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.]

To the Adored and Accomplished Miss ——.

There's beauty in the boundless blush
At early dawn of day;
There's beauty in the golden gush
Of nature in decay;
There's beauty in the blooming rose,
In summer's silver shower;
There's beauty in the bud that blooms
In the ambrosial bower;
But morning's ray,
At dawn of day,
And nature's golden gushes,
Nor floweret fair
Can e'er compare
With Miss ——'s crimson blushes.

There's brilliance in the smiling star,
That gilds the lucid lake;
And in the fair reflection far,
That seems a heaven to make;
There's brightness in the drops of dew,
That in the violet roll;
So like the light of love so true,
In woman's sacred soul;
But starry light
Is not so bright,
In the illusive sky;
No violet so blue,
Just dipped in due,
As Miss ——'s azure eye.

There's music in the lulling lute,
At days declining hour;
There's music in the mournful flute,
That dies in distant bower;
There's music in the minstrel's song,
That sings in yonder tree;
And in the breeze that bears along,
The tender touching glee;
But lulling lute,
Nor mournful flute,
Nor all the tuneful throng,
Nor sighing breeze
Can ever please,
Like Miss ——'s silver song.

OKOLONA, Miss., April 10. APPOLLO.

MISCELLANY.

An Incident in the Life of an Actor.

In the spring of 183–, after an absence from home, I found myself on board a Mississippi steamer, bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati. We hand been on the river two days, during which time acquaintances had been formed among the passengers, as such acquaintances generally are formed, which seldom last longer than the voyage. I had been indisposed and therefore kept my stateroom until the morning of the day refered to, at which time, carefully enveloped, I walked out on deck alone, and a stranger to all on board. On the forward deck were grouped nearly all the passengers, and, on enquiring the cause I was informed that a man had just died, who had left, without a protector, two children—a son, seven, and a daughter five years old. My informant told me that a fortnight previous the wife of deceased bad died, and by this last act of God the children were orphaned and friendless.—That they were very poor, also, was evidenced through an examination of the scanty luggage of the man, who, on leaving New Orleans, had berely sufficient money to pay the expense of himself and children.

My informent had scarcely ceased speaking, when I observed a gentleman of Herculean mould, of dignified air, who possessed great personal beauty, passed by where I was sitting, having on his arm the little daughter of the deceased, who was sobbing bitterly, and whose little face was nestled close to the gentleman's breast. The boy, who was also sobbing, the stranger led by the hand, and while his lips quivered and tears of sympathy stood in his eyes, he was soothing the little mourners with words of hope and kindness, his full rich voice being modulated to the tender tones of a woman.

Interested and much moved by the scene, I followed them and a large number of passengers into the cabin, where I found the two orphans, standing in the centre of the group, their arms around each others necks, mingling their tears and sobs.

"Come, come, be a little man," said the stranger to the boy—"don't cry, I will care for you—I wll be your farther," and he drew the little girl to him and wiped the tears from he eyes, rgardless that his own were also full to overflowing, while the members of the sorrowful group around showed no less feeling than he. An angel might have looked approvingly on the scene.

Meanwhile the mate had caused a rough coffin to be constructed, in which had been placed the body of the farther, and a question arose as to its disposition, when a Mr. Jones, a planter, suggested that as the steamer was within thirty miles of his estates, the body could be taken to his burying ground, which was situated within a short distance of the "wooding place," where the steamer was to stop. This was assented to by all, and, soon after our arrival a procession was formed, compossed of every one on board the steamer who could be spared from active duty. Mr. Jones had previously ordered a grave to be dug—and the procession moved off to perform the last offices man can perform for his fellow man. The poor emigrant, who had left his home in the green Isle, in the hope of a brighter future in the land of the stranger, was laid in a grave on the soil he had hoped to till, and the procession returned to the steamer. Indisposition had prevented my taking part in the solemn rites, but on the re-assembling of the passengers I was a close observer of what transpired. The meeting was called to order by one of the number who nominated Mr. Jones as chairman. On accepting the office he briefly stated that, with the assent of the assemblage, he would take charge of the orphans and rear and educate them. This proposition was well received by all the passengers except the stranger, who, during these proceedings, had been sitting apart in conversation with the little waifs that the act of God had cast upon the stream of charity. Hastily loosening the arms of the little girl from about his neck: he stepped forward and addressed the group.

