

Incomplete November 23, 1858 } April 12, 1859
Vol. I. No. 11 } Col. 1. No. 31

The Handsboro' Democrat.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT FULLER, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, OR IF CHARGED, THREE DOLLARS, PER ANNUM.

VOLUME I.

HANDSBORO', MISS., NOVEMBER 23, 1858.

NUMBER II

POETRY.

*He touched his harp and nations were enthralled—
But still no change has come o'er me—*

Addressed to Miss Nellie A. R.—of Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La.

BY SYDORIA.

And again the earth her rest
Asks, her mantle of scumbe hoes,
Months and years have quickly pass'd,
Since last I gazed on you.

The little birds their praises bring,
And skip about in playful glee,
All nature has changed—again it is Spring,
But still no change has come o'er me.

Your spirit was sad, your heart was broke,
And you longed to be at rest,
"While no more those curls would stroke,
No longer shine on your breast."
Years have passed since this was said,
And you have crossed the streaming sea;
The time is gone when we could wed,
But still no change has come o'er me.

There was a time fond hopes had we,
Of a long, a happy, prosperous life;
We thought those hopes would never die,
Though we met with toil and strife.
Those welcome words I heard with pride,
They learned me then to trust in thee;
Things have change—your hopes have died,
But still no change has come o'er me.

I send you back the long-lost ring,
Although those you will sever;
Fond memories round it still will cling,
I will remember the donor forever!
Now we part! Oh words of sadness!
Do they bring no pain to thee?
Or is thy false heart filled with gladness,
That thy will bring a change o'er me?

Take it back, Nellie! It cost me much anguish,
To know my love you could deride—
Yet still my hopes shall never languish,
But happiness my heart does bide.

At thy pleasure my heart will marry,
"There's quite as good fish in the sea;"
Console yourself then, your Willie will marry,
For surely a change has come o'er me!

HANDSBORO', Nov. 19, 1858.

THE BEAUTY OF DECAY.

Once more. Ah how often, in how many thousand writings have the thoughts been uttered, that rise as we gaze upon the mellowing landscape and the serene sky! For *eyes* lips have murmured dreamily, "O how nice, and hearts have grown as calm as the soft air. They have drank the medicine, and soothed through saddened by its effects, they have not cared often to ask what drug of sleep, what opiate of peace, has been mingled with its bitterness.

The Fall is coming with glories of deepening color; its lazy sunshine, its azure distance; and its richly hued foliage, flowers and fruit—all, the regal paraphernalia of death. The gay vivacity of youth, the happy maturity of the year is over, and now is the decline. Why is that the sadness of the thought does not makes us abhor the period of decay? Can its many tinted ornaments so deck out destruction as to conceal its horror from our hearts? The beauty that appeals to the external eye, alone soothes the sight, flatters the sense; but has no power to cast a spell over the spirit. No gorgeous panorama that enralls itself before the vision, and is silent for the mind, can arouse for a moment the expiring spark, or quench the corroding fire. There is in all nature an external and an inner beauty. A delight to the eyes, a combination of rich colors and fair forms, covers over like a mantle, the spiritual truth within. Withering and wondering as it is, the beauty of form and hue is nothing more than a representation, a reminder, a memorial of a nobler manifestation, which will ever present itself to our thoughts without recalling the indwelling glory. So inextricably are these two forms of truth associated in our minds, that we are scarcely conscious of their separate existence. We imagine that it is the loveliness of Nature that invigorates or soothes or saddens, and cannot recognize the idea which is linked with it in eternal union. We wonder why we cannot, at our will, shake off the enchainment; why that which is but a transient impression on these perishable orbs, can call up undying regret, or administer immortal calm. The true enjoyment of nature is only tasted by those to whom her meaning presents itself as her words, and who perceive the outward and the inner beauty in equal and mingling elements.

