

THE STAR.

PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI.

M. S. WARD, - - Editor.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All Persons knowing themselves indebted to me, are earnestly requested to make immediate Payment, as I MUST have Money to pay my debts.
M. S. WARD.

Special Notice.

Mr. Seagrave, agent for the History of the World, both ancient and modern, including a history of the Russian War, and a complete history of the United States, in two volumes, of about fifteen hundred pages, is now canvassing Panola County for subscribers. We hope he will meet with all the success in obtaining them that this splendid work deserves.

Gen. Quitman has our thanks for public documents.

Sportsmen have had a fine time this week. Large quantities of ducks and pigeons have been shot. A lady friend has our thanks for a delicious "duck" with the et ceteras.

Among the numerous arrivals in Panola during the past week, we notice that of Col. Whitmore, on his way to Jackson.

PERSONAL.—Mr. B. L. Armstrong and family, left Panola yesterday morning for their new home in Arkansas. We wish them a very pleasant trip, and hope that Mrs. Armstrong will find her new home as pleasant as the old one, where she has left many good friends.

Ice.—Mr. Brown is laying in a large supply of ice for summer use. We noticed pieces several inches thick and three or four feet square, as clear as crystal. One can't help thinking of mint juleps and sherry cobblers, even in this frosty time, when he sees a large lump of ice.

TO PARENTS.—We are very much annoyed in the STAR office, by visits from ill-mannered boys. During such weather as we are now having, we think it would not only be advisable, but profitable, for the little boys that infest our office, to be at home cutting wood and building fires, and at the time learn how to behave. While we are writing, there are several in our room, and we feel confident that if their parents knew how much we are annoyed by them, they would certainly "prevail" upon them to stay away.

Boors.—Read Mr. Murphy's card in this paper. His work is always done in fine style, and has given perfect satisfaction to all who have heretofore patronized him. Now, gentlemen:

If you want to cut a swell,
Have your boors to fit well!
There's money at A No. 1,
You must not fail to call on:

And—
When the orders're all filled,
Just settle up the bill,
And travel for the other side of Jordan.

THAT HOR—Came off last Friday night. From the horrible condition of the weather—the streets being deluged with mud and water, and every prospect for more rain—we apprehended the party would be a failure. Upon visiting the Hall, however, we were very agreeably disappointed: we had forgotten that it was a committee of no ordinary party-givers who had the management, and that umbrellas, shawls and overalls had the power to shield youth and beauty through the rainy ordeal. The attendance, considering the weather, was very fine indeed, and the party was delightful throughout. We had, of course, a very delightful time of it in our blithe commingings with the angels. If it be true that in ordinary life "we take no note of time but by its loss," it is equally true that at such parties as are given by the young men of Panola, not even the "loss of time" is noted:

With a restless, gurgling stream,
Yet trends more soft than ore did midnight
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize."

And of this we experienced the truth in our communion with the bright spirits on Friday evening—four spirits in particular, each of whom might have fascinated a Plato or Diogenes, much less a susceptible being like

In our exchanges for the past week, we note a great many changes. The Prairie News comes to us considerably enlarged, and otherwise improved. It is a spicy and independent sheet, and we admire the tone of its editorials. The editor of the Southerly Star has associated with him D. B. Galley, a young man of fine talents, who has already attained considerable celebrity as a writer. The Star is already one of our best exchanges, and with the additional editorial assistance of Mr. Galley, we expect to see it rank among the first literary, as well as news and local papers in Tennessee. The Grenada Republican has been enlarged, and Mr. J. J. Williams, well known in Panola, has bought an interest in the concern. The Republican is one of the largest weeklies in Mississippi, and is well edited. From the appearance of its advertising columns we would suppose that it is well patronized. The Grenada News has been changed into "The Locomotive," which is making weekly trips, heavily laden with wholesome food for the mind.

In view of all these improvements in our country exchanges, we deem it necessary to alter the appearance of The Panola Star—whether or not the change we anticipate making will add anything to "our" good looks, we will not say ourselves, but leave it to impartial judgment of the readers of the Star. This issue concludes the first volume, and we wish to commence the second one with a new heading, etc. Although the "Star" has experienced all the vicissitudes necessarily attending a new paper, it has outlived them all, and is now pushing on with all the vigor of youth. We have received more patronage than we expected, and therefore have made many improvements that we had not thought of at first, and we will continue to improve until The Star is second to no county paper in the State. Hereafter we will publish a column or more of Agricultural matter each week, which will make the paper interesting to farmers, from whom we solicit communications for that department.

What Shall I Say?

