

RODNEY STANDARD.

"HE THAT WILL NOT REASON, IS A BIGOT; HE THAT CANNOT, IS A FOOL; AND HE THAT DARE NOT, IS A SLAVE."

RODNEY, (Miss.), TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1837.

Volume 1.

The Rodney Standard, PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY JOHN M. DUFFIELD.

Five Dollars per year, in advance, or one dollar for each additional insertion.

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OF THE MISSISSIPPI PRESS.

Persons discontinuing before the expiration of the year, will be charged with the whole.

Advertisements containing ten lines or less, will be charged for \$1, and 50 cents for each line thereafter.

Advertisements exceeding 20 lines, will be charged at the rate of \$2 for ten lines for each insertion.

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

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NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are now receiving a splendid assortment of

FANCY GOODS, SUMMER CLOTHING, SADDLERY BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENSWARE, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, and JEWELRY.

Together with an assortment of MEDICINES & BOOKS, all of which were carefully selected in New York by one of the firm. The public are invited to give us a call.

GRIFING, CAROTHERS & Co. March 28, 1837. 7-y

S. W. OAKLEY & 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 BALE 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 Merchandise,

of which the following is a part—3-4, 7-8, and 4-1 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 received

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GLASS, WARE, QUEENSWARE, AND GROCERIES—Asplen lid Stock of SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING,

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

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

FRESH SUPPLY.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just 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-f

Prospectus.

THE office of the Southern Telegraph has passed into the hands of the subscriber.

I have seen fit, for many reasons, one of which is the prevention of confusion in accounts to change the name of the paper formerly issued from this press. It will henceforth be styled the RODNEY STANDARD.

In assuming the control of a newspaper—which shall be devoted to the interests of Jefferson county—I pledge myself to conduct it with but little, if any, variation from the political tenets of the Telegraph, and the majority of its supporters.

I believe that the principal acts of the past and present Administrations were and are unwise and hurtful. I believe that the rights of the States should be jealously guarded, that the barrier of a nation's anger should be erected against intruders upon the Constitution and laws, and that it behooves all men who love the Republic, to be firm, vigilant, and active, in the protection of her interests.



From the New York Mirror. TO MARY.

My feet have strayed through other lands, Across the heaving sea; Unbound, unchain'd by earthly bands, I've wandered far and free.

Midst desert plain or hall of pride, Where'er my footsteps roam, My lonely heart hath ever sighed For home, and only home!

Oh! many an eye flashed on me bright, And fair each radiant smile; I saw the wealth—the beam—the light, Of a dazzling world of guile.

It was my temple, pure and high, Where I had reared a shrine Of early dreams—by memory Held sacred and divine.

And there, enshrined in thoughts that burned, Mine idol dwelt alone, What marvel that my spirit yearned For home—and only home!

Oh! many an eye flashed on me bright, And fair each radiant smile; I saw the wealth—the beam—the light, Of a dazzling world of guile.

I sought thy pure and gentle ray, Oh! lov'd of memory! And turned from a cold world away To thee—and only thee!

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

Antonio Jomelli was the best artist of his profession in Naples. He was a worker in bronze, a department of the arts for which the Italians have been long celebrated.

Antonio's skill had obtained him reputation and abundance of employment, and from his workshop had issued the greater number of the candelabras and other metallic ornaments to be found in the palaces of Naples.

The bronze-worker had grown rich by his occupation, but the usual concomitant of riches, pride, he had eschewed. He still labored away at his trade, with his own hands, confining his personal attention to the finer and more difficult articles which he was required to fabricate, while men in his employ manufactured, in a large and separate workshop, the common articles of the trade.

One evening, as Antonio sat alone in the little apartment where he pursued his labors, he was informed that a lady wished to speak with him. He desired her to be admitted immediately. The visitor was a female of tall and stately form and carriage, with a dark thick veil thrown over her head and face, so as to prevent the bronze-worker from discerning the features beneath.

The lady, for such her dress betokened her to be, did not speak until the servant who had admitted her had left the room for some moments. Turning then her glance from the door to Jomelli, and seating herself in the chair which he had placed for her, she said in a voice which her hearer thought the most sweet and melodious that had ever fallen upon his ear, but which seemed strangely agitated, considering the common place matter which it uttered:

"You work in bronze—you can make bronze ornaments of all kinds. Is it so?" "It is lady," replied the artisan; "and I shall be proud to execute any thing of that nature for you."

"Yes, yes," said the lady, "I wish a piece of work done. I have a statue of great value—the statue of a conqueror and king—done by the hand of a first rate sculptor. It is perfect in every respect but one—it wants a chaplet of flowers to adorn its temples; and this is what I wish you to make for it."

"Is the statue of bronze, madam?" was the artist's question. "No," replied the lady, "it is of white marble, and you must paint the chaplet of that color when you have made it."

morrow, and shall pay you what you will for it. Remember what I have said, heavy, and set with spikes."

With these words the lady departed, leaving on Jomelli's mind the impression that fanciful as many of his former employers had been, this new one was the most flighty of all.

On the evening following that on which this singular order was given to the artist Jomelli, all the grandes and fashionables of Naples, and not a small part of the populace, were on the move toward the splendid theatre of San Carlos. A piece of great interest was to be performed, and the prima donna, who was young and beautiful, was the exquisite vocalist Signora Marina.

The lady had but lately been appointed to take the part of chief singer, and had therefore superseded one who had formerly been acknowledged superior, Madame Gambrieci. Considering the comparative humiliation which Madame Gambrieci had endured in the eyes of the Neapolitans, it was not to be supposed that she would on the present occasion, make her appearance in the house.

But few knew the real character of their former favorite. To the astonishment, and we should add delight of the audience, Gambrieci attended, as if for the purpose of acknowledging the merits and gracing the triumph of the inimitable Marina. She appeared in the most conspicuous part of the theatre—the front corner of the upper box overhanging the stage.

Before the opera commenced, the audience called out the name of their former favorite, Gambrieci, and cheered her for her seeming freedom from jealousy, in being present on such an occasion. The object of their attention, however, appeared to be abashed by the plaudits she had raised, and moved not a muscle in reply; but, half covered by her veil, sat with her eye fixed on the stage.

The piece at length commenced, the young prima donna appeared, and the cheers were long and loud. Marina had not been overpraised, either as regarded her person or performance. Every step which she took across the stage elicited admiration, for her movements were like those of a sylph; every note which she uttered drew forth applause, for her voice was sweet and strong as Philomel's. In every song of the piece she was successful, but attention and expectation were chiefly riveted upon one song, once Gambrieci's master-piece. Marina at length reached this part of the opera; she was then alone upon the stage. She sang the first verse, and the audience were in raptures.

She sang the second and crowns of flowers were scattered upon the stage, while even Gambrieci was seen by the audience to applaud. She sang the third and last, and, in doing so, chanced to stand immediately below Gambrieci's box. To the delight of the spectators, Gambrieci rose at that moment with a large crown of flowers, and, waving it in the air, threw it down on young Marina's head.

The crown bounded from the singer's brow and rolled along the stage, while Marina herself fell prostrate on the boards. She gave one scream, and never spoke again. The flower covered crown or chaplet was the heavy bronze one made by Jomelli, and one of the spikes had entered the victim's brain!

It would be impossible to describe the confusion, the horror, the execrations that ensued. Gambrieci having gratified her malignant revenge, seemed contented that she should pay for it with her life. She had slain her rival, the unfortunate Marina, and was satisfied. Looking around her with calm and reckless indifference, she did not make the slightest attempt to escape, and was forthwith seized and speedily brought to justice. Antonio Jomelli was confronted with her for form's sake, and avowed having made for the fatal wreath. It has only to be added, that she did not die on the scaffold, but ended her existence by poison, in the prison where she was confined.

From 'Fashionable Society and Families in Italy.'

A ROMANTIC AND SINGULAR STORY.

During the last winter, many blooming English beauties graced the salons of the Duchess Torlonia, among whom the universal vote gave the first place to the very beautiful and not less accomplished Princess Sulmona, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and wife of Don Marc Antonio Borghese, Prince of Sulmona, the envied husband of the finest woman in Rome.

Lord Stuart Rothsay's lovely daughter also excited universal admiration. But the list of beauty is too long, and I shall content myself with alluding to one more likely soon to rank among the Roman Dames, Miss —, whom her large fortune, interesting appearance, and marked and well received attentions of a Noble Roman Duke, rendered a subject of universal conversation in the Roman and English circles.

The story of her admirer, the Duke of —, is as interesting and as marvellous as ever was that of any hero of romance. He is, all the world [I mean to say Roman world] knows, descended from the celebrated Sforza, Duke of Milan; but is in the fashionable world still more remarkable as the son of the late Duchess of —, so celebrated for her beauty and caprices, which last have entailed so much misfortune on the present Duke, her second son. It is no less creditable to true; that this noble lady and her husband were soiled away, by an extravagant affection for their eldest son, that they came to a determination, a sort of private convention, to remove every future son from the family on the instant of its birth, in order that the entire estates and titles might come undivided.

In furtherance of this strange and un-pardonable scheme, the present Duke was immediately after his birth, brought by a woman in the confidence of the Duchess to the 'San Spirito,' or foundling Hospital of Rome, where he was taken in under a feigned name, whilst it was given out and universally believed, that he had died a few minutes after his birth. He remained in this establishment for many years, until after his father's unnatural death, where his mother, at length stung with the remorse so unavoidably consequent upon her conduct, caused him to be taken out of the hospital, gave him the education necessary for an artist, and allowed him a pittance barely sufficient for his support, still however, studiously concealing from him his birth.

In the mean time his brother enjoyed the title and property, until he was at an early age, prematurely cut off, to the regret of all who knew him, admired his varied talents and accomplishments, and loved him for his kind heart, and many amiable qualities. Shortly after this event, by a mere accident, the present Duke became acquainted with his title, and wrongs, and what was better, with the necessary evidence to vindicate his rights. He was at this time a miniature painter, nor without merit, but languishing in poverty and unknown and had for his antagonist, the rich and powerful Duke — one of whose sons was by the will of the late Duke, — heir to the title and property. Providence, however, raised him up a friend in the person of the Prince of —, one of the wealthiest and most eccentric persons in Rome, who kindly advanced him the necessary means of prosecuting the cause. Without entering into the tedious details of the law-suit, it will be enough to say that it terminated a little more than a year ago, when the decision of the Rota, or Supreme Court, transferred the despised foundling, and the poor struggling artist, into the noble representative of one of the highest and noblest families of Italy. I shall only add that the school of adversity has been to him a useful one, that he is in every respect calculated to adorn the station he was born to, and that his engaging and gentlemanlike deportment gains him the hearts of all who have the good fortune to approach him. He has shewn taste and good sense in his selection of an English wife, and is at this moment in London, awaiting the permission of the Chancellor to take her to his arms, having completely overcome any obstacles [and they were not a few] thrown in his way, by certain interested parties, who had other views for the young lady, which would have served their own purpose better.

Popularity.—Though popularity, in some respects, is a desirable thing, yet it is not always a criterion of real ability; nor is it to be sought after with avidity as if it were the foundation of happiness. It has been the occasion of ruin to many, and of distress to more. Those who have aimed at it have been generally left to disappointment and confusion.

When Phocion had made a speech which was applauded by the populace, he asked, "Have I not said some foolish things?" To a really wise man, the well weighed approbation of a single judicious character give more heartfelt satisfaction than all the noisy applauses of ten thousand ignorant, though enthusiastic admirers. We may say with Parmenides, who upon reading a philosophical discourse before a public assembly at Athens and observing that except Plato, the whole company had left him, continued, notwithstanding, to read on, and said that Plato alone was audience sufficient for him.

"I would not," said Dr. Doddridge, "purchase that phantom, popularity, which is often owing to the worst of a man's character or performances, by any compliances beneath that of a Christian minister."

Franklin's Toast.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar all over Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors when, as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:—

By the British ambassador:—"England; the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador, glowing with national pride drank, "France—The moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays, are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Dr. Franklin then rose and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington—The Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

DREADFUL MUTINY AT SEA.—A dreadful mutiny and massacre has taken place on board the British ship Fanny, Captain Macky, master, formerly sailing from London. This fine ship, the property of Messrs. Sardin, Mathison, and Co., merchants, of Canton, left Chuanuro Bay for Linton on the 17th of August, 1836, with a mixed crew of Europeans, Magilla cunnies, and Lascars. On the same night the Magilla men, who had entered into a conspiracy to take the vessel and murder the captain, officers, and Europeans, rose upon them, and first despatched the unfortunate commander with their knives, and threw his body overboard. The savage and treacherous villains, then murdered the Europeans, who were surprised and overpowered. The mutineers took possession of the Fanny, and took her to the north coast of Luzon,

manly man, who had spent many sea, and was about to return to this with upwards of £50,000, he had by his own exertions. At the time he was cut off there was specie on the amount of \$100,000 dollars.

PRESCRIPTIONS OF OUR HON. CAL. SANGRADOS.

The following capital extract is speech of the Hon. Francis Baylies prevailing distress, at a Whig meeting Taunton, Mass. Mr. B. was one early supporters of Gen. Jackson's success: "The distress of this country is not real; it is not artificial; it is real."

bleedings and aqueous draughts; wouldst thou go and have me decry my own work?" "Oh! you are certainly in the right, (said I); you must not give your enemies such triumph over you; they would say you are at least disabled, and therefore ruin your reputation; perish rather the ability, elegance and the people; and let us continue our own path?"

We went to work, therefore, afresh, (said Gil Blas), and proceeded in such a manner that in less than six weeks we made more widows and orphans than the siege of Troy. "My own views on the subject are unchanged," says the President. "They have been repeatedly & unreservedly announced to my fellow citizens. I felt it due to the people to apprise them distinctly, that in the event of my election, I would not be able to co-operate in the establishment of a National Bank." In other words, the President published his letter to Sherrod Williams. Let the people perish rather, I will not decry my own work! "Perish commerce—perish credit, rather," says Mr. Boardley—perish rather the moneyed aristocracy, say the Globe—perish rather the clergy, say Abner Kneeland—and perish the whole nation, says the Administration, rather than abandon the old path."

The veins of commerce are set up and the blood is pouring forth in streams from the fainting patient; it is a gross error to think that blood is necessary for the preservation of life," says Sangrado. "It may be safely assumed that no motive of convenience to the citizens requires the reception of Bank paper," says the President; and he thinks that our credit was so good, that like the sword of Hothelm, it cut itself; we were sick because we were too rich;—therefore, it is necessary to keep us sick again! The banks have broken; the merchants have broken; the manufacturers have broken, according to the belief of the President and his friends. It came to this son that induced Sangrado to take the

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GEO. TORRY, Am'r. 35-t.

BAGGING AND ROPE.

J. A. MONTGOMERY