

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., JUNE 9, 1859.

VOL. VII.—NO. 49.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

STICHANAN & 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.

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

Will practice in the Circuit Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Pontotoc, Itawamba and Tishomingo 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. 24-y.

MASON M. CUMMINGS,
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AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Office above Judge Acker's Office
Will practice in the Circuit Courts which he attends will be held for the year 1859 at the following places:

At Fulton, Mar. 7th and Sep. 5th.
At Pontotoc, " 21st " " 19th.
At Jackson, Apr. 11th & Oct. 10th.
At Houston, " 25th " " 24th.
At Aberdeen, May 18th & Nov. 14th.
At Itawamba, Apr. 25th & Oct. 24th.
At Tishomingo, Mar. 14th & Sep. 12th.
The United States District Court for the Northern District of Mississippi is held at Aberdeen, Monday of June and December. 6-ly.

E. G. REYNOLDS,
Attorney at Law,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Office above Judge Acker's Office
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ALLEN WHITE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HOUSTON, MISS.

Will practice in the Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Pontotoc, Itawamba, Calhoun, and Pontotoc counties. Office in Hiller's Building. 15-y.

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.
Office on Royal Street, over the Savings Bank.)
Feb. 17, '59. 23-y.

G. W. THEORNTON,
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. 20-y.

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-y.

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-y.

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

W. O. DICKSON,
Dentist,
OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI.
July 15, '58. 44-y.

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

POETRY.

This capital piece of humor appeared some years ago in the *London Punch*. It is so good that it ought to be republished every Spring:

ODE TO SPRING.

WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.
Whereas on sundry boughs and sprays
Now diverse birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads spruce—
Hail to the coming Spring!

The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love nuptial the aforesaid boughs embrace
In household nests, themselves their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.
O' lordship term of Cupid's court!
When tender plaintiff's action bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

ROSE DROPS.

And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
And the angels loved her too;
So she's sleeping in the valley,
"Neath the sky so bright and blue,
And no slab of pallid marble
Keeps its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley,
Of the virtues of the dead.
But a fly is her tombstone,
And a dew drop pure and bright,
Is the epitaph of an angel,
Written in the stillness of the night.

MISCELLANY.

Woman; or two Pictures.

A WOMAN! A lovely girl sits at the window of a princely mansion; the silver moon shines full in her fair face; golden tresses fall on her neck and shoulders of spotless white; her soul-lit eyes are turned to heaven, whither her thoughts have flown. Delicate and fragile, she seems more a spirit than a being of earth.—She is a woman.

Under the scorching rays of a tropic sun a negress chops the growing grass; her thick and protruding lips, her flat and expanded nose, her crisped and matted hair, all form a complete, contrast to the fair creature above described. She cheerily hums a plantation ditty as evening closes in. Her babe sleeps in her hut; she has not seen it since daylight; in a few minutes more she will see its tiny hands grasping at some imaginary object, and hear its sispings. She is a woman.

But we have read of another woman, who was an actress in deeds of unparalleled atrocity. She had a heart, but the devil had set his seal upon it at her birth, and smothered its humanity in making it his own. Helpless children fell beneath her murderous knife. Virtue implored mercy in vain; age was disregarded, and youth and strength were impotent before the power of that human fiend, the Banee of Jansi.

Varied as the flowers of earth is the character of woman. Blooms of rich beauty, plants of graceful growth—the scented rose, and climbing jasmine—the painted tulip and modest violet; but like-winding nettles, and poisonous flowers, all are met with in the great parterre of the world, nungling either their sweetness or bitterness with the air around.—And the influence of woman is as diversified as her character. Two may be placed in precisely the same circumstances socially; the one will diffuse happiness, the other destroy it; the one will give a perfect charm to life, the other make it a curse. As illustrative of this we find the following in the *Edinburg Magazine*. "The two Pictures" are well painted:

"In a country, somewhere in the world—no matter where—at the North probably—or may be at the South—or perchance between the two—there rose a large and flourishing city—its manufactories were noted for their extent, and the merchant-prices of that place revealed in the wealth these manufactories produced. On the outskirts of the town were built two houses—alike in form, in extent, in value. "Two peas," or "two nuts," or "two pins," had frequently described their similarity. Now in these two houses lived two brothers—twins, the only sons of the builder of these two houses. It had been a fancy of the old man to have the boys, as he called them, lodged alike, and his means being ample, he had the power of indulging his fancy. "The boys" married, and on the wed-

ding day the first stone of either home was laid.

"Time enough to get them finished," said the old gentleman, as he rubbed his hands in glee, "won't want a nursery for a twelvemonth at any rate—small house do till then."

