

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

OKOLONA, MISS., JULY 21, 1859.

VOL. VII.—NO. 45.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JOHN B. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

WILL practice in the several counties of Monroe, Pontotoc, Itawamba, Chickasaw, Tishomingo, and Lowndes, the High Court of Errors and Appeals, at Jackson, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc.

Office on Jefferson street, opposite the Court House.
Sep. 16, '58. 1-y

F. M. ROGERS. W. G. HENDERSON.

ROGERS & HENDERSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI.

WILL practice in the Circuit Courts of Chickasaw, Calhoun, Pontotoc, Itawamba and Tishomingo counties; in the High Courts of Error and Appeals at Jackson, and at the United States District Court at Pontotoc, for all the counties comprising the Northern District of Mississippi.
Feb. 25, '59 24-ly

MASON M. CUMMINGS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Office one door above Judge Acker's Office

The Circuit Courts which he attends will be begun and held for the year 1859 at the following times and places:
Itawamba Co., at Fulton, Mar. 7th and Sep. 5th.
Tishomingo Co., " Jacinto, " 21st " 19th
Pontotoc " " Pontotoc, Apr. 11th & Oct. 10th
Chickasaw " " Houston, " 25th " 24th
Monroe " " Aberdeen, May 16th & Nov. 14th
Lowndes " " Columbus, Apr. 25th " Oct. 24th
Calhoun " " Pittsboro, Mar. 14th & Sep. 12th

THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT for the Northern District of Mississippi is held at Pontotoc the first Monday of June and December of each year.
Oct. 2 '58. 6-ly.

L. E. HOUSTON. R. O. REYNOLDS.

HOUSTON & REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
ABERDEEN, MISS.

Jan. 27, '59 20-ly

EVANS & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HOUSTON, CHICKASAW CO., MISS.

WILL practice in the Courts of Chickasaw, Pontotoc, Monroe, Lowndes, Oktibeha, Choctaw, Carroll, Yalobusha and Calhoun counties.
OFFICE, S. E. corner Public of the Square
T. S. EVANS.
W. F. TUCKER.
March 25, 1859. 76-y

ALLEN WHITE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
HOUSTON, MISS.

WILL practice in the Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Oktibeha, Calhoun, and Pontotoc Counties.
Office in Hiller's Building.
Dec. 23, '58. 15-ly

BEN. LANE POSEY,
MOBILE, ALA.

(Office on Royal Street, over the Savings Bank.)
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THE CITY AND STATE,
AND IN THE FEDERAL COURTS.
Office in Hiller's Building.
Feb. 17, '59. 23-ly

G. W. THORNTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OKOLONA, MISS.

WILL practice in the Circuit, Chancery, and Probate Courts of Chickasaw, Monroe, Itawamba, Pontotoc and Calhoun Counties, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and High Court of errors and appeals at Jackson.
March 10, '59. 26-ly

T. C. ASHCRAFT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OKOLONA, MISS.

OFFERS his services to those who may stand in need of them, and will attend promptly to any business confided to his care.
March 5, '59. 25-ly

DRS. GREEN & TINDALL,
The undersigned have associated themselves together for the practice of Medicine from the 1st of January instant.

J. H. GREEN,
R. M. TINDALL.
Jan. 14, 1859. 66

DR. A. D. GATLIN,
HAVING permanently located at Hickory Hill, in Chickasaw County, offers his professional services, in the various branches of the profession, to the citizens of the surrounding country.
Mar. 31 '59. 29-ly

DRS. THOMPSON & WHEELER,
PARTNERS
In the Practice of Medicine,
OKOLONA, MISS.

Jan. 13, 1859. 18-y

W. O. DICKSON,
Dentist,
OKOLONA, MISSISSIPPI.
July 15, '58. 44-y

THE PRAIRIE NEWS,
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POETRY.

IDEAL AND REAL.
BY JOHN G. SAXE.

IDEAL.
Some years ago, when I was young:
And Mrs. Jones was Miss Delancy;
When wedlock's canopy was hung
With curtains from the loom of fancy;
I used to paint my future life
With most poetic precision—
My special wonder of a wife;
My happy days: my night's Elysian.

