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POETRY.

BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each discovered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand shall ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam,
To desert sens removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too have gone, or changed;
Or worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged.
They meet us in a glittering throng
With cold averted eyes;
And wonder that we weep their wrong
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear his lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies—
Hope that unites our souls to heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth
And speed its flight above;
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

I WOULD NOT BID FAREWELL.

I would not wish to bid farewell
To earth, so fair and bright,
When fingers round my soul the spell
Of beauty, soft and light—
And when so many joys are thrown
From pleasure's shining hand;
Like pearls, from angel-fingers strewn,
Along life's beaten strand.

I would not wish to fade away,
Like flowers of earthly clime,
When pleasant is the passing day,
And sweet the summer time;
And when around me friendship smiles,
And gales blow smooth and free,
To bear my bark to golden isles,
Upon life's sunny sea.

I would not wish to yield my breath,
And see my bright hopes fade,
And crumble, at the touch of death,
Into eternal shade—
To be but like a fading flower,
Or like a star of light,
Falling from heaven in midnight hour,
Forever down to night.

And yet, at last, must come a time,
Made up of long farewells,
When on the soul will steal the chime
Of heaven's vesper bells.
Then would I sail out from life's sea,
When all around grows dark;
And welcome would the passage be,
Though in death's silent bark.

"What!" exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable Fitzwigg to the exquisitely lovely Miss De La Sparrowgrass; "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I, responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—stationery!"

"Out of darkness cometh light, as the Printer's Devil said when he peeped into the ink keg.

SELECT PIECES.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT.

BY FRANCIS A. DERIVAGE.

Great was the commotion of the little New-England village in which he lived, when Ethan Vane, the son of Widow Vane, a lad of nineteen, whose taste for art had been developed without instruction, and without models of any kind, produced his first picture, a portrait of his old mother. Everybody went to see it, and everybody pronounced it a striking likeness. Nor did they err in the decision; but when the editor of the "Bird of Freedom," a small newspaper which appeared from time to time, as circumstances permitted, pronounced it a splendid work of art, he only evinced a desire to pervert the truth. The little paragraph, however, was to the heart of Ethan Vane like a ray of sunshine to a prisoner's cell. Hitherto, while loathing the dreary mechanical toil to which his boyhood had been condemned, and while aspiring proudly to rank among the gifted ones of earth, he had sometimes doubted his own powers, and it was with trembling distrust that he had submitted this, his first serious work, to inspection and criticism. But now it seemed to him that his wildest wishes were destined to be crowned with complete success. If he had accomplished such a marvel, without instruction, with the rude materials at his command, what might he not achieve when a few more years had added experience, when skillful masters had guided his hand, and when the masterpieces of the world had been submitted to his adoring gaze? He would visit Boston—he would study the works of Copley and Allston—he would go abroad—he would pass years in Dresden, Dusseldorf, Paris, Rome, and Florence, improving himself each year, each month, each day, and return at last the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of his dear native land.

And there was nothing selfish in these wild dreams of youth. He did not for a moment forget the gray old mother who had buried so many children and a husband, and who had lavished on him, often wayward as he was, the wealth of her priceless love. He would first of all secure her comfort. The first fruits of his success should be devoted to buying her the little cottage which was her bean ideal of comfort. More than half of all his golden harvests should be hers.

And it seemed really as if his bright dreams were destined to be verified. He was immediately commissioned to paint a new sign for the Blue Eagle tavern. The captain of the militia company desired to go down to posterity in regimentals. The clergyman was not destitute of vanity and charity. He gratified both by ordering a new portrait. Other less illustrious personages followed the example of these worthies. At five dollars a head the young artist found his talents engaged for some time to come, and yet, at intervals, was enabled to dash off some landscapes and some ideal heads, for with the impetuosity of youth, he was already aiming at the most difficult achievements of art before he had become familiar with its preliminary steps.

Alas! over this golden dawn of life there came suddenly a gloom—as a thunder storm springs on us without a warning in the midst of a midsummer's day. His old mother sickened and died. The money designed to lay the foundation of her cottage was expended in conveying her to her narrow home. Days and nights of agony followed this bereavement, and it was with an attenuated frame, a blanched cheek, and a sore spirit, that the youth again resumed his seat before his easel.