The young brides were present when that remark was made. One blushed—and smiled; the other blushed—and frowned. It was the nettle and the rose again standing side by side.

Six months passed and the houses were half up—the old gentleman himself directing all the arrangements of the buildings.

"It is good indeed of your father, now an old man, to take an interest in our comfort," said one of the young wives to her husband—"Ralph," that was the husband's name, "you can never repay him for his kind feeling, and his generosity to us." "It is an absurdity for your father to play the architect, and almost brick-layer," remarked the other wife to her spouse, "Boydell," (his name) "you should tell him that it is inconsistent with his calling and his station." It is consistent with his pleasure," remarked the husband, "and therefore I am content."

Twelve months passed, and the houses were finished.

"Nursery ready in time," said the good old man—"ready in time—ready in time."

The houses were occupied, and in course of twelve months the nurseries were occupied also.

"There are unceasing anxieties in a mother's lot," said the good wife of Ralph; "but unceasing pleasure too," and she smiled at the innocent face of her sleeping babe.

"How women can like the bore of children I can not imagine," remarked her sister-in-law as her child was hastily given to its nurse.

Years passed on—as they always do—and the young wives became middle-aged women, sons and daughters, clustered round them and the grandfather, old and feeble, now lent on these young things for support.

Time had worked a wonderful change in the two brothers. Ralph's face told of a home-stock of happiness, from which he drew largely—while Boydell looked as if content and happiness were, not in the world at all.

At this time, when the families of each were springing up, and needed money to be spent on them, in education, maintenance, and the different adjuncts of their station, one of these panics of the commercial world which ruin thousands, took place. Unfortunately, Ralph and his brother had entered into large speculations, which failing, they were involved in the prevailing ruin, and found themselves verging on bankruptcy.

"Be of good heart, Ralph!" said his wife, "there is bread in this great world for all. Our fine large house, our servants and our carriages are not absolutely necessary to our happiness, we can do as others do—live without them, and the children, Ralph! this lesson of adversity may be for their welfare; take comfort! Ralph! there is plenty of that left for us in the world, if our wealth has flown away."

"Yes," answered her husband, as he clasped her hand, and drew her to him, "Yes! there is never failing comfort here, Lucy; God be praised for having given me one so 'meet to help' me, both in joy and sorrow, wealth or poverty."

"You should have foreseen this crisis," remarked the wife of Boydell, "and not allowed your children to be brought to beggary at their age, when just entering on life; expenses are unavoidable, unless indeed they be educated as the laboring classes; which idea may be worth your wise consideration now."

She ceased with a sneer on her face. "Other men would not have been so venturesome with their money," she remarked; "the Brownings, for instance, and the Smiths withdrew in time, and Lionel Blagdon told me that you had no one to blame but yourself, and that your children might thank you and you only, if starvation were there fate."

"In mercy cease," replied the husband, "or you will drive me mad." "I must put your conduct fairly before your eyes—it is my duty, she replied. "Then reserve it until I am likely to appreciate your effort at the performance of the duty," he answered bitterly. "Poor 'Duty.'" How dreadfully is she misshandled by these ascetic dames. "It is a duty!"—and under that plea many a harsh truth is uttered. "It is a duty!"—so says the over-strict disciplinarian, and cold stern words are driven forth to tremble on an over-worked and wearied brain. "It is a duty!" covers the cruel rebuke and the severe rejoinder. It may be a "duty" to speak plainly and boldly sometimes—but it is also a duty to choose the opportunity when the speech may be acceptable, and not fret and chafe the

wounded heart by a repetition of the very truths which silently recognized, are galling it already.

Boydell knew quite well that he might have foreseen and partially have provided for the melancholy event which had taken place. His conscience reproached him bitterly for carelessness and rashness, and his wife's words were not needed to add to the self-reproach, which, left to itself, might have worked some good, by producing a quiet determination to abide by the more sober counsels of Ralph in future, for Ralph's voice had been lifted against the very speculation which had caused the joint failure of the brothers.

Fretted—and galled—and wearied of life and life's struggle, Boydell knew not whither to turn for comfort and consolation. His father had been gathered to the dead; his brother? Boydell was too proud to betray his lack of domestic peace to him; his children, imitating the bad example of the mother, turned against him, and instead of clustering round him in the hour of woe, openly blamed him for the course he had adopted.

At last his mind, torn by a thousand conflicting sorrows, gave way; a lunatic asylum became his home, while his wife and children dragged on a life of misery, supported by the mere charity of relations.

