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., MAY 5, 1859. VOL. VII.---NO 34.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. BUCHANAN..... J. B. WALTON.

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

M. ROGERS. W. G. HENDERSON.

ROGERS & HENDERSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
—AND—
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI,

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 each year.
Oct. 2 '58. 6-1y.

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
S. EVANS. }
F. TUCKER. }
March 25, 1858. 76-y

ALLEN WHITE,
Attorney and Counseller 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,
MOBILE, ALA.
(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

DRS. THOMPSON & WHEELER
PARTNERS
In the Practice of Medicine,
OKOLONA, MISS.
Jan 13, 1859. 18-y

THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
JNO. RICHARDSON,
AT $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

[For the Prairie News.]

AN OFFERING.

O ye who sit enthroned in Song'sbright Heaven!
Star crowned, Immortal! yet all Human still!
Ye unto whom so richly it is given
To find all summer harmonies at will,
I call to you from this, my house of sorrow,
But not for that would I invoke your tears,
That a sad heart might those few sparkles borrow,
To gleam upon the crown of thorns it wears.

Oh not for this my voice would rise to reach you,
Not, not in *tears* would I to you appeal,
But that ye pass indulgently, beseech you!
The dissonance your ear is quick to feel;
And still to say, you here may learn how echos
Your own sweet music in this forest land,
Played to the free winds, while the wild bough fleckers,
With waving shadow my now ready hand.

And marvel not, such fitful notes and broken
Respond to warblings long unfledged by you,
Alas! the words could but through sobs be spoken,
Though claiming utterance as their meed and due;
The "yearning to the Beautiful denied us,"
Will find expression or in art or in song,
Will seek communion though the world "deride us"
With souls to whom that beauty doth belong.

The perishing "moth's" imperishable "desire,"
To clasp "the star" that brightly beams above,
The wish thro' which our Heaven winged souls aspire
To win to cerements the forms they love.
The moth in *Death* the immeasurable wish surrenders,
When writhing in some paltry taper's beams—
And mine may lead—like Highways of false splendors,
Through which the soul goes far astray in dreams—
But to a grave—still I the wish would cherish,—
Still look up wistfully to stars above,
Obey the impulse, though I do but perish,
And spring from cerements to what I love.
But not to claim a place where you are shining,
For Care my brow hath all so deeply scaled,
That if among you, I would sit repining,
And turn to shadow for a screen and shield;
And ah! such deep, and such enduring tarnish,
Her touch doth leave, that any passer by,
Through each fond subterfuge and playful garnish,
May see the tear stained cheek and faded eye.

Not if like yours my heart were warm and living,
Could I to others of such suffering speak—
But I am *dead*—the grave knows no deceiving,
And careth little human praise to seek;
Pardon, oh pardon! I would not detain you,
Thus planting minors, on a chord outworn,
Whose only purpose is to chill and pain you,
With querulous murmurs of a fate forlorn,
But I would say if Israfil no blessing,
Hath lent to this poor cithern that is mine,
It yet hath felt the South Wind's breath caressing,
And caught up murmurs from the mountain pine;
And while a faltering prelude it shall sing you,
I place these faded blossoms in your hand,
Ah! marvel not if each poor leaflet bring you
The airs that withered, ere they could expand;
Would I could proffer sweeter, fairer blossoms,
Pendent and dewy from some "pure lipped vase,"
That not unworthily upon your bosoms,
As in a home congenial ye might place,
Oh sweeter, whiter, would I rather,
Taking from Southern Suns no gaudy dyes,
But fresh and pure as foam-wreaths are, that gather
On wells whose fountains are our Summer skies.

These grew in pathways bordering the Desert,
Swept by Siroccos of despair and scorn,
They came to soothe when all that most I treasured,
To distance and estrangement were outborne,
So their imperfect buds perchance are dearer
Than if they unto fuller bloom had grown,
So their pale cheeks have lingered longer, nearer,
Than else they would have done upon my own.

MISCELLANY.

[Transcribed for the Prairie News.]

THE BROKEN CUP.

Translated from the German of Zschoche.

BY PARKE GODWIN

CHAPTER I.

MARIETTA.

Napoule, it is true, is only a very little place on the bay of Cannes; yet it is pretty well known through all Provence. It lies in the shade of lofty evergreen palms, and darker orange trees; but that alone would not make it renowned. Still, they say, that there are grown, the most luscious grapes, the sweetest roses and the handsomest girls. I don't know but it is so; in the mean time, I believe it most readily. Pity that Napoule, is so small, and cannot produce more luscious grapes, fragrant roses, and handsome maidens; especially, as we might have some of them transplanted to our own country.