I saw a lady rather small,
(A JUNO was my strict abhorrence),
With flaxen hair, contrived to fall
In careless ringlets, a-la-Lawrence;
A blonde complexion; eyes that drew
From autumn clouds their azure brightness;
The foot of Venus; arms whose hue
Was perfect in its milky whiteness!

I saw a party, quite select—
There might have been a baker's dozen;
A parson of a ruling sect;
A bride's maid, and a city cousin;
A formal speech to me and mine,
(Its meaning I could scarce discover);
A taste of cake; a sip of wine;
Some kissing—and the scene was over!

I saw a baby—one no more;
A cherub pictured, rather faintly,
Beside a puffed dancie who wore
A countenance extremely saintly.
I saw—but nothing could I hear,
Except the softest prattle, may be
The merest breath upon the ear—
So quiet was that blessed baby!

REAL.
I see a woman, rather tall,
And yet, I own, a comely lady;
Complexion not at all supernal,
(To be exact) a little shady;
A hand not handsome, yet content
A generous one for love or pity;
A nimble foot, and—nearly dressed
In No. 5—extremely pretty!

I see a group of boys and girls
Assembled round the knee paternal;
With ruddy cheeks and tangled curls,
And manners not at all supernal,
And one has reached a manly size;
And one aspires to woman's stature;
And one is called a recent prize,
And all abound in human nature!

The boys are hard to keep in trim;
The girls are often very trying;
And baby—like the cherubim—
Seems very fond of steady crying!

And yet the precious little one,
His mother's dear, despotic master,
Is worth a thousand babies done,
In Parian or alabaster!

And oft that stately dame and I,
When laughing o'er our stately dreaming,
And marking, as the years go by,
How idle was our youthful scheming—
Confess the wiser power that knew
How care each earthly joy enhances
And gave us blessings rich and true,
And better far than all our fancies.

LIFE.
False world, false love, false friends!
All, all, are hollow as our wildest dreams!
Our lives are but dissolving views,
Where nothing is the thing it seems.

Let a man lead what life he may,
E'en Virtue's self, in word and act;
And every's poisonous fang e'en then
Shall be its venom on his back.

His acts be laid to selfish ends,
His truths be twisted into lies,
His name, if famed away from home,
Shall there be open to surmise.

We learn, where'er our footsteps take us,
Deceit has foothold, Truth little chance—
Looking at it in a worldly way,
Virtue is man's worst inheritance.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Chickasaw and Choctaw Herald.]

An Old Story in a New Dress.

A very long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose time had passed away since early youth, in the every day round of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other since the time when good old Parson Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of far and near, as the happiest pair known. Now, the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of the name), had been trying for twenty years to create what is so called "a fuss in the family," between those old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being late once, or the old lady to give a single curtsey lecture. After repeated efforts the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he walked along, in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way to chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly this beautiful morning, isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whisky?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything else is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but," and here he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab apple tree, "old Blueford and his wife, over here, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example, and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The old hag stood for a moment in deep thought. "Are you sure then you have tried every way?"

"Every one that I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly consented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Blueford's house, and found old Mrs. Blueford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B. you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years come next November," replied Mrs. B.

"And in this time you never had the least quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag, "I consider it my duty to warn you, that though this is the case, yet you must not expect it to be so always.—Have you not observed of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I know it," continued the hag, "and let me warn you in time to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long, coarse hair growing on a mole under his chin, on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the cause of his troubles, and as long as they remain you had better look out. Now as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble."

"If you say so, I will," repeated the credulous old lady.

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness, passed between them as did between her and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty, as a Christian to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you that your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished; yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself upon a bed in great perplexity, and, feigning sleep, studied over the matter in his mind. His wife, thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was very much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so between the two she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat! After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror; and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So, from that time forth, there was no more peace for that house. It was jaw, jaw, quarrel and wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the success of the faithful emissary and sent her word that if she would meet him at the end of the lawn, at a certain time, he would pay her the shoes.

At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on the end of a long pole, and, standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them; they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, that I would like to have explained—"

that is, why you hand them to me on that stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he, "any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying he fled in terror.

After awhile the old woman died; and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the woman is yet compelled to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighbors.

Would you know her name?

It is Madam Scandal. When she died, her children the young Scandalizers, were left orphans; but the Devil, in consideration of past service done by the mother, adopted them; and so you see, he is the father of that respectable class called scandal mongers.

Scan. Mag.

