THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

A 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."

BY JOHN RICHARDSON. OKOLONA, MISS., APRIL 21, 1859. VOL. VII.---NO 32.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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BUCHANAN & WALTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

WILL practice in the several counties of Monroe, Pontotoc, Itawamba, Chickasaw, Tishomingo, and Lowndes, the High Court of Errors and Appeals, at Jackson, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc.

☞ Office on Jefferson street, opposite the Court House. Sep. 16, '58. 1..y

F. M. ROGERS. W. G. HENDERSON.

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—AND—
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WILL practice in the Circuit Courts of Chickasaw, Calhoun, Pontotoc, Itawamba and Tishamingo counties; in the High Courts of Error and Appeals at Jackson, and at the United States District Court at Pontotoc, for all the counties comprising the Northern District of Mississippi.
Feb. 25, '58 24..ly

MASON M. CUMMINGS.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Office one door Above Judge Acker's Office

The Circuit Courts which he attends will be begun and held for the year 1859 at the following times and places:

Itawamba Co.,	at Fulton,	Mar. 7th and Sep. 5th.	
Tishomingo "	" Jacinto,	" 21st "	" 19th
Pontotoc "	" Pontotoc,	Apr 11th & Oct. 10th	
Chickasaw "	" Houston,	" 25th "	" 24th
Monroe "	" Aberdeen,	May 16th & Nov. 14th	
Lowndes "	" Columbus,	Apr 25th " Oct. 24th	
Calhoun "	" Pittsboro,	Mar 14th & Sep. 12th	

THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT for the Northern District of Mississippi is held at Pontotoc the first Monday of June and December of each year.
Oct. 2 '58. 6-1y.

L. E. HOUSTON. R. O. REYNOLDS.

HOUSTON & REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.
Jan. 27, '59 20..1y

EVANS & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOUSTON, Chickasaw Co., Miss.

WILL practice in the Courts of Chickasaw, Pontotoc, Monroe, Lowndes, Oktibbeha, Choctaw, Carroll, Yalobusha and Calhoun counties.

OFFICE, S. E corner Public of the Square
T. S. EVANS. }
W. F. TUCKER. }
March 25, 1858. 76-y

ALLEN WHITE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HOUSTON, MISS.,

WILL practice in the Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Oktibbeha, Calhoun, and Pontotoc Counties.
☞ Office in Hiller's Building.
Dec 23, '58. 15..tf

LAW CARD.

BEN. LANE POSEY,
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(Office on Royal Street, over the Savings Bank.)
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THE
CITY AND STATE,
AND IN THE FEDERAL COURTS.
☞ All business promptly and faithfully attended to.
Feb. 17, '59. 23..tf.

G. W. THORNTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OKOLONA, MISS.,

WILL practice in the Circuit, Chancery, and Probate Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Itawamba, Pontotoc and Calhoun Counties, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and High Court of errors and appeals at Jackson.
March 10, '59. 26..1y

T. C. ASHCRAFT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
-AND-
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OKOLONA, MISS.,

OFFERS his services to those who may stand in need of them, and will attend promptly to any business confided to his care.
March 5, '59. 25..1y

THOMAS B. SHEARER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OKALONA, MISS.
May 13, -'58. 83-1y

DRS. GREEN & TINDALL.

THE undersigned have associated themselves together for the practice of Medicine from the 1st of January instant.
J. H. GREEN,
R. M. TINDALL.
Jan. 14, 1859. 66

DR. A. D. GATLIN,

HAVING permanently located at Hickory Flat, in Chickasaw County, offers his professional services, in the various branches of the profession, to the citizens of the surrounding country. Mar 31 '59. 29..1y

POETRY.

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is a nut
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush—
Simper all they can, sir—
Till, from out their lips,
Pop! goes the answer.

Cupid fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height,
Pop! goes the parson.

Quite throughout the honeymoon—
Made of rosy colors—
Into sundry dry goods' tills,
Pop! goes the dollars.

When a year has shown its tail,
Round the corner, (may be,)
Out upon the happy world,
Pop! goes a baby.

Mother gives it catnip tea,
Father gives it brandy,
And adown its gastic tube,
Pop! goes the candy.

Madam lets her husband scold,
She must be the whipper,
And, above the youngster's heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.

Bachelor, who lives next door,
Stands it for a season,
But, before the year is out,
Pop! goes his reason.

Maiden lady up the stairs,
Stamps, each moment faster,
Till, from the ceiling underneath,
Pop! goes the plaster.

Dirty, ragged, little boy,
'Neath the window fingers;
Thumb applied unto his nose,
Pop! goes the fingers.

All around the neighborhood
Such antics are enacted;
And while mamma is scolding him,
"Pop" goes distracted.

MISCELLANY.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say half in jest and half in earnest, "the happy man, or the unhappy man, if you please, ha! ha!—shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications: first, a fortune; second, good looks; third, common sense."

"I mention the fortune first because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who have obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and, discarding all others, except those favored ones, consider the relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius and somewhat of a hero, the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, o ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions a "noble, good fellow," and by the ladies generally a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (his companion called him "Duke,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story.—On the contrary he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune; good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, one day, he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him, with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank, I am sorry we ever met."

"Sorry!"

"Yes; for we must part now."

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept, wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me, but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go."

"Go—go," murmured Kate, feebly.

"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arm around his neck; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushehd im from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later, she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him.—His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarce repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding.—Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy land, Kate gave her heart to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But, certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existance to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a skilful touch—she had known the heavenly charm of the deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled, so as to speak in silk and satins. These chords were still and soundless; her heart was dead—none the less so because killed by a golden shot, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Kate in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke, however, was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food or flattery and admiration could not appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts ef deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he said, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed the seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympaty? Who devoted me to the life of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate. "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved.—But granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eye flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free.

