of knowledge conveyed to nations long crushed beneath the burden of oppression. The light which has shown to the slave his chains has stimulated within him a fiery spirit that threatens subversion to the whole system of civil society. This storm spirit is every where abroad; old principles are rejected and discarded because they are old, ancient landmarks of opinion and belief are uprooted; distinctions founded on the eternal principles of truth and justice are overlooked and trodden in the dust; every restriction however needful and just, every obligation however sacred in government or religion, is scornfully assaulted or indignantly thrown aside.

In our very midst is the black banner of skepticism raised aloft, and boldly flung out to the breeze of popular notion; there are several presses now in our own free country that are constantly editing and publishing doctrines subversive of free government, and of the most nefarious character, in utter defiance of law teaching lessons of the most debasing and brutal philosophy, which lowers the body and annihilates the soul.

Like Satan, retreating from heaven, methinks I see the disseminators of this infidel doctrine, pausing on the very verge of the gulf that awaits them, to hurl back a parting defiance in the face of the Almighty!

There are many such instances, nay our country is flooded, and all engaged by every conceivable mode of corruption to reduce their fellow-men to a level with the brutes; only the wicked ingenuity of fiends can conceive of the countless forms in which their efforts are put forth, to convert mankind into slaves of lust and proselytes of men animalism, or materialism.

Whether we look abroad or at home, the moral condition of man is such as to justify alarm in the strongest minds.—Who shall dare to assign the bounds beyond which innovation shall not proceed? What power shall rebuke the tempest in mid fury? What authority shall control the excited multitude with the impetuosity of a turbid stream? To give that

spirit efficiency is a duty devolving on us. We stand gazing, as it were, into the great centre of the world's volcano—the smoke that preludes the eruption, rolls darkly over our head; the pent fires below flash now and then with a fearful radiance across the gloom; we hear the subterranean thunder; the mountain rocks beneath our feet, and all the dread presages of eruption gather around us. Who shall measure and declare the ruin that will at last burst forth? The tyrant shall be swept from his throne; his fetters from the slave, and every relic of that thralldom which has bound man for ages shall be destroyed! But will not the same destruction overwhelm all that is valuable and venerable in society—all the restraints of law, and all the authority of religion! No barrier to the fiery flood will be found sufficient to stay its desolations, except that of a pure, a strong, and a wide-spread morality.

Another feature of the age very strongly demands the diffusion of a sound morality. I refer to the prominent part now assigned to young men in all the departments of public action. The young men of America are now the most efficient class of society in all the grand movements, moral or political, in which the people are engaged.

This new feature of society is the result of our national freedom, and of that improvement in the science of education which brings the mind to maturity at a very early age. Intellectual cultivation is now begun at a period once consecrated to nursery follies; it is conducted on principles by which the communication of knowledge and the development of the faculties are vastly simplified and accelerated, so that the young now come forth almost like Minerva, springing fully formed from the brain of Jupiter, furnished with powers once deemed peculiar to middle life. We rejoice at this result; we rejoice that we are permitted, even commanded, to come forward and assume our share in the heat and burden of the day of toil! But it is with fear and trembling. We are swayed by the fiery impulses and passions of youth, exposed to the peculiar temptations of early life, controlled by premature judgements, untrusted principles, and scarcely formed habits; while the book of experience is to them an almost unopened volume.—There is, therefore, great danger lest we should be led astray; lest we should decide unwisely and act rashly; lest we render our newly acquired influence fatal to ourselves and society. The chariot of the sun could not be safely guided by the boyish Phaeton; the chariot of modern society, which already dashes forward with a mad and dizzy whirl, may be hurried to destruction by too much impetuosity. We must subject ourselves to the restraints of a stern morality, the activity of youthful passions, the zeal of youthful minds, the strength of youthful arms, must be controlled and directed by pure principles and virtuous affections, or we shall rush upon destruction.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to satisfy the reader that the proposition involved is both true and important. It would, however, demand the power of genius to do this subject full justice. I must rest satisfied with a feeble attempt to echo the wants of the age—the great trumpet voice of human want—of the necessities of our race.

DELTA.

A Down-Easter advertises for a wife in the following manner: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather-bed and fixings, five hundred dollars in hard pewter, one that's had the measles, and understands tendin' children, can have a customer for life by writin' a billy dux addressed Z—R—, and stick it on Uncle Ebenezer's barn, hime side jinin the hog-pen."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Tracey, you jest when you say that my baby is the handsomest one you ever saw—you must be soft-soaping it."

"Well, yes—right madam; I thought it needed soap of some kind. Ahem!"

Surley some people must know themselves—they never think about anything else.

MISCELLANY.

Marriage.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents—her companions—her amusements—everything on which she had hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness and for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is changed; and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come.—Then see to the Man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline, in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places; for on him is the responsibility of her errors—on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

Garden Fertilizers.

