

# THE PANOLA STAR.

WARD & MAY—PROPRIETORS.

INDEPENDANT IN ALL THINGS.

MATT., S. WARD—EDITOR.

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## POETRY.

### The Ice Fleet.

Longfellow, in one of his poems, thus describes the fleet of ice-burges sailing under the command of the grim admiral, death, across the waste of waters. The description is very graphic:

Southward with a fleet of ice,  
Sailed the Corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east wind was his breath.

His lardy ships of ice  
Glistened in the sun;  
On each side like poisonous wide  
Flashing crystal streamlets ran.

His sail of white sea mist,  
Dripped of silver rain;  
But where he past, there he cast  
Leadenshows o'er the main.

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death came all around.

They grappled with them fierce  
At midnight black and cold:  
As of rock was the shock,  
Heavily the groundswell rolled.

### THE LAST JULEP OF SUMMER.

BY BRESWAX.

'Tis the last julep of summer  
Left standing alone;  
All its rosy companions  
Are drunk up and gone.  
No "sing," of its kindred,  
No "cabler" is nigh,  
To wet a man's whistle,  
Or open his eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
Though I've been on a spree;  
Since the others I've vanished,  
I'll now vanish thee.  
Thus I insert kindly  
Mid thy bubbles a saw,  
Through which with my suction  
Thy spirit I'll draw.

So soon may I follow  
When juleps decay,  
And decanters all empty,  
Stand in ghost-like array;  
When braai is banished  
And Bourbon is gone,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone!

### RADICALISM AND RIFLES

By far the most extraordinary development of the radicalism which Independency so naturally engenders, and which has been sweeping before it so much that was fair and beautiful in many portions of New England, the most noteworthy is a meeting held last week in the city of New-Haven in connection with the Kansas excitement. The occasion was the approaching departure of a band of Kansas emigrants and the object to furnish them with Sharpe's rifles for what purpose will be seen in the sequel. Incredible as it may appear the meeting was held in one of the

leading congregational church which was thronged by "an audience composed of the most prominent citizens including a large number of clergymen of various denominations and a full quorum of the faculty of Yale College."

The stars of the evening were Henry Ward Beecher and Professor Silliman. The former of course was in his glory and illustrated practically the evils of ruffianism, 'whether on the border or elsewhere. As a sample of the sentiments instilled by this professed minister of Jesus Christ into the minds of a company of immortal and accountable fellow-beings, at a farewell meeting, we may mention that he told with great gusto a story which he said contained the only sort of "compromise" of which he approved, wherein Governor Shannon, having demanded of Robinson that he should give up his rifles, the latter replied:—"Sir, in regard to the rifles, I propose to compromise; we will keep the weapons ourselves, but give you the contents." He also seemed highly to approve the spirit of another man of whom he narrated an anecdote, who said "he held it to be an everlasting disgrace to shoot at a man and not hit him."

This wilful, deliberate inculcating the pouring out of human blood, be it remembered, was in the house of God, from the lips of a man who at least bears the name of a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, and was enthusiastically applauded by an "audience composed of the most prominent citizens" of one of the most enlightened and cultivated cities in New England "ministers of all denominations," and "a full quorum of the Faculty" of one of our oldest and most prominent literary institutions. Should these Kansas emigrants use the implements and follow the advice here given them by those who take good care to keep away from even the smell of gunpowder, whilst they encourage others to "shoot at men and hit them"—should these emigrants imbure their hands with blood, however culpable they may be, we presume few will hesitate to say that a deep stain will crimson the garments of those who used their high position and sacred office to stir them up to the deed.

That our readers may see we are not misrepresenting, we give the following notice of the subscription of the rifles, with which the meeting closed, taken from the New York Times, a paper understood to be friendly to the parties interested.

"Professor Silliman of Yale College, said he desired to head the list for the procuring of a number of weapons of defence for the party setting out, and that therefore Mr. Lines might put down on the paper, 'Silliman one Sharpe's rifle.' [The price of a rifle was \$25].

"Mr. Russell and Rev. Mr. Dutton rose both at once. Mr. Russell speaks first: 'Put me down for one.'

"Rev. Mr. Dutton (Pastor of the church)—One of the deacons of this church, Mr. Harvey Hall, is going out with the Company, and I, as his pastor, desire to present to him a Bible and a Sharpe's rifle. [Great applause.]

"E. P. Pie—I will give one.  
"Stephen D. Pardee—I will give one for my self, and also one for my wife!

"Beecher—I like to see that; it is a stroke right and left [Great laughter.]

"Charles Ives—Put me down for three.

"Thomas R. Trowbridge—Put me down for four! [Continued laughter.]

Dr. J. I. Howe—I will subscribe for one.

"A gentleman said that Miss Mary Dutton would give one.

"Dr. Stephen G. Hubbard—One.

"Mr. Beecher here stated that if twenty five could be raised on the spot, he would pledge twenty-five more from Plymouth-church—fifty being a sufficient number for the whole supply. (Clapping of hands all over the house.)

"Professor Silliman now left Mr. Beecher to speak for the bid, and sat down to enjoy the occasion.

"Mr. Killam—I give one.

Mr. Beecher—Killam—That's a significant name in connection with a Sharpe's rifle. (Laughter.)

Professor W. A. Norton—One for me!

"Mr. Vining—Another for me!

"Mr. Moses Tyler—I will pledge one Sharpe's rifle from

the Junior Class in Yale College! [Great applause.]

"Professor Silliman (rising in his seat and sweeping the galleries with his eye)—There are four classes in Yale College! [Immense sensation.]

"Henry Trowbridge—One!

"John G. North—One!

"Mr. Beecher—I think Kansas will now know that there is a North! [Great applause.]

"William Kingsley—One for me!

"Lucius L. Olmstead—One.

"Mr. Dunlap—I will pledge one for the Senior Class in Yale College!

"It was now ascertained, that instead of twenty-five, twenty-seven rifles had been subscribed the cost of which, together with the amount received at the door for admission fees, made the collection for Kansas in the North Church, one thousand dollars."

Our readers will no doubt agree with us, that taking into view all the circumstances, the locality, the parties participating and the atrocious sentiments inculcated, these proceedings throw into the shade all the previous developments of fanaticism our country has witnessed. Parents and others specially interested in Yale College may form their own conclusions as to the principles under which young men are now trained in that venerable and once deservedly honored Institution.

As for Mr. Beecher, who was the chief speaker, the only palliation that we know of for his course, is to be found in his inordinate and apparently ungovernable passion for notoriety.—This is said to have become in him a chronic disease, whose demands are so remorseless that they must be gratified even at the sacrifice of all Christian courtesy of the proprieties of the profession to which he belongs, and of the decencies of life; so that even the severest strictures of the press are a cordial to his spirit compared with the cruel fate of being passed by in silence.

We had heard that he had been accustomed to stoop to tricks by which mountebanks gather gazing crowds, that he has gone so far as to endeavour to make a name for himself by holding up to derision, even in the pulpit, the faith of God's most devoted followers, and the characters of eminent ministers of the gospel; but we had never imagined before that he had reached that depth of degradation, of prostituting his ministerial character to instigate taking human life, and of adding to the crime the meanness of sending others to brave the danger and spill the blood, whilst he himself stays snugly at home enjoying his fat salary, his lecture fees, his country-seat, and his unenviable notoriety.—The Presbyterian.

Different sounds travel with different velocities, a call for dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a call to work will take from ten to fifteen minutes.