

The Trade SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

Volume 4.

RODNEY, (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 17, 1837.

No. 31.--Whole No. 190.

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY THOMAS H. PALMER.

At FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, of SIX at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than one year.

Terms of Advertising. Per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, One Dollar; for each additional insertion, Fifty Cents.

Longer ones, ten cents per line for the first, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

To those who advertise by the year, a liberal discount will be made.

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH. [Adopted by a Convention of Editors.]

Subscription.—Persons discontinuing their paper before the expiration of the year, must pay up at the time of their discontinuance, or they will be charged with the whole year.

Advertisements containing ten lines or less, inserted for \$1, and 50 cents for each insertion thereafter—longer ones, ten cents per line for the first, and half price for each subsequent insertion.

The number of insertions required, must be marked on the advertisement, otherwise they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Advertisements from a distance must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference in town; and none will be copied from other papers in another State, the insertions of which do not amount to five dollars.

Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of \$2 for every ten lines for each insertion.

Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements, and at the same rates.

Obituary Notices exceeding 20 lines, chargeable as advertisements.

Announcing candidates.—For State offices, \$10—for county offices, \$5 each.

Yearly Advertising. For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure, once a week, \$50. No contract in either case taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly.

The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them, must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements. 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12; 30 do do do 6 months, 20; 40 do do do 12 months, 30. All Job Work must be paid for on delivery.

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

Notice is therefore, hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to come forward, without delay, and make payment, and all those having claims against the estate are requested to present them within the time prescribed by law or they will be barred.

J. B. WARREN, Adm'r. Dec. 27, 1833. 46—4f

PROSPECTUS OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY HERALD.

A JOURNAL of Public Literature Science, Gen. Intelligence, Morals and Religion: To be published in the City of Natchez, Mississippi, every Saturday morning should sufficient encouragement be given to warrant the undertaking.

An Association of gentlemen propose publishing on the first Saturday in September next, a Literary Moral and Religious Journal, pledged to no party in politics, and standing on common ground in regard to sectarianism in religion.

The supervision of the publication will be entrusted to a gentleman of experience in this department of Literature, who will be assisted by regular correspondents of the highest character for critical taste and intellectual polish.

It will be the endeavor of all concerned in the publication to render it a useful medium for the diffusion of Literary and Religious information, and a journal of such events as may be alike interesting to Christians and Philanthropists, as well as to the scholar and gentleman of literary or scientific leisure; and its columns will ever be open for the gratuitous insertion of all charitable, religious or literary notices—giving to Education, Morals and Religion, a constant and energetic support.

Believing that a Journal free from sectarian and partisan controversy, and setting forth the great and leading truths of utility and moral improvement, is not only calculated to reflect honor upon the community, as an index of the value attached to intellectual effort and moral culture, but that it is also well adapted to subserve the best interests of a people, by keeping a true mirror of passing events constantly before the public, the Association feel justified in soliciting support from individuals of every class and denomination in society.

The Southern Literary Herald will be printed on fine royal and super-royal paper with fair type, and delivered to subscribers for Five Dollars a year, payable in every case, in advance—the proprietors pledging themselves that the publication will not be abandoned before the end of the year, however limited may be the support, if it is once commenced.

H. H. HOLTON; Agent. Dec. 22, 1837. 25—

S. W. CAZET & CO. HAVING made all the requisite arrangements, are now fully prepared to receive

Consignments of Cotton, and attend to its sale.

Consignments to them will be covered by open policies of insurance for river risks and against fire while on storage in this city, and charged at the customary rates.

A supply of RALE ROPE, BAGGING & TWINE, kept constantly on hand. New Orleans, August 29, 1837. 29-3m

To our Customers & the public generally. WE have just received, direct from New York, a splendid assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER MERCHANDIZE, of which the following is a part—

3-4, 7-8, and 4-4 Lowell Cottons, Brown & bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Irish Linen,

Linen Shirtings and Diaper, A beautiful assortment of Prints, Silks, (plain and figured)

Muslins, Cambrics, Capes, Collars, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Laces,

Edgings, Hosiery, Bonnets, &c. &c. To which we invite the attention of the Ladies particularly.

—ALSO— A handsome lot of Jewelry, just rec'd

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GLASS, WARE, QUEENSWARE, AND GROCERIES—

A splendid Stock of SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c. &c. &c. To which we call the attention of the gentleman and promise to please them.