I gaze out upon the sunset now. The mist settling on the distance, the dim golden radiance of the sunshine, the calm and purple sky,

the tint of russet in the foliage, why are they more to me than mist or air or brown leaf? This darkening vista throws its opening shadows over my spirit. Influences inexpressibly mournful, but calm and gentle float over the heart like dreamy strains of music. The soul sinks into the profound depths of this fading daylight; this dying summer; it penetrates into their inner temple. It enters those interior sanctuaries where their secrets are hid, and finds there the divinity of which they are the shrines; and we ask, what mournful thought, what sad truth is the centre of all these shifting scenes of melancholy sweetness! In a whispering breath we hear the secret. It is the same we have heard so often before, the doom passed on all living. We have read the stern decree in all its livid horror on the faces of the dead, but Nature, now, tenderly murmurs in our ears the sorrowful truth. The sear and yellow leaf that floats by on the evening breeze, tells the same story as the pall, the shroud and the casket but gently as a vesper hymn.

"The trail of the serpent is over them all." The great battle was won by Evil, untold ages ago, and every year at this sad season, the victory is commemorated.—Every year the awful conqueror throws a lighted torch upon the earth and spreads ruin over its fair face. The forests will soon be gorgeous with the flame.—Frightful monarch, what can we do, but submit like slaves as we are? Did not our treachery lose the day?

Every year the creative energy bursts forth anew, rising for awhile triumphant, like the fitful flickering of an expiring lamp.—Every Spring comes bud and blossom and life; every Autumn, falling leaves, withered flowers, and death. The first delights of the year have scarcely ripened into summer, when the vast wing of time comes swooping over them, and drags them all away. This is the gigantic spectre that haunts the closing year. This terrible idea of devastating time is the grief that plunges us in autumnal gloom.

One thought alone soothes the despair. The ruined tower has gained a new beauty, the softened outline of the ancient mountain a new dignity, the fading leaves a glory of color, for he is also, *The Consoler*.—*Prairie News*.

AN HONEST MAN.

"The noblest work of God," and yet how few there are! An envious, conscience-stricken world looks on and languis contemptuously, because he dares to obey the dictates of a whispering conscience, but in the sight of high heaven he stands approved—an honest man. He stops not to ask if the world pronounces it well, but is physically and mentally, natures foreman, disdaining that miserable severity—that despicable bondage that must always stop to ask, "will the world say?"

An Honest Man—show us one, and we will show you a happy man; not mighty in exterior manifestations alone, but inherently so. Possessing within himself the reason of action and the ultimate end of designs. A man of noble stamp, who is willing to walk independent by himself carrying his own refreshments with him, and drinking from the secret springs moral and intellectual truth, that are ever welling up within his own bosom.

An honest man,—who does not admire his character? Independence takes a crown and seals him monarch of his kingdom—mind. Fame wreaths his upturning brow with laurels, fresh and beautiful from the garden of merit. Freedom presents the character attesting his undisputed right as Sovereign Ruler. Cheerfulness steps meekly forward and offers him the stoutest armor of defence, against the mighty host of crushing foes that daily round him gather—that of a bold and cheerful spirit. Commendation stands mantled in his presence, whispering sweet words of hope and kindly holding the mirror of Truth before him;—that he may rejoice in his own purity. And then Contentment will, but angel face and winking smile, keeps the door of his inward cabinet, while with commanding words, she gently speaks, "Rejoice, thou hast enough."

An honest man,—one who presents a master wind, the very birthright of eminence; a prey no longer to fashions freak nor seduced by flattery's winning voice.—He stands alone—the glorious architect of his own fortune—the universe a debtor to his worth; while firm in his purpose, constant in his integrity, undaunted in his courage—a spectacle to angels and to men, he will stand unmoved when the trembling earth shall rock beneath the touch of the Almighty's power. Such moral might is real, is enduring. It answers the great ends of life; unlike the lunar beam it affords heat as well as light, never leaving its possessor with a frozen heart and chilled affections, but full of life and vigor. With a soul ever trembling alive to the influences of this beautiful word, yet always conscious, that only a veil separates this actual daily life, from the general hereafter.

An honest man,—he has his conflicts, many and repeated.—Yet the struggle only makes him better for the strife, the very energy arms him with courage. Let the wind blow—the waves dash high—let the mighty thunders roar and the angry tempest rush with fury on. Let the very pillars of the marble sky shake as from their basis, till the vast array of shining orbs seem rocking in their orbits, still amid all this, the honest, self dependent mind looks calmly out upon the scene, and unmoved retires within itself to gather courage for future conflicts.