WHAT SHALL I SAY? is the blushing ejaculation of many a youth of sixteen, as he gives a queer knock at the door, which he knows will, in a few moments open, with the magic of Aladdin's Lamp, a coterie of well-dressed ladies, who are, he imagines, every one of them, casting glances out of two fiery eyes on his awkward bow and still more awkward "opening speech." How delighted he is to find a chair, if luckily such an appendage should be unoccupied—with what pleasure he catches a glance from a sister or cousin, who extricates him from his embarrassment, by asking him if it embraced when he came in! Such are our feelings when we see two or three "loads" of papers going to the postoffice, in all the nicety of wrappers, like a belle in her newly ironed "kerchief." There they go as inanimate, and looking as unintellectual as—. They are going—where? all over the country. The question is not exactly "What shall I say?" but "What have we said?"

Yonder load, under which the office boy is staggering, is to penetrate into private families. It will meet the eye of the village lass just before she dresses for the party. She has opened it in the hope of finding a picture of the newest fashion of a head-dress. She is disappointed, and in total indifference to the rest of its contents has already begun to "cut it up" for curling her hair. How abominable to treat an editor thus! Why, Miss Betsy, you have run your scissors through our editorial column!—split our brain pan in two!! Unmerciful Miss Betsy, may your own little heart which beats high over the wreck of our mental exertions, never be out in twain by as thoughtless a pair of dancing pumps.

One of these inanimate sheets will be found by farmer Thomson, on his table, as he enters his neat little parlor after supper, ready to enjoy the luxuries of a tete-a-tete with his affectionate wife, and to read aloud to her the news. He seizes the neat little package, rips off the envelope, and rapidly surveying its contents, commences its perusal, and proceeds to "things in general," and the editorial page; he makes no remarks on the latter, but finishing for the night, he turns round to snuff the candle, and finds, to his mortification, that his wife has fallen asleep! Her knitting has dropped from her hands—her eyes are closed, and her upper story is

nodding assent to our dullness like a steeple in a gale of wind! Alas and alack! That we should put anybody to sleep—but no—tis not the paper: Mrs. Thomson, like every good wife, has been at work all day in the dairy, and has had a bad cold in the bargain. But what have we said to beauty at her toilet; labor at its evening holiday; to youth in its hour of frolicsome indifference to the cares of life; to age in its dissertations—have we said anything to injure the unsullied mind of the one, or to make the heart of the other unhappy? Our conscience answers "nothing," and we must fet the effusive mailbags depart with the conscious belief, that if we have not said all we could have wished, we have at least done our best for the entertainment of the readers of the STAR.

Egotism.

There are some things which a man can do, and some things which he cannot do for himself. For instance, he can make a fool of himself, he can marry, hang, drown or shoot himself, but we have the evidence of one of our most celebrated dentists, that "he cannot draw his own teeth." It is a very common thing for an artist to paint his own portrait—Elliott has achieved a master piece in this way.

We all know the legend of Narcissus beholding his own face in a brook, and falling in love with it. This, however, might have been a winder worth making a story out of in the olden times, but it would not do now, when every woman is in love with her own sweet face. There is in every human being an innate sense of the beautiful, but that fine instinct may, like conscience, be tutored into anything—we have an instance in every living being, in the very case before us. Every person looks in a glass, and with the natural egotism of human nature, contemplates his own face the standard of beauty. Who ever heard of a lady thinking anybody lovelier than herself! Tais belief in one's own virtue, beauty, genius and wisdom, is the sustaining chord of life. Every man is a hero in his own eyes, and every woman sees a beauty in her mirror whenever she looks into it. This is a fixed fact in philosophy. It would be a grand experiment to catch some man who had never looked at himself in a glass, and who had no idea what sort of a creature he was, and show his own dagger ready to stab a thousand to one, he would cry out, "What horrid looking creature is that?" After a time, however, he would begin to admire, and at last end in the usual self-worship. Pope's lines are equally true physically as mentally.

Violin a monster of so vile a mien,
As to be hated need but to be seen,
But when we grow familiar with his face,
We first endure—then pity—then embrace.

The same with human nature; we abominate and resent in others what we not only tolerate, but actually admire in ourselves. The old adage of "familiarity breeds contempt," is not true as applied to man's own acquaintance with himself—or it may be that it is on this very account that we live on such excellent terms with ourselves, self-knowledge being so very rare—if not altogether impossible.

