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."

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POETRY.

[For the News.]

A SMILE FOR ME.--Album Verses.

BY ELYAG.

Hast thou, for me, one snowy page to spare,
While thoughts of thee this happy hour beguile?
Though I may never hope thy love to share—
I'm well repaid if I but win a smile.

A smile from thee!—can these words I trace
Be worthy such a boon!—my only aim,
To catch thy eyes and cause thy face
To sweetly smile for me! 'Tis all I claim.

YOU KISSED ME.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

You kissed me! my head had drooped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak
Flushed up, like a flame, from my heart to my cheek. [bold,
Your arms held me fast—oh! your arms were so
Heart beat against heart in their passionate hold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes, [skies,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the
And your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss [kiss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath, and my will,
In delirious joy for the moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptations—no charms—
No vista of pleasure—outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And tear from my head its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul, in the bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a foolish man drunken with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death
Could come while my mouth was yet moist with your breath; [cold
'Twere delicious to die if my heart could grow
While your arms wrapped me round with that passionate fold,
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here would you kiss me again?

A WESTERN MAN.

He rolled the praires up like cloth,
Drank the Mississippi dry,
Put the Alleghany in his hat,
A steamboat in his eye,
And for his breakfast, buffaloes,
Some twenty-one did fry.
He whipped the whole Comanche tribe,
One day before he'd dine,
And for a walking cane he took
A California pine.
And when he frowned he was so black
The sun it could not shine.
He whipped a ton of grizzly bears,
One morning with a fan,
And proved himself by these great feats
To be a "Western Man."

MISCELLANY.

[From the Cumberland University Magazine.]

WOMAN AS SHE IS.

BY GLENDOWER.

Among the various themes which have from the natal hour of literature arrested the attention and employed the talent of writers, none has been found more prolific than that of woman; for while at one moment her gentle breast is made a target at which to wing the cruel darts of satire the next will awaken in her behalf the soft flowing strains of poetry, or call forth in her defence eloquence whose silvery, soul-stirring notes the very winds would seem lingering to catch; for upon the altar of her virtues have been laid the richest tributes of the heart and mind. And even the arrows which have fallen harmless at her feet are found twined with flowers, watered with the tears of her disappointed admirers. Omnipotence seems to have formed her of inconsistencies, yet to have breathed over all a spirit of divine sweetness. View her one moment a weak, trembling exotic, bowing before the faintest breath of adversity; see her the next, standing, a heroine, on life's stage, boldly facing its most withering blasts; watch her when the warm glowing sunbeams of prosperity play along her way; see her rise superior to her nature when the clouds of poverty hover around her path. As I before stated, she has found, "pure as she is," those cruel enough to defame her, plainly exemplifying thereby the truth of the words of Shakspeare—

"Be thou chaste as ice, or pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

Yet it requires no very critical examination into their characters to prove the prejudiced nature of her chief defamers. Take, for instance, the character of the veteran barrister, Selden, and we see that it was only when his mind had become prejudiced, and his heart hardened by the constant exhibition in his peculiar sphere of woman in her most fallen and degraded state, that he became the enemy of her sex. Or, go farther back into a more deluded age, and criticise of the Grecian poet, Euripides, who, on account of his great enmity of the fair, acquired the unenviable little of the woman-hatter; and see that it was only after he had made two unfortunate matrimonial investments that he exhibited such an unmanly and misanthropic spirit; and while we have naturally to conclude that these connubial misfortunes probably originated in his own evil deeds, they will go far to invalidate any evidence which he may have adduced derogatory to woman's charms. But even allowing that we give full force and effect to the opinions of her defamers, what do they go to prove?—only that some have fallen—

"And angels fall."

What, then, are these poisonous fruits of distempered minds, when compared to the mighty tide of praise which has ever been hers? What is the authority of Virgil, whose goddesses were all turbulent, and whose queens were all viragoes, when compared to the high eulogies which Shakspeare has passed upon the fair? Or what effect is to be given to the writings of Juvenal, the universal satirist, wrought into opposition to the true and beautiful tributes which Sir Walter Scott, Tom Moor, and Burns have delighted in paying her?

That woman's mind is easily swayed when her feelings are enlisted, I will admit, and give full credence to the lines of the poet, Fam—

"O what a feeble fort's a woman's heart,
Betrayed by nature, and beseiged by art!"

