

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY THOMAS B. PALMER...

Terms of Advertising... One line for the first insertion... for each additional insertion...

Customers & the Public generally... have just received, direct from New York, a splendid assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MERCHANDISE...

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FRESH SUPPLY... The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has received direct from New York, a handsome and well selected supply of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS...

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE... Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, I, the Honorable Probate Court of Jefferson County, at the November Term, 1836, on the estate of Doctor EDWARD LEE, dec'd...

NOTICE... J. JAMES J. COLLIER is appointed agent to settle the business of the late Mrs. MARGARETTA TIERE, late MONTGOMERY viz: to receive and audit accounts due her and to pay all accounts due by her.

NOTICE... To sell all her HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE either by public or private sale. ANDREW MONTGOMERY. March 21, 1837.

TAKE NOTICE... Having sold my stock of Drugs and Medicines to Messrs. T. G. Compton & Co. I must earnestly solicit all persons having upon accounts with me for the last and present years, to come forward and close them. GEORGE B. BAYLY. October 25, 1836.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE... The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the Probate Court of Jefferson County, to receive and audit claims against the estate of David N. Williams, deceased, and to report on the fourth Saturday in each month, for six months successively, at Jno. Steele's, JO. DUNBAR, JAMES WOOD, Commrs. ROB. Y. WOOD. March 7, 1837.

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Dr. Williams... HAS removed his office to one of the rooms over T. G. Compton's Drug Store, where he may be found at all times, unless absent on business. Rodney, July 11, 1837.

Dr. T. H. FOX... OFFERS his services to the inhabitants of Rodney and its vicinity, in the various branches of his profession. His office is on Commerce street in the Drug Store of Dr. Burbridge, where he will at all times be found when not professionally engaged. May 9, 1837.

Harrodsburg Springs... THERE have been twelve large two story family cottages added to this watering establishment since last summer, which renders it the most extensive of any in the United States. The proprietor offers the gay portion of his visitors that the music and dancing will, for the future, be free of charge, and that board will be at family prices.

Harrodsburg Springs... Paper upon the solvent banks of the States in which visitors may reside, whether of Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama or Tennessee, will be taken at par.

Harrodsburg, Ky, June 27, 1837. 20... The Advertiser and Gazette, Louisville, Observer and Intelligence, Lexington, Paris Citizen, Georgetown Sentinel, Bardstown Advocate, Dunbar and Republican, Nashville, Huntsville Advocate, Rodney Telegraph, Vicksburg Register, Courier and Free Trader, Natchez, St. Francisville Journal, Baton Rouge Gazette, and the Bulletin and True American, New Orleans, are requested to publish the above to the amount of \$ and charge this office. Louisville Journal.

REMOVAL... THE Store of YOE & DAVENPORT has been removed to the new building lately erected by George Overaker, one door below the south-west corner of Commerce street. Rodney, April 11, 1837.

Fresh Arrival... STUART & SMITH, HAVE just received, and are now opening, an assortment of STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, adapted to the season, to wit: Superior black Merinos, do Silk Huddles (of various colors), Fine Italian Sewing Silk, (assorted) Black Silk Velvet, (a beautiful article), Thread Lace and Edgings, Black striped Chalis, Mourning Muslin, &c.

Yoe & Davenport... Together with a very fine assortment of Ladies' Fancy Dress Hatters, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. We have also on hand a lot of PALM LEAF HATS, Rodney, April 11, 1837.

Yoe & Davenport... BEG leave to inform the public that they are still in Rodney, and are now opening, a superior assortment of GOODS, of every description, adapted to the season and the market, viz: Spring and Summer Clothing, Staple and fancy Dry Goods, of the latest fashion and most approved style, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Saddlery, Queens, Glass & Hardware, Cutlery, &c. &c.

Yoe & Davenport... They have likewise a large lot of GOOD PAPER on hand, which they are anxious to dispose of for cash only. Having heretofore received a liberal share of patronage, they feel desirous of having it continued, and guarantee that all those who confide in them shall not be disappointed. Rodney, April 11, 1837.

15,000 ACRES OF LAND, AND 75 NEGROES, FOR SALE... THE subscribers propose selling fifteen thousand acres very superior level COTTON LANDS, situated on the bank of navigation, entirely free from inundation. Growth, highland dogwood, red-bud, sassafras, hickory, walnut, locust, boxelder, holly, gum, &c. and very large cane.

75 LIKELY YOUNG NEGROES, now upon the land. Possession given immediately. Credit 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. For a more particular description of the above property, and for terms apply to either of the owners. G. GIBSON, N. WILSON. April 11, 1837.

NOTICE... ALL persons indebted to the firm of WILSON and ALLISON, A. SWYER, or ALLISON and SWYER, are hereby requested to come forward immediately and settle their accounts with the undersigned, who is alone authorized to receive and receipt for the same, as he is desirous that the business should be closed as soon as possible. JAMES ALLISON Rodney, Sept. 8, 1836.

POETRY... THE ROSE FOR THE DEAD. BY MISS MOOREHEAD. I pluck'd a rose for thee, sweet friend, Thine ever favorite flower, And bud I long had nursed for thee, Within my wintry bower; I group'd it with the fragrant leaves That on the myrtle grow, And tied it with a silken string Of soft, cerulean blue.

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proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the subdity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scoticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little, whether in the field or drawing room—with the mob or leech—wearing the jacobin's miter or the iron crown—hauling a Breguet, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gullies of Leipzig—he was still the same military despot!

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is there her ambition strives for empire— if she there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pang; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupations, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure—if the scene of his disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, secluded, and a meditated life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? If unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and assailed, and abandoned, and left desolate. With her, the desire of the heart has failed; the great charin of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "until her feeble frame sinks under the slightest external injury." Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over an untimely grave, & wondering that one who had but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low; but few know of the mental melody that previously apped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the despoiler. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale!—how many lovely forms fade into the tomb, victims of blasted hopes and withered joys!

Woman is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove—graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm praying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering where it should be most luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf after leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls, even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunder-bolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of woman thus disappearing gradually from the earth, and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, and melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. The canker-worm of grief grows slowly, but alas! too surely upon the heart of its devoted victim. Its ravages are unnoticed by the casual observer, but the keen and discerning human mind—that most mysterious emanation from the creative powers of the Almighty—discovers, in the half-checked sigh, the oft-starting tear, the heavy cloud of sorrow casting its shadows upon the brow, the occasional lapse into melancholy, and anon the forced and unnatural bursts of apparently high spirits, sure tokens of that mental consumption which bids defiance to the life-reviving powers of medicine, to the utmost care and skill of the ablest physician. We, then, be to that man who trades with the human heart as if it were a thing of light import—who having sought till he obtained the "answering look of love from woman's eye," that undeniable proof of the return of affection, cast aside as valueless the heart he then knows to be his own! No word of reproach from the injured one may assail his ear, and this absence of reproach from-without, may lull the accusations of his inward monitor, but he may rest assured that, in the eyes of God, he is regarded as a murderer. His strict tables of justice admit not of the palliations that a man will conjure up in his own eyes; and this he will feel when reason, asserting her sway over his passions, convince him of the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. He will then seek to hide his very head for shame. But his remorse is now in vain for her whom death has already secured as his prize; no earthly power can re-animate the heart now cold in the grave, and the conviction that she is forever beyond the reach of reparation, embitters reflection to the last moment of his existence.

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