

# 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.

[Written for the News.]  
THE DAISY.—An Acrostic.

BY ELYAG.

Redolent is the Daisy bloom,  
O'er sylvan dales it sheds perfume;  
By the poor man's home, this sweet flower  
Enlivens the scene—adorns the bower—  
Remembrancer of one who's fame  
Tow'rs high upon the mount of fame.

Before the blasts of wintry day,  
Unnumber'd Daisies fade away—  
Revising Spring's delightful reign,  
New Daisies bring to deck the plain—  
So man must die—and live again.

LADIES! we and the fellow who wrote the following can't agree. So don't think by inserting it that we give our sanction to any such a way of doing!

### SPARE THAT GIRL.

Youngster, spare that girl!  
Kiss not those lips so meek!  
Unruffled let the fair locks curl!  
Upon the maiden's cheek!

Believe her quite a saint;  
Her looks are all divine,  
Her rosy hue is paint!  
Her form is erminine.

### HOOPS.

Tell me, you winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some quiet spot,  
Where hoops are worn no more?  
Some lone and silent dell,  
Some island or some cave,  
Where women can walk three abreast,  
Along the village pave?  
The loud winds hissed around my face,  
And, snickering, answered, "nary place."

## MISCELLANY.

### CELIBACY—DELICATE WOMEN, &c.

"Single blessedness" is rapidly on the increase. It threatens to become an established "institution." Marriage, and the family relation, are in danger of being superseded. These and similar utterances have become one of the prominent topics of the newspapers press.

In all of our large cities the disinclination to marry on the part of young men is frequently spoken of and written about. And it is said, truthfully too, that just in the ratio that men incline to bachelorism, rowdiness, debauchery and crime become rampant in the land.

This is a subject of great importance to all, and of fearful interest to the generations to come. It requires no extraordinary reach of thought to comprehend that the natural and inevitable result must be, sooner or later, the general demoralization of both male and female, and the utter disorganization of human society. Without the maintenance of those domestic associations and duties, which are known only where the marriage institution is made sacred, no society ever did or ever can exist above barbarism or savagery.

To arrest this downward tendency of the race, two causes must be corrected. Young men must be trained to live, move, and have their being, without those blood-inflaming and soul-palsying poisons, liquor and tobacco, and young ladies must learn to be useful as well as showy.—On this latter clause of our text we purpose to expatiate very briefly, and then leave the matter for the present, to the reflections of whom it may concern.

It is notorious, all over the civilized world, that American females are unhealthy, and that the tendency to disease and infirmity is constantly increasing.—The daughters, as a general rule, are more infirm than their mothers, as their mothers compare unfavorably with their grandmothers. There is no theme so much written about, talked about, lectured about, as sickly American women and girls. Even the medical journals and daily newspapers of Europe are frequently comparing the health and stamina of American females with those of the females of Great Britain, France, Germany, etc., always to the disadvantage of the former. And they seem to see, not without reason, one of the leading causes of the ultimate degeneracy of the American people, and the final overthrow of our republican government, in the fact that the vitality of our females is running down.

Young men cannot be ignorant of these things. They are, and must be found of the society of young ladies. Nature, and instinct, and reason, and custom, incline them to marry. But with the thoughts of a matrimonial alliance, come the thoughts of everything except beds, roses and domestic joys. So far as courting goes, all is pleasant enough; but with marriage is associated the idea of doctors, nurses, and a greater or less

number of Bridgets and Katys, and Marys and Ellens. Instead of a help-mate, a wife to cheer him on in the arduous pathway of life, and take charge of the household affairs, he dreams of delicate nerves, tender stomachs, falling hair, decaying teeth, and spinal irritation. He anticipates, as well he may, a constant monologue about pains, aches, bad feelings, morbid sensations, as the prevailing music of the fireside. He thinks of ever-recurring bills to pay. He knows the chances are against him of marrying a patient to take care of, instead of a wife to enjoy.

Now men are just as selfish as women are. On the whole, we think they are more so. The young lady who supposes that any young man on the face of the earth wishes to marry her for sake of nursing her through life, makes a very great mistake. There have been, indeed, "marriages of sympathy." But Heaven sanctions not, and nature abhors such alliances.