But to form a just estimate of the power of woman, we must look to the influence which she has ever exercised over the destiny of man; for hers is the influence which can, when all others have failed, strike into bright existence the last remaining spark of innocence and purity, and which can awaken in the breast of man, no matter how fallen or degraded, the last lingering echo of honor and affection—that influence which Shakspeare loved in his most feeling hours to paint; hers the influence which fired the imagination of Scott, as he portrayed the queenly beauty of a Barengaria, or lingered over the womanly tenderness of an Effie Dean—that influence which Bulwer felt, as he poured his soul into the character of a Madeline Lester; and which awakened the lofty genious of Byron, and at a moment when, basking and luxuriating in the genial sunshine of its power, he sent forth the softest, sweetest strains of poesy in its celebration; but alas! when these gentle bonds were untwined from about his heart, and when the flowers of woman's influence no longer bloomed in his bosom—no longer shed its fragrance over his spirit—he touched his harp, and notes as wild and melancholy as the shriek which the war-eagle is said to utter when the relentless arrow has pierced the heart of his faithful mate, too plainly spoke the loneliness of his soul.—It was a woman's influence which has ever battled noblest in the cause of proud, though sinking man, when the dark cloud of dissipation was about to eclipse the last ray of hope which lighted him on his already dismal way. It is woman's sweet voice which in his hour of pain and distress whisper to him of a better day, a brighter hour. It is woman's lily hand that beckons him on in hope, and which, when tired of life's cheerless pilgrimage, points heavenward, and tells him there to seek those jewels which he has lost on earth.

From nature has indeed betrayed her, and made her very pureness the attribute most conducive to her weakness—her angelic guilelessness the point of all in her character most assailable. But it is for her weaknesses that we love her—her very frailty that turns every noble heart into a bulwork for her defence. Though weak as she may seem, it is in her guileless bosom that the stern spirit of virtue has found its most hallowed resting-place; and in her mild bright eye warmest glows and sparkles the pure, holy fires of unfading, undying affection.

Is there any one who, imbued with love for his race, or admiration for the fair and virtuous, would not be willing, in token of agreement with this beautiful sentiment, across the shades of time to grasp the hand of Tom Moore?—

"O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too."

The most perfect beautifully, winning and atractive of all God's handy work is a little girl. Innocent as a lamb, sweet as the breath of a Summer's morning, beautiful as a hoari and pure as the white robed immortals, her little heart at all times full of tenderness and love for all around her—what a pity it is that she will grow to womanhood, wear hoops, and perhaps become a flirt and a "man killer"—what a pity.

Supremacy of Crinoline.

Let nobody turn over this page impatiently alarmed at the prospect of another diatribe against crinoline. I, for one, am not going to exhibit myself in the character of a writer who vainly opposes one of the existing institutions of the country. The press, the pulpit, and the stage, have been in the habit of considering themselves as three very powerful levers, capable of being used with terrible effect on the inert material of society. All three have tried to jerk that flourishing plant, crinoline, out of English earth, and have failed to stir so much as a single root of it. All three have run full tilt against the women of England, and have not moved them an inch. Talk of the power of the press! What is it compared with the power of the French milliner! The press has tried to abridge the womens petticoats, and has utterly failed in the attempt. When the right time comes, a French milliner will abridge them at a week's notice. The pulpit preaches, the stage ridicules; and each woman of the congregation or audience sits imperturbable in the middle of her balloon, and lets the serious words or the comic words go in at one ear and come out at the other, precisely as if they were spoken in an unknown tongue. Nothing so deplorably deteriorating for the reputation of the press, the pulpit and the stage has ever happened as the utter failure as their crusade against crinoline.—My present object in writing is likely, I think, to be popular—at least with the ladies. I do not want to put down crinoline—I only want to make room for it.—Personally, I rather like it—I do indeed, though I am a man. The fact is, I am a thoroughly disciplined husband and father; and I know the value of it.—The only defect in my eldest daughter's otherwise perfect form lies in her feet and ankles. She is married, so I don't mind mentioning that they are decidedly large and clumsy. Without crinoline they would be seen; with crinoline (think of that scoffing young men!) nobody has the slightest suspicion of them.

My wife I implore the reader not to tell her that I ever observed it—my wife used to waddle before the invention of crinoline. Now, how she swims voluptuture, whenever she crosses the room, in a manner which, but for the expense of repairs, would be perfectly charming. One of my other single daughters used to be sadly thin, poor girl. Oh, how plump she is now! Oh, my marriageable young men, how amazingly plump she is now! Long life to the monarchy of crinoline! Every mother in the country who has daughters to marry, and who is not quite so sure of their unaided personal attraction as she might wish to be, echoes that loyal cry, I am sure from the bottom of her affectionate heart. And the press actually thinks it can shake our devotion to Queen Petticoat! The press, ladies? Pooh! pooh!

