

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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LAW NOTICE.

J. B. BEMIS & A. C. HUNTER, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS at LAW.

TENNEY & DUNLAP, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, VIDALLI, & WILL attend to business in the parishes of Concordia, Carroll, and Catahoula.

Sheriff Sale.

- Jacob Shaffer, vs Isaac A. B. Ross, et al. Brown & Thomas, vs Same. Babcock & Gardner, vs Same. Charles Gardner, survivor, vs Same. Gardner & Watson, vs Same. Jane B. Ross, vs Same. Thomas A. Compton, vs Same. Montgomery & Mitchell, vs Same. Briggs, Lacoste & Co., vs Same. Jane B. Ross, vs Same. John Payne, vs Same. Hampden J. McKey, vs Same. Same, vs Same. John Young, vs Same. Allison & Snider, vs Same. Watt & Cotton, use of, &c., vs Same. Jane B. Ross, adm'x, vs Same.

BY virtue of the above stated executions to me directed, as Sheriff of Jefferson county, Miss., I shall expose at public sale to the highest bidder, for ready money, at the door of the court-house of said county, on the first Monday in May next...

SIX HUNDRED ACRES.

more or less, adjoining the lands of Rutha Scott, Samuel Beck and others.—Also, on the same day, at the residence of said defendant, six head of Horses, fifty head of Cattle, fifty head of Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, Farming Utensils, &c.—all of said property levied on as the property of said defendant, to satisfy plaintiff claims and cost of suits.

GEO. TORREY, Sheriff. Fayette, April 2, 1838.

NOTICE.

LETTERS testamentary on the Estate of the late William Turner, having been granted to the undersigned by the Honorable the Probate Court of Jefferson county, at the last March Term thereof...

FOR THE TELEGRAPH. MY AGE.—TO TIME.

I'm twenty-two; and the world has just begun to open to my gaze. The springs, the summers, the autumns, and the grizz'd winters have come And gone; and in their alternate round, A year's been added to my age. I love them, Though they seem not to tarry with me whilst I need them most. Their names are with me yet, But they themselves have vanish'd from my mind.

Nay! nay! I wish they had! If that were so, I should be rid of one—(ah! bitter thought it is!) One can't ring thought that poisons all my joy! What I was, I am not;—what I will be, Time must solve. 'Tis once the beauteous light of Hope Was quench'd in the ocean of Despair, it Sparkles brighter now; its ray is holier than before; Its illumination pours upon my soul; Enlivens all my faculties.

And in this Hurried change of seasons, my country too has chang'd. When I rose upon the PART, in chaos laid, And held the PRESENT by a slanting hair, That's fritter'd into atoms by Time's sirocco, As it sets the sea of Life in oscillation, And sees the vortex coming swiftly on In giant stride; and on the shore of my existence

The angry ocean splash and foam; I am inspir'd to speak aloud to Time! When, When wilt thou end and where didst thou begin, O Time! Creation's feeble, faint, first step Was mark'd by thee, and as his onward course Has been, thou hast been ever busy, to note His lofty strides along Eternity's proud way! Thou rose to being, and in Nature sprung With Nature's God; and as the sun and moon, And planets all revolve around the eternal Throne of Day, thou wilt be busy still; minutely Age the empires of the earth; date each tyrant's rise, And mark each monster's fall! Thou hast been call'd, In unabating skill, an attendant To the bedside of the pregnant truth, And deliver'd her, writing in travail, Of another year!—a year that's glorious For the change of men!

A sleeping nation Has been rous'd by the dread alarm of a tyrant, Hurling the thunderbolts of dire corruption, In ten-fold fury 'gainst the people's head! 'Twas self-preservation into action called them, And self-security can alone abate Their fiery zeal. A few more infant years, Like this, and they are free! A few more struggles, And their fetters fall! They've learn'd that Freedom

In their hands is safe, but from the people, It cannot survive. Like some dark cloud, Portentous o'er our land has hung for many years, An apathy, that strikes a torpor to the souls of men, And them hath led so far astray, to gain Ambition's point, they sacrifice their freedom, And idolize mankind.