If young ladies advertise themselves as pretty playthings, young gentlemen will take them at their word. If in their actions, and by their manners and accomplishments they declare themselves flirtable and courtable, but unmarriedable, young men will so understand the matter, and act accordingly. They will be ready enough to dance and frolic with those they do not respect. They will make themselves agreeable to those they cannot love. They will play court where they cannot think of marrying. Whenever they find their attentions are beginning to be taken in earnest, they will seek other society. They will not, of course, give the reason for this, and the young ladies will of course wonder "why don't the man propose?"

Young men, we repeat, will sport and amuse themselves with young ladies whom they neither love nor respect.—But if they do respect them and could love them, they are frightened from a proposal to marry by the sad evidences of infirmity, which domestics, false hair, artificial teeth, and expensive skirts are unable to conceal. Hence they rather avoid all approaches to intimacy, and often abandon the company of those who could be healthy, and who would make good wives, and seek amusements in less respectable society amid more debasing associations.

The young ladies of America have it entirely in their power to arrest the growing evil. Let them make themselves healthy, and prove their capacity to be useful as well as ornamental, and they will not be long in the matrimonial market. Let them snap their fingers at the fashions of London and the follies of Paris, and act like sensible human beings.—Otherwise, they are neither fit for wives nor mothers.—*Life Illustrated.*

**Privacy.**—It should be a rule between all friends to accept just that much of each other's confidence as is freely and voluntarily given. Every person has a sacred and inalienable right to privacy of thought and feeling—a right which should be respected to a letter, even by the most intimate and dearest friends.—It is a common saying, and very mischievous one, that there should be "secrets between man and wife." A woman has just as much right to withhold a full expression of innermost thoughts after marriage as before, and a man has, of course, the same. When all is laid bare—the holiest recesses of the heart—the very adyta of the soul's temple—the two will almost inevitably tire of each other. There is nothing new—they have told all they know, and nothing more can be said between them, except mere common places, which soon become ennuyeux. This right to privacy is not sufficiently well understood in the world.—Near friends are too apt to assume the power of prying into and criticising each other's hearts. They should be more careful—more respectful—and ask fewer questions. If friends generally would take a common sense view of the subject, they would see that what A. chooses to tell B. is B.'s business, and he may listen and criticise that, as much as he likes.—What A. does not tell B. is sacred to A. The simple fact that he did not see fit to impart it, ought to satisfy B. that it is none of his business, and the less he tries to pry into it, the better A. will like him.

"Will you have a Daily Sun?" said a newsboy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will you have a daily Son? Why, you little scapgrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home! No, indeed, I guess I won't have a daily son! My poor, dear man used to complain awfully when I presented him a yearly son! A daily son, indeed! Be gone, you little upstart imp!" And the old woman called for the turkey-tailed fat to keep from swooning.

"We are indebted to Mrs. . . . for the following:

Men brandy drink, and never think,  
That girls at all can tell it;  
They don't suppose that woman's nose  
Was ever made to smell it!

From the Waverly Magazine.  
WHY IS IT?

Why is it that, now-a-days, girls, or young ladies rather, cannot act out their own natural dispositions, in company, without having wrong constructions put upon every action by that portion denominated "MASCULINE?" If a young lady happens to cast two or three glances at a young gentleman, it is immediately set down as a fact, that "she is in love with him." If she approaches him and sits down by his side in a friendly manner, thereby showing that she is inclined to be affectionate in her disposition, and would like to talk in the same friendly and open manner that she would to a brother, it is said, at once, that she is, "bold and too familiar." If anything excites her "risibilities," and she indulges in a merry peal of laughter, she is "rude and boisterous." If she sits quietly in one corner of the room, preferring not to talk, why, she is "putting on her dignity," or else is a simpleton and "don't know anything." If a lady with a naturally lively disposition happens to look a little serious at times, why, she is mourning, perhaps, "for an absent lover," just as if we could not put on a straight face once in a while and indulge in our own private thoughts. If a lady affirms that she intends living a life of "single blessedness," why, she is only hinting that she will accept the "first good offer." If she evinces a liking or preference for gentlemen's society, she is "almost crazy to get married." If a lady hints at lectures, concerts, exhibitions, &c., the gentlemen are dumb, and cannot understand why a lady can take an interest in such things.

