

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

Weekly 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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THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
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POETRY.

[For the Prairie News.]
DECEIVING.

The Future, with her wide domain,
To eager, youthful vision,
Is stretching, far across the plain.
Her mirage fields Elysian.
Oh buoyant youth, this flattering dream,
To wild, high hopes, entreating you,
This bright, this transitory gleam—
Alas! young heart, is cheating you!

Lo! now, the dark'ning clouds that rise,
Above thy pathway bending,
That to thy feating, fearful eyes,
Their shadows black, are lending.
Fear not the dark, impending doom,
That now seems sternly meeting you,
With all their false, and threatening gloom,
They too, sad heart, are cheating you!

Hope on, for grief, as joy, must fade,
Yet, still, be not too trusting,
With every light there is a shade,
In Nature's wise adjusting.
And fear not sorrow, every day,
His petty cares are greeting you,
But press on bravely, while you may,
Lest life, itself, be cheating you!

ORIGINAL.

[For the Prairie News.]
A TRUE STORY,
OF
LOVE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.
(CONCLUDED.)

Fairy Seymour had never loved him, and turning upon him a look of cold disdain, fathoming with her penetrating eye the secret workings of his soul, told him that she had hoped that time and distance had long since effaced her name from his memory, and that even in this happy assembly, under the sweet influences of heaven, she could not but refuse him the proffered honor. Though his sensitive nature was somewhat dampened by this reply, he was not altogether devoid of that feeling of pride which had ever characterized him in past troubles and adversities. So while maddened with ungenerous emotion he turned to speak, and his face flushing with the tinge of indignation, he bid her a last farewell; to her that his destiny was not yet decided, and that so long as the animating spark of life still flickered in his bosom, he would return to the opposing world, and in another clime, with a strong arm and resolute heart he would crush the rising spirit of human frailty, and detest forever the name of Fairy Seymour.

It was now growing late; the king of day, clothed in his brilliant garb, was sinking beneath a cloudless horizon.— Evening was drawing her shadowy cloak over earth, and a thousand sparkling faces looked down in smiling beauty from the concave heaven. This little group had adjourned, and all, with the exception of one, with a lightened heart, were returning to their respective homes.— Clarence was long in reaching home.— He was thinking of by-gone days and years, of the scenes of the irrevocable and buried past; the unhappy hours of the present, and the untold and inevitable future. In taking a retrospective view of the vicissitudes through which he had passed, he saw nothing but the withered flower which had bloomed to gladden his youth, but had perished untouched in the path of his boyhood. He had ever been chained down by the galling fetters of recklessness and discontent, yet he had struggled hard and often to climb the eminence where delights hung out in luring beauty, and where hope, basking in the sunshine of happiness, with one wave of her golden wing had bid him come. But alas! when he would reach out to hug the wished-for treasures to his bosom the turbid waters of disappointment would rush before him, and he was lost forever in the vortex of despair. With all these troubles weighing upon him, he had, with an inflexible will, surmounted every obstacle which had been thrown as barriers across the highway of his existence. Truly now did he say:

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

Day succeeded day, and when a month had rolled round, Fairy Seymour, having drunk deeply from the fount of pleasure, and wearied with town life, was now returning to her home and all its endearments, in the lovely prairie of Mississippi. She felt sad at the idea of leaving her friends and associates, but exhausted nature bespoke a timely rest. Though dissipation had robbed her cheek of the emblem of health, she was now restored to the arms of a loving mother, who had ever blessed and watched with pride and satisfaction the wants of her gifted daughter. While secluded in this temporary haven of rest, under the fostering care and vigilant eye of a mother, the wonted hue soon returned to her cheek; and now she is the boasted beauty of the country, and looked upon as the sweetest flower that ever blossomed and shed its fragrance over the bosom of the prairie.— Could Clarence see her now in the happy possession of all those winning ways, he would fall prostrate at her feet, and ask forgiveness for a word he had spoken when under the influence of an unquarrelable passion, and actuated, as he thought, by manly pride. Many times have I wished that he could see her, as I have done, in the "stilly hour of night," at her prairie home, "touching her sweet guitar," or thumping the keys of her piano, while her voice vied in sweetness the serenades of the nocturnal songsters. It has been long since their last separation, and now his name is never mentioned, save when her mind recurs to past associations with which in his youth he was almost indissolubly connected. But it was not so with him, for every where his recklessness would drive him, her image, like a tantalizing demon, would follow as if to mock him for his weakness. He had never enjoyed a quiet life, but on the contrary, had always encouraged a spirit of adventure. Home cares and home enjoyments becoming to him dull and insipid, he turned his wandering footsteps towards the Northern wilds of Kansas; and there he thought while hazarding his life in battling for Southern rights and Southern principles, he might win for himself untold laurels of honor and fame, and then could he do this, he would return and lay them at the feet of Fairy Seymour, as testimonials of a long cherished love. But a man is ever doomed to disappointment. Unfortunately, Clarence, with such fiery passions burning in his bosom, was prone to encourage hopes which could never be realized, and wishing for some end which was unattainable. Hence, as was his usual fate from early recollections, he had again fallen a victim by the ruthless hand of disappointment. Life had now become almost a burden to him, and not appreciating the lives of his fellow men, he was urged on by madness to perpetrate a deed which the healing waters of time can never wash from his guilty conscience.— Flying from justice, with the foul stigma of retribution upon his soul, he determined to visit the promise land of Nicaragua, and there to place an anchor to his life on her wave-lashed shores. Notwithstanding the act which he had committed, and which was unprovoked, he was yet a brave and unflinching spirit.— And shouldering his musket that never betrayed him, he marched on with the gallant sons of Walker to the crimsoned field of battle. The loss of life was no consideration with him; he was always at his post, true to himself and companions in arms; and for this was awarded him a just meed, as the bravest of Walker's band. Amid the din of battle, and the shouts of a supposed victory, all past recollections were banished from his mind, and he thought he had quelled his spirit of discontent, and curbed forever his roving disposition. But again he was sadly mistaken. After many weeks of trials and privations he was taken captive, with which returned the miseries of his life. But his imprisonment was of short dura-

tion. When he was released from the bonds of captivity, determining to obey the promptings of his nature, he resolved to hunt the object of his love, who had caused him to drag through a world of sorrows and disappointments.

When he had reached his home on the banks of the Tennessee, he made many inquiries respecting the home of Fairy Seymour. Finally learning that she lived in the prairie of Mississippi, he forwarded a letter, telling her from an agonizing heart, of his sorrows, sufferings and misfortunes. What hardships he had passed through in order that he might forget her. But alas! her soft blue eye was ever upon him, and its piercing glance had sent home to his heart a wound for which there was no balm, save the offering of her own. He told her of his misfortunes in Kansas, and how the love for her had nerved his arm to strike for fame on the blood-stained field of Nicaragua. His letter was received by Fairy Seymour, and answered in silent contempt.

Many months have passed since then, and Clarence thinking himself a nuisance to the envied society in which he lived, has selected an island spot in the Tennessee, there to live out his days alone, and at last sink down into a premature grave.

"Oh, what is life when not beloved?
A world without a pleasure."

Live on unfortunate man amid the solitudes of your island home, and your career will soon cease in the narrow limits of the grave. And when Time, the untiring monitor, calls out in thunder tones from the rockbound caverns of Eternity, may you arise, ascend, and be blessed in another world. ALBERT.

Self Appreciation.—Dr. Holmes, in the last of his Autocrat papers, says:

Self-appreciation is a slow and gradual process. At first a child thinks he can do everything. I remember when I thought I could lift a horse if I only tried hard enough. So I began with the hind wheel of a heavy old family coach built like that in which my Lady Bountiful carried little King Pippin, if you happen to remember the illustrations of that story. I lifted with all my might, and the planet pulled down with all its might. The planet beat. After that, my ideas of the difference between my will and my muscular force were more accurately defined. Then came the illusion, that I could, of course, "lick," "serve out," or "polish off" various small boys who had been or might be obnoxious to me. The event of the different "set-tos" to which this hypothesis led, not uniformly confirming it, another limitation of my possibilities was the consequence. In this way I groped along into a knowledge of my physical relations to the organic and inorganic universe.

A man must be very stupid indeed, if by the time he is fully ripened, he does not know tolerably well what his physical powers are. His weight, his height, his general development, his constitutional force, his good or ill looks, he has had time to find out; and he is a fool if he does not carry a reasonable consciousness of these conditions with him always. It is a little harder with the mind; but some qualities are generally estimated fairly enough by their owners. Thus, a man may be trusted when he says he has a good or bad memory. Not so of his own judgment or imagination. It is only by a very slow process that he finds out how much or how little of these qualities he possesses. But it is one of the blessed privileges of growing older, that we come to have a much clearer sense of what we can do and what we cannot, and settle down to our work quietly, knowing what our tools are and what we have to do with them.

Never too Old to Learn.—Socrates, at an extremely old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them after he had turned fifty. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the "Iliad," and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Know the Right Man.

In a Southern city lived a young aspiring youth, by the name of Kinson, who possessed more pride and insolence than wealth or sense. Understanding that there was a farmer living about sixteen miles from the city, by the name of McKeever, of immense wealth and the father of two marriageable daughters, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with the family, if not ultimately one of its members; consequently one fine day he decked himself in his gayest externals, and started for the rich farmer's mansion. On the way his mind was full of speculations upon the prospects before him; upon the manner in which he should conduct himself before Mr. McKeever; upon the style of his amiable which he should assume before the Misses McKeever; and upon the mode in which he should use lofty and entertaining language generally. Evening had nearly disposed of the sun in the west, when he arrived in sight of McKeever's; the scene was exquisite and delightful; extensive fields and lengthy fences and lanes covered the landscape as far as the eye could reach; while the dwelling reared its painted front high among the tall and branching oaks, which grew around it for shade and ornament.

Kinson's bosom swelled with glowing anticipations at the wealthy and magnificent prospect before him, and he was anxious to form the acquaintance of the whole McKeever family. Seeing a shabby looking man feeding hogs near the road, he rode up to him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Hellow Mr. hog-feeder, is that McKeever's dwelling?"

"Yes, sir," humbly replied the hog-feeder.

"Are you his overseer?"

"No sir."

"What in the Devil do you do then?"

"Oh feed hogs, and do other little things about the farm."

"Well, Mr. hog-feeder, old McKeever has some damned fine looking daughters has't he?"

"Yes, they are tolerable good looking gals."

"They would like to marry, too wouldn't they?"

"Don't know, but expect they would, if they had a good chance."

"A good chance! They can get me—don't you think I'd be a good chance?"

"Well, they might think so, go and try them."

"D——nd if I don't too—good evening Mr. hog-feeder."

Kinson then rode up to the gate and alighted. Seeing the old lady in the piazza with her daughters, he thus addressed her:

"Good evening madam; it is getting late and I should like to have the permission to stay all night with you."

He was informed that he could do so, and he very gladly took his seat till the old gentleman should come in, she informed him that he would soon.

He had not been seated but a few moments when the old hog-feeder came along looking after things, and finally came in and sat down. The old man then began to make himself perfectly at home with the females. Kinson was astonished at what he considered the hog-feeder's insolence; but this astonishment was much increased when he heard one of the young ladies call him "pa!"

Just as he heard the old hog-feeder affectionately called "pa!" the boy was about to take his horse, and he involuntarily said:

"Boy, don't take that horse, I think I will ride, if it is late—good evening to all."

"Oh stay all night," coolly said the hog-feeder, "don't be in a hurry."

"Thank you sir, I must go," mumbled Kinson, and soon he was riding away from the mansion of McKeever, cursing all rich men with daughters, who did not have the way of rich men with marriageable daughters.

Life's Salt.—Riches have made more men covetous than covetousness hath made rich. As much as you excel others in fortune, so much ought you to excel them in virtue. Let great actions encourage greater; and let honor be your design. Recreation is a second creation, when weariness has almost annihilated one's spirits. One hundred hours of vexation, says the Italian proverb, will not pay a farthing of debt. False wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no means of comparison. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

There's nothing more attractive, says an Out-Easter, than to see some half dozen young ladies promenading the streets on a windy day.

A Roadside Colloquy.

"And so, Squire, you don't take a county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city paper on better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But, squire, the county papers often prove a greater convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better the editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained that Press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in the paper; did that cost you anything?"

"No but—"

"And your brother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs' house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right. And when you were elected Squire, the printer printed your name, and afterwards kept it before the people in the official directory for what?"

"Yes, yes, but these things are news to readers. They cause people to take the papers."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now I tell you, the day will come when some body will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy, black line over it, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is made for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging type to these, will remark of you, 'Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging an obituary! Good morning, Squire.'"