"I have been forestalled," said he, "by the gentleman who has made the generous proposal to which you have just listened. He has children—I have none. I have never felt the happiness of pressing to my heart one of my own offspring, and perhaps never may. I will take one of these children, and here pledge my honor to rear it with the same tenderness, with the same watchful regard and unceasing care, that I would were it my own. Let me divide with your chairman these gifts of Providence, I will give him the privilege which to take.

The silence which followed these remarks was broken by the little boy who was old enough to comprehend the nature of what was passing, and who had been an eager listener to the words of the stranger, and whose hand he now seized in both his own.

"Oh! don't take me from my sister," said he with emotion. "When father died he said I must never leave her.—Let us both go with you. She loves me very much, and father said, that in a little while, I should be strong enough to work for her, and I should dearly love to do it, if I could. Don't take her away from me!"

And the little fellow's voice trembled, and he looked imploringly into the stranger's face, who was melted to tears by this appeal, with which was mingled the injunction that the father had uttered when he was on the brink of the grave.

"You shall not be seperated my little fellow," said the stranger, "but shall remain here near the place where sleeps your parent."

Then turning to the group, he addressed it as follows:

"I will relinquish my claim to your chairman, but it must be on two conditions. The first is, that he shall draw on me or my broker, annually, for one half of all the expenses which may be incurred in the rearing and education of these orphans, and here is the first instalment of one hundred dollars."

"I cheerfully assent to that," replied Mr. Jones. "What is the other?"

"That if you should die, or circumstances prevent your continuing their protector, they shall be sent to me."

"I also agree to that."

"Take them, then, and may God bless you and them," said the stranger, as he kissed the weeping orphans, who, in that brief space of time, with the quick instinct of children, had learned how much he was their friend.

The bell rang, planks were taken in, and ten minutes after the scene I have described, the steamer was once again puffing on her course, leaving the little ones and their new friend standing on the bank of the river, and waiving us their sorrowful adieus.

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to one of the passengers, who I had drawn apart.

"Why, don't you know him? That is Forrest, the tragedian!"

.... *Lies Fly.*—The Chinese proverb says: a lie has no legs and cannot stand, but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

.... EATING one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill has not been paid, is called genteel.

[From the Natchez Courier.]

Time! Faith!! Energy!!!

Three golden watch-words, that should be carved deep upon the heart and brain of every young man who has his future to carve, in spite of the opposition of a world that will look upon every unsuccessful effort he may make in life, with the cold sneer of contempt. They are words that should dazzle the eye by their brilliancy—words that should ring upon the ear like the clear, thrilling notes of a bugle; words that should never be forgotten for a single instant by those who are determined at any and all hazards to succeed in every object they may undertake or perish in the attempt.

It is of apparently slight consequence what career a young man may pursue, with the view of eventually attaining wealth and reputation. Whatever path he may have selected, he must necessarily meet with obstacles, that will effectually paralyze his well-meant efforts, and cause him perhaps to regret for the time being at least, that he had not adopted a different course. The lessons of wisdom can only be inculcated through the medium of experience, and it unfortunately happens that in a majority of instances, experience, like the stern lights of a ship, only exhibits the track already passed, without the least indication being given as to dangers that may be hovering around the unseen future.