Far differently fared Ralph. In the humble cottage on the outskirts of the town where he now dwelt—a smile always welcomed him when he came home from the city's toil and din, tired with the business of the day, heart-sick with its disappointments; rest and peace and happiness awaited him in that little home. His children—drawing their tone from that good wife and mother—thought only how they could soothe the tired wanderer who had returned to them, and make him forget in the placid joy of the present, the misery of the past.

"Ralph," said his wife one day, "I would scarcely exchange our present lot for the one we held when first I became your wife. There is an earnestness in this quiet life of strict utility which is lost in the gilded days of wealthy splendor. I am as happy here, Ralph, as if you placed me in a palace—happier indeed—"

He stopped her as he looked lovingly into her gentle face.

"Not gentle, Lucy!" he added "not happier dear wife—your nature would carry bliss as perfect as this world can bestow into any phase of life—not 'happier,' Lucy, but as happy either here, or there, or any where on earth—as happy as such a kindly heart as yours can, and should, and will be any where."

Ralph lived to an old age; his hair was white, and his step tottering—but the heart and mind were firm still. His children were married or otherwise settled in the world; wealth had fallen to the share of some, competency only to the lot of others.

But sorrow—keen sorrow, now fell on Ralph. Lucy died; and as he saw the mould fall on the lowered coffin until it was hidden from his view, he whispered, as if to her who lay here: "I know what 'loss' is, now, dear wife. I never felt its meaning before."

Boydell also lived to an old age. A partial recovery enabled him to return to his home—but he was no welcome guest there. Unkindness and want of care had the result which might have been expected, he returned to the asylum, hopelessly mad, and died there some years afterwards, to the very evident relief of his wife and children.

Now in all human probability these two women worked the sequel to the fate of their respective husbands. The one by her gentleness soothed the wounded spirit, and, in seeking to bless him, sowed a full harvest of blessings for herself.

And the other! truly did she "cast her seed upon the waters," and "truly did she find it after many days."—It was like the poisoned Upas-berry, taking root and springing till the deadly tree casts its destructive influence on those poor wretches who sat beneath its branches.

LOVE NOTES.

Why is a man eating soup with a fork like another kissing his sweetheart?
Do you give it up?
Because it takes so long to get enough.

A noble love calls forth man's highest powers, and he knows himself the nearer and dearer to her whom he loves, the more worthy he is.

Love, while it warms the heart and fires the imagination, enlightens the mind and purifies the soul; it never emasculates it; it not only inspires noble thoughts, but stimulates to great and noble deeds.

Love, like any true, noble, holy feeling that warms, expands and ennobles the soul, is its own exceeding great reward, and being of an infinite and heavenly nature, is a blessing independent of possession.

A KENTUCKY EGG-EATER.

Among the prisoners ushered before the Judge one morning, in a Cincinnati Police court, was a tall, robust, big-boned Kentuckian, from the vicinity of Caseyville. He was charged with disorderly conduct. The officer stated that he found him "slashing around" in an eating-house and arrested him to preserve the peace.

"What have you to say to this charge?" asked the court.

"A might, that's sartin," replied the prisoner. "You see, squire, I'm a stranger here, from way down in old Kaintuck, and haint larned yer ways. Shall I tell you now how I was kotched?"

"We shall listen to you," remarked the Judge, who saw he had a character before him and was disposed to let him have vent.

"I go five that you're a trump," replied Kentuck. "But that's neithir here nor thar. I'm to tell you how I was kotched."

"That's it."
"Wall, Squire, I cum to town yesterday. I 'spected not to stay long, so I didn't go to marry a tavern. I got kind 'o hungry tho', so I made a lunge for a eating-house. I sot down to the table and I axed for a dozen and a half of eggs, and the critter who waited on the customers, opened his eyes, grinned, an' then fetched 'em to me. They were good, but I wanted a little mixture. I called for a cold beef-steak—cold. Squire, kase its agin my constitutional principles to eat meat hot. The fellow grinned and said they han't got any. That kind a riled me, but I kept my temper, an' ordered another dozen-an-a-half of eggs. The chap snickered an' said, 'We ain't got no more eggs, old Kentuck; you've eat 'em all up.' That sot me bilin, and I just squashed things for a while. That's the hull on it, Squire, as sure as I am from ole Kaintuck."

"Then you considered yourself aggravated by the last remark of the waiter?"

"Just so."

"How do you take your eggs—boiled or fried?"

"Fried—all the time fried, Squire.—Billed eggs, 'specially when they are hard, don't sot well on a feller's stomach."

"Can you eat three dozens of eggs at one meal?"