The present complications in the European Courts, viewed relatively to the immorality of some imperial and royal personages, are curious enough, according to the following from the Philadelphia Press:

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, is said to have had only a putative father in Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland for a short time, while his real father is reported to be a Dutch Admiral. His principal Minister, in whom he places most implicit reliance, is Count De Morny, whose father was that same Dutchman, while his mother was no less than Hortense Beauharnais, ex-Queen of Holland. Thus, at any rate, Napoleon III and Count De Morny, have the same mother. The Count, it may be recollected, acknowledged himself father of one of Rachel's children.

Another pillar of the Napoleonic dynasty is Count Walewski, son of that Napoleon, by a Polish lady of high rank and much beauty—one of the few persons who remained true to him when he abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814.

There has long existed a belief, in Germany, that the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, instead of being son of the Archduke Francis Charles, by the Princess Sophia, of Bavaria, his wife, claims a different paternity. Butler says, "The child whom many fathers share, Will never know a father's care."

Francis Joseph, however, has been well cared for, and was elevated to the Imperial throne of Germany, while yet in his teens, on the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, his uncle. Venuese gossip has forked out into two channels respecting his birth. One account declares him to be a son of Count Itterburg, ex-Crown Prince of Sweden. This gentleman's real name was Gustavus Vasa, and his father was Gustavus IV, who was deposed in 1812, and died in Switzerland in 1837. This young Prince travelled through Scotland and Ireland in 1820, and eventually entered the Austrian service where he obtained command of a regiment at Vienna, and a Chamberlainship at the Imperial Court. The other putative father of "His Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria," and so forth, is said to be none other than Napoleon 11, better known as the Duke de Reichstadt, ex-King of Rome, who died July, 1832, aged 21. Francis Joseph, it may be recollected, was born August, 1830.

If this last rumor be true, we have two cousins fighting against each other in Italy—Napoleon III and Francis Joseph I—that is provided the Emperor of the French be a real Napoleon and not a Dutchman.

A Thrilling Romance.

She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds—her lover stood beside her with white kids and dickey clean—the last was twenty and the first was seventeen.

The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced, and laughed, and cried. The last kiss had been given and the happy pair had slumbered down, and sought the bridal bed.

CHAPTER II.

She stood beside the wash tub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slipshod feet there laid a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her—the crosser man alive—the last was twenty-nine years old, the first was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over and the clothes hung out to dry—and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked and supper made upon a crust of bread, and then the bride and bridegroom went grumbling to bed.

Three things never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, two lovers after one girl.

Highland Mary.

Brave, noble, hapless Bobbie Burns! To say that love was thy inspiration is but to write a line in the emotional history of most poets' natures. But there was a peculiar earnestness and simplicity about the admiration which Burns bestowed upon the fair creatures he occasionally met, which invests them with unusual interest. Some have the dewy freshness and simplicity of his mountain daisy—his "Highland Mary," for example. She was a farm servant on a neighboring farm, a handsome, modest intelligent young girl, who reciprocated the love of the poet. The two were solemnly pledged to each other. It was a most virtuous love. Burns gave his Mary a Bible in two volumes, as the best love token he could bestow; on the fly-leaf of the Old Testament the poet wrote, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely. I am the Lord." (Levit. xix. 12.) In the New Testament he wrote, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." (Mat. v. 33.) This Bible, with the poet's handwriting, is still in existence. On the second Sunday in May, 1781, in a retired spot on the banks of the Ayr, Burns and Highland Mary met, as it proved, for the last meeting.

"Ah! little thought I 'twas our last!" sang the lover in his matchless lyric, "To Mary in Heaven," written five years afterwards. Troubles gathered much around the poet during the ensuing summer, and it was resolved that he should emigrate to the West Indies. His Mary set out about four months after "their day of parting love" on the banks of the Ayr, for the purpose of seeing her lover before he embarked. She reached Greenock, and was there seized with a malignant fever, which in a few days terminated her life. The poet heard of her death before he had any tidings of her illness, and the shock was terrible. Years after he wrote:

And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that loved me dearly,
But aye within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

It was observed by those who knew the bard well, that he was always melancholy when the year brought round the time of his parting with this the best beloved heroine of his early years. His genius has conferred immortality on the simple rustic maid; from the palace to the cottage, all know the name of Highland Mary.