RESPECT FOR AGE.—A Russian Princess of great beauty, in company with her father and a young French Marquis, visited a celebrated Swiss doctor, Michael Scuppack; when the Marquis began to pass his jokes upon the long white beard of one of the doctor's neighbors who was present, and offered to bet twelve louis d'ors that no lady present would dare to kiss the dirty old fellow. The Russian Princess ordered her attendant to bring a plate, and deposited twelve louis d'ors, and sent it to the Marquis, who was too polite to decline his stake. The fair Russian then approached the peasant, saying, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country," and embracing, gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, saying, "take this as a remembrance of me; and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."

FAT AND LEAN.—An Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to about constant practice of filling it to repletion one day, and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so he replied, "Och! sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a stroke o' fat and a stroke o' lean, equally one after t'other."

Tall Courtjag.

A tall, lively fellow, without any uncle, but after sundown a little given to lethargy, having been in love ever since he was "so iron," resolved to go to the object of his adoration, and TELL HER SO. This resolution though formed early in March, and in a very appropriate place, to wit, a sugar maple orchard, wasn't acted on till the SIXTH OF DECEMBER. At half past five of that day, (it was a cloudy day) the hour when village visiting at that season of the year commences, our hero, not a hero of two wars) knocked at, and was admitted within the door of the house of Arabella Hawkins.—Finding her at home, and alone withal, he stopped in the entry to thank his stars and take courage. Thus renewed in the outer man, he soon gained the parlor, and succeeded in taking a seat on one side of the fire place, pretty much after the manner of people in general. The Nymph, though a little under the influence of indescribable sensations, drew up a cricket and seated herself opposite. An awful pause now ensued—which, according to the Irishman's notion of things, was only terminated by our hero's falling fast asleep. This was indeed a poser—but as it was not yet six o'clock, and as no fears were entertained of his continuing in this situation through the allotted period of courtship, the circumstance was overlooked. But alas, the hours came, and departed, and still all was silence around the fire-side of Miss Hawkins. But as day dawned, and while our "lady fair" who had sat out the live long night looking like "patience on a monument, smiling at grief," was endeavoring to break away from a train of mortifying reflection, a clap of thunder came which so electrified our hero, that he sprang upon his feet, and in an agony of unimaginable confusion, imploringly exclaimed—"WHERE AM I?" to all which Miss Arabella, overcame with the thought of returning consciousness on the part of her lover and "mistaking" his explanation, for a tender enquiry after her person, very significantly replied, "HERE I AM."

A Gentle Hint.—A Yankee parson, who was not promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering his Church one Sabbath morning, and one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a dollar. "Certainly," said the parson, the same time handing over a dollar. Donnie put it into his pocket, and preached in most capital style; and on coming down handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he had borrowed it. "Why," exclaimed the lender "you have not used my money at all." "It has been of great service to me nevertheless," replied the parson. "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket." The hint was taken as it was meant and the balance of his salary was got together the following afternoon. "There is no steam without you post the coal."

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—There is a ridiculous story told of Lord Chesterfield which sets that nobleman's ideas of country life in so strong a point of view, that it deserves to be related. Walking, one day, with a friend in the street he was exceedingly annoyed by a little cur, which continued barking and biting at his heels. He bore this for some time with great patience; he sat length, turning round, and with apparent good humor, "I wish you were married Sir, and settled in the country!" Meaning of course that he would soon be quieted.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR PORK.—An ingenious attorney, who always made it a point to "get his case," was applied to by a fellow who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in verdict of "not guilty." After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court-house, whispered to his attorney thus—"Squire what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?" "Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury say you did not steal it."

A soldier flying in a battle was called to by all comrades. How canst thou be so infamous? For thy fellows witness thy disgrace, and curse thee for a coward!" "That may be," said the fugitive, "but I would rather be cursed as a living soldier than as a dead hero."

Which are the two letters in the English alphabet most disagreeable to ladies.—D K decay.

Love Lines.

I come!
To the heaven of thy arms,
To thy bosom's hidden charms;
To the kisses of thy mouth,
Sweeter than the balmy South;
To the sunshine of thy smile,
My love, I come!
I come,
With a fondness unexpressed,
To fold thee to my throbbing breast;
To press thy ruddy, parting lips,
And taste the nectar Cupid sips;
To let my words, my eyes, each touch
Tell the "I love thee"—O, how much!
Sweet love, I come!

I come!
As seeks the carrier dove his home—
His nest of love to thee I come.
On thy fair bosom I will rest—
For there alone can I be blest—
Thou'rt throbs for me a woman's heart,
In which no other has a part—
Dear one, I come!

I come!
Meet me, smiling at the door;
Welcome me as e'er I bore;
Bless me with thine earnest eyes,
Beaming brightness like the skies—
A gift I bring thee—royal, rare—
A crown of love for thee to wear,
My own sweet wife!