"Just like a knife, an' throw the shells in. All I ax is to have them fried."

"You must be fond of eggs?"

"Now hush Squire; you're teebin me on a tender p'int."

"Is it your practice to 'squash' things when you get riled?"

"Not commonly. I'll tell you what it are, Squire, this is the first time in my immortal days that I was ever locked in."

Let me out, an' I'm off for old Kaintuck like a streak."

"You are, eh?"

"Sartin as I'm from old Kaintuck."

"And you'll eat no more of our eggs?"

"Dann the one, Squire."

"Then you can take your hat and start."

"You're a hoss,—old Kaintuck forever," yelled the Kentucky egg-eater as he strutted out of the court room with the air of a prince, and amidst the hearty laughter of all who had witnessed his trial.

ANECDOTE OF M'DONALD CLARKE, THE MAD POET.—Everybody remembers M'Donald Clarke, who was well known in New-York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the last years of his life, Clarke was made free of the Astor House table, and oftentimes this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities, when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day while quietly taking his dinner, two travellers, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said:

"Well! I have been in New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see with one exception."

"Ah!" said the other, "what is that?"

"M'Donald Clarke, the great poet," responded No. 1, with strong emphasis.

Clarke raised his eyes slowly from his plate, and seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up placing his hand over his heart, and bowing with great gravity to the strangers, said:

"I am M'Donald Clarke, the great poet."

The traveller started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then amidst an audible titter of the company, drew from his pocket a quarter dollar, and laying it before Clarke, still looked at him without a smile.

Clarke raised the quarter in silence and dignity, bestowed it in his pocket, drew thence a shilling, which he deposited before the traveller with these words:

"Children, half price."

The titter changed to a roar, and the travellers were missing instant.

"OLD HOSS, YOU'RE TOO LATE!"

An Arkansas correspondent of the St. Louis Herald gets off the following:

This is a great country for jokes, and we have just had one which is too good to keep. Early this morning there was added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very like runaways; the gentleman a tall, raw-boned specimen of the half-horse, half-alligator class, and the lady a full match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon is a solemn-looking gentleman who had all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him, remarked, "We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, when sure enough, the couple stood waiting. There had been some "kissing games," and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so tho't the "preacher," who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood before him a great deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock marriage. I thought, and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, pronounced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterwards, and when it was over I left the cabin—and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see two young folks enjoying themselves, and took a good deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun; but he didn't understand why they should select him to act the preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I returned, the door stood open, and the "preacher" stood just inside, with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who as I came up, remarked, "Well, if that's the case, it's a good joke; for they're in dead earnest, and have retired to the same state-room."—The old gentleman raised both his hands, as he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced an assault on the door as if he would batter it down, exclaiming at each lick, "For Heaven's sake, don't! I ain't a preacher!"

The whole cabin was aroused, every state-room flying open with a slam; when the door opened, and the Arkansas traveler, poking out his head coolly remarked, "Old hoss, you're too late!"

HOW ERIVOLOUS WOMEN ARE MADE.

There is a most pernicious habit into which young girls are apt to fall, after leaving school, when their education is considered "finished;" (as if a woman's education ever *was* finished). I refer to listless, morbid, sentimental reveries; long travels into dream land, till the actual and real becomes insipid, homely, and repulsive. I know of no practice more enervating to mind and body. It is not always, I grant, a woman's fault, so many of whom are brought up to have no higher aim in life than an eligible matrimonial establishment; no career, as have their brothers, to look forward to; but merely, like a pretty statue, to sit still and be admired till placed in some new niche for the world's worship. Nevertheless, woman may counteract this baleful influence if she will. If she turn a deaf ear to those men who would flatter her into remaining a fool, lest she might have intelligence enough to become troublesome to them; and these are the men who are always opposing intellectual progress in women. *Life may be earnest to any woman who has sense and courage sufficient to make it so;* no matter what sphere she is born in, but not if she waste her time in reveries, or on ribbons; not if she take no pleasure in intelligent conversation, or is content to drift, like a flower on the stream of life, wherever the current appears to set the strongest. It is mournfully to be deplored, that so many young girls pass the time between leaving school and marriage, in the listless, aimless, time-wasting manner, so common among us; taking no interest in the great questions of the day which concern the elevation of their own sex; doing nothing in the way of fitting themselves by mental culture, for the "rights," which they cannot, and *ought not* to get, till they have self-poise, and intelligence enough to know how to value and use them discreetly. Would that some gifted pen, or eloquent tongue would rouse them to the destiny that *might* be theirs if they would have it.

FANNY FERN.