Why is it that gentlemen are not honest enough to show out their real dispositions, while courting, but wait until after the "knot is tied?" Why is it that some men are so selfish and exacting with their wives, and are always snarling and snapping like dogs if things are not done just so, instead of being just the reverse, thereby making their lives one perpetual honey-moon? Why is it that people scandalize their neighbors, and yet run after them? Why is it that some people have such an aversion to "old maids," just as if they were not "flesh and blood" and as good as any person else?

Why is it that men will congregate in squads on the corners and make remarks about every lady that passes, and strain their eyes almost out of their sockets to get a peep at their feet while crossing the streets, when they might be more profitably employed? Why is it that some gentlemen will go to see the ladies, when they have such a poor opinion of the female sex? I wonder if such gentlemen (?) have mothers or sisters? Why is it that we are not more candid with each other than we are? Why—but I might go on for now till next year asking—"Why is it?" and then not be through, so I will lay aside my pen and pause for a reply.

**The Tender Passion.**—Thackeray says that "when a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives advice and lends money to the young son at College; he pats little dogs, which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet Port Wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee of a Club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

**Woman's Advantage.**—A woman may say what she likes to you without danger of being knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work. She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over. She can go forth in the streets without being invited to treat at every coffee-house. She can paint herself if she is too pale and flour if too red. She can wear corsets if too thick, other fixings if too thin. She can eat, drink and be merry, without it costing her a cent. She can get divorced from her husband when she sees one she likes better. And she can get in debt all over, until her husband warns the public not to trust her on his account any longer.

An English writer says that the American ladies of the present day feel or affect a spirit of independence. We certainly have seen, at fashionable parties, many a lady, who, we thought, might very appropriately recite Smollett's fine lines to independence:

"Thy spirit, independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare."  
—Pretence.

Billy Dobbs.

Some folks are born with the devil in 'em, and you can't drive it out, either; you might as well try to make a pair of patent leather boots out of a piece of corn beef, or crowd a soda fountain through the touch hole of a cannon.—Billy Dobbs was one of this kind, he was as big a devil as ever ate string beans. When he graduated from school, he left through the window, pursued by the teacher and three assistants. One thing Billy would do, he would tell the truth. He told me confidentially that when he was taking a trip up the canal, for his health, a storm came up one night and in the morning they found the tow line had shrunk so that it had drawn both horses on board the boat. It proved to be a providential thing for them, for the captain hadn't taken an observation or a gin cock tail in three days, and they were three latitudes and most a longitude out of their course, and in fifteen minutes more they would have run a-foul of the front door of a farmhouse and foundered in an oat bin. I sincerely hope that when they take Bill out to be hung by his neck, till he is dead three times, and God have mercy on his soul, the rope will shrink so they can't tie a knot in it. I went over to Billy's house one night and his old man had a prayer-meeting.—Billy, says Jack, let's go up and peep in, so we went up. The good brothers and sisters were kneeling upon the floor, and we stood looking on; and the first I knew, Billy darted into the room shouting leap-frog, by thunder, and straddling his legs, he bounded over one after another of the good people, and got half-way around the room, when he was stopped by pitching head first into the arms of his grandmother. There was a kinder "laying on of hands" just then, and Billy was taken to the wood-house, laid across a back-log, and his "sit down" was pounded, till they broke up kindling wood enough to last all winter. When the row commenced I ran up stairs, knocked a poe dog endwise, dashed into Sally Dobb's chamber, ran around a hooped skirt, knocked an old hat out of the window, took an observation and saw Billy licked. I jumped out of the window upon a shed, rolled off, hung upon the eaves a minute, and dropped—where? I Echo answers in the swill barrel. I touched bottom, came up and crawled out. I was troubled with a sour stomach. By gravy, that was the worst vegetable soup I ever swallowed. I shook the coffee grounds and egg shells out of my hair, and made tracks for home scattering turnip-tops, fish-bones, potato parings, apple skins and grease as I went. My old man thrashed me for spilling my clothes, and Billy's old man sued my old man for spilling his swill. The hogs were taken sick, and they had to be killed to be cured. I haven't used any hair oil since.