Time is in itself calculated to do more for us than we would dare anticipate; that which to-day we look upon as the direst calamity that could befall us, and regard as irreparable in its effects, we afterwards find has been a primary agent in securing present prosperity. We look upon our position with different eyes; are more ready to make use of agencies that may bend circumstances around us, and adapt them to our wishes; can see and avoid danger existing around us, of which we before had no adequate conception, and possess more facilities for accomplishing our intentions, whatever they may be, than we believed to be within our grasp. Our capabilities as well as our reputation becomes more readily understood by those with whom we come in contact, and that which once appeared laborious and difficult, is now regarded as a task easy to be accomplished. The acts of the past are carefully weighed and examined by those who are interested in our welfare; by these acts we are estimated at our just and equitable value, and we find warm and appreciative friends in every direction proud to extend towards us those services we find so useful to us in times of emergency and trial.

What a very beautiful attribute is Faith, and how requisite it is that we should value its possession. The longer we live the less we seem to rely upon its utility, for the heartlessness of the world—the treachery of those in whom we may have perhaps placed the most unbounded confidence, and the too frequent disappointment of hopes we have unsuccessfully cherished, invariably tend to render us more difficult to please as we advance in life. We err the instant we lose this peculiar virtue—we feel no longer possessed of that daring, self-reliance which enables us to meet boldly and successfully that which may place itself within our path to check our future endeavors, and with distored vision we look upon a simple grain of sand, and perceive its rapid increase in size, until we are almost ready to believe that a mountain has risen before us, which we may never expect to climb. If, on the other hand, we give encouragement to this sheet anchor of our hopes, we see nothing that looks insurmountable in our path, but dash boldly forward and find every act we have been called upon to perform has been eminently successful.

Energy! There is no word in the language more comprehensive. It speaks of an invincible determination, and whoever rejoicies in its possession must of necessity succeed. He cannot do otherwise, the laws of nature and the laws of Heaven alike forbid it. The man of energy can never be cast down. His very defeats prove but the pioneers of future triumphs; the storm may rage in its greatest fury, though dazzled by the lightnings' flash, and deafened by the reverberating echo's of Heaven's own artillery, he pauses not for an instant, for his eagle eye detects the gleams of momentary sunshine that will soon quiet the elemental war around him and soothe any uneasiness he may have temporarily experienced. He gazes earnestly upon some definite object, and never loses sight of it for an instant; clouds may intervene, but he looks beyond the cloud and fancies he can perceive distinctly each varied hue in the bow of promise, that for the present may be partially concealed from his observation.

United in a glorious trio, the device of Time, Faith and Enery is one that may be safely adopted by every human being; and those who acknowledge their potency "know no such words as fail." In evey situation in life they should always be kept in view, and when misfortune and adversity surround us; when those we have long looked upon as friends fly from our approach as though we were contaminated by leprosy, when the most carefully arranged plans fall powerless and ineffectual to the ground and all around us looks dark and desolate, we should wait patiently for Time to bring healing on its wings, look with an eye of Faith upon the future; believing, hoping and trusting that all may yet give way before an energy that knows no relaxation whatever, when circumstances demand that every exertion should be made for the accomplishment of those plans we regard as essential to our future well being.

In a republican form of government like our own where every one's position is changing day by day and hour by hour, without their being apparently cognizant of the fact, no one may count with any degree of certainty upon the permanency of his position. The ragged little vagrant of to-day who is destitute alike of money or friends, may within a few short years sign himself a millionaire, while the proud daughter of fashion that now lolls back in the family carriage resplendent with diamonds and satins, may at some future period eke out a miserable existance by hard laboring toil over a wash board. Such things have been, and will doubtless occur again, it is therefore but a matter of policy for us all to believe that a determined self reliance based upon a Hope as firm as granite itself will support us in every trial to which we may be subject and carry us triumphantly forward in the accomplishment of all our future plans.

Sut Lovengood's Version of Old Burn's Bull Ride.