An honest man,—he, is his defence, his own refuge. No enemy however formidable, can storm and take the fortress of his mind—for his actions, those statelike of self, are even present to declare his innocence, and thwart the guilty efforts of his adversaries.—The fruits of a virtuous example, shall flourish in immortal vigor, from the seeds he scatters on the stream of time, and his reward shall be abundant. Varying the poet's description, the world might well say of him:

"His life was honest—and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to the world—This is an honest man."

WHO THE DEUCE WAS IT.

Brown tells us a Vermont story which he says, is authentic as the best of the Post anecdotes, and certainly, nothing more can be required. A respectable old gentleman in Windsor county; many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character and every way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was in fact the most unpopular man in town. Going to "square X," an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence; saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X's influence he was sure to be elected. The Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man; but when the ballot box was turned, another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the vote stood, and learned that he had got just three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the Squire with a chop-fallen countenance. "Nor I, either," said the Squire, "I put in my vote; you put in another; but who the deuce I put in the third is more than I can imagine!"

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER WITH BULL DOGS.

Yesterday, Reed R. Young, the well known pilot, was terrible bitten and lacerated by two fierce bull dogs, the property of a milkman by the name of Rinehart, we believe. It occurred in the Salt River lane in the lower part of the city, just as Mr. Young was walking towards the rail road track.—The dogs suddenly jumped on him one seizing him by the calf of the leg and the other at tempting to catch him by the throat. He had presence of mind sufficient to throw up his arm in defence of his throat, and the dog

seized him by the arm, tearing away the clothes and flesh in a terrible manner. The other dog tore the flesh from his leg, and severed an artery. He then caught Young by the top of the head with his teeth, and literally tore off the scalp. The other dog fastened his fangs in his breast, and they had so completely worried and bitten him that he was almost exhausted and entirely overpowered, and but for the timely assistance of a neighbor, would no doubt have been killed outright. The man attacked with a club, and had much difficulty in getting them loose from their prey.

Great excitement was created in the neighborhood by the news of this terrible affair, and a crowd of people assembled to hunt the dogs and kill them. They were shot with bird shot, but got away before any more effective weapons could be obtained. A party, however, soon started in pursuit, and they will certainly be killed as soon as found. Mr. Young is a tall, stout man, and one of the survivors of the terrible Pennsylvania disaster. We hope the wounds by the dogs will prove less dangerous than represented, and that he will soon be out again.

We learn that one of the dogs has been killed but the other escaped. A boy was the first to interfere in behalf of Mr. Young, by shooting at one of the dogs with a pistol, scaring the brute off. The muscles of Mr. Young's arm are terribly torn, and he is also severely bitten on the back.—*Louisville Courier*.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

The estate pleasure of meeting again after the long absence, friends whom we dearly esteem, obliterated in a moment the pain of separation. After an absence of twenty seven years (from one), we accidentally met in Nashville the other day, both of our early instructors "in the art preservative of all arts"—Hon. A. R. Johnston, of Mississippi, and Hon. F. K. Zollieffer, of that State. Twenty nine years ago, we entered a little printing office in the capacity of printer's devil, with the above gentlemen as editors and proprietors; we had all things in common, and the printer's devil was about as important a personage in the eyes of the people then as editors are now. The fact is a printing-office twenty nine years ago, dazzled the eyes and attracted the admiration of all who came near it. We remember with what pride and pleasure we hailed the advent of every Saturday morning. Then it was that we emerged from the office with all pride and pomp of a militia captain of olden times on parade day. Early on the morning of that day (when editors had ten quire of paper to print on) we went forth with the "Herald of a noisy world, with boys from all parts of town lumbering at our back!" Only those of our favorites (who had apples and cakes) were permitted to approach and touch the "Herald"; others were kept at a respectable distance, but who even felt honored if we would permit them to go along with us. Thus we paraded the principal streets and alleys for an hour, and then would return to the office, covered with glory enough to last until the next Saturday. Ah! those were happy days for a printer's devil who carried the "Herald" from the Ramage press and kept time to the music of the bells.

West Ten. Whig Oct. 5th.

At a social meeting of his fellow church members, among other things, each member was relating his causes for joy and sorrow, when Mr. —, said: "In my family of children I have much to cause joy, and also much to distress me. There is my son—, a good, reverent and dutiful boy; but there is my son Bill—he is an audacious scamp. He left his poor grey headed father many a day ago, and it has been a long time since I heard from him he was way up the Galones, a raffin, save-logs, playin' seven up and loss racing; but, thank the Lord, he is making money by the trip— Ain't he, sists?" "Yes, he is and no mistake!"