**The Fight Between Gen. Jackson and the Bentons.**—The St. Louis Leader, giving a sketch of the life of Col. Benton, gives the following account of the fight between Gen. Jackson and a party of his friends, and Thomas Hart and Jose Benton:

Attended by, we believe, five friends, all armed to the teeth, as best becometh a man in those days—that is to say, with pistols and dirks—he (Jackson) fell upon the two Bentons, who, standing upon the defensive, and the vantage ground of a doorway, shot him down, and would have slain him but for the interposition of a fresh comer, who seized Col. Benton's hand at the moment when he was about to strike to the heart, with his poignard, and had already shot with a pistol ball, which he carried in his body almost to the end of his life. It is scarcely to be supposed that this conflict could serve to restore the former understanding between two men of tempers far from being very Christian. The feud never again came to blows; but, in vindictive efforts to injure each other, it never slackened until, wearied with the contest, Col. Benton abandoned the field to his formidable adversary, and migrated afresh to Missouri, where higher fortunes, but not calmer ones, awaited him.

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon and Mrs. Ebenezer Sweet; whereupon our devil moralizes as follows:

How happy in extremes do meet  
In Jane and Ebenezer;  
She's no longer sour, but Sweet,  
And he's a Lemon squarer!

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—Pretence.

"Tit for Tat."

The following *hits* by two clergymen, and editors, both of whom are clever men, are too good to be lost. We copy from the St. Louis Christian Advocate:

"METHODIST MUSIC."  
The Presbyterian Witness, a paper published in Knoxville, Tennessee, in the issue of the 23d ult., contains an article laudatory of Methodist sacred music; tells how stirring and soul-inspiring it is, and all that sort of thing; all of which might have been well enough, but that the writer evidently uses it as a mere softening prelude to a very hard blow he intended to deal in the shape of the following, which he calls a "new chorus fresh from the altars of the (Methodist) brethren":

"If you want to see the Devil run,  
Shoot him with a gospel gun;  
If you want to see the Devil trot,  
Shoot him with a gospel shot."

Now we certainly will not undertake to say that Methodists never sang the above ridiculous lines—we do not know; but certainly never heard them sung by Methodists or any others, and hope we never will. Some Methodists sometimes do very silly things, and this may have been one of them: we cannot tell; hope, however, the writer was misinformed; but if it were otherwise, and some fanatical foolish persons did really sing the above, why then, in that case we owe the Witness one, and proceed to pay with the following, which years and years ago was copied from an old, regular-built, deeply dyed Calvinistic "Psalm and Hymn-Book"—one used in those good old times when the deacon had a box just in front of the pulpit which he occupied with due solemnity, and at the proper time stood up, "lined the hymn, and led the singing." Now, dear brother Witness, just imagine one of the old-fashioned church houses, with its gallery set on stilts; its box-pews, so high that only the heads of the people could be seen; the deacon in his place—see him rise with the gravity wont to characterize him, adjust his spectacles, and proceed to "line and sing in "short measure" the hymn of which the following made a part:

"Jehoram wax-ed fat,  
And down his belly hung;  
He kicked against the Lord,  
And up his buttocks flung."

There is no mistake, brother Witness, in the above having been as we say—Have you any other "new chorus" to offer?