Dickersens' Household Words.

Weather Sign.—In a cloudy morning it is a matter of importance to the farmer, to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleaned their holes nicely, and piled the dirt up high it seldom fails to bring a clear day. Spider webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain, some cloudy mornings; and fifty years observation has shown the writer of this, that those little guessers seldom fail.—*Ex.*

Advice of Themistocles.—An Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to counsel Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

Ohio Chivalry.—The Ohio Cleaveland Plaindealer tells the following story:

Two fiery students at Oberlin College had a falling out the other day. Lovely woman was of course the cause. Having conscientious scruples against dueling, they resolved to adjust the difficulty by an appeal to the code fistic, or as we think we have heard it called, "the manly art of self-defence." They accordingly met with their seconds in a lonely cow pasture, about two miles from the College. They fought nine rounds. One of the parties was badly whipped, and victory consequently perched upon the banners of the other party. What makes the affair particularly racy is the fact that the lovely woman above alluded to is a dashing mulatto.

..'John, spell effects.' 'F-x.' 'Right. Next, spell seedy.' 'C-d.' 'Right again. Now spell cakes.' 'K-x.' 'There's a good boy,' said his mother, handing Johnny some of the latter.

Emeute in the Queen's Household.—The overthrow and retirement of the Palmerston Ministry seems to have been succeeded by sundry resignations in the Department of the Queen's Household. According to the London Advertiser, the inmates of the royal palace were at last advices, in a high state of excitement at the progress of a domestic *coup d'etat* of a most important character. The Advertiser says that the Duchess of Athol has followed the example of the Duchess of Wellington, and resigned her official position at court, in consequence of the appointment of the Duchess of Manchester to the situation of Mistress of the Robes. "We have good reason to believe," adds the Advertiser, "that similar resignations will follow in consequence of the extreme unpopularity of the appointment in question among the female aristocracy of England." It appears (sagely remarks the Brooklyn Eagle upon the foregoing commencement) that the Duchess of Manchester is not the proper sort of person to air Victoria's dimity, and the female aristocracy are in high dudgeon. What the peculiar qualifications of the Mistress of the Robes are expected to be, does not appear, but we presume it is one of Woman's Rights to quarrel with each other, whether plebeians disputing over a thirsty cistern, or autocrats struggling for the custody of her Majesty's original Balmoral red petticoat.

A Start in the World.—Many a parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of laying up enough to give his children "a start in the world." This kind of worldly wisdom is great folly, especially where it leads to the neglect of their mental education and their moral training. Nay, it is often followed by the most ruinous results. Seeing a young man afloat with money which he never aided in earning, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who has never learned to swim.—Ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and sink to the bottom. The true policy is to teach him to swim, and then he will not need the bladders. The parent who gives his child a good education, who trains him to industrious habits and bases his principles firmly upon the great laws of truth and beauty, leaves him an inheritance more valuable than the wealth of the Indies. This sort of a "start" insures a successful career.—Other kinds of "start" make "*fast young men*," who not only "stick fast" by the way, but become utterly worthless to themselves and others.

Doggerel.—The following is afloat without paternity, and we regret that its origin is unknown to us, that we may bestow credit where it belongs:

Marshal, spare that dog—touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. Oh! when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup; when hungry—at a jump. And when his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks, upon your hands and face. You will surely let him live! oh do not kill him dead; he wags his narrative, and prays for life—not lead. Go get the muzzle now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow wow! and tendency to drought He is our children's pet, companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No! Marshal, share that pup; touch not a single hair; oh! put your "pistol" up, and go away from there.

Young Man, Pay Attention!—Don't be a loafer, don't call yourself a loafer, don't keep a loafer's company, don't hang about loafling places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself, than sit around day after day, or stand at corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own mind, better for your prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend on an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied up with red tape carried under a lawyer's arm may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world. To him that hath, shall be given. Quit drooing and complaining, keep busy and mind your chances.

Egg Bread.—Three pints of buttermilk; three eggs; a little salt; a cup of flour, and enough Indian meal to make a thin bater. Bake in thin loaves for twenty-five minutes in a quick oven. Eaten while hot. The above recipe for Egg Bread we think preferable for breakfast and tea, to anything in the corn bread line we have ever tried.