A Mississippi Editor Taken Down.

An editor and a young School Miss were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

Editor—"Miss—when are you going to get married?"

Schoolmiss—"Well, I don't know, the first chance I get."

Ed.—"Well, as that is my intention, suppose we marry?"

S. M.—"Well, I don't know whether that would be a chance or not."

The editor acknowledged himself "in below the fold."

A Plea for the Beardless.

In the year 1586, the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a buck-goat and not a gentleman as I am."

"Defeat this bill," said an orator, "and a standing army, like a bird of prey, will swoop down and gnaw at the vitals of the Republic. Pass it, and a million of men, from the north, south, east and west; from hill and dale; from your crowded cities and mountain fastnesses, at your first bugle-blast of war, will rally to the flag, and like the heroic sons of the Spartan mother, will return it blazoned all over with victory, or be encircled in its folds as their winding-sheet."

"Jenny," said a landlady to her servant, "was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?"

"Yes, marm," said Jenny, "there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspicious at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

A prisoner in the dock upon one occasion, was observed to be in tears.

"Why do you weep," inquired the Judge:

"Ah! my lord, it was not till I heard my counsel's defense, that I knew how innocent I was."

Social Charity.

Under bad manners, as under graver faults, lies very commonly an overestimate of our special individuality, as distinguished from our generic humanity.—It is just here that the very highest society asserts its superior breeding. Among truly elegant people of the highest tone, you will find more real equality in social intercourse than in a country village. As nuns drop their birth-names and become Sister Margaret and Sister Mary, so high-bred people drop their personal distinctions and become brothers and sisters of conversational charity. Nor are fashionable people without their heroism. I believe there are men that have shown as much self-devotion in carrying a lone will-flower down to the supper-table as ever saint or martyr in the act that has canonized his name. There are Florence Nightingales of the ballroom, whom nothing can hold back from their errands of mercy. They find out the red banded, gloveless undergraduate of bucolic antecedents, as he squirms in his corner, and distill their soft words upon him like dew upon the green herb. They reach even the poor relation, whose dreary apparition sadden the perfumed atmosphere of the sumptuous drawing-room. I have known one of these at gels ask, of her own accord, that a desolate middle-aged man, whom nobody seemed to care, should be presented to her by the hostess. He wore no shirt-collar,—he had on black gloves,—and was flourishing a red bandanna handkerchief! Match me this; ye proud children of poverty, who boast of your paltry sacrifices for each other!—Virtue in humble life! What is that to the glorious self-renunciation of a martyr in pearls and diamonds? As I saw this noble woman bending gracefully before the social mendicant,—the white billows of her beauty heaving under the foam of the traitorous laces that half revealed them,—I should have wept with sympathetic emotion, but that tears, except as a private demonstration, are an ill disguised expression of self-consciousness and vanity, which is inadmissible in good society.

WHY A SHIP IS CALLED "SHE."—Some impudent editor—a crusty bachelor, no doubt, gives the following reasons:

"A ship is called she because a man knows not the expense till he gets one—because they are useless without employment—because they look the best when well rigged—because they are upright when in stays—because they bring news from abroad, and carry out news from home."

The Best Thing he Could Do.

A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said: "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action—as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?"

"Well, I don't know," answered the boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance possible, "without he hol'ered!"

Dying Consolation.

An old, unloved deacon, in his last hours, was visited by a neighbor, who said: "Well, deacon, I hope you feel resigned in going?"

"Ye-es," said the deacon, "I—I think I am resigned."

"Well," said the other, "I thought it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighborhood are resigned also."

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer's office and asked the inmate:

"An' what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the limb of the law.

"Och, thin, to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there is but one of them left."

The editor of the Brandon, (Miss.) Republican, notifies the public that hereafter no gentleman need expect to receive his paper "more than twenty five years without paying for it." He winds up with the following philosophical announcement: "Those who may wish to renew their notes can do so by writing out new ones for the amount on buckskin, as paper though not used, will mould and the ink on it fade."

It is a very pleasant and proper thing, no doubt to have a purpose; but happy is the man who can indulge in the luxury, now and then, of having none at all who can give over at intervals the steeple-chase of the world, and have a brow holiday—pass his hand across his brow and wipe out the wrinkles, so reverse life's engine and be a boy again.

Root hog or die.