His loss, however, had the effect of widening and deepening the sympathy already felt for him. His fame spread, and he now became talked about, not only in his native village, but throughout the whole country. Though he painted now mechanically, he had plenty of patrons, and numerous admirers. Among the latter was a young girl—an orphan, like himself, of congenial tastes. Esther Harlow was beautiful in the eyes of an artist—beautiful with that spiritual beauty which so charms us in the Madonnas of Raphael. Friendship—intimacy—love—followed each in rapid succession. Neither the artist nor his mistress had near relatives to interpose with counsels of worldly prudence, and, so after the briefest courtship, they were married, and shortly afterwards Vane removed with his bride to Boston, carrying with him a few pictures, on which he prided himself, to serve as an introduction to the people of the Athenian city.

But alas! from his first visits to the studios and galleries, he came home disheartened, and turned all his pictures to the wall.

"I must do something better, dear Esther," said he, "or I shall never win fame as a painter."

The next day he procured a canvass and set his palette.

"Dear Esther," said he, I can find nothing so worthy to paint, so full of inspiration, as your own sweet face. You be my model, and the world shall learn to admire your beauty, while it acknowledges my genius."

"Do not ask me to sit, Ethan, I conjure you," said the young wife, with a shudder. "I have always had a superstitious dread of being painted. I have always had a fancy that my life would ebb away with each stroke of the pencil."

"How absurd!" said the painter, with a laugh. "These scruples are not befitting an artist's wife. Believe me, our very existence depends on this experiment."

Esther made no more scruples, and the work commenced. A rapid, masterly drawing was an auspicious beginning. Then came the plastic moulding of the features, as yet nearly colorless, but permeated with a slight glow, as the blood permeates the living form. Vane looked little at his model, after catching the form of the features. Indeed what need had he of Esther sitting there? He wore her image in his heart of hearts. He had but to look inward and behold her. So he wrought on. Now indeed he knew what it was to be a painter. Never before had he felt true inspiration. Heretofore he had dimly copied—now he brightly created. It was his Esther that rose from his caressing fingers; but how spiritualized—how radiant—how glorious in her high beauty.

"You are not looking at me!" sighed the wife.

"I am looking at you, dearest," answered the painter, fixing his gaze on the canvass. "You are mirrored here, as in my heart. Look yourself. Is it not my life, my Esther, that smiles back on you?"

Esther gazed, and as she gazed she sighed. There was more than mortal beauty in the picture, and she wondered not that Ethan could not withdraw his eyes from it for a moment.

Days wore on, and the painter was still enamored of his task. He now no longer needed his model. She stole quietly into the room at times—but always unbidden, and then to bring him that refreshment, without which he would have fainted at the severity of his toil. At last his work was completed. The reflected sunlight was fading away from the east, as he drew aside his window-curtain, and gazed upon his consummate work.

"It is done," said he, with an almost haughty exclamation. "They will now no longer deny me a place among the great ones of the earth. I can say to the spirits of Angelo, and Raphael, and Paolo—I too am a brother."

A slight noise at his side roused him from his reverie. Esther had entered unperceived, and had sunk, fainting, at his feet, like a lily bowed down by a rain storm. He here her to the window, and she sprinkled her face with water.

She slowly opened her eyes.

"My Esther," said the painter. "What is this? What has caused this illness?"

"The picture," she murmured faintly. "Cherish it for my sake. It will soon be all you have to remind you of me. As the work went on, I felt my life passing away from me to that canvass. As its colors warmed beneath your touch, so my heart grew cold. It is finished—and so is my life. But no matter—it was necessary to your glory."

Her words were prophetic. She did not long survive the completion of the picture.

Vane stood beside her coffin, and gazed in agony upon the "last of earth."

"Fatal art!" he murmured. "The gray old mother—the fair young bride—both gone—and for what? That I might be a painter. Is it not written, that he who demands success must be wedded to his art alone? What have I to do with domestic ties? I have poured my life-blood into the crucible, and if fame be not the result, I shall know how to rejoice the lost on earth."

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faix," said Pat, "I had a brother who went to Botany Bay against his will, he did sure."

A dog, which lost the whole of its interesting family, was seen trying to poke a piece of crape through the handle on a door of one of the Broadway sausage shops.

The precocious lad who had invented the following conundrum has had ice on his head for some days, and is thought will recover if kept quiet during the dog-days:

"Why is an elephant unlike a tree?"
"Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does."

Row On.