..An exchange paper tells of a parson who prefaced his sermon with, "Let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

Suffering in Ireland.—John Mitchel's Southern Citizens has the following:

Extermination proceeds as usual; but the County Donegal is experiencing certain peculiar blessings of British rule.—A large tract of country was cleared of its human inhabitants to make room for sheep; but the country was moory, rocky and intersected by torrents; so that many of the sheep were lost, or even found dead. The "lawless peasantry round about were charged with having destroyed them." The Grand Jury assessed £3000 damages upon them; and a large force of police was quartered upon them to levy this tax. The consequence is, that throughout all that region there is a wail of misery such as has not been heard since the great famine. An account of the state of affairs has been drawn up and published, signed by a large number of clergymen, from which we take one extract; it is enough:

"There are at this moment 800 families subsisting on sea weed, crabs, cockles or any other edible matter they can pick up along the sea shore, or scrape off the rocks. There are about six hundred adults of both sexes who through sheer poverty are now going barefooted, amidst the inclemency of the season, on this bleak Northern coast. There are about seven hundred families that have neither bed nor bed clothes, but are forced to lie on the cold damp earth in the rags worn by them during the day."

Money—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash, form stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The Blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question for life and death for his salary. Money makes the man therefore the man must make the money, if he would be respected by fools; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussles carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices and nice furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipage and pays the rent of the best pew. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady. It commands the respect of gaping crowds, and insures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rugged scene of life, and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor weak humanity that it is but lust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity, the baggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons.

Honorable Conditions.—Many years ago in what is now a flourishing city in this State, lived a stalwart Blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was always fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of mutual billing and cooing, 'engaged' themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young lady's 'parient' prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who set enjoying his favorite pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the part of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics, and taking the daughter by the hand said: "I now sir ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed"—but his 'phelinks' overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his rhetorical flourish, blushed, stammered and finally wound up with—from its parent bed to my own.—The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied: "Well young man I don't know as I've any objections *provided you will marry the gal first.*"

..The following is 'fearful,' besides being slightly original. We find it in the Literary Museum:

Mr. Museum:—If a doggo's taile is kut awf intirely, will it nott interfear with his lowcowmowshun?'

Not eggzackly—it might not affect his carriage, but t'would entirely stop his waggin.

..When a wife shows a greater amount of judgment or talent in anything than her husband, it is his wisdom and interest to allow her to take the lead.

Woman's Heart.—There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for a time to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated such ailment as was requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind to start it upon its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, not making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years by their sweet temper, their new beauty: their high accomplishments: and their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were among the incurably heartless and frivolous.

"De Gals."

Hear what Julius Cæsar Hannibal, of the New York *Pick*, says upon this interesting subject:

"I hab always in my life found de gals to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and de last in de sick room! What would we poor fellers do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and woman's arms am ready to receive us; she it am who puts close 'pon our helpless, naked limbs and cubbers up our footses and toeses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grow up, fills our dinner basket wid doughnuts and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we tear our trowsers."

Saying and Thinking.—"You are very handsome," said a gentleman to a lady. "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so."—"And so you would think, though I did not say so," said he.

☞ A phriend, pheeling phunily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing: 4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitiously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4raging 4ces."

☞ MISS JULIA, allow me to close those blinds; the glare of the sun must be oppressive." "You are very kind, sir, but I would rather have a little *son* than no *heir* at all."

☞ Here is a pretty good parody on the well-known song of the Troubadour.

Gaily the editor
Smoked his cigar,
While he was scissoring
News from afar—
Looking for murders dire,
Item or puff,
Devil say, devil say—
Ain't this enough?

..'First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Tibbets, what is life?

'Life consists of money, a hoss, and a fashionable wife.'

'Next, what is death?'

'A paymaster who settles everybody's debts and gives the tombstones as receipts in full for all demands.'

'What is poverty?'

'The reward of merit Geniuses generally receive from a discriminating public.'

'What is religion?'

'Doing unto others as you please, without allowing them a return of the compliment.'

'What is fame?'

'A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead.'

..Why is a kiss like two sermons?—Because there are two heads and one application.

..To make a man a patriot, all that is wanted is a pair of circumstances, a wife and baby.

..The man who couldn't stand it any longer has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Willis says that the reason he don't like to drink water, is because it has tasted so strong of sinners since the deluge.

..Snuff dippers are informed that guano is getting cheaper. We have a large cargo on its way here, which will probably get here as soon as the railroad. If the tobacco crop should fail, we will sell it to dippers very cheap.

..At a colored ball, the following notice was posted on the door: Tickets 50 cents; no gemman admitted unless he comes himself!

..Old gentleman (affectionately).—My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?

Precious youth (stifly).—To get the joice out of it, dad!

..A Western editor, in noticing a new and splendid hearse, thinks "it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it."

.."I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript as he left his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments, exactly, papa—all but the pains."