The quarantine law at Port Gibson and Raymond has been revoked

AN EXTRA JUDICIAL OPINION.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says: "The eight nutmeers and murderers of the whale ship Junior are soon to be tried. I believe it was of the ringleader of this gang that Mr. Choate said the other day a most significant thing. 'What!' said he, in reply to a statement as to the desperate condition of the fellow, 'his dripping with blood and no money! He's a lost man.'"

The above brings forcibly to our mind an incident of which we were an eyewitness, which occurred in the Mississippi Legislature of 1852. The bill appropriating \$300,000 out of the State Treasury to be divided among the counties for school purposes was under consideration. Mr. Jarnagan, of Noxubee, was on the floor, speaking in opposition to the bill, and showing up its injustices and inequity with force and truth. He directed attention to the fact that Noxubee, Adams, Warren, Lowndes, Hinds, and various other counties paid into the State Treasury from \$20,000 to \$30,000 per annum, while Wayne, Green, Perry, Harrison, Jones, &c., did not average over \$400 per annum. Yet, under the operation of the proposed law, the last named counties would come in for a dividend but little inferior in amount to that which the first named counties would be entitled to. "Yes," said Mr. Jarnagan, warming up, "there is the county of Jones which does not pay into your Treasury \$200 per annum—does not pay sufficient to meet the mileage which is paid to her representative; yet, under this bill she will draw from the treasury thousands of dollars—dollars which have been drawn from the pockets of the people of Noxubee, Adams, Hinds, Washington, Warren and —"

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" came from the other side of the hall. Mr. Jarnagan suspended his remarks of course, and all eyes were turned to the gentleman who had so vociferously addressed the "Speaker." It proved to be Mr. Bynum, the representative from Jones—the same gentleman who had occupied that position for many years, but whose clarion voice now for the first time sounded through that hall. "Mr. Speaker!" said Mr. Bynum, of Jones, with a voice akin to a thunder-bolt, and gestulations that would have tasked the ingenuity of a youthful fourth of July orator—"Mr. Speaker, let me tell the gentleman from Noxubee that I understand him—and let me tell him further that my constituents are poor, but honest!" With this, down sat Mr. Bynum; when up jumped Capt. Coopwood, of Monroe, with the exclamation: "Mr. Speaker, I did not understand the gentleman from Jones—may I put a question or two to him?" Permission was granted—

Capt. Coopwood—"Did the gentleman from Jones say that his constituents were poor?"

Mr. Bynum—"I did, sir!"

Capt. Coopwood—"Did the gentleman say they were honest?"

Mr. Bynum—"I did, sir!"

Capt. Coopwood—"Well, sir, all I've got to say is—they are in a damn bad fix!"

It is needless to say that this "brought down the House," and that the school bill passed by a large majority.—*Raymond Gazette*.

AN IMPORTANT VERDICT.

In the court of Quarter Sessions, yesterday (says the Philadelphia Inquirer, of the 30 ult.) Wm. Nixon pronounced guilty of manslaughter for having left his horse and cart standing unattended; in a public street, by which negligence a child was killed.

The verdict in the case will be a warning to those, and they are numerous, who are in the habit of leaving horses in the public streets unwatched and loose, and liable from many causes, to start off and do mischief. Such a verdict as has been rendered shows that the public voice censures negligence of this kind, and refer to the case with the hope that the example may be an impressive one, though the law probably will not exact a heavy penalty under the circumstances.

☞ We had a severe frost on Wednesday morning, last.

SHAKE CHARMER.

Mr. Wirsche, the celebrated snake charmer, gave an exhibition at Orange Court House, on Wednesday evening last. It would seem like an impossibility; says the Chronicle of that place, to those who have never seen this performance, to believe that a man could so completely fascinate a snake as to enable him to handle it in any manner he thought proper without the least danger of the snake biting him. He had ten large and venomous snakes—one viper, one black snake, one copperhead moccasin, and seven rattlesnakes.—He would put them all together and place them round his neck, when they would rub their heads all over his face in the most affectionate manner. He would then put them all together and place them in his bosom, next the flesh, and then pull them out one at a time. After placing them all in a box, he selected the largest rattle snake, prized open its mouth, and exhibited to the astonished audience the large and dangerous fangs of this detestable reptile.—*Richmond Whig*.