Well, George, now while ye're waitin fur your durn'd fool chain kerriers, I'll tell ye how Ole Burns fiinished that ar onspeakabil bull ride ove his'n. Ye mind how he get outen the lane as fast as a hawk kin fly with the wind, and ef nize, an fuss, an kickin horses, an dust an bees, an thar stingin counts for glory, hit wur es glorious a start as ever man hed afore, allers septin Ole Fill's start agin Ole Buck. He hed all the nize an dust an squealin an kickin in the start, an he hed the orful stingin too, ni onto the out cum—well he hed. An the only way the ole feller cud cure the swellin arter the monstrous stingin he got wur to marry a fust rate oman, full ove game and jis es ready es cold sous. Gin me a brite eyed oman, what no's the ropes, fur holdin thar han agin eny thing in breeches, no odds how hi they holds thar hed. She'd bring thar nose tu the bottom ove the troff, and they'll lean hit thar tu rest thar sef's—well, they will. I hearn a fellow once speak a speech that cottin wur king.—He wur an onmolified d—d fool, ur warnt a man et all, ur was trying th cum hit over the crowd: *wimin am king.* Just gin them the issuin out ove what baldface they thinks rite fur thar purpos, and I'll jist agree tu be chucked hed fust inter the ruver when the mush ire am running, ef they don't rule the roost, an cottin, ur muney, ur good hard sense be durnd; they won't be no whar ef sot agin an oman. Now mine this fac, George, cummin, es hit dus frum the cussedest fool ye ever seed. Hits this: whenever ye find a thing ye cant du yerself, jist set a she onto the trail, and ef she don't do hit fur yu, I'll bind miself tu leav rot gut alone fur wun cullinder year,—mine, ole feller, wun thing; she must love ye monsrously, ur yu mus pay monsrously, but ef she says she will, why the thing's dun did.

