

THE PANOLA STAR

WARD & BALLARD—PROPRIETORS.

M. S. WARD—EDITOR.

VOL. 1

PANOLA COUNTY, MISS., JUNE 7, 1856.

NO 20

THE "PANOLA STAR"
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

At Panola, Miss.

TERMS.—For one year, if paid in advance, \$2 00.
If not paid till the expiration of six months, \$2 50.
If not paid till the end of the year, the sum of \$3 00.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one week, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 50
For three months, 5 00
For six months, 8 00
For one year, 12 00
A liberal deduction made for larger advertisements.

All communications must be addressed to M. S. Ward, Esq., Panola, Miss.

POETRY.

MAIDEN RESOLUTION.

BY MARY FRANCIS TYLER TUCKER.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green.
Then his name it isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bill,"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And, don't you think, the gawky,
Tumbled down upon his knees!
While the tears, the creature wasted,
Were enough to turn a mill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly,
That I nearly fell asleep!
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night, to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At the first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will.

I am sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it;
For he says if I refuse him,
That he could not live a minute;
And you know, the blessed Bible
Plainly says, "we mus'nt kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather think I will.

(For the Panola Star.)

TO M. J.

Had I ne'er seen thy beauteous face,
Thy friendship ne'er obtained;
Had I ne'er heard thy silvery voice,
My heart had ne'er known pain.

But seeing thee has made me sad,
My heart's no longer free;
That heart must cease to beat on earth,
Or beat alone for thee.

And yet I would not make thee mine;
From thee I'd rather part,
Than to possess that hand of thine,
Without a warm, pure heart.

ALPHA.

Panola, June 23, 1856.

THE NEW PIANO.

WIFE IN ECSTASY—HUSBAND IN FIDGETS.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, "and now farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content and the big cigars, that makes ambition virtue—oh farewell. And oh, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dead clamors counterfeit;" but stop, I can't bid them farewell, for one of them has just arrived. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, shines like a mirror, and has carved cupids climbing up its limbs. And such lungs, whew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine, I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and that the lightnings had struck the crockery chests. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend on the back fence, demolishing a six-bit pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he didn't do it—it beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run-away-and-never-come-back-again. He played an extract de opera the other night. He ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then he cocked his eyes up at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies, then down come one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cock-roach dancing upon the tenor string of a fiddle.—Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through a knot hole in a hen-coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought I was in an orchard, listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then down came both fists, and oh Lord! such a noise was never heard before.

I thought a hurricane had struck the house, and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling upon my head. I thought the machine had burst when the infernal noise stopped, and I heard my wife exclaim,

"Exquisite!"
"What the deuce is the matter?"
The answer was—
"Why dear, that's La Sonnambula!"

"D—n Sonnambula," thought I, and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper. He calls it music; but for the life of me, I can't make it look like anything else than a rail fence, with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over it.—Before the instrument of torture came into the house, I could enjoy myself, but now every learned woman in the neighborhood must be invited to hear the new piano, and every time the blasted thing shrieks out, like a locomotive with the Bronchitis, I have to praise its tone, and when the invited guests are playing, I have to say, "Exquisite!" "Delightful!" "Heavenly!" and all such trash, while at the same time, I know just as much about music as a blind cod-fish. There are more tuning hammers than comforts in our house, and—and I wish the inventor of the piano was troubled with a perpetual nightmare, and obliged to sleep in one of his instruments all his life.

As for myself, I had rather put my head under a tin pan, and be drummed to sleep with a pair of shooting irons than to hear "La Sonnambula," or any other La thumped out of a piano.—Scatter ponies in front of my window, and draw together all the wandering

minstrels in the city—hand organs, banjos, fiddles, tamborines, rattling bones, and fish horns. Let juvenile monkeys crawl in my windows in search of three cent pieces—let me be awakened at midnight by the cry of 'murder!' ring the fire-bells, and I will not complain; but banish the pianos! Mine has got to go. I am going to launch the infernal machine out of the window the first dark night; and, my friends, I advise you to sleep with cotton in your ears, or when she gives her dying groan, you'll think you've fell out of bed, or a fallen star has gone to roost upon your housetop. For the information of Young America, I will state that all the brass wire, and keys, they are welcome to, if they will take them away, but the skeleton I want for a refrigerator.

Printing Office Rules.

We wish and expect that the following rules will be observed by all our friends, and thereby rid us of a great annoyance.

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe and pay for the paper.
4. Engage in no controversy.
5. Keep six feet from the table.
6. Don't talk to the printers.
7. Hands off the papers and type.
8. Eyes off the manuscript.
9. Don't look over the printer's shoulder to read his copy.

God intended all women to be beautiful, as much as He did the roses and the morning glories; and what He intended they should become, they would, if they obeyed his laws, and cut indolence and corset strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to expect to be handsome with the action of her lungs dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow bank, or a full grown oak in a flower pot.

HORRACE GREELEY.

Let me tell you a little joke I heard last evening, while at the National Hotel. A trio of Irish servants were busily talking politics in the corner of the reading-room, (Irish servants are great politicians here,) when one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Be jabbers, boys, an, there's ould Greeley!"

"Where?" exclaimed his companions, with as much interest in their looks as they would naturally exhibit on being told that St. Patrick or Bishop Hughes was before them.

"Standin' yon by the table, sphakin' wid the tall gentleman."

The Irishmen gazed curiously and intently at Horace for an instant, when the youngest of them, apparently a late importation, with wonder in his voice, observed:

"Be jabbers an' he's a white man."

Ov course he's a white man, said the first speaker, in a patronizing tone, as though he and Horace were the greatest of cronies.

"Well, be my sowl, I've been desaved in the ould fellow intirely, I thought he was a nagur."

A NICE BEDFELLOW.

"Wall, stranger," said a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord of the hotel at which both were stopping, had detained to sleep with him—"Wall stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least, but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I'm an old trapper, and generally dream of shootin' and scalpin' injuns. Where I stopped night afore last they charged me five dollars extra, 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board in the night. But you can come, stranger, if you like; I feel kinder peaceable now."

Hifalutin Letter Writing.—A young boarding school miss out West, who seems determined to soar above the common-place vulgar style of the present day, sent the following excuse to her female friend:

"Fondly cherished Clementine:—It is not in the power of my elocution to excogitate an epistle of efficacy—the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has congealed the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Mississippi—so that with the most imminent and superlative reluctance I am constrained to procrastinate my egress to the environs of your magnificent residence."

"Good Heavens!" said an astonished greenhorn at the President's Levee, last winter, calling the attention of his more experienced friend to the amazingly low-necked dresses worn by the fashionable ladies present, "did you ever see the like of that?"

"I think not," was the calm and considerate reply—"at least not since I was weaned."

A Lowell editor says that one reason why he supports the ten hour law for the factories is, that then the factory girls will have time to garter their stockings in the morning, instead of having so frequently to draw them up in the street.

A lady whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania, was one day sadly annoyed by a blue bottle fly. Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and without hurting it, put it out of the window. Seeing the maid hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause. "Why madam, it rains so very hard," answered the mischievous creature. "True," replied the mistress; put the poor thing in the other room until the rain's over."

Virtue is a flower which will wither by one touch, but which can never be made to bloom again, though watered by the tears of a life-time.