As, ever since the foundation of Napoule, all the the Napoulese women have been beauties, so the little Marietta was a wonder of wonders, as the chroniclers of the place declare. She was called the *little* Marietta; yet she was no smaller than a girl of seventeen or thereabouts ought to be, seeing that her forehead just reached up to the hips of a grown man.

The chroniclers aforesaid had very good ground for speaking of Marietta. I, had I stood in the shoes of the chroniclers, would have done the same. For Marietta, who, until lately had lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, when she came back to her birth place, quite upset the whole village. Verily, not the houses, but the people, and their heads; and not the heads of all the people, but of those particularly, whose heads and hearts are always in great danger, when in the neighborhood of two bright eyes. I know very well that such a position is *no joke*.

Mother Manon would have done better, if she had remained at Avignon. But she had been left a small inheritance, by which she received, at Napoule, an estate consisting of some vine-hills, and a house, that lay in a shadow of a rock, between certain olive trees and African acacias. This is a kind of thing which no unprovided widow ever rejects; and, accordingly, in her own estimation she was as rich and happy as though she had been the Countess of Province; or something like it.

So much the worse for the people of Napoule; they had never suspected their misfortune, not having read in Homer, how a single pretty woman had filled all Greece and Lesser Asia with discord and war.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE MISFORTUNE CAME ABOUT.

Marietta had scarcely been fourteen days in the house between the olive trees and the African acacias before every young man of Napoule knew that she lived there, and that there lived not in all Province, a girl more charming than the one in that house.

Went she through the village, sweeping lightly along like a dressed-up angel, her frock, with its pale green bodice, and orange leaves and rosebuds upon the bosom of it fluttering in the breeze, and flowers and ribbons waving about the straw bonnet which shaded her beautiful features!—yes, then the grave old man spake out, and the young ones were struck dumb. And everywhere, to the right and to the left, little windows were opened with, a "good morning," or a "good morning Marietta," while she nodded to the right and left with a pleasant smile.

If Marietta walked into church, all hearts (that, is, of the young people) forgot Heaven; all eyes turned from the Saints, and the worshipping finger wandered idly among the pearls of the rosary. This must have provoked much sorrow, at least among the more devout.

The maidens of Napoule, particularly, became very pious about this time, for they, most of all, took the matter to heart. And they were not blamed for it; for since the advent of Marietta, more than one prospective groom had grown cold, and more than one worshipper of some beloved one, quite inconstant. There were bickerings and reproaches on all sides, many tears, pertinent lectures, and even rejections. The talk was no longer of marriage, but of separations. They began to return their pledges of truth, rings, ribbons, &c. The old persons took part with their children; criminations followed, and spread from house to house—it was deplorable.

"Marietta is the cause of all," said the pious maidens first; then the mothers said it; next the fathers took it up, and finally all,—even the young men. But Marietta shielded by modesty, and innocence, like the petals of the rose-bud in its dark green calix, did not suspect the mischief she was the occasion of, and continued courteous to every body. This touched the young men, who said "why condemn the pure, harmless child? she is not guilty." Then the fathers said the same thing; then the mothers took it up; and finally all—even the pious maidens. For let who would, talk with Marietta, she was sure to gain their esteem. So before half a year had passed, every body had spoken to her, and every body loved her. But she did not suspect that she was the object of such general regard, as she had not before suspected that she was the object of dislike. Does the violet hidden in the down-trodden grass think how sweet it is?

Now every one wished to make amends for the injustice they had done to Marietta. Sympathy deepened the attachment. Marietta found herself greeted every where, in a more friendly way than ever; she was more cordialy welcomed; more heartily invited to the usual sports and dances.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT THE WICKED COLIN.

All men, however, are not endowed with tender sympathy; but some have hearts hardened like Pharoah's. This arises, no doubt, from that natural depravity, which has come upon men, in consequence of the fall of Adam; or because, at their baptism, the devil is not brought sufficiently, under subjection.

A remarkable example, of this hardness of heart was given by one, Colin, the richest farmer, and proprietor in Napoule, whose vinyards and olive gardens, whose lemon, and orange trees, could hardly be counted in a day. One thing particularly demonstrates the perverseness of his disposition; he was twenty-seven years old, and had never yet asked, for what purpose girls had been created!

True, all the people, especialy damsels of a certain age, willingly forgave him this sin, and looked upon him, as one of the best young men under the sun.—His fine figure, his fresh unembarrassed manner, his look, his laugh, enabled him to gain the favorable opinion of the aforesaid people, who would have forgiven him, had there been occasion, any one of the deadly sins. But the descision of *such* judges is not always to be trusted.

While both old, and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Marietta, and had proffered their sympathies to her, Colin was the only one who had no pity on the poor child. If Marietta was talked of, he became as dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he would turn red and white with anger, and cast sidelong glances at her of the most malicious kind.