The Secret of Eloquence.—I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: that at the age of twenty-seven years, I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some scientific and historical work. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in a forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, and the horse and the ox, for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like that of oratory.—Caesar controlled men by exercising their fears. Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions.—The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

The Cigar and the Girls.—He who doth not smoke has either known no griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven. What! softer than woman? asks the young reader. Young man, woman teases as well as consoles. Women makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to console. Woman consoles, it is true, while we are young and handsome; and when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman, in this scale, and the weed that, Jupiter hangs on the balance and weighs them both; and if you give the preference to woman, all I can say is the next time Juno ruffles thee, O, Jupiter, try the weed.—Bulwer.

Society.—How beautiful is it ordered that, as many thousands work for one, so much every individual brings his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all, and by all. Who will not work, neither, shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burthens.

A modern Juliet, claiming to be a member of the Society of Friends, sends to the Ladies' American Magazine a copy of verses which commence thus:

Dearest, come kiss me, my lips are yet warm,
And my bosom still pants from the clasp of thine arm;

The blood dances wildly through each throbbing vein,
But I droop, oh! I droop for thy kiss again.

Heave's a chance for some Romeo to prove himself accommodating.

Woman's Empire.—The first and most important quality of a woman is gentleness. Made to obey a being so imperfect as man, often full of vices, often full of faults, she ought early to learn to suffer even injustice, and to bear wrong from a husband without complaining. It is not for his sake; it is for her own that she ought to be gentle. The ill temper and obstinacy of women never do anything else than augment their ills and the bad conduct of their husbands—men feel that it is not with those arms they ought to be overcome. Heaven did not make woman insinuating and persuasive that they might be peevish; it did not make them feeble that they might be imperious; it did not give them a voice so soft that they might rail; it did not give them features so delicate that they might disgrace them by rage. When they are angry they forget themselves. They have often reason to complain; but they are always wrong in scolding. Each ought to maintain the character of the respective sex. A husband too mild may render a wife presuming; but at least if a man be not a monster, the gentleness of woman will pacify him and triumph over him sooner or later. The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of compliance; her commands are caresses, her menaces tears.

The wife of Thos. Redley, of Lockport, New York, put her little child in the wood-box, near the stove, for safe-keeping while she went down street.—The stove became too hot and set the box on fire, and before assistance could be rendered the child was burned to death.

The tastes of men, as exhibited in their habits of pleasure, are true indexes of their passions. Murderers do not wear roses in their button-holes; villains seldom, if ever, train vines over cottage-doors; the beauties of Nature find no sympathizing chord in their breast.

A dangerous young widow of thirty, in Ludlow Mass., with four dead or discarded husbands, has torn a young ad of eighteen years from his afflicted parents in the same time, and taken him to bed and board as No. 5. The parents locked up the boy, but the widow was too smart for them, got him out, and fled with him to Palmer, where they married. She is clearly one of the widows.

The Test of a Good Young Man.—This test takes pretty nearly the same circle as the above. However, instead of the street door, look at his watch. If the key-hole where it is wound up is bright, and without the smallest marginal not—if there be no scratches, running in a giddy maze around it, such as betray decided marks of fumbling, you may look upon it as a shining mirror of a good young man, whose hand, when he goes to bed, is as steady as his conduct has been through the day.

The Test of a Good Husband.—Look at the key-hole of the latch-key on the street door. If the paint is not rubbed off two or three inches round it, if the edges are as sharp and clean as when the door was first painted, you may be sure that it is a truthful indication of a good husband, who is most regular, and so early as scarcely ever to have occasion to use his latch-key; or supposing he does, is so accurate in his aim as to be able to hit the key-hole the very first time of aiming at it. How many husbands who go home late would be able to do the same!

Thoughts while Waiting for the Printer's Devil.—To confound wealth with happiness, is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork would give you an appetite. The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to ourselves! Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to tumble into ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.

Blow Your Own Horn.—The following paragraph is said to be from the Book of Mormon. Evidently Brigham Young practices upon it:

Blessed is he who bloweth his own horn; for whose bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown. Likewise, whose bloweth his own horn, the same shall be blown with a vengeance.

A lot of fellows went out a deer hunting the other day, in Arkansas and in less than three hours captured five girls and a woman.

Confirmed.—The appointment of Mr. J. D. Mann as Postmaster at Aberdeen, Miss., has been confirmed.