Help Yourself.

The custom of helping oneself has its sanction in the remotest antiquity, and has been continued down to the present day in the highest places, and by those whom it especially behooves to set example to the world. It was clearly never designed that man should regulate his conduct for the good of others, for the first lesson taught to the first of men, was to take care of himself. Had it been intended that men should study the good of each other, a number which surely have been simultaneously created for the exercise of the principle, instead of one, who, being alone, was essentially selfish. Adam was all the world to himself. With the addition of Eve, human society commenced; and the fault of our first mother furnishes a grand and terrible example of the mischief of thinking of the benefit of another. Satan suggested to her that Adam should partake of the fruit—an idea, having in it the taint of benevolence, so generally mistaken—whence sin and death came into the world. Had she been strictly selfish, she would have kept the apples to herself, and evil would have been avoided. Had Adam helped himself, he would have no stomach for helping another—and so, on his part, the evil temptation had been obviated.

The HELP YOURSELF principle has at no time been extinct in society, while it is seen to be a universal law of nature. The wolf helps him self to the lamb to the grass. No man assists another, excepting when in the relation of parent to young when Nature could not dispense with the caprice of benevolence, which in this instance he it observed, distresses the parties susceptible of the sentiment; for suckling creatures are always in poor condition. Appropriation is the great business of the universe. The institution of property is, on the other hand, artificial.

A VERY singular sort of a man sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests, he went on—"I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars. Why, you are not worth half that sum in the world," interrupted the magistrate. "Well no matter if I ain't," replied the other "it's my will that Brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to."

Large White Kidney Beans, sliced and stewed in milk, from a frequent and nutritious dish at the farm house in Flanders.

We lately saw in some of the papers, that Mr. Jacob Long (Lutein) petitioned one of the Legislatures for liberty to throw away the Long from his name, as living soldier than as a dead hero.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

THAT'S IT.—A Vermont horse jockey boasting the other day of the speed of his horse; gravely asserted that he could trot seven-fifty miles an hour. "Seventeen miles an hour," says a bystander "I guess that's a thumper." "My dear fellow," replied he of the Green Mountain, "seventeen miles an hour is nothing great for the creature now; for when he was but two years old, the LIGHTNING killed the old mare and "chased the colt all round the pasture, without getting within ten rods of him."

The movement made in New York towards erecting a monument over the grave of Edgar A. Poe, seems to be warmly seconded.

The population of Minnesota Territory is now 170,000. At the next census she will be found entitled to four or five representatives. She will soon be asking for admission into the Union.

John Adams was at one time asked by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered: "I will gladly give for that purpose, but there are here in the vicinity, six, ministers, not one of whom will preach in each others pulpit. Now, I will contribute as much and more than any one else to civilize these six clergymen."

The woodman who "spared that tree" has run short of wood and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation from the gentleman at whose request his destructiveness was stayed.

The late eccentric Dr. Abernethy, silenced a loquacious woman by the following expedition: "Put your tongue on Madam! The lady complied. "Now keep it there until I am done talking."

A young and pretty girl stopped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been engaged, but dare not stand behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened everything, and at last said "I believe you will think I am cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair."

"Well, whispered the lady, blushing, as she hid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

New Advertisements.

Here's the Place to get Your Money Back!

BOOTS! BOOTS!!! BOOTS!!!
I HAVE just returned from Memphis with a well selected stock of LEATHER, and am now prepared to make BOOTS on the shortest notice, and at moderate prices. Terms CASH.
J. C. MURPHY,
52-ly shop under Star office.

Jailer's Notice.

WAS Committed to the jail of Panola County, Miss., on the 18th day of January, 1857, a negro man of dark complexion, about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, weighs about 140 or 150 pounds, 26 or 27 years old. Kerssey coat and pants, good boots and an old black silk hat.—He calls his name Andrew, and says he belongs to Buck Avant, of Oxford Lafayette County, Miss. The owner is hereby commanded to come forward, prove property pay charges and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.
J. S. COLEMAN, Jailor.

to,
nt-
ia
H
ws.
rs

Ambrotypes, Ambragraphs
AND
SPHEREOTYPES!
Wm. S. Judd,
Artist and Silversmith.
HAS OCCUPIED ROOMS AT THE PANOLA HOTEL (Jones') where he will remain for a few days, and would be pleased to TAKE PICTURES of all who desire them.
Also—CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY of all kinds, neatly repaired and warranted.
Jan. 14, 1857.

M. S. Ward,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Panola, Miss.