If, at evening, the young people met upon the sea shore, by the old castle ruins, for the sprightly pastimes, or usual dances, or to sing catches, Colin was the merriest among them. But as soon as Marietta arrived the rascally fellow was silent, and all the gold in the world could'nt make him sing.—What a pity, when he had such a fine voice! Every body listened to it, and its store of songs was endless.

All the maidens looked kindly on Colin, and he was friendly with them all.—He had, as we have said, a roguish glance, which the lasses feared, and loved; and it was so sweet; they would like to have it painted. But, as might naturally be expected the offended Marietta did not look graciously upon him. And in that she was perfectly right. Whether he smiled or not, it was all the same to her. As to his roguish glance, she would never hear it mentioned; and therein too, she was perfectly right.—When he told a tale (and he knew thousands) and every body listened, she nudged her neighbor, or perhaps, threw tufts of grass, at Peter, or Paul; and laughed and chattered and did not listen to Colin at-all. This behavior quite provoked the proud fellow, so that he would break off in the middle of his story, and stalk sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The daughter of mother Manon well knew how to triumph. Yet Marietta was quite too tender hearted. If Colin was silent it gave her pain. If he was downcast, she laughed no more. If he went away, she did not stay long behind; but hurried to her home, and wept tears of repentance, more beautiful than those of the Magdalen, although she had not sinned like the Magdalen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CUP.

Father Jerome, the pastor of Napoule, was an old man of seventy, who possessed all the virtues of a saint, and had only one failing: which was, by reason of his advanced age, he was hard of hearing. But on that account, his homilies were more acceptable to the people of his baptism, and blessing. True, he preached only on two subjects, as if they comprehended the whole of religion. It was either, "Little children love one another," or it was, "Mysterious are the ways of Providence." And truly, there is so much Faith, Love and Hope in these, that one night, at a pinch, be saved by them. The little children loved one another, most obediently, and trusted in the ways of Providence. Only Colin, with his flinty heart, would hear nothing of either; for when he professed to be friendly, he entertained the deepest malice.

The Napoulese went to the annual market or fair of the city of Vence. It was truly a joyful time, and though they had but little gold to buy with, there were many goods to *look at*. Now Marietta and mother Manon went to the Fair with the rest, and Colin was there also. He bought a great many curiosities and trifles for his friends, but he would not spend a farthing for Marietta; and yet he was always at her elbow, though he did not speak to her, nor she to him. It was easy to see that he was brooding over some scheme of wickedness.

Mother Manon stood gazing before a shop, when she suddenly exclaimed:—"Oh! Marietta, see that beautiful cup! A queen would not be ashamed to raise it to her lips. Only see, the edge is of dazzling gold, and the flowers upon it could not bloom more beautifully in the garden, although they are only painted. And in the midst of this Paradise, pray see, Marietta, how the apples are shining on the trees. They are very tempting. And Adam cannot withstand it, as the enchanting Eve offers him one for food. And do see how prettily the little lamb skips around the old tiger, and the snow-white dove, with his golden throat, stands there before the vulture, as if she would caress him!"

Marietta could not satisfy herself with looking. "Had I such a cup, mother," said she, "it is far too beautiful to drink out of: I would place my flowers in it, and constantly peep into Paradise. We are at the fair in Vence, but when I look at the picture, I feel as if I were in Paradise."

So Marietta called all her companions to the spot to look at the cup, and share her own admiration of it; but the young men soon joined the maidens, until at last, almost half the inhabitants of Napoule, were assembled before the wonderfully beautiful cup. But miraculously beautiful was it, mainly from its inestimable translucent porcelian, with gilded handles, and glowing colors. They asked the merchant timidly: "Sir, what price is it?" And he answered:—"Among friends, it is worth a hundred livres." Then they all became silent, and went away in despair. When the Napoulese were all gone from the front of the shop, Colin came there by stealth, threw the merchant a hundred livres upon the counter, had the cup put in a box well packed with cotton, and then carried it off. What evil plans he had in view, no one would have surmised.

Near Napoule, it being already dark, he met old Jacques, the Justice's servant, returning from the fields. Jacques was a very good man, but excessively stupid.

"I will give thee money enough to buy a drink, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt take this box to Manon's house, and leave it there; and if any one see thee there, and enquire from whom the box came, say 'A stranger gave it to me,' but never disclose my name, or I will always detest thee."