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same—and what more do you desire?" asked her husband bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery.—We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife, but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mumery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of seperation.—Nay, do not tremble and cry and cling to me now—I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire.

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery."

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself, her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until, with a start, she cried:

"Frank! oh, Frank—come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

"You have been asleep," he said smiling kindly.

"Asleep."

"And dreaming, too, I should say, not pleasantly either."

"Dreaming!" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I knew. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you, asleep."

"Oh, what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me!"

"No I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then, if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is."

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

☞ At a great bargain pause awhile.

An Exquisite Story of Lamartine.—In the tribe of Neggda there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedonin of another tribe, by name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it.—Having offered in vain for it his camels, his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following devise by which he hoped to attain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of a herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his neck and legs together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on the beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:—I cannot rise. I have no longer any strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great dificulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself on the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher, I have got the horse and I am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter.—"Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words Daher was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embraced him, and invited him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became friends for life.

The Last Dollar.—By the roadside in the village of C——, lay a wounded man; not a friend was near to administer to his wants. A poor young man who was passing, hastened to the side of the sufferer, raised him up, and supplied his wants.—He had but one dollar in the world, but he cheerfully gave that to the sick man as he left him.

A year passed, and this young man was wrecked at sea. When the ship went down he seized a plank, to which he clung all the night. When the morning had dawned, he beheld a sail far out on the deep; it halts—a boat puts out and comes towards him; on the top of a wave he hears a voice cry, "Hold tight!" He goes down between the waves and rises with the next billow. The voice shouts—"Cling fast, I am coming!"—He goes down again, and as he mounts the next surge, who does he see guiding the helm but the very man to whom he had given his last dollar.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shall find it after many days."

Hints for the Farmers.—Dig your potatoes when the ground is dry. You can gather them free from dirt. Then stow them away under cover, where the frost will not touch them.

Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice.

Plants when drooping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c., from insects.

Lard never spoils in warm weather, if it is cooked enough in frying out.

In feeding corn, sixty pounds ground go as far as one hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have.

Rats, and other vermin, are kept away from grain by sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.

Professional Wit.—We heard a joke the other day that, although entirely "professional," is too good to be lost.—Two well known physicians met on the street a few days since—one in his carriage with a patient, and the other on horseback. The usual salutations were exchanged, when one said to the other: "What, Doctor, do you ride out your patients?" "Yes," was the ready reply, "I suppose Holst rides yours!" The joke lies in the fact that Holst is a popular undertaker.—[*Avalanche.*

Are They?—Women are like horses; the gayer the harness they have on the better they feel. Charge that to some cross-grained bachelor, girls.

Smiles.—A beautiful smile is, to the female countenance, what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result, nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.

There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride—some soften their countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

Then there is a woman's sweet laugh, than which there is not a grace more bewitching. Its sound has been pleasantly compared to that of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that it reaches feels as if bathed in a cool exhilarating spring. It runs the prose of lips into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over this darksome world in which we are traveling, and it gilds with light and brightsomeness all that it reaches.

Curious Facts about the Sexes.—It is a singular fact, says a writer, in one of our exchanges that even after death, nature respects the inherent modesty of woman, for when drowned she floats on her face, and a drowned man on his back.—The noblest part of a human being is the head; but the man's head is liable to baldness; women is never bald. The man's face is often made repulsive on account of a harsh growing beard, so covered with solid hairs, as something scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a beast; in a woman on the other hand, the face always remains pure and decent. For this reason women were, by the laws of the twelve, forbidden to rub their cheeks, lest their hair should grow and obscure their blushing modesty. But the most evident proof of the innate purity of the female sex is, that a woman having once washed is clean, and if she was in a second water will not soil it; but that a man is never clean—though he should wash in ten successive waters, he will cloud and infect them.

Sleeping after Dinner.—This habit, which is becoming so very popular in this country, and particularly so with young persons, is an exceedingly pernicious one. In our climate the stomach does not perform its functions during sleep, except with slowness and difficulty; so if it be heavily loaded, it remains in a semi-torpid condition until the siesta is finished. The result of such daily torpidity is indigestion, or some one of thousand different forms assumed by the hydra—dispepsia. In hot countries, the action of the digestive organs is much easier than here, and sleep, unless very sound impedes the stomach's functions but very slightly, if at all. The siesta is, therefore, a natural and proper thing for the tropics, although it is totally inappropriate to the United States.

☞ A correspondent of the Homestead gives the following:—"It won't do to laugh at Connetient any longer for wooden nutmegs. New Hampshire has beat her and must be the banner State for roguery. I see in the newspapers that the Legislature of that State has been obliged to repeal the law offering a bounty for the destruction of crows, in consequence of the practice which has prevailed of procuring crows' eggs and hatching them under hens and bringing forward the brood for the bounty!"

How to be respectable.—In an article upon Free Blacks, and their duty to make money, if they would be considered respectable, the Christian Examiner says:

"No race in this country will be despised which makes money. *If we had in Boston or New York ten ourang outangs with a million of dollars each, they would visit in the best society;* we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner parties."

Irish Mother.—"Arrah Johnny, and where have you been so long?" Native Son—"Why me and the rest of the boys have been licking an Irishman." Mother—"Wait, ye spalpeen, till yer father gets home—you'll be after catching it!" Son—"Oh, he be blowed! That's the man we've licked."

☞ "I'm getting *fat*," as the loafer said when he was stealing "lard."