FAUVER & FARNSWORTH. April 4, 1837. 8-4f

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, Comprising Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

SPRING & SUMMER Clothing, A SUPERIOR LOT OF HARDWARE,

Also—A few fine Double-barrelled GUNS, which, added to his former stock, makes his assortment very complete.

He respectfully invites purchasers to call and examine his stock. J. A. MONTGOMERY. Rodney, March 28, 1837. 7-4f

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. 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. 9-4f

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 Hhulks (of various colors),

Fine Italian Sewing Silk, (assorted) Black Silk Velvet, (a beautiful article,) Thread Lace and Edgings, Black striped Chablis, Mourning Muslin, &c.

Together with a very fine assortment of Ladies' Fancy Dress Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. We have also on hand a lot of PALM LEAF HATS. Rodney, April 11, 1837. 9-4f

RUNAWAY IN JAIL. WAS committed to the jail of this county on the 5th instant.

A MULATTO BOY, NAMED JOHN, about 22 years of age, and says he belongs to Thomas Grafion, living in Madison county, Mississippi.

The owner is requested to comply with the law, and take him away. HENRY TERRELL, Jailor. Jefferson county, May 16, 1837. 14

NOTICE. HAVING purchased the stock of goods belonging to Mr John A. Watkins, of this place, we are now prepared to offer to the public, a complete and general assortment of

GOODS in our line, all of which are new and fresh, having been chiefly purchased last Spring and Fall.

We would respectfully solicit a call from purchasers, and pledge ourselves to sell low for cash, and on reasonable terms to good and punctual customers. HENDERSON & HILL.

We have now on hand a superior lot of GROCERIES AND LIQUORS CONSISTING OF

Leaf & Havana Sugar, New Orleans do Molasses, Coffee, Rice &c. Madeira Wine in Bvttles Old Port do do Cordials Assorted

Best Champagne Brandy Cogniac do Old Rectified Whiskey all which we will sell low for cash. HENDERSON & HILL. Rodney, July 11, 1837. 22-4f

Notice. THE undersigned having purchased the entire STOCK OF GOODS,

formerly owned by Messrs. Lape & Snyder, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has now on hand,

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, suitable for the season.

He hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a liberal portion of public patronage. ALEX'R H. WILSON. Rodney, June 13, 1837 18

YOE & DAVENPORT HAVE just received, and offer for sale, a lot of

Greeries, consisting in part of, SUGAR, COFFEE, RICE, SALT, SOAP, CANDLES, MACKEREL, HER-RING, &c. &c.

—ALSO— A beautiful lot of SUMMER CLOTHING. To punctual customers, good bargains may be obtained by calling upon us. Rodney, March 28, 1837. 7-4f

Notice. THE Partnership heretofore existing in this city under the firm of BULLITT, SHIPP & Co., and in Natchez, of SHIPP, FERRIDAY & Co., was dissolved on the 2d current by limitation. All persons indebted to, or those having claims against either of these establishments, will present them in New Orleans, to Bonnet, Ferridays & Co., and in Natchez, to W. & R. Ferriday & Co., who are duly authorized to receive and pay the same.

The signatures of the old establishment will be used for the purposes of liquidation only, by Henry L. Bennett, New Orleans and William Ferriday, Natchez, or their authorized attorneys. HENRY L. BENNETT, WILLIAM FERRIDAY, Surviving partners of the firm of Bullitt, Shipp & Co. and Shipp, Ferriday & Co. New Orleans, July 3, 1827.

THE business hitherto carried on by the above, will be continued by the subscribers, in this city, under the firm of

BENNETT, FERRIDAYS & Co. AND IN NATCHEZ, OF W. & R. FERRIDAY & Co., who have entered into partnership for that purpose. HENRY L. BENNETT, WM. FERRIDAY, ROBT. FERRIDAY, JOS. C. FERRIDAY, S. W. WATERS. New Orleans, July 31, 1837.

COPARTNERSHIP. THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have entered into a Copartnership for the purpose of transacting the mercantile business in the towns of Rodney, Jefferson county, and Sharon, Madison county, Mississippi.

The Business will be conducted in Rodney, under the firm of Griffing, Carothers & Co., and in Sharon, under the firm of Carothers, Griffing, & Co. JASPER D. GRIFFING, THOS. CAROTHERS, KINSMAN DIVINE, CALEB S. BROWN Dec. 13, 1833. 44—4f

TO THE PUBLIC. NOTICE is hereby given, to all persons crossing at the Ferry opposite Rodney, to make payment at the time of their crossing; and hereafter there shall be no credit whatever allowed for ferriage. MARY TULLIS. January 24, 1836. 50—4f



POETRY.

THE BLISS OF HOME.

BY TH. H. SHREVE.

Mine be the joy which gleams around The hearth where pure affections dwell— Where love enobled in smiles is found, And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitement's whirl, Where pleasure wears her tinsel crown, And Passion's billows upward curl, 'Neath Hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from Heaven above, Is bliss which brightly hallows home; 'Tis sunlight to the world of love, And life's pure wine without its foam.

There is a sympathy of heart Which concentrates the social shrine, Robs grief of gloom and doth impart A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye, Which o'er Affection sleepless tends— It gives deep pathos to the sigh Which anguish from the bosom rends—

It plays around the smiling lip, When Love bestows the greeting kiss, And sparkles in each eye we sip, Round the domestic board of bliss!

Let others seek in wealth or fame, A splendid path whereon to tread— I'd rather wear a lowlier name, With love's enchantments round me shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave, And wealth can never calm the breast— But Love, a balm on Life's wave, Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

BY J. R. R. GARDNER.

They were seated in a rich and shady arbor, over which the creeping vines wandered in every variety of curve, suspending large clusters of their precious fruits, while the atmosphere was laden with the mellow fragrance of the gorgeous plants which grew in wild untroubled luxuriance about the shadowy retreat. The fading light of day yet lingered and gave a rosy hue to the face of the maid who sat therein, as she regarded with mournful tenderness the youth seated at her side.

"Nay, Quintin," said she, "say not so; it is feeling that actuates me—it is feeling which prompts me to say—it must not be. Had I not feeling for my father, do you believe that I would act contrary to my own desires?—or would cause your unhappiness?"

"Is this your love?" said the other, with a tone of freeness. "Methinks it cannot be a very ardent flame when it is so easily extinguished by the prevailing and obstinate tyranny of a—"

"Stay your words," interrupted she as she laid her delicate hand tenderly on his lips. "You will respect the father if you esteem his child."

The noble mind of the youth was struck with the reproof, and although it was adverse to his desires, her filial obedience told of so much pure and holy excellence, that he instantly made repARATION.

"Forgive me, dearest," he entreated; "I spoke hastily and unworthy of myself. But your words have crazed my soul, which builds its happiness on the possession of you. It may not be that I shall be your husband; oh, promise me that no other shall!"

"I would fain do so," sighed the afflicted virgin, "but if father commands, can I disobey? I have had no mother's care since childhood, but I have scarce felt the loss; he has thrown by the coldness of a man, and been a very woman in his affection for me. Shall I repay his kindness with ingratitude? Alas! Quintin, if he tells me to love another, I cannot do so; but if he bids me wed, Quintin, you would not censure me?"

The expiring ray of the setting sun fell on her features as she earnestly gazed upon her lover.

"Al!" cried the youth with a sudden start, as he struck his hand upon his brow, "why that blush, that agitation! Deceive me not, Eliza—you are not supposing a case. This has already happened. I see it all. He has selected a bridegroom."

The maid sank her head upon her bosom, and through her straggling tress she sobbed— "Quintin, thou hast said it."

Desperate was the conflict in the bosom of the youth as he sat like one in a trance—his eyes fixed on hers, which, like the sun breaking through the clouds of the passing storm, gleamed from under their dripping lashes, and soon he dreamed he saw the rainbow of hope.

"Who is my rival?" he asked with voice scarcely audible.

"Van Deg," she answered sorrowfully. "Do you love him, Eliza?"

"How can you ask?"

"Will you marry him?"

"My father's happiness is dearer to me than my own. Thank you I would willingly sacrifice it!"

"But why Van Deg?"

"Because he excels in my father's art."

"Alas!" cried the despairing lover, "why had I not been a painter?"

The bed of Quintin was one of those, as he threw himself on it and yielded to his agony of thought.

How vain, yet how ardently he had loved; how industrious he had labored to procure her attachment, and just when he had achieved the victory over her conflicting heart, all that he struggled for was lost, not lost—he could bear the thoughts of her death—he could weep over her grave—he could nurse the vegetation above it—he could—but to think that the prize must be torn from him to be given to another's embrace, there was madness in it.

And then Van Deg, that rough, haughty, distant man, how unworthy was he to possess a jewel of such value—how unfit to nurture such a tender plant—how unsuitable his unsocial spirit for the angel who needed some congenial soul to ensure her felicity.

Will she not droop, wither, die in the cold atmosphere about her? he asked him self, when at length exhausted nature yielded to weariness, and fell asleep.

The mind, though yielded not to the fatigue of the body; on the contrary, it seemed more filled with life. He imagined himself in the street. The bells rang, the people shouted, and gay equipages passed by. It was a day of public rejoicing, for Eliza, the daughter of Algiva, was to wed Van Deg—the nation's favorite, the celebrated painter. People recounted the scenes he had delineated, and lauded the artist to the skies. All this grated on the mind of the dreamer, but he trembled, and the cold perspiration gathered on his forehead as the nuptial cavalcade approached; they halted at the chapel, and the groom conducted the bride, all pale and trembling to the altar; he looked up the aisle, when as the father was about giving his love away, he rushed up and seized her; she shrieked and fell dead in his embrace; her relations and the priest all gazed in horror; he raised his eyes, saw the misery in their countenances, and as his face fell full upon his lovely burden, he expired—and at the same moment awoke. Still the forms were before his eyes, fresh in his recollection as if he had beheld the awful scene by the noon-day sun. Impelled by an unaccountable impulse, he arose, and lighted his lamp, and taking a coal from the extinguished embers in his chimney, he commenced the portraiture of the group upon the wall; as he drew each face, each lineament, he recoiled in surprise as their perfect resemblance to the individuals became more and more impressed upon him. As he concluded the outline he beheld in it a faithful transfer of his dream, wanting nothing but the variety of color. A thousand thoughts darted through his brain; he was wild and wandering—he flung himself on his bed, and when he next awoke the rays of the risen sun gilded his apartment.

His first object was to seek the picture, and he trembled lest it had all been a dream; but there it stood as if executed by magic power.

"If this be the result of an effort in charcoal," cried he, striking his breast in a delirium of joy, "what might I not effect with other means? what might be my reward?"

As daylight sought its slumbers in the bosom of night, the lovers were again together.

"I am long wrong," murmured Eliza, "in meeting you again, since I am an affianced bride. This night must be our last. It is a sad thing to part with those we love; yet I act as virtue dictates, and we must meet no more as—"

"Say not that we must meet no more as lovers! Say that we shall meet no more; that will be sufficiently severe, for Eliza, could we meet but to love—no upward fate, which so cruelly divides us?"

"I must away," said the girl; "if Quintin's affection is pure, he will condemn me for tarrying."

"Farewell, then, sweetest! If I lose thee, I will wander to some distant clime, and strive to bury my regret in new scenes and amid new companions."

He imparted a kiss on her willing lips. He watched her retiring form as it appeared and disappeared amid the foliage at intervals, till it was lost to his anxious view—then turned slowly and sadly away.

Never did father love his daughter with more fondness than Algiva his child Eliza. Her goal was his great aim; and as he was an enthusiast in the art of the pencil, he deemed that one of that profession would be the most worthy of his child. These two passions of his soul mingled together in such a manner they became but one. He considered the canvass as a lasting monument for genius, and that he would best consecrate his daughter's happiness by uniting her to one who would be alive to all posterity by his works.

Van Deg had been therefore selected, as he was the head of his country, and the figures of his creation wanted nothing but motion to make them such as their originals. Besides, he was wealthy, and would add to the affluence of the family. Finally, his daughter was not old enough to judge for herself; and though she had confessed that she was prejudiced against her proposed husband, a few years of conjugal intercourse would overcome that, and she would ultimately be benefited.

Just as he was at this point of reflection on the ensuing day, a letter-carrier entered his apartment and handed him a letter, saying he would wait without for an answer, and had been bound by an oath not to disclose who had commissioned him to deliver the communication.