SNAKE CHARMER.

Stans.—I is a good sign to see a man enter your sanctum with a friendly greeting.

"Here is the money to pay for my paper the coming year."

It is a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—ten to one he takes a jug of red eye that costs him half a dollar.

It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows.

It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see the color of death in a man's face.

It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wear his own clothes.

It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his face.

It is a bad sign to see a man wiping his cheeks when he comes out of a cellar.

It is a good sign to see a man going to church often.

It is a bad sign to see him casting his eyes across the house.

It is a good sign to see lovers affectionate.

It is a bad sign to see them have a "small flare-up."

It is a good sign to see a man rise early.

It is a bad sign to see him going to a tavern.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness.

It is a bad sign to see her husband sated for finery.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in a newspaper.

It is a bad sign to see the Sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school.

It is a bad sign to see them educated at evening school on the court house steps.

HOW THE PRESS IS AFFECTED BY DEAD HEADS.

Railroads occasionally complain of dead-heading, but no institution suffers so much from it as the Press. A sensible writer says:

The press endures the infliction of dead-headedness from the pulpit, the bar and the stage, from corporations, societies and individuals. It is expected to yield its interest; it is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald gaseks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is in short to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks, as the Press.

☞ The Americans of Victoria asked permission to rear aliberty pole, to which they would put the star spanned flag. The request was instantly declined. "Well," said the crowd, "let's raise a pole and stick the flag of all nations upon it." And so they did what they said they would do, and a petition waved from the liberty pole!

MODEL LEGISLATOR.

The Nelsons Legislative appears to be composed of a set of regular fisticuffing backwoods men. On the 3d inst., the members of the Assembly having each received \$10 bought a lot of champagne, and got on a regular "bender." After the liquor had all been disposed of, they returned to the hall to resume business, many of them so "dead drunk" that they could not sit upright on their seats. Soon a difficulty arose between the Speaker and a gentleman, which commenced by a vigorous application of a cane to the back of the speaker, and was continued for some time, during which all the members who were able, joined in the fight.

A modest young gentleman at a dinner party put the following conundrum: Why are most people who eat turkey-like babies?

No reply. The modest man blushed and would have backed out, but finally gave the reason: "Because they are generally fond of the breast."

Two young ladies fainted and the remains of the modest young man were carried out by the coroner.

☞ Always doubt the sincerity of a girl, if you see her wipe her mouth when you kiss her.

Why is love like a coal-bowl? Because it is an internal transport.

Lightning rods take the mischief out of clouds—enlightening rods takes it out of bad boys.

It is said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting, he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other that they would not move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

HUMBOLDT SAYS THAT HE MET ONE DAY

in his travels, with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trousers with black buttons. After the same fashion, the Illinois Locofocos carried their naked deformity with true blue professions and black attachments.—*Prairie*.

RAIL REFORMER.—FISTICUFFS.—Last

Friday, at Morton, Judge Watts heard the application for bail by Henry Moore, charged with the Murder of James N. Johnston, in Scott county, and refused it. Moore was recommitted to the jail of this county for safe-keeping. His council prosecutes a writ of error to the High Court.

After the trial, there was a general fight, which we ate told was unequalled in point of the number engaged, by any thing that has ever happened in the country. One fellow caught up a dog and beat another chap with him most soundly! Another had a coffee pot filled with whiskey, with which he beat the head of his adversary! One man was stabbed, and the wounds, though severe, we learn, are not likely to prove mortal. It is said at least fifty men were engaged in the row.—*Bran. Republican*.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The Daily Bangor (Maine) Union, speaking of a report circulating through the country about a speech of Hon. Jefferson Davis concerning that the people of a Territory may abolish slavery as assumed by Judge Douglas, says:

The Union is right in this discarding the genuineness of the reported Bangor extract vouches by the *Mercury*. Col. Davis has never made a speech in Bangor. He was in our city a very brief time, and was called upon by a very large number of our citizens, whose warm regards, not to say affections, were won by his frank and cordial conversation and manner. No speech made by Col. Davis anywhere during his recent visit to our State is open to the charge made by the *Charleston Mercury*.