The following "refreshing specimen" of an introduction to a thrilling love tale, was handed us for publication. The author declines giving his name at present, as the state of his health is such, that he would be unable to meet the demonstrations of public enthusiasm which would be showered on him, (bouquets, public dinners and "sich like"). Dedicated to Miss J—:

Embosomed in this lovely vale of dewy freshness, enameled bloom and gold-spangled sheen and purling streams, grottoed dells and sylvan shade, whose caroling birds fill the air with the minstrelsy of song, and mingle sweet music with the melodious chime of the trickling cascade that gurgles at my feet, beneath yon cloud-cleaving battlement of heaven and beside this sequestered waste of loneliness and beauty, where all around is festooned with loveliness and luxuriance of shrubbery, which bend in graceful windings of amarantine folds, through the mazy *partiere* of this enchanting oasis, I sit down filled with romance and all the enthusiastic sensibilities of genius, and gush forth in the soothing accents of an impassioned adulation the tender emotions of my bosom and the sublime sentiments of my heart. While now my vow I breathe, my head sweetly reclines upon the moss-clad fringes of a velvet couch, all fettered with the flowers and vines that twine their blushing petals, trellised into one beautiful overhanging arch, as if to invite the angels from their beautified abode to mingle for a time with so charming a drapery, and then back to Heaven to convey a faint conception of its picturesque beauty and sublimity. Then from these peace fulshades of elysian wilds, where Favonian breezes fan the verdant wood and gales ambrosial curl the rippling stream, to thee my voice proclaims a passion fixed and immutable as the granite of enduring ages, pure as the love of the Hours in paradisaic bowers of odoriferous perfume, and brightly warm as the sunset dyes that begem the outspread curtains of fair Italia's skies. Then turn those gentle eyes to mine, breathe those army sighs to this bounding heart of mine, extend the kind pressure of those lily hands to my own fond clasp, and whisper in my listening ears, "Will you be mine?" and I'll answer "I will," and all the beautiful of the fair world shall be ours.

A Hard One.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Nashville, tells the following anecdote. We are not prepared to say whether it is "founded on fact" or not, but reproduce it because it is too good to be lost:

Not more than four years ago Andrew Johnson, (popularly called "Andy") now in the U. S. Senate, was the democratic candidate for governor of Tennessee against Gentry, "American." Parson Brownlow the notorious "fighting Methodist," of the Knoxville *Whig*, had gone over with the remnant of the whig party to the know nothing, and was the warm partizan of Gentry. Eastman, as the conductor of the leading democratic journal, was of course, with Johnson, and, as is his wont, gave the enemy vigorous and telling blows. Gentry was defeated, but in honor of his "brave associates, partners of his toil," he celebrated the event by a grand supper, at which Brownlow was present. When the company had got pretty deeply into their cups, and where growing rather boisterous, the parson (who happens to be a tetotalter) thought he had better retire, and was making a movement to that effect, when he was stopped by Gentry with the observation that "No minister of the Gospel should come into his house and enjoy his hospitality and go off without praying in the family." Brownlow felt the rebuke and at once set about his duty. He read a chapter in the Bible, sang a hymn, and commenced a prayer. He prayed for Gentry and his household and friends; for the welfare of Tennessee, of the national confederacy, the American eagle, and the star spangled banner; for Christendom and Heathendom; for the universe and the rest of mankind." "And finally," said the parson, "we pray thee, O God, if it be possible in the plenteousness of thy infinite mercy, to pardon and save Andy Johnson and E. G. Eastman."—"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Gentry, "don't let him do that—it would exhaust the plan of salvation."

**Beautiful.**—The following lines are from the pen of George D. Prentice.

"Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness?—Why is it that the stars that hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in almighty torrents upon the human heart? We are born of a larger destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever.

**Beautiful.**—Can anything be more beautiful than the following record of childhood's faith?

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in Heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan, "all I know he says he will, and that's enough for me."

A few years since a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine. Among the converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe, who after his conversion, attended a prayer meeting, and was called upon to "tell his experience." Not exactly understanding the construction of the King's English, Peol expressed himself as follows: "Ob, glory, me feel pious like hell!"

**Omission in the New Cyclopaedia.**—Baby: The judge, jury and sentence of every well regulated family. A thing that squawks at midnight, and will not be comforted by any quantity of sop.—A biped called by its mother "de little rosy posye, pinkum pink, bless its little heart!" and very frequently "toted" to the tune of "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down, down."—By bachelor called "brat," and by Tupper, the proverbial philosopher, delicately alluded to as "a well spring." &c.

A country girl writing to her friends says of a polka, "that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly."