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Southern Broad-Axe [West Point, MS], April 2, 1859-February 8, 1860

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SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS]

April 2, 1859 - February 8, 1860

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], April 2, 1859, p. 1

Masthead: "Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They Will"

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], April 2, 1859, p. 1, c. 4-5

Laws of Divorce in Different States.

More than thirty causes of divorce are recognized by the statutes [sic] of the different States. In South Carolina not one has ever been obtained. In Virginia there are three causes, viz: natural and incurable impotency at the time of the marriage, idiocy and bigamy. In Alabama, adultery, or two years' abandonment. In Rhode Island, impotency, adultery, extreme cruelty, wilful [sic] desertion for the space of five years, continued drunkenness, neglect of the husband to provide necessaries for the subsistence of the wife, gross misbehaviour [sic] and wickedness repugnant to the marriage contract. In New Jersey a divorce is granted for prior existing marriage, adultery, and wilful [sic] absence for five years. In Vermont for nonage, mental incapacity, impotency, force and fraud, adultery, confinement in the State prison for three years or more, intolerable severity, wilful [sic] desertion for three years, absence for seven years unheard of, and where the husband being of ability, gross and wantonly neglects to provide for his wife. In Maine for adultery, impotency, desertion for five years, joining the Shakers for five years, confinement in the State Prison of any of the U. States for five years, fraud in obtaining the consent of the other party, habitual drunkenness for three years, a marriage with an Indian or mulatto is void; and imprisonment for felony in the State, works a divorce without any judicial proceeding. In Kentucky for habitual drunkenness, condemnation for felony, cruelty of the husband, and for several other causes which we forbear to mention. In Illinois, for impotency, adultery, wilful [sic] desertion for two years, extreme cruelty, habitual drunkenness for two years. In Missouri, for adultery, wilful [sic] desertion for two years, conviction of an infamous crime, habitual drunkenness for two years, cruel treatment endangering life, intolerably indignities, vagrancy of the husband. In Iowa the same causes exist as in Missouri, to which is superadded [sic], "when the parties cannot live in peace and happiness, and their welfare requires a separation." The law of Arkansas is the same as in Missouri, except that one year's absence is sufficient to free the abandoned party from the bonds of marriage. In Tennessee and Mississippi the law is nearly similar; while in Florida, to like enactments are added habitual indulgence of violence and ungovernable temper for one year, or drunkenness or desertion for one year. In North Carolina, impotency, adultery, abandonment, turning the wife out of doors, cruelty or indignity on part of the husband, or any other just cause. In Texas, impotency, excess, or cruel treatment or outrages, or desertion for three years; the husband may have a divorce for the adultery of the wife, and the wife when the husband abandons her and lives in adultery. In New York adultery is the only cause for a divorce. In Maryland the law is the same as New York except that abandonment and three years' absence from the State is a cause of divorce. In Georgia, the old English ecclesiastical law governs. In New Hampshire and Ohio similar laws to those [in] Vermont prevail. Extreme cruelty and absence for three years are cause for divorce in Delaware, to which Pennsylvania has added intolerable indignities. Congress has never conferred the power to grant divorce upon the courts in the Districts of Columbia.

The North and the South.

What wild misapprehensions prevails at the North respecting the ways and character of the Southern people! Not less ill-informed are Southerners with regard to the state of things at the North. And as a considerable number of those who have access to the public ear have an interest in keeping the two sections of the Union in ignorance of one another, it seems to be the duty of every one who has opportunities of knowing the truth, to do what in him likes to correct the current errors, and diminish the mutual ignorance.

If a hundred thousand Southerners [sic], selected from all parts of the Southern States, were compelled to live a year in the North, and the same number of the Northerners were obliged to spend a year in the South, and every man, on returning home, were required to give the people of his county an account of what he had experienced and observed, and those accounts were for the part faithful and full, it would do more to re-unite the two sections in feeling, and prepare the way for a real national and fraternal union, than any other measure that could be devised. Neither party might change its opinion on the subject; but how surprising and delighted all would be to discover that the two portions of the Union, like estranged and long-seperated [sic] brothers, love one another infinitely more than they hate; the ill feelings being a thing of yesterday, but the love dating far back, beyond the recollection of either. A state of feelings might then be expected to arise which would make it possible for the brothers to confer frankly and friendly upon the points of difference between them.

We should be glad to see the tour of Europe going out of fashion. We venture to declare that a New Yorker or a New Englander, intelligent enough to get any good from travel, would see more novelty, have more curious adventures, experience a greater rush of new ideas, and come back with more food for reflection and more material for conversation, from a three month's tour in the South, than he would from six months' travel in Europe. To a Southerner, who has passed his life on a plantation, far from any large town, every object in the North is novel and interesting. The Northern man who goes South makes a journey into the Past. The southern man who comes North beholds the living, realized Future. Go five hundred miles South, and then ten miles from the railroad, and you have arrived at Fifty Years Ago. The old-fashioned cast of character, simple, innocent, cordial, healthy, are before you; for the entire south is rural and agricultural, and the manner of the people, their feelings and character, are those of men who derive their all from the soil, and who pass half of their lives out of doors.

Brethren of the North and of the South, visit one another. Do not believe those who tell you that either is unprepared or unwilling to give the other a cordial welcome. The Northern man thinks, the Southern man feels. And that is precisely the reason why, when the two meet in proper and congenial circumstances, they are so pleasing and beneficial to one another. There is a difference between them, we admit. But is there any man foolish enough to believe that the removal of that difference is hastened by vituperation, by bad blood, by the hatred that is engendered by ignorance of one another's real opinions, desires, and character.—N. Y. Ledger.

West Point
Barber Saloon,
Charles Beasly,

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he continues to perform all the duties of a barber, at his stand adjoining the Post Office where

Shaving, Hair Dressing &c.,

is done in the neatest Style.

He solicits a continuance of that liberal patronage heretofore extended to him. His motto is:

Walk in gentlemen, you are in time,
I will shave you neatly for a *dime*
And if you will with me barter—
I will shampoo you for a *quarter*.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], April 9, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Pikes Peak Gold Diggings.

The great rush is now for Pike's Peak—the Eldorado of the West. The fever is raging to an almost alarming extent,—thousands upon thousands from all parts of the Union are flocking thither. The St. Louis papers estimates the number that has passed through that city at one hundred thousand, some 6,000 passed through Cincinnati via the river.

The Nashville Patriot of the 22nd ult says:

["] A large number of persons, mostly from Georgia, passed through our city yesterday en route for Pike's Peak. The gold mania in North Carolina and Georgia is greatly on the increase, several parties from those States having previously gone forward within two or three weeks past. They left yesterday morning on the steamer Reliance for Smithland, thence by steamer they proceed to St. Louis. We learn that a party of about twenty young gentlemen will leave Eddyville, Ky., in a few days, for the gold regions.["]

A company is now organizing in our city. Some ten or twelve are making their arrangements to leave the 20th of this month. Perhaps it would be of interest to some to know where it is. It is situated in the extreme western part of Kansas; some of the mines extending into New Mexico on the west and Nebraska on the North. The country is well watered, with an abundance of game. Gold is found in large quantities—the miners having made from five to ten Dollars a day during the winter where they had to work under disadvantages.

There is no question of there being gold there—the only thing to fear is that the country and mines will be overstocked. A person before going should weigh well the cost.

The whole trip can be made by public conveyance going via New Orleans to St. Louis, thence by Hannibal to St. Joe by Rail road, there stage it to the mines at a cost of \$150 Dollars from here, or via West Port Missouri, with mining and camping utensils, with provisions for six months at a cost of \$180.

The prospects are encouraging and all you that have the fever had better start soon, and get there by the time the spring work begins. Our prayers will attend you.

Stuck up Folks.

"I don't like those people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we heard the other day. What are "stuck up" people, thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any. Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning against a post of the hotel piazza, twirling a showdow [sic?] walking stick, now and then coaxing the hair on his upper lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious to know whether they observe him, he belongs to the "stuck up folks."

What is the occasion? Well, he happened to have a rich father, and a foolish vain mother, who have taught him that he isn't "Commonfolks," and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become "stuck up;" he doesn't take pains to learn any thing, for he doesn't feel the need of knowing any more; he does not work, for he has never required it, and he is so extensively "stuck up" he hasn't the least idea that he will ever come down—he doesn't know, however. There goes a young woman—lady, she calls herself—with the most condescending air to nobody in particular, and on all-pervading consciousness "all creation and the rest of mankind" are looking at and admiring her; she has never earned her salt she eats, knows a little, very little, of a good many things, and nothing thoroughly on any thing; is most anxious lest she be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes. She is one of the "Stuck up folks," and that is about all she is. That old gentleman, over the way, barricaded with half a yard of shirt collar, guarded by a gold headed cane, with a pompous patronizing air—do you see him? Well he is one of the "Stuck up" too.

He has been so about ten years, since he got off his leathern apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate.

There are other fools of this class, some "stuck up" by having at some time or other been Constables, justices of the peace, and aldermen, and in various other ways, they get "stuck up" notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to the dignity of price; they are not distinguished folks, for they have not the ability or character enough to make them so—they are just what they appear to be, "stuck up."—let them stick.

A.

Ed. Locomotive:

Dear Mr. Editor:--Pray congratulate me on my safe return to Cedar Hill, and my escape from what I consider—enchanted land. There is surely some wondrous fascination about the "queen island," which inclines one to linger among its beautiful bowers and rich parterres forever. And who would not risk the dangers of the treacherous gulf, for one glimpse of the green isle as it rises to view above the waste of waters.

I feel as if I had been wandering in fairy regions—Life in Cuba is but a delicious reverie, a succession of pleasant emotions, a happy dream. There are no external sights or sounds to destroy the harmony of the soul. Nothing is heard but the sweet music of birds, the soft sighing of the breeze, or the fall of distant cascades, while Flora has decked this lovely spot with all that

can charm the eye.

But I forget to whom I am writing—such enthusiasm will only excite a smile from one who deals solely in such dry matters as politics, and statistical facts. You would rather know in what time I made the trip, at what port I landed, the present price of sugar, how the coffee plantations are flourishing, or what is the last political movements.

Well, I cant [sic] inform you on these important points but would advise you, if you wish to forget all the ills and disagreeables of life to make a jaunt to the "jem [sic] of the Antilles"—It is better than a draught of the famous water of Lethe.

I have returned home though, a jealous advocate of annexation. We need such a land as this, with its flowers, to poetry, and its romance to often [soften?] our prosaic natures—to remind us that life was not meant merely for the accumulation of sordid dollars and cents, but for just and refined enjoyment. That a few moments should be claimed from business for innocent pleasure—a few hours devoted to love and friendship. If Brother Jonathan would listen to my advice he would not await the slow progress of "manifest destiny in this matter" but would make such a prize his own by a sudden coup de main, and do his talking afterwards as, we must all confess, he is a wordy gentleman, who cant [sic] take a pinch of snuff even, without discussing the expediency of the thing with all his friends.

But what have you, and your contributors been saying and doing in my absence. Have you commented as usual upon the follies of my sex, or have you yet made the astounding discovery that your own err occasionally? Have you chronicled all the dreadful duel's [sic] that have ended in smoke or inserted any more of J. M's Philippias? And last, but not least, what is become of *my* good friend W. J? I expected to find several members of the Locomotive awaiting me when I returned to Cedar Hill, but not one met my anxious eye. Have you entirely forgotten that I am one of your subscribers?

Do assure W. J. for me that I am not at all intimidated by his Scriptural quotations. In truth I do not apply those words of St. Paul to myself, as I am yet "fancy free," and he was evidently addressing that honorable class who have chosen lords, and masters for their guide. Perhaps these appointed guides were more sapient then, than now, for I think they would very often prove "blind leaders of the blind" in the present age. But doubtless such texts are very much to the taste of all his progmatial [sic] sex. In their superior wisdom they have assigned woman her proper place in the scale of existence with as much nonchalance as Naturalists classify stones, shells, or animals, and they are somewhat surprised, and intensely indignant that she will not *remain* there forsooth! Strange! is it not? That this specimen of animated nature should possess something like human volition, and with a vivacity and will almost equal to noble man's, claim the right of having a voice in the disposal of self! There is something *unfeminine* in this independence of thought. Woman was placed in this world to prepare her liege-lord a good dinner, keep his wardrobe in nice order, coax away his ill-humor or weekly endure its storm when events in the great world have conspired to ruffle his equanimity. To stay at home and study his interest while he is up town discussing politics, on taking social glasses to oblige his friends;--or off on a pleasure trip which takes the high-sounding name of urgent business.

Oh! yes; let woman be taught by her husband at home. Did she not vow at the altar to take him for better and worse. And that of course meant a renunciation of all such heresies as free will; thoughts, feelings, and opinions of her own. His belief must henceforth be hers. If needs be the noonday sun must seem the "pale inconstant moon." It is her mission to take charge of the goose but let her beware of "using the quill extracted from its wing." And my waning light reminds me that I must lay aside mine for the present, but do, my dear Mr. Editor let me

hear from you soon.

Yours truly,
Kate.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], April 27, 1859, p. 2, c. 3

For the Broad-Axe.

Shall We Travel?

The response to this interrogation [sic] depends greatly upon the object had in view, or ends to be accomplished.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that there are many who think that a tour to some Northern or Atlantic city—or popular watering place, is something not to be missed; although they often go for no other object than display, (or as they would call it enjoyment) and often at an expense too great for even those more pecuniarily blest. Now sir, it is not my design to complain too heavily at this practice, so much admired, and indulged in, by the more favored [favored?] of fortune's children, in this fair land of ours, for the reason that much of their hoarded treasure is thus drawn out into the hands of the poor hackmen, Inn and hotel keepers; and is thereby put into circulation, and so finds its way into the hovel of the neglected poor in exchange for a dozen eggs, a few chickens—pounds of butter &c., while they would not bestow a mite from the bounty which the great giver of gifts has so lavishly bestowed upon them, to feed the hungry, educate the orphan, or dry the sorrowing tear of disconsolate widowhood; and only by hard persuasion can they be induced to reluctantly give a few dollars towards building a house of worship, provided it be for the use of some denomination with which they can fraternize.

But sir, you will have the generosity to permit me to urge some objections to what appears prodigality. While I admit the privilege in one instance, I most emphatically condemn the *practice* in another. Is it not strange that young persons who labor and toil for money, being favored with limited means, will lavish it so wantonly in the pursuit of habits and enjoyments, which promise to prove fatal to their future welfare and happiness? I doubt not it is often the case, that they borrow from a friend to make an excursion off, when the very raiment which adorns their persons is unpaid for. Now Mr. Editor, I hope you will not consider it untimely to make a suggestion here. If the wealthy would spend more money in building up home institutions [sic], home comforts, home manufactories; and make an occasional visit to the cottage of the poor, there with words of love and deeds of kindness to bind up wounded hearts and soothe dropping spirits—and instead of setting extravagant examples for the less fortune-favored, condemn every appearance of customs which leave a fatal sting behind them, would they not be doing a better and more charitable part for their fellow beings? For had we the time, the money and the inclinations to visit all cities and watering places of importance in all this land of ours, to launch our bark and [in?] the billowy ocean, and unfurling to the breezes our snowy sails, be wafted over the restless tide to the land of our fathers, and traverse its groves and glens made sacred by patriotic recollections and poetic associations; had we a view of all Europe, or of the entire world—then, so far from having obtained our desire, we could but do as Alexander did, sigh that there was no more to accomplish and conclude as Solomon did that "all was vanity."

Maggie.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], April 27, 1859, p. 2, c. 4-5

A Word to Young Ladies.

We wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect, the almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the truth of the Christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when more powerful appeals from other sources will fall unheeded upon his heart. Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from their own homes—away from the influence of parents and sisters—and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentleman companions have over him. We believe it is just as true, that a gentleman's character is formed, to a very great extent, by the ladies he associates with, before he become[s] a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him. We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brother to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows, because they thought it "smart;" and he did mingle with them, until he became just like them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began farther back than with his gentlemen companions. It began with his sisters; and was carried on through the forming years of his character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may, by various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their brothers into good ladies society—lead them along, until their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep him from mingling with low society. If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence at all. This is not possible. You cannot live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to drink a glass of wine, or to play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling, that may burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.—[Ex.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 1, c. 1

To Water-Proof Fabrics.—Take a pound of glue, one pound of tallow bar soap and dissolve them in five gallons of water. Now bring the water to the boiling point, and add carefully and slowly one and a half pounds of alum. When this is all dissolved, cool down the liquid to about 130 deg. Fah. and plunge the articles to be prepared into it, then hang them up to dry. When they have become quite dry, they should be washed in soft water and dried a second

time. Such articles should not be used for wearing apparel, excepting for loose tunics to be put on in rainy weather. Any person may thus prepare at little expense a coarse cloth water-proof fabric.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 1, c. 5

Farmer's Home.—Nothing shows the refinement of the farmer more than the adorning of his home. It shows his good taste, and that he is desirous of making all around him pleasant and comfortable. Beautiful and attractive homes tend to increase all the good qualities of the occupants, and remove the bad. Beauty and loveliness in nature tend to all that is lovely in thought and deed and make mankind better, both as concerns their own happiness and that of others.

Having shown why farmers should adorn their homes, we will tell the way to do it the easiest.

If your house is poor and plain, it makes no difference if you cannot afford to build a new one, adorn the surroundings of the old one. In cold spells build a new yard—it cost almost nothing; set out some pretty trees in front, and surround the house with them if possible. Fill the yard with flowers; they will cost nothing but the getting, unless rare varieties are procured, and your wife and children will tend to the cultivation.—never fear that. Build a wood house, if you have not ready. Don't deface your yard with wood piles, rails, sleds, cartwheels, and other rubbish; remove the hog pen from its conspicuous position near the roadside, and build a neat frame structure—'twilt pay for itself in a few years. Have neat fences, they look well, and are much better. Build a nice barn and sheds, if not already built; they will pay for themselves and look better than the unsightly. Have good yards around your farm buildings. And above all, have the best books of the day, where yourself and family can gain instruction in their leisure hours, and take at least one good agricultural paper.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 1, c. 6

The Knoxville Whig says:—"There is a regular *day-school* taught in the old part of our city by a Free Negro, and the little *darkies* travel to and from it daily, with their little baskets and buckets. This is, of course, with the approbation of the City Authorities. It is a thing well enough, as it will enable them to learn the arts of *poisoning*, writing *free papers*, and *burning down towns* scientifically!"

We were born in Tennessee, and we are proud of it. But it was the other end of the State and we are prouder of that.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Sabbath School.—It was truly gratifying to see the interest manifested by all, in the meeting at Church Hill on the 1st inst. A large number of our citizens in town and country gave in their names in support of the cause. It speaks well for the morals of West Point to see so many, indeed almost all, of her young gentlemen engaging in a Sabbath School. The prospects are flattering and now is the time to thoroughly organize. Come out next Sabbath, 9 o'clock A. M.

There is considerable complaint at the inconvenience of getting out there, and if we only had a suitable building in town, doubtless a much greater interest would be taken in it.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 2, c. 2

That Church.

We will venture to assert that you may search the whole United States from the Lakes to the Gulf and you will not find another town of the size or doing one-half of the business of West Point, without at least two or three churches in it. Then why can not we have a church or two? It surely cannot be *penuriousness* on the part of the citizens! Does no one agitate the matter? There are several spoken of and subscription enough to build one or two liking [sic] a few hundred dollars. In the name of common humanity can we not awaken enthusiasm sufficient to complete the sum? Do let us see them, or at least *one*, under contract during the course of the spring.

Good Schools and Churches will add to the convenience of our citizens—and especially to the interest of our town, and be an inducement to others to cast their lots among us. "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 2, c. 5

Some of our exchanges continue directing our papers to the "Locomotive." We wish them to clearly understand that *we* are a different institution and in no way connected with that unfortunate enterprise. The "Locomotive" *run off the track* about Christmas, possibly in consequence of having too much steam "on," but we were not *Engineer*. Please direct to the "Southern Broad-Axe." The "Locomotive" is no more.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 3, c. 1

The Soiree.

We had the pleasure of attending Prof. Spigener's *Soiree* last Friday evening, and were gratified to meet so respectable at [an] assemblage of the Youth and Beauty of West Point, and some of the neighboring towns on the Rail Road. No plans were spared to make the festivities of the occasion as agreeable as possible and to render the situation of every one pleasant. The utmost gayety and good feeling pervaded the whole assembly. Participants and spectators all joined in the potent, soul enchanting spell, which wrapt the senses, while

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Prof. Spigener's present session closes next Friday evening, when those wishing to enter for next session will have an opportunity of doing so. He needs no further recommendation than to see his classes perform. We refer you to his card in another column.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 4, 1859, p. 4, c. 1

For the Broad Axe.

La Cigarette. [sic]

With blow gun, and with bat in hand,
Thro' various streets he wends his way,
His little poodle, at command,
Around the lad does play;

With martial step he onward hies,
(This papa's joy, and mamma's pet)
Till some confectioner's he spies,
With hastened pace along he flies,
To buy his *cigarette*.

In the back room the fire does blaze,
The little gent as bold as brass,
Sensible men, with much amaze,
Make way to let him pass.
He kicks the billets, turns him round,
Each eye on him intently set,
Springs to the fire with a bound
And lights his *cigarette*.

He next espies an armed chair,
Which close unto the mantel stood,
Places himself, cross-legged, there
And with a stare so rude,
He scans each countenance by turns,
(This papa's joy, and mamma's pet)
The fumes ascend while slowly burns,
His Cuba *Cigarette*.

In comes an old gray-headed man,
To warm his hands—the day was cold—
A country gent, who wish'd to show
Politeness to the old,
Resigned his seat, while stately sat
(This papa's joy, and mamma's pet,)
Nor mov'd an inch, but whiffed the last,
Of his sweet *cigarette*.

Such airs are, in the youth, or man,
Ridiculous; and when a child
You should restrain them, while you can,
By counsels wise and mild.
Show to your darling, while he's young,
The snares which every day beset
The paths of manhood, which have sprung
From smoking (Tho' I may be wrong)
A Cuba *cigarette*.

Whetstone.

Jo Suggs at the Candy Stew,
by Forky Dee.

Boys, did I ever tell you about Jo's adventure at Molly Dobs' candy stew down on Huggins Creek?

Well, if I never did, here goes. Jo you know, was a round chunk of a fellow, wore tight pants and a bobtail coat and was monstrous afraid of the gals.

The gals, though, warn't afraid of Jo, if he did own land and niggers—for sich like have no terrors for them. Well, not being afraid of Jo, of course they didn't fear the other fellows, who were minus all these. Well, then Jo was axed along with a number of them to come down to Molly Dobs' mammy's to a candy stew, and down Jo went, with all his fat and bashfulness, and when he got there the house was full of galls and fellows, and the candy had been poured out to cool, and was setting all about the room on chairs and tables. So soon as he entered all eyes were on him—I mean the galls,, for Jo was considered a great catch, and Jo blushed; but old Mrs. Dobs and Molly rushed to him, seized him by the hand and literally overpowered him with kind greetings; he became confused, his legs got weak, and he looked about for a place to sit down. Molly and her mammy kept crowding him. They were right after Jo's tracks, and he was straight after a chair, and as he cast his eye back he thought he saw a soft cushioned one, and he took a squat at it, and as he touched it, you never heard such a yell in your life; he lifted himself out of it clear into the very middle of the floor, clapped his hands on his breeches and wiggled like a worm in hot embers, while the smoking candy trickled down his legs. The galls all screamed, Molly fainted. I seized a bucket of water, Mrs. Dobs the dish tub, and right at Jo we both dashed as he rushed out of the room. But luckily he stumbled and fell and Mrs. Dobs came right on top of him, tub and all. To make things sure I chugged him with the bucket of water about the seat of agony. He roared, I tell you, and when we lifted him up his hands were stuck fast behind him. The cold water had done the work, and there was no loosening them without fire and hot water. He begged us not to take him back among the gals, but it was no use—there was no where else to take him—and we pulled him right among them, and stood him with his back to the fire, and poured hot water about where his hands were stuck, while all the galls blushed, covered up their faces and wondered if he was much hurt. "Powerfully damaged," says I. At this Molly screamed and swooned again, and Jo gave his hands a sudden wrench bolted out of the house, and took down the road like forty devils were after him, and about one minute after another fellow followed him, and a woman close on to him with a broom stick. That, boys, was me and old Mrs. Dobs, but she got no nearer me than I did Jo. I tell you the running was powerful, and I can't to this day decide which is the most stimulating—a dish of hot candy, as Jo took it, or the sight of a broomstick in the hands of an angry woman. But boys, if you want to have fun, jus say "lasses candy" to Jo; it will do you good to see him clasp his hands and grin.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 1, c. 6

Rather Too Good to be Lost.—Thursday night a countryman from the county of Franklin, wandered to the Gaiety Theatre to witness the tragedy of *Othello*. Mr. Crisp personated the "Moor" on the occasion, and we must say, looked the character in great perfection. The delegate from Franklin appeared highly satisfied until the scene in the Duke's palace, where Othello is arraigned for marrying the fair and beautiful Desdemona. Here he knit his brows and looked daggers at the sooty general; but when Desdemona herself entered and joined in the defence [sic] of her husband, and he turned and threw his arm gently about her waist, the delegate went off in

a towering passion, swearing it was "a d---e Black Republican play," not to be tolerated by the Southern people, and stalked out of the house.—Nash. Pat.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 1, c. 6

A cupid smitten swain once found himself, fortunately (?) in possession of his *Dulcinea's* album, on a blank leaf of which he gave vent to his pent up soul in the following pathetic strain:

"Soft is the down on the butterfly's wing,
Soft is the whisper when lover's [sic] speak,
Soft is the light which the moonbeams fling,
But softer far is my lady love's cheek."

"Phancy his phelinks" the next morning when he found upon his table a delicate little card, which had some how strayed there, upon which a feminine hand had traced the following tender response:

"Soft am 'taters all smashed up—
And mush am soft as mush can be—
But softer far is the silly pap
Vat writ that varse to me.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 2, c. 2

For the Broad-Axe.

Only a Teacher.

How many a noble, pure-minded and true-hearted girl, from choice, as well as necessity, have left the comforts of an affluent home, with its thousand associations, through a warm devotion to the most useful of all professions accessible to woman, a profession which has for its special object and aim, the elevation and refinement of her sex, to meet in a strange place and among strangers only the cold, prying look of curiosity, and to hear the whispered words from one to another, "she is only a teacher!" It is true the most sacred and responsible of all duties is her's [sic]—the development of immortal minds. But what of that? the door of fashionable society must be slammed in her face, for she is "only a teacher," and must not expect to be admitted within the charmed circle.

She may be eminently qualified to mould [sic] the plastic mind of a dear daughter, capable of imparting even her own gentle manners and queenly graces to a dear sister, but with the parent this shall profit her nothing, for she is "only a teacher."

She may be possessed of wit, beauty, intelligence, but even these shall not relieve her from the odium which a false and hollow-hearted circle would heap upon her, for alas she is "only a teacher."

The dashing belle, with a heart as unnatural as her false curls, will turn up her nose as she passes and simper "only a teacher;" the brainless dandy, the joint work of the hatter, tailor, and boot-maker, even while expressing his admiration, by his rude and insolent gaze, will append to this note of admiration his pity, that she is "only a teacher."

Sordid papa's [sic] and fortune hunting mamma's [sic] will guard the self important, lymphatic "hope of the family," by whispering in his ear, "she is only a teacher."

But, thank heaven, there are many without that self-styled, fashionable circle, composed of hollow-hearted belles, brainless dandies, sordid pappas, fortune-hunting mammas, and self-

important "hopes of the family."

Yes, there is a world of generous spirits outside of this exclusive circle, full of noble generosity, with intellect and exalted merit, ready to pay its tribute to the worthy wherever they are found.

Wit, wisdom, and beauty command the fealty of those loyal hearts, even when "only a teacher" is the embodiment. They have the discrimination to see, and the feelings to appreciate the noble spirit which impels the gifted teacher, instead of the flattering, gay butterfly of an hour, amid the allurements and dissipations of the hall of fashion, to go forth in the world and leave her impress upon the tablet of the immortal mind.

Ah! who is it that is to fashion the future lives of our little sisters and daughters? "Only the teacher." Who is to impress the opening minds of the future generation? Who is to endeavor, not only by example, but by precept, to sow the seeds of virtue, honesty, and truth in the minds of the gay, young and thoughtless, while perhaps their fashionable mammams are spending their time at some gay dinner or evening party, theatre, or some other place of amusement? "Only the teacher." Who is debarred from the select circle, whose presence is looked upon as an intrusion, and if by chance, she happens to be present on one of these occasions, she is with, but not one of them, while she only waits to steal unobserved to some quite [sic] corner, some secret nook, and there pour out the tears that well up from her heart of hearts? for as the mimosa too rudely touched, folds up its leaves, so if you approach a sensitive nature in rough and heartless manner it closes the avenue to its affections and shrinks tremblingly from your contact.

Stranger teachers we often meet from the North, the South, the East, and the West, who perhaps, like some of you, reader, of the elite, the bon ton, and the aristocracy, have once reveled in all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can afford. Until by some freak of fortune adversity came and compelled them to go forth in the world—many of the far away from the loved ones at home—and for what purpose? to teach your children; to instruct and guide them up the rugged steps of knowledge, without even an encouraging word, friendly call, a passing interest in your hearts and homes, or a look of kindness and sympathy to cheer them in their toils. Ah! no! says one for "she is only a teacher," and cannot be admitted into our circle.

She is agreeable and looks well enough, but teachers must be made to feel their position and keep their place.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness; the kind word, the soft and gentle tone, even the friendly glance of the eye, may sweep with trembling felicity the cords of many a sorrowing stranger's heart, and you, kind readers and patrons of the elite, the bon ton, &c., would feel all the happier for having done a good action, for benevolent impulses enact many a scene of beautiful wonder amid plaudits of Angels; and it is a duty that we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves, not merely to sympathize with them, but let our sympathy lead to acts of charity and kindness.

Some good writer has said, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes and rising above them, is an object on which the Gods themselves look down with delight, and also, that we never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in the unworthy mind.

Of all trees we obscure that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts the soft, patient lamb; of all birds the mild and gentle dove.

When God appeared to Moses, it was not in a lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, *but a bush*—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if he would by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man.

Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate like pride. And we feel gratified that there are still many noble and true hearts ready and willing to extend the hand of sympathy and encouragement, who are above all such vanities and frivolities, and who are not ashamed to be seen in any circle, conversing and even associating with "Only a teacher."

A.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 2, c. 3-4

A Woman's Wit.

A little romance was enacted in this city a short time ago, the details of which we were so fortunate as to obtain. A gentleman who resides on Prospect street has a wife who, for some months past has gradually become imbued with the idea that her lord is recreant to his vows.—A note which she intercepted confirmed her in her suspicions, and his movements were watched with a secrecy and cunning known only to jealous wives. She ascertained where the frail one lived who had estranged her husband's love from its lawful object, and succeeded in renting a room in a house directly opposite, representing herself to be a dress maker. From this point of observation, she saw enough to convince her that her faithless spouse was a constant and welcome visitor at the house across the way, whose reputation was not at all questionable.—By the promise of a liberal reward, she induced a daguerrean artist to remove his apparatus to her room, and to follow her directions without asking questions. Wondering what deed of horror he might be called upon to daguerotype [sic], the artist prepared to obey her commands. She ordered him to place his instrument so as to command the front door of the house opposite, and to be prepared to take an impression at a moment's notice. He did as he was requested, and for many long hours, two anxious faces might have been seen peering from the window, and the artist's camera pointing grimly and relentlessly at the door of the opposite house.

The next day when the naughty husband entered his own house, his wife advanced towards him, looking unusually sweet and cheerful (in fact, he thought he had never observed her looking so charming before) and presented him with a daguerreotype, saying she had been at considerable pains to obtain it, regretting that it did not do the subject entire justice, and ending by begging its acceptance with one of her sweetest smiles. Thinking his dear little wife had been getting her miniature for him, and recalling his disloyalty with an ugly spasm of the heart he proceeded to unclasp the case which contained, as he supposed, the featured of the loving and confiding creature before him. The first glance disclosed a house which looked astonishingly familiar; the second revealed to his petrified gaze the form of himself, standing on the steps with his hand upon the door knob; and gazing sheepishly around as if fearful of detection. His head swam, the infernal miniature danced before his eyes, and falling upon his knees, the wretch frantically besought her forgiveness. 'Tis said the room presented a fearful scene. There were reproaches, entreaties, threats of separation, supplications, mingled with a considerable quantity of hysterics and tearing of hair. We are informed that the affair was at length adjusted, and that he has become an exceedingly meek, attentive and obedient husband.—Cleveland Democrat.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 2, c. 4

Camels in Dallas County.—We have been informed that it is the intention of Capt. J. A. Machodo who has been engaged for several years in importing camels to the United States, to send a short time, some three or four camels to our countryman, B. M. Woolsey, who has

consented to take them, and ascertain practically, if the camel is really adapted to the wants of our section of the country. Mr. Woolsey, we learn, will receive these animals in the course of ten or fifteen days, and will make such experiments with them as will prove their adaptation to our farming pursuits.

There are quite a number of gentlemen in our vicinity, who have been anxious to test the uses of the camel, and that this may be done, Capt. Machodo, has consented that Mr. Woolsey may make the test, so in case they prove to be what they are represented, he can furnish any number to our planting friends. We shall endeavor, at any any [sic], to keep our readers posted, as to the result of the experiment.—Selma Sentinel.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 11, 1859, p. 4, c. 1

Every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten.

It is proposed to establish an institution for the education of young ladies in which the science of weaveology, spinology and cookology will form a part. After obtaining these accomplishments they may receive the degree of F. F. W.—Fit for Wives.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 18, 1859, p. 1, c. 1

Fifty-Two.

I'm fifty-two to-day, tom,
 I'm fifty-two to-day;
My limbs are growing weaker,
 My hairs are turning gray—
Yet it does not seem so long, Tim,
 Since I was as young as you;
And scarcely can I realize,
 That I am fifty-two.

I've witnessed many changes,
 I have seen bright hopes decay,
And all the dreams of early life
 Like shadows pass away.
I've drank of sorrow's bitter cup,
 Now scarce know what to do;
Yet, still I hope for better days,
 Although I'm fifty-two.

I've been deceived and flattered, Tom,
 Defrauded of my right;
Still do I trust in Him above,
 It can't be always night,
A day of brightness yet will dawn,
 The right I will pursue,

And trust in God's good Providence,
Although I'm fifty-two.

Good lessons I've learned in life,
Among them I have found,
Tho' friends are very few indeed,
Acquaintances abound.
I'll trust my own exertions, Tom,
An upright course pursue,
And keep a bright and trusting heart,
Though I am fifty-two.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 18, 1859, p. 1, c. 1

Freedom of the Press.

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake,
"Oh, dear," said she, "what liberty
You printer boys do take!"
"Why yes, my Mol, my charming gal,
(I squeezed her some I guess,)
Can you say aught my chick, against
The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some—I did by gem—
She colored like a beet,
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat;
I gave her another buss and then,
Says she, "I do confess,
I rather kinder, sorter like
The freedom of the press!"

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], May 18, 1859, p. 1, c. 6

A lady called on a witty friend who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it Slattern. The next day they met, and the lady said, "I called on you yesterday." "Yes; I saw your card on the piano."

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], June 1, 1859, p. 3, c. 1

Pic Nic.—We had the pleasure of attending an exceedingly pleasant Pic Nic Party at the bridge near Dr. Ellis' three miles West of this place, last Saturday. We had a beautiful day, a pleasant crowd and everything needful to make time pass merrily away. One very important item in the arrangements being a most superb dinner for the whole crowd, spread out on the grass under a good shade. We enjoyed that superlatively. It was preceded, and succeeded by a succession of quadrilles on the verdant bosom of old *terra firma*.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], June 8, 1859, p. 2, c. 3

. . . Will any sensible man say that it is not to the interest of the South to adopt a measure which will reduce the price of slaves until poor men, as well as rich men, can avail themselves of the benefits of the institution?

Do you realize the fact that, of the citizens of the slave holding states, only *one man in twenty eight* is a slave owner? Such is the case, and such must be the case, until something is done to increase the supply, and reduce the price of slaves, so that all may be able to own them.

The poor man, who has to plow his own corn, gather his own cotton, feed his own stock, make his own fires, and black his own boots, cannot imagine, long at a time, that his rich neighbor's owning several hundred slaves, is a matter of much concern with him—especially when he reflects on the impossibility of his ever amassing \$2000, to purchase a slave to assist him. Then when crowded out of the states into the territories, will they be able to purchase slaves to carry with them? No! we will have to again, leave it, in the language of our correspondent, for "a few poor young men to do all the work and fighting, and support themselves, when not one in a hundred of them has any interest in slavery further than mere principle is concerned."

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], June 22, 1859, p. 3, c. 1

The Pic Nic.

"An hour like this is worth a thousand years pass'd
In Pomp or ease—'tis present to the last!
Years glide away untold—'tis still the same;
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came."

We had the pleasure of attending a Pic Nic Party at the lake 3 miles south of West Point on Saturday last, and, though it has been our good fortune to be present at many a similar affair, we may safely say that we never attended one where the cups of joy was filled higher, or drained deeper, than on that occasion. There were over two hundred present, from West Point and vicinity, with a *fair* representation from Starkeville, Siloam, Aberdeen, and other places. Extensive and commodious arrangements had been made for the accommodation of all by the hospitable citizens of the neighborhood, and much credit is due to the gentlemanly managers, who, with unparalleled success spared no exertion to make enjoyment universal. The grounds were in a beautiful grove in the borders of a bright clear lake, whose very waves trembled with sparkling ripples as if to emulate the happy smiles of beautiful faces and sparkling eyes along its cool shady shores.

Had a bevy of mocking birds been reveling in the leafy retreat, its dark green aisles could not have been enlivened with merrier peals of wild sweet music than come from the laughing lips of that joyous throng. At times small parties would stroll far up the green banks of the silvery lake, and forming themselves into a miniature choir, strains of enchanting music floated down over the placid bosom of the waters, and mingling with the merry laugh of gay dancers, did away in sweetness. Ever and anon would small groups of fond swains and fair damsels steal quietly away from the main crowd to stray along the grassy paths—or linger in some shady nook, while oftentimes would a tell-tale blush confess a plea in Cupid's court. All was light hearted joyousness and merry gaiety, and the lengthening shades of evening bade us quiet the welcome trysting place e'er we any notice took of how the hours had flown.

The dinner was in perfect keeping with the rest of the entertainment, and in such profusion as to leave ample supplies on the tables when all had satiated appetites none the less keen from having been whetted by free exercise, and pure morning air. All together it was an occasion to be remembered.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], June 29, 1859, p. 2, c. 4

A traveller was refused shelter at an inn unless he would agree to sleep, and without a light, decorously, in a room occupied by a lady. He promised, and just before day a thundering uproar was heard in the room, and the traveller came rolling down stairs exclaiming:

"Oh, Lord, that woman's dead!"

"I know that," replied the host, "but how did you find it out?"

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 6, 1859, p. 2, c. 2-3

The Starksville Celebration.

It was our good fortune to be present at the Celebration at Starkville yesterday. There was a large assemblage of the citizens of Oktibbeha, and neighboring counties there and although the most of them