But about ole Fatty Burns an his express bull ride. After they got outen the lane they struck a piece ove timber lan, an thar he lost his wepun, the baskit; then he betuck his self tu onwindin the rope often the bull's hons, an rapped hit roun his lef han. Squire Mills hes a monsrous fitin cross ole bull, what hes the Frogy Mountain range fur his sukit this year. He jist goes whar he durned please—and thinks his self sum apples among dried grapes ur simmons. An he happened to be browsing about in this yere woods, an hearin Ole Sock a bellerin he tuck it for a challenge an a insult tu.—So he raked up sum dirt with his frunt huff and sprinkled hit over his back; then he dug sum more outen a bank with his hons an lifted hit with his foot an spread hit over his sef, then he tuck a extra twist ur two in his tail and histed hit strate up in the ar; an about this time felt ready tu meet the devil, hon tu hon, ef he cum in shape ove a cow beste. Ole Sock and his rider cum in site a tarin, an they smelt each other. Both wer ded game or monsrous hot under the coller; so a big yearth shakin fite were moraly durnd sertin, barin a lick ove litenin or a rifle shot inter wun ove thar curls. Es soon as Ole Burns seed tuther bull, he understood adzactly what wur cumin an when; so he leand his sef back onter the rope poweeful, till he pulled the stirup loops tite an fast ontu his shoes, an he hauled Ole Sock's nose an lip way up atween his eyes by the ring, sorter like histin a raw hide outen a vat with a hon hook; his face looked like hit wer skinned, ur a ded beef's hed onto a live bull's body. He wur the wust lookin cow brute in the face ye ever seed, an made his bellerin soun like he had the rattles.—But in spite ove all this, Sock steamed ahead strate toards his inimy. He didn't keer a single durn fur eny thing sinc his intercours with the honey-makers and his mistigkashun in that ar baskit. Ole Burns cummenced a snachin brush from the trees, fust wun side and then tuther, es he passed, an a warin ove em out over the inside ove Sock's histed lip, rite down atween his hons. Es fast es he wore em out he'd snach more. He's the best man fur usin baskits or brush in en emergincy I ever seed. H—ll! how he'd thrive in a bad musketter country; they'd never git in suckin distans ove him. But hit all wur hard thrashin wasted. The two bellerin mersheens associated—they set thar heds tugether like two drunk locomotives wud. When they hit, down cum thar tails, but they histed em agin in a moment an a shakin ove em at the pints, sorter like they wanted tu git the dust outen the har. The shock fotch ole Burns outer the dogwood sadil an onter the neck; but he crawfished back durned quick, an never stopped his thrashin ove em over thar heds an eyes. The nex time they mixed they cum by guess, with thar eyes shot, fur fear ove that perpetual moshun brush. Hit just rained brush well mixed with sum orful short han cussin. The Mills bull's a mitey smart kritter tu be cow beste, an he presiated adzactly Ole Burn's power with a handfull ove brush. So while Ole Sock wur gwine thru a grand charge blind, he tuck a circumbendibus roun an gin him Marcy's game on ole Fuss, a bustin hot fire in the rare. He jist cum in atween his hind laigs an berried hed an hons thar under a full run, a histen Sock's starn two foot clar ove the yearth, an rite then his tail cum down with a swish, and he wur tuck along wheelbarrer fashun, onto his fore laigs, monsrous fast an powerfully agin his convenence. With the smellin aind ove his hed drawd hier nur ever towards his curl, the brush mursheen still in blast an gitten faster an harder, as Ole Burns snachin ove more. The bellerin an cussin wer now mixed ni onto es ekul es a keerful man mixes whiskey and warter, and the mixtry made a doleful soun. Ef yu'd hearn hit at half a mile, yu'd know'd thar war a heap ove hurtin an rath a gwine on whar it cum frum. Ole Sock wer hastened in this onnateral, skered way over a fell pine tree, an thar Ole Mills stopped, I spose tu see the effec ove his new plan ove fitin, and hit were a durned fool thing, fur ef he'd kep that ar hed ove hisn in clost communion with Sock's starn, he'd been tu spoke the word afore long. But hit gin im time tu turn roun an cum hed on agin, the nateral bull fitin way. Ole Mills hed a holesum fear ove the steam brush mill what Sock kerried, so he cum hit bline agin, an the next time they missed, an the hon run onder Ole Burn's laig an atween the rope girth an Sock's side. He gin a twist an busted the girth, swung Ole Burns an the saddil roun an roun a few times in the ar, an then lent em a big sling, the saddil the hiest, an hit hung onter the snag lim ove a ded pine, jist hi enuff tu let Ole Burn's hans sorter tetch groun. Thar he hung. He cussed now in yearnest, an he mixed in a little prayin with hit, for he hed a streak of skeer in his mad.—Now, when he found his sef hung up by the heels like onto a ded hog, an two bulls a fitin round im, his vois wer changed mitely, fur his guts (an he had a few ove em) bore down towards his hed, an hit sounded like he wur down in a well, ur hed a locust in his throat. He bemoaned his condition powful, cussed Scisily awhile es the first caus, then cussed me es the emejit caus, an Clapshaw es auxillery, an talked orful about shot guns, clubs, grave yards, as the brimstone works onder the kere ove the devil. I tell ye hit wur tremendjus, cummin from a man ove family hung up by the heels tu a tree, whar two dreadful ole bulls wer at war. Wun got a runnin go onto tuther an backed him agin Ole Burns at the rate ove pidgin flyin, and toted the ole feller way out tu wun side, es fur es the ropes let em; an tu make hit wus, he'd grabbed a death holt onto a tail, an hilt es long es he cud stan hit fur his ankils. Then he let go an swung tick—tick—like onto a durnd old clock what wur behine time an a tryin tu ketch up, an a snatchin at the roots and weeds, fetchin his hans full every grab, tryin tu stop hissef; the cussin an prayin a gwine on all the time wus nur ever.

I tell you now he's got lots ove sand in his gizzard, he's the best pluck I ever seed. Well, thar they fit, roun an roun, tarin up the yearth an roots, en har, an bull meat. Torectly they cum agin frum behine slather agin the old stud, and kerried im forard this time, an not clock fashun, sidewise. Es soon es the starn ove ole Mills hit him he tuck tail holt and hilt hit till his shoes cum off, an he fell smack atop ove the Squire, heds en tails. He got hisself a good holt inter each of the flanks, and locked his laigs round his neck, (oh! he's jist es redy es a cat,) en he made his arrangements tu stay thar all nite, fur he'd tuck a good holt with his teeth ontu the tail. Ole Mills didn't onderstand what wur atop ove him. *Painter!* flashed ontu his mind, en all his pluck wilted, en he jist turned tail and started fur Noth Calina, Ole Sock trottin arter sorter keerless like. The ticklin inter his flanks, the chokin roun his neck, an the vice ontu his tail, discumfurted him powful. He jist mizzled; an every few jumps, he'd gin a short beller, en kick both heels es hi es he cud, but ole Burns wur growed thar. When he cum tu the ruver, over the bluff he loped hed fust, so ole Burns went starn fust. Es soon es he seed the ruver below him, he cummenced a climbin the tail, overhanded, but hit warn't eny use; they both went plum outen site, an spread waves fur a mile, an the water flew like yu'd flung a three tun rock in. Arter a spell they cum up seperat, an took a look et each uther, an I never saw two critters appearinly es glad tu part company. Ole Burns swum fur wun bank, and the bull fur tuther; they staggered out an durn the morsel ove dirt either ove em raked up with thar huffs; they just lay down tu rest, and eyed wun anuther across the ruver. His boys found ole Burns, and hauled him home onto a sled, Mills' bull sought anuther suckit, an ole Sock run wild in the mountains. Ole Burns talks crazy like; ses the house is upside down, an he hears bees a hummin ove nites, and sees lots ove orful bulls a fitin all day. He's swelled wus nur a toad full ove litnin bugs, an bruised till he's black es a pot. All the ole quilts ove wimmin, an ole sogy men cums tu visit im; the wimmin fans an fixes the bed close, an the men talks tu im; an the konclusion is that Sut—that cussed infunel fool, pest ove a Sut, ise the cause ove the hole kalamity; as all ove the bee fiters, men and wimmen, gin in the same vardict. Hit wur orful injestis tu me, kase all I did in the hole rumpus wur jist barely tu lift a basket handle over Sock's hons; en when I did even that, the fuss warn't begun. Afterwards I did nuthin, but stan clar and watch suckumstances as they ris.

Well, his two big, cussin, fox huntin sons tuck my kase in han, an the fust thing I knowed they were onto my trail with hosses, houns, muskits, an a few ove the bee fiters. Twer then I did the superfine runnin I were speaking ove.—Wun ove the houns outrun the rest along way, an cum up with the slack of my breeches. I jist tuck his kase in han, slit a hole in each of his years, an run his hine laigs through em over the hock, gin him sum cumfurtin advice with a keen hickory, an laid him down onto my trail. He looked powful sorry fur what he'd dun, as I went tu travelin agin.—When the balance ove the dogs cum up, they sot intu workin on im, an the two laiged houns hed tu stop tu save his meat frum bein skattered; an while they were a doin that, I wur makin fast time towards my hole. I'll jist gin a dollar tu swear they'll kill me now sartin, ef they ketches me, case the wimmin am agin me. Now they can't furgit thar intimacy with them ar bominable insex. I'se a goner, I speck, an I don't keer. I'm no count no how. Jis look at me! Did ye ever see jis sich a sampil of a human afore? I feels like I'd be glad tu be ded, only I'm feared ove the dyin. I don't keer fur hereafter, fur hits onpossible fur me tu have arra soul. Who ever seed a soul in jist sich a rack heap ove bones and rags es this? Ise nuthin but sum new fangled sort ove beste, a sorter cross atween a crazy ole munkey and a durned wore-out homminy beater. Ise wun ove dad's explitos at makin cussed fool invenshuns, an cum afore my time et that. I blames him fur the hole ove hit; allers tryin tu be king fool, the cussed ole—never mind!

☞ The "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" have at last completed a contract for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Mr. John A. Washington, (who has driven a "sharp" bargain in charging a thousand dollars per acre for land worth perhaps twenty dollars,) will be remembered for being a very different individual from the ancestor out of whose consecrated ashes he is enabled to make a fortune.