Jacques promised this, took the drink-money and the box, and went with it, toward the little dwelling, between the olive trees and the African acacias.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Take no thought for the Morrow.—"If the most anxious and unhappy men of the world," says Dr. Chalmers, "were examined as to the ground of their disquietude, it would be found in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the one thousand, that the provisions of this day was the ground of it. They carry forward their imaginations to a distant futurity, and fill it up with the spectres of melancholy and despair. What a world of unhappiness would be saved, if the things of the day, its duties, employments, and services, were to all our hearts as to-morrow, how delightful to think that we have the sure warrant of God for believing that by committing its issue in quickness to Him, when the future day comes the provision of that day will come along with it. What I would like to impress upon all who are beset with anxieties about the future days they are to live in this world is that daily bread is one of the objects it is agreeable to the will of God that we should ask, for it is the very petition which the son of God taught of His Disciples. We have a full warrant then for, believing that we shall get it, and according to the faith of our prayer, so will it be done unto us."

Bad Property.—Some twenty years ago, there was an old darkey named Cato, living in the eastern part of North Carolina, near the mouth of one of the rivers that empty into Pamlico Sound. Cato was a ferryman at the point, and his master allowed him a certain portion of his wages, with an agreement that he might purchase his freedom for six hundred dollars. He had saved up three hundred and handed it to his master and rejoiced in the possession of one-half of himself! One night not long after, as he was crossing the ferry alone a violent storm arose. His boat was tossod about and finally upset, and Cato, after great exertion, succeeded in reaching the shore. The next morning he presented himself with the following inquiry:

"Massa John, I wants to ax you who owns dis nigga?"

"Why, I own one half of you, Cato, you own the other half?"

"Well, Massa, won't you please buy back my half?"

"If you desire it, Cato. But what has changed your mind so suddenly?"

Jest please han' over dem free hundred dollars. Come near gettin' drownded las' night. Nigga property is d——n bad property."

☞ A lady was once driving with Charles Lamb near where some gentlemen were bathing in *puris naturalibus*. After an awkward silence Charley remarked that, "it was shameful for women thus to expose themselves." "Women!" exclaimed the prude by his side, "why they are *men*, sir." Ah!" replied the gentle Charles, "*I didn't observe*."

GATHERINGS,

INVENTED, BORROWED AND STOLEN.

The following may be taken as an illustration of the philosophic connection between cause and effect:

"Charles," said a young lady in market yesterday morning to her beau, "what is the cause of the market house bell ringing so." "Aw," said the beau, solemnly, "if I was to express an opinion, I should give it as my deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

Charles Dickens is said to look like the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

So says an English paper. We presume the likeness is greatest about dinner time, when both look alike hungry.

Here is a pun that may be *allowed* to pass:

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

We never knew what use might be made of a circular piece of vanity until we read the following:

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung-hole' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made.—Then I quitted the business in disgrace."

Mrs. Swishelm edits a paper in Minnesota. She is known as a "smart" woman. Here is a specimen from her pen:

Minnesota air is the very elixir of life, and we shouldn't wonder to see some enterprising quack doctor bottling up our January air and selling it, all over the rest of the Union, as a cure for everything in general, and a positive preventive of the blues.

"If" "to err is human" the following *natural* mistake proves in opposition to a recent theory, the humanity of the negro:

A negro on being examined, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No sir, he's a member of Congress," was the reply.

Heber Kimball is said to have more wives than Brigham Young. He had fourteen children born in the month of November. He ought to be a happy man.

A lady whose unusually bad temper is traced on a countenance of great repulsiveness, having been rescued, in Iowa, from wolves, by an athletic Indian chief, in a fit of romantic gratitude, offered to marry him; whereupon the savage turned and fled into the depths of the forest, and has not been seen by white man or woman since.

The remarkable fact is stated in Hall's *Journal of Health*, that of the five thousand persons tried last year before the New York Court Sessions, only ninety-four were sober when arrested!

The man whose bowels (of compassion) ran off, sent our Town Constable after, who arrested them in Kans-as.

If the above has fatigued the reader, he will find small consolation in the following:

Why is a tired man like a thief?—When he needs a-resting.

Go Marry.—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double; such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness!" "Go marry!" is written on everything beautiful that the eye rests upon—beginning with the birds of paradise, and ending with apple-blossoms.

It seems superbly silly for moralists to be eternally preaching this doctrine of "go marry," when it is so well known that some people can't "make the landing," no matter how much they try.

☞ A prisoner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture:—"He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing."

Edwin Forest gains his Libel Suit.—The New York papers of Wednesday announce that Edwin Forest has gained his suit in which he charges a libel against N. P. Willis. The case has occupied the attention of the courts for several days, and resulted in the jury awarding damages in the sum of $500 to the plaintiff.

Matrimonial Scene.—"I wish," said a beautiful wife to her studious husband, "I wish I was a book." "I wish you were an Almanac," replied her lord, "and then I would get a new one every year." Just then the silk was heard to rustle violently.

☞ Wanted—1000 subscribers.