"For the first five years of professional life," once said a gentleman to us, "I had to row against the wind, and stream and tide." "And what did you do?" was our question. "Do!" replied he, "do! why, I rowed on to be sure." And he did row on, and to a good purpose, too, until he came to the sea, took favorable breezes and brought his voyage to a most favorable termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for wealth and wisdom, impressing the stamp of his vigorous mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a regal crown in the respectful memory of thousands. His remarks deserve to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all now is to "row on" with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties, and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead, is to "row on." Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end—this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are "blows" in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man, with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will almost despair, everything will seem to be against him; but let him not be cast down—let him "row on," and by and by matters will very likely grow brighter. As with the poor man, so with all men. Head winds are to be expected; contrary currents will come; the tide does not run with us, but never mind, "row on" pull the harder till oars bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavors.—Those who have risen from obscurity to eminence; those who, from being poor have become wealthy—those who, born in the midst of ignorance, have found their way among the learned; those who have made themselves, have generally been those who understood the importance of "rowing on." "Paint heart never won fair lady," nor anything else.

WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.—The child of a year wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the youngurchin becomes enamored of sugar-plums, apple-pies and confectionery. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles, and play time. At ten the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and rides horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again.—From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and a nap in the afternoon. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—PORTFOLIO.

If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?

Nature has concealed at the bottom of our minds talents and abilities of which we are not aware. The passions alone have the privilege of bringing them to light, and of giving us sometimes views more certain and more perfect than art could possibly produce.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slippers and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance.—Dickens

A SUNBEAM ON THE STAGE.

I once saw a sunbeam stealing through a crevice in the roof, and glancing upon the darkened stage, at a rehearsal. That single streak of golden light, falling upon the dust, and paint, and faded scenery, and glaring imitations of nature, spoke to me, in a thrilling tone, of green, murmuring foliage; of air voiceful with rural sounds; of the flower-studded earth; of nature's rich store-house of vernal treasures; of all that sunbeam shone upon, far away from this mockery and drudgery, this misery and misery. As I watched the beam illuminating the surrounding gloom, my mind was filled with fresh and strengthening aspirations that belonged not to this life of representation, that had no affinity with the place and the hour. It is years ago, yet I have never forgotten that one ray of light, and the sensations and reflections which it called into existence.—Anna Cora Ritchie.

It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to ourselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.

He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment; and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart.

If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to you like a bur, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business.

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.

FOUR POINTS OF A CASE.—An eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives.

A western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying only one.

A northern editor reports that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further.

A southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in the bedroom of another man's wife.

What is stronger in death than in life? An old yellow-legged hen. If you don't believe it, try to dissect one after boiling.

They dress cool out West. A young lady being asked if she should wear that bonnet to church, replied that she should not wear anything else!

Speech of Zachariah Spicer, on the question, "which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness; the Bachelor or the Married Man?"

Mr President and Gentlemen—I raise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution. I do. Will any gentleman say I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the valley of the Mississippi does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor! What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless creature? No more to be compared with his after-self than a milldam to the greatest roaring cataract of Niagara. (Great applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time when, I blush to say it, I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you could hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard; and at night I came home to my comfortless garret; no fire, no carpet, no nothing. Everything was in a clatter, and in the language of the poet:

"Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of old pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a dirty play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it."

I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it, I haven't got the pewter, I wish for your sake I had."

"Then," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a little suspicious.

Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't had cause to repent it. No more attacks for me, gentlemen, I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

"My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to day?"

"One of your smiles," replied the husband, "I can dine on that every day."

"But I can't," replied the wife. "Then take this," kissing her, and he went to his business.

He returned to his dinner. "This is an excellent steak," said he, "what did you pay for it?"

"Why what you gave me this morning," replied the wife.

"The deuce you did! exclaimed he, "then you shall have the money next time you go to market."

A CANDID REPLY.—"Is that clean butter?" asked a grocer of a boy, who had brought a quantity to market. "I should think it ought to be, replied the boy, "for marm and Sal were more than two hours in picking the hairs and motes out of it last night."

A man who was very fat being accosted, one day, by a man to whom he owed money, with "how d'ye do?" an answered:

"Pretty well, thank you; you find I hold my own."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the man, and mine too, to my sorrow."

VERY.—The last instance of modesty is that of a young lady who refused to wear a watch in her bosom because it had hands on it.

To undertake to reason a young lady out of love is as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a glass of water.