Algiva was astonished at these words, and as soon as the other retired, broke the seal and read—

"If the parent considered the daughter's happiness, would he not seek from her if she does not love another? I think she does. But if Van Deg is to possess the fair being, may I be mistaken? May her marriage to

the man of your choice hurry her to another world! Her obedience causes her to submit. I lay claim to her affections; but with these do not pretend to alter your determination. You have the reputation of patronizing merit as it appears in painting. Defer the nuptials to this day twelve months, and let Van Deg on that day place his chief d'œuvre on the left of the altar. If the one which appears on the right does not tell of a more skillful master, I abide the result. If it does, then it is but fair to leave to your daughter the privilege of choosing her partner from the two."

The father was delighted with this proposition, as it suggested a trial of skill in his favorite study. He accordingly returned word of his acceptance of terms, and notified Van Deg thereof.

A year passed away, during which the lovers never met. Eliza had lost sight of Quintin, and in answer to her inquiries concerning him, all she had been able to learn was, that shortly after their last interview, he had left the city, and gone, no one knew whither.

The day was now arrived when she was to become a wife. Sad to her were the kind offices of the bride's-maid who assisted at her toilet; yet she sustained a smile upon her face, although her soul was weighed down by grief.

The chapel was thronged by people anxious to view the ceremony, and as the bride, richly clad, was led to the altar by her father, the latter announced that her hand was to be bestowed on the artist whose skill was the most undeniable, to be determined by the merit of the pictures which stood veiled on either side of the altar. Van Deg glanced triumphantly around at this proclamation, and smiling to the picture he had painted, he uncurtained it to their view.

A burst of applause rose from the audience as he did so—and well merited was that cry of approbation.

The scene of the piece was the chapel in which they stood, and the whole represented to life. There was the priest all but breathing, while the bride and groom, and their friends, appeared as if in the full flush of joy.

Algiva was about to speak in raptures of the performance, when suddenly the other curtain was drawn aside, and a cry of horror burst from the multitude as they pressed forward to behold! Van Deg gazed breathless in wonder, and Algiva uttered a wild shriek of despair—"My daughter!" It was the delineation of Quintin's dream; each countenance in the picture was easy to recognize, except that of the youth which was buried in the bosom of the bride. But even with wondering eyes, they had fully scanned all, it was thrust aside and another appeared in its place. This represented a lovely arbor in which Algiva was advanced in age, dandling a beautiful infant on his knee, which bore an expression in its face of Eliza, who sat on an opposite seat with her head resting on the bosom of a young man, whose arm encircled her waist.

Every one was charmed and delighted beyond measure; and as they beheld the youth they recognized him in a moment, and every tongue cried—

"The blacksmith!"

"Blacksmith no more!" said Quintin, stepping from behind the canvass, "but the artist, who demands his reward!"

It is unnecessary to say more than that genius was rewarded; and to the happy husband, Quintin Moberg, once blacksmith of Antwerp, the world owes some of its finest relics of art, and among the rest, the inimitable painting of "The Misers," now at Windsor Castle.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD. The following beautiful and eloquent extract is from the "Village Grave Yard"—written by the Rev. Mr Greenwood, of Boston.

"I never slum a grave yard. The melancholy thoughts of which it impresses, are grateful rather than disagreeable to me.— It gives me pain to tread on the green turf of that mansion whose chambers I must occupy so soon; and I often wander from choice to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there; but the filly, the bustle, the vapidity, the pretensions, the pride of humanity, are gone. Mourners there; but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still. Malvolence has lost its power of learning; appetite is satiated. Ambition lies low, and lust is cold; and her done saving; all disputes are ended, and rivalry is over; the bitter animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thickly piled clouds in the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the arch-angel, and the voice of God."

The bad effects of the excessive use of ardent spirits may be seen in the tettering step and attenuated forms of those who indulge in this vice. Other liquors, however mischievous in their abuse, for a time at least are not so destructive to every thing like manly beauty and strength, but the drinker of spiritus comes feeble and haggard in his looks; his countenance is marked with blotches of the deepest red upon a skin of cadaverous whiteness, and tells the world of his infamy by the wretchedness of his appearance. He becomes a spectacle at which every one gazes with contempt, and is avoided as something unwholesome.

A gentleman of our acquaintance has received orders from a friend at the West for fourteen "good healthy girls," to each of whom he guarantees a likely young husband. Applications may be made at his office.—Salem Mercury.