This spell is broken By the fleeting year! The watch-word of the sentinel Is caught by ev'ry tongue, and the astounding notes Of victory from ev'ry date, from ev'ry city, Town, throughout enchanting freedom's land is sung. A tyrant's bond, like Grecian host of old, Behind corruption's screen ensconced hath hid, Or like the monster, that proved the overthrow of Troy,

Has been run to the very bastions of the Constitution, And the miscreants, who themselves his lank Ribs beneath concealed, like hell-hounds, eager To devour their dam's very entrails, have gnaw'd. And growl'd, and torn the flesh away, and now In shameful nakedness to ev'ry eye appear! O thou, proud Time! hath brought about this change, And as thy car moves onward to Eternity, The finish'd years, just meeting from thy mint, Glist'n with the achievement of worthy deeds,

Will all proclaim a nation's universal joy! From angry cloud the thunder that has peal'd, Has sunk to rest: The lightning, whose fiery wing Has flash'd across the concave of the sky, Has fled in darkness, and surrounding gloom, But thou, O mighty Time! doth still survive—Doth count each day the reckless course of man; Crumble into dust the gaudy show of art—Himself supreme, on earth, the cause of all! And thou hast been bear'd to the brunt of a tyrant's rage, The unshield'd arm of infant freedom, Struggling in valor to loose Oppression's grasp; And when he rose to battle with the storm, Thou sawest him, manacled in chains, Stand the giant of his country's hopes, The consummation of his country's joy!

Midnight's past! I'm floating on the tide of Time Into my twenty-third! And when that's too past, What shall I gaze upon? Are there faces 'round me That are fair? Are there friends who love me yet? I know there are, and yet I'm melancholy. But if Death—O grim and ghastly Death—should Mow me with the falling grass around him, And give my soul its numerous to appear

Before the Supreme, Allwise, Omniscient King, What could I hope but justice at his hand! He gave the law—the judgment he will give.

My light is dim—and waning, scarcely throbs The thickness of the night from around me. My life is like it—and fades—but not 't be an atom, Sever'd from the Universe and its God!— I'll seek morality, and I'll mend my ways. M*****.

REVERIES AND REMINISCENCES.

Reader, were you ever in Cincinnati?—And if you have been in the buck-eye emporium—did you ever see?—what? The infernal regions! Don't look blank my dear fellow, I'm not quizzing you; nor do I mean any impropriety my dear madam, so don't bridle and grow all at once prim, starched and prudish. But seriously, have you never had a peep at the infernal regions? No! Then I have seen more you have mine reader. And if you have no particular objection I will tell you about it.

Some one or two years ago, in the middle of a villainous winter, I left Columbus for Cincinnati in an open mail wagon with no other accommodation than such as was afforded by some dozen canvass mail bags, on which I might sit, stand or lie just as it suited my own convenience. (By the way I have not forgiven Neil, Moore & Co. yet for the refined misery of that murderous journey.) In this way I travelled for nearly two days and as many nights, now jolting over ordinary roads, to the imminent danger of concussion or dislocation, and splashing through mud that oozed up between the crevices in the bottom of the wagon. I will, however, spare the reader a minute detail of all the bodily infliction which I suffered with Job like patience, and will set him down at once in Cincinnati.

Wearied and half-sick with my fatiguing journey, I was in an ill-trim for sight-seeing, but as I had to drop down the river the next morning, I sallied out, took my way up Main street, I saw houses and people constructed pretty much after the fashion, this side of the mountains; and noted every thing around as being quite a failure, especially as I had my ideas of novelty raised to a point far above blood heat. Whilst stering about, my eyes were attracted by a large sign on which was this startling announcement—'INFERNAL REGIONS.' I verily believe my hair had some idea of standing on end, for my head had a curious feeling—and a strange, cold sensation trembled down to my feet. I looked again and grew bolder. Soon my curiosity got the better of my surprise, and I determined to have one peep, at least, at the 'by way,' as I supposed it must be, which Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress saw.

'I should like to see the infernal regions'—said I, to the man who met me at the museum door. 'It will be open to-night, sir.' 'At what o'clock?' 'Eight o'clock, sir.' 'What's to pay?' 'Twenty-five cents, sir.'

You may be sure I was there at eight o'clock, precisely. I was almost dying with curiosity. After waiting a reasonably long time, a bell announced that the infernal regions were ready for exhibition! So, amid a crowd of flat-bottomed, steamboat hands, Dutch emigrants, and native citizens, I entered the awful gullet where misery laughed that mortals might be gay. But how shall I attempt a description? how shall I give even a faint conception of the industrious accumulation of horrors which iced the blood in my veins, and chained every faculty of my mind in the stein bondage of fear.

A sickly light struggling with the darkness of the room, shed its faint and wavering ray over the whole scene, adding a gloomy horror to the crowded pandemonium. The floor was an imitation of fiery waves, half-buried in which, writhing in awful contortions of agony, and in every possible position of pain, might be seen the victims of retributive justice. Skeletons in imitation of eternal death! armed with spears (!) were punching away with calm indifference at the poor victims at their feet; while a host of devils of all grades of iniquity, shading Milton's fiends all hollow, were grinning and gibbering around in every direction. One old fellow with a lag beard (fire proof of course) sat looking calmly on with majestic dignity, and as I admired the old chap's philosophical air, I drew as near to the iron railing as possible, placing my hands upon it for a momentary support. Ugh! I shudder to think of that moment. I started back as if a dagger had entered my heart. What was the matter? The iron bars were strongly charged with electricity, and a startling shock had thrilled through every nerve. Scarce recovered from my fright I drew up again near the railing in front of the old devil I have named, when with a fiendish yell he made a pitch towards me, rolling his saucer eyes and gnashing his huge grinning teeth—while I fell back again half frightened, yet vexed at my own silly fears. Just then a man whom I had noticed hanging from the ceiling enveloped in a shroud, commenced struggling and kicking in all the agonies of a violent death, while awful groans, fearful cracking of chains and screams of woe resounded horribly through the apartment. Half stupefied with the strange influence of the place, I was roused by some soft, smooth body touching my neck and shoulders, and turning quickly I found a huge serpent with his venomous jaws widely extended, writhing in terrific convulsions, apparently self-supported, in the air, close by my side—at the same moment a chained animal at my feet, which I had not noticed, sprung towards

me, gnashing its iron teeth in impotent rage—this completed the overthrow of my moral courage, and I dashed down stairs as if the whole infernal region had indeed been close at my heels.

I have never seen Cincinnati since the morning succeeding that eventful evening—but from the specimen I had that night, I do esteem it a community, double refined in all that goes towards a correct estimation of rational amusement. They heat us east of the mountains a thousand times to one.—We cannot touch their infernal regions.

CHILDHOOD.

'Oh, give me still the memories That hallow every scene, Which stirred my bounding bosom, When existence all was green.'

I love children. I delight to listen to their innocent prattle, and to take part in their little amusements—to feel a community of interest with them, in their little enjoyments and recreations. There is nothing on earth so unaffected, so open, so frank as childhood. How the light laugh gurgles up from their young and unsophisticated hearts! They have not been out into the world—they have not yet learned to disguise their emotions—to dissemble—to smile, when their hearts are rankling with envy or hate, or to weep, when they secretly rejoice. They are as an open book, in which one may read all that they are—all that they feel.

There are not wanting those, who have an utter aversion to children—who well might hate them. For myself, I want little better evidence of a bad and ungenerous heart—and prone as I am to think kindly of my species, I could almost say, 'Let no such man be trusted.' He can have small enjoyment in himself, and is certainly little calculated to contribute to the happiness of others, who cannot look with pure pleasure upon the innocence, and artlessness, and hilarity of youth. To me, the playful sports, the laughing countenances, the beaming eyes of children, unpractised, as yet, in the busy world upon which they are entering with such light heart,—are a complete antidote against ennui, or depression of spirits.

I remember, that during a residence of one summer in the city many years ago—for, gentle reader, I am declining into the vale of years—I was, for a few of the first weeks, exceedingly lonely. There is no solitude like the solitude which a stranger feels in a large and populous city. You meet thousands in the thronging streets, all passing on, intent upon their own amusements and avocations—and it is a thousand times more cheerless than to be in the still and solemn forests of the wilderness, or by the solitary shore of the 'great and wide sea.' You have there the commings of your own heart, and the almost visible presence of the Maker of the World. But in the city, your thoughts are confused,—their variety leaves you no time to reflect,—and they weary you into the very depths of gloom.

One Saturday afternoon, when despondency sat heavy at my heart, I sallied out into the streets. It was the holiday from the thraldom of the schools—and their young inmates, neatly dressed, and happier than the king on his throne, were taking their pastime, and rambling with their parents, or elder brothers and sisters, about the streets. I was soon inoculated with their visible happiness, as I met them in my lonely walk. How many bright faces gleamed upon me! You look kindly upon children, and how soon do they understand you! How their young eyes will beam upon you, and how they will turn,—especially little girls—and look at you, and blush, and smile—and pass on a little, and turn, and smile, and blush, and look again!

I know not how it is, but in gazing upon children, I am actually invested as with a spell. Time and space are annihilated—I am carried back to the morning of life, and, for the moment, live over again the early days of the past.