Whilst we are all running mad after far fetched manures, we are neglecting those just as good nearer home which do not cost half as much. We have found wheat bran to be a valuable food for garden products. It is so cool in its nature, that there is little danger of freezing any crop by its use, and so easy of decomposition, that the plant can appropriate it by the time its feeders are large enough to prick. In the culture of the Irish potatoes, it is invaluable. In all cases, it should be put in the soil, below the seed. In manuring rows of vegetables, first open a deep furrow and sprinkle bran in the bottom, cover the bran with earth, and over it plant the seed. Bran is fine for cabbage, English peas, snaps, beans and all plants that do not like highly stimulating food.

The usual price for bran at the mill is fifty cents per hundred, but at one dollar, it is cheaper and safer than guano for garden culture. There is nothing better for the onion bed than the scraping of the hen house. To make it immediately available to the plants, it should be thoroughly pulverized and mixed with wood ashes. The contents of the wash tub should be put on the cabbage square, it is both meat and drink to the plant.—If the garden be sandy, clay will be a fertilizer, if clay, sand will be found to fertilize by losing the clay, and permitting the roots to run in search of food.

[Southern Cultivator.]

Rather Inquisitive.

Old Gov. B—, of Vermont, was one of the most inveterate jokers of the early times in which he figured. An anecdote is told of him, which has never been related in print, and never can be, perhaps, with much effect, but we will try it.

One fall, as he was returning from the Legislature, on horse-back, as usual at that day, he was hailed from a house by a gaudy old maid, who had often annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs.

"Well Governor," said she, coming towards the road; what new laws have you passed at Montpelier this time?"

"Well, one rather singular law among the rest," replied he.

"Dew tell! Now what is it Governor?" asked the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town, who has the smallest mouth shall be warranted a husband."

"What," said the other, drawing up her mouth to the compass, "what a queer curious law that is!"

"Yes, but we have passed another that beats that—the woman who has the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, what!" exclaimed the old maid, instantly relaxing her mouth and stretching it wider at every syllable, "what a remarkable law that is—when does it come in foree Governor?"

At this the governor put spurs to his horse and vanished.

Women Enjoy Most.

Women in their nature are much more joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, their animal spirits more light and volatile—or whether, as some imagined, there may not be a sex in the very soul—we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the grief of woman, gravity is that of man. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon their particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much and lead them out of the path of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy.—Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the woman often degenerates into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another; that the pain and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife.—When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand, and the family, like a ship that's duly-trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Dreadful.—A marriage occurred in this co., a few weeks ago, under difficulties if not unsurmountable at least quite interesting. The ceremony progressed without interruption until the happy pair were called upon to join hands; as a finishing touch, making two hearts one when to their horror it became manifest that the delightful ceremony must at once be suspended. Awful situation! So near their happiness, and yet beyond their reach! The last and best words, 'Be thou man and wife,' were ready to be and could not be, pronounced. They were divided and no ingenuity, however cunning, could bring the otherwise happy pair within shake hands distance. No deep sea rolled, yet there they stood divided as the lands of the Egyptians and the Canaanites. Oh, had it indeed been the Red Sea, the revered father by faith might have smote its placid bosom and ended this dreadful suspense in fruition. No, no! the difficulties was more perplexing than a sea of water—it was crinoline and hoop suspension!

We did not hear how the groom managed the matter—whether he went round over, or under—for we left about that time.—*Lex. Express.*

Knowing who to Kick.—The late Col. McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House, at Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when, to end the matter without further delay, he took the rowdy by the "nape of the neck," led him to the door and kicked him into the street. The kick was picked himself up, and walked away, and here the matter ended. Some weeks afterwards McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles street, saw the fellow he had kicked out of the Prentiss House kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance, once the kick, but now the kicker, and after scanning him closely, said: "Look here, my fine fellow, are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?" "Softly, softly, Colonel," replied the rowdy taking McClung by the arm, "don't mention it—I'm the man,—but—but—you and I know whom to kick!"

The First Year of Buchanan's Administration.—On the 4th inst, expired the first year of James Buchanan's Presidential term. When the impartial historian comes to write the history of his Administration, the index to the first year will probably read as follows:

Bankrupts the Treasury.

A hard money Administration sustains itself by issuing shipplasters.

Kansas conquered by the army.

An outrageous Constitution forced upon an unwilling people.

Tremendous frauds discovered in all quarters.

The President charged with bribing members of Congress, and most of the session consumed in investigating the charge.

The African slave trade re-opened.

From this promising beginning we leave our readers to imagine the history of the remaining three years.

A man whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a Son of Temperance, replied: "Hie—no—no relation—not even an acquaintance."

Remember Lot's wife.