Before I had reached my room again, I had all the familiar places of my childhood before me. It was, as if I had seized the hour glass of Time, inverted it, and rolled back again the sands which had marked the weary lapse of years. I was again in the meadow—in the field—about the fence-side hearth. My departed father's voice was again in my dreaming ear—my mother's hand was again upon my young head. Again I saw my paper kite, in the gentle south wind, cleaving the upper air—and I gazed upon the same ample sky which spread over my boyhood—

'And marked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue, Like my own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few.'

It is my earnest prayer, that as I glide slowly down the declivity of years, it will please God to preserve in me that freshness of feeling, which enables me to look upon childhood and youth, with such purity of enjoyment. It bequeats life of its sombre spirit, 'and the weariness of the flesh,'—and while it teaches us that we are receding farther from the shore of youth, it reminds us, also, that we are approaching that other shore, where we shall renew an existence of immortal youth. Let all, then, cultivate and cherish these emotions. Let

'The bright thoughts of early days Still gather in our memories now, And not the later cares, whose trace Is stamp'd so deeply on the brow: What thought those days return no more! The sweet remembrance is not vain—For Heaven is waiting to restore The childhood of the soul again.'

EDUCATION.—To ascribe a man's good qualities to his tutor, is about as wise as to ascribe the fragrance of a plant to the soil that nurtured it.

A REVERIE.

I would I were a fairy. To hear all day the music of the waters—to hear the tales of memory from the cold blue waves of shipwreck and of storms—to learn a lasting lesson from the coral insect's toil—to weep for the beautiful, the brave, in their ocean grave, the blue-eyed maid of merry England, the dark-eyed girl of Spain—to gaze on glittering jewels, gold, long since buried in the inconstant wind—to watch the nightly manors of the deep at their unseemly gambols—to wander beneath the waves of the fathomless abyss—with thought of Him, the Eternal one of wonders!

I would I were a fairy. To leave on swift wing man's dwelling-place, for the bright planets afar—to sit my footsteps on the sphere whence issues the soft light for lover's meetings—to be not dazzled by the sun's bright rays, but pierce its hidden attributes—to light on Saturn's belts and wonder at their beauty—to gaze from some high resting place upon the immensity of space sprinkled with sparkling gems and rolling worlds, and raise my adoration high to Him who governs all!

I would I were a fairy. To skim o'er the bright surface of our own fair home—to listen to the song of birds in their native grove which man has not polluted—to tread the holy ground of suffering more than human—to meditate on wondrous love by the shores of the fair Jordan—to linger on the battle grounds of the heroic Greeks of Mithilonghi and Thermopylae—to gaze with awe on the stupendous ruins of Imperial Rome—to glide by the light boatman's song o'er the still waters of the bridal Adriatic—to taste the luxuries of torrid zone and look from the summit of eternal snows upon the clouds beneath, with blessings for the love which gives to man such inheritance!

I would I were a fairy. To seek the nest wherein the tiny ones are reared, with tender care—to enter that mother's breast and find the spring whence flows such human foresight—to watch the maiden thought of genius until its lofty themes spread to the hearts of all—to follow the innocent maiden on the green hill side, through all the windings of her happy dreams speaking the heart's content—to strip the gaudy frippery of pride and rank from off the noble of the land, and see if there be not envy for a running brook by a cottage door, with a peasant's pure, but well-earned joy—to gaze upon the flitting smile of infants' sleep, and learn if their young spirit-dream. But, more than all, to catch from the lowly and the meek the love of virtue and of Heaven. Boston Galaxy.

A GREEK MARRIAGE.

But I have, mean while, forgotten the pretty bride who was to be married at the house of an intimate friend of ours, and who, on my arrival there, was momentarily expected. The centre of the great salon was covered by a Turkey carpet, on which stood a reading desk, overlaid by a gold embroidered handkerchief, supporting a Bible and the two marriage rings; the whole bright with the profusion of silver money that had been scattered over them. The lady of the house was to officiate as 'godmother' to the bride, an office somewhat similar to that of bride's maid; and she was even at that early hour sparkling with jewels.

At length the sound of music announced the arrival of the marriage train; and we hastened to a window to watch for their approach. The musicians were succeeded by the bridegroom elect, walking between his own father and the father of his bride; one fair girl followed, accompanied by a couple of her young companions; and the two mothers attended by 'troops of friends,' closed the train.

They were met at the threshold by the Archbishop of Nouroukeity, and a party of priests, who immediately commenced chanting the marriage service, and as they ascended the stairs, showers of money were flung over them from above.

In five minutes the spacious salon was filled with suffocation; the young couple were placed upon the edge of the carpet, the nuptial crowns, formed of flowers, ribbons, and gold thread, were deposited on the reading desk; and the rector of the parish, in a robe of brocaded yellow satin, fringed with silver, began a prayer, which was caught up at intervals by the choral boys, and repeated in a wild chant. At the conclusion of this prayer, which was of considerable length, the attendant priests flung over the Archbishop his gorgeous vestments of violet satin, embroidered with gold and girded with tissue; and he advanced to the reading desk, and took thence the two diamond rings, with which he made the cross three times, on the forehead, lips, and breast of the contracting parties; and then placed them in the hand of the 'godmother,' who, putting one upon the finger of each, continued to hold them there while the prelate read a portion of the gospel; after which, she changed them three times, leaving them ultimately in the possession of their proper owners. This done, the Archbishop put the hand of the bride into that of the husband, and went through the same ceremonies with the nuptial crowns that he had previously enacted with the rings, they were then placed upon the heads of the young couple; and a goblet of wine being presented to the Archbishop, he blessed it, put it to his lips, handed it to the bride and bridegroom, and thence delivered it up to the 'godmother.'

The brides were next exchanged three several times from one head to the other; and several wax candles being lighted, as I have described them to have been during the Easter ceremonies at the Fair, the whole party walked in procession round the carpet; and then it was that the silver shower fell thick and fast about them; the floor was literally covered.

When the chanting ceased, the bride raised the hand of her new made husband to her lips; after which, every relative and friend of either party approached and kissed them on the forehead. The Archbishop cast off his robes; the children scrambled for the scattered money; the band in the outer hall burst into an enlivening strain; and such of the company as were of sufficient rank to entitle them to do so, followed the bride and the lady of the house to an inner saloon, where a train of servants were in attendance, bearing trays of preserved fruits and delicate little biscuits, which were given to each person to carry away. Liquors were then offered, and subsequently coffee, after which, each married lady made a present to the bride of some article of value, previously to her departure from her home, whether we all accompanied her in procession; and I took our leave at the portal to the house of her friends, to join in the cheerful morning ball which was about to commence.

The effect of the golden thread that I had assisted to weave was very beautiful, bioling, as I did, the rich dark hair of the bride upon her fair young brow, and then falling to her feet—and her whole costume would have been eminently graceful, had she not been sinking under the heat and weight of the eternal cachemere. The nuptial crowns which I have mentioned are about a foot in height, and shaped like a bee-hive; when they were removed from the heads of the young couple, they were carefully enveloped in a handkerchief of colored gauze, and borne away to be hung up in the chapel of the bridegroom's house, where they will remain until the death of either party, when the deceased is crowned for the second and last time, in the open coffin in which he is borne to the grave.

The Greeks make almost as much toil for a funeral as for a marriage. Where the deceased is young and pretty, she is decked out in her gayest apparel, and not unfortunately has her eye-brows stained, and a quantity of rouge over her cheeks, to cheat death for a few hours of its lividness; her gloved hands are carefully displayed; she is tricked out in jewels, and this frightful mockery is rendered still more revolting by the fact that she is paraded through the streets, followed by her female relatives, who weep, and shriek, and bewail themselves with a transient violence truly irrational. At the grave side all the finery is stripped from the stiffened corpse; the friends carry it away, a cover is placed over the coffin, and the poor remains that were so lavishly adorned, are consigned to the earth, of which they are soon to form a part.—Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan.

WASHINGTON.

No matter what might be the birth-place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his time is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington it does appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the 'ancient world' were but so many studies preparatory to the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Caesar was merciful—Scipio was mild—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely chief dancer of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesman, he added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untaunted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unshackled the sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of his citizens or soldiers—his heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capital! Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious, the glory of his self denied, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America! the lightnings of Heaven could not resist your sage, the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

WIT OF A GOVERNOR.—Your true gourmand is, generally speaking, without much wit. Mr. G.—, invited to dine with a lady, a scrupulous observer of etiquette, offered his services to cut up a brace of partridges. Instead, however, of doing so on the dish, he put them, for the purpose, on his own plate. 'For whom do you intend your leavings?' asked the lady in surprise. 'Madam,' replied he, 'I do not intend to leave any.'

SOMEONE NEW IN GREECE.—The Athenians are getting quite maddish. They are crying the Constitution 'the charter! How prettily this must sound in Homer's tongue.—It must call back the days of Philip when he thundered at their gates, and they paid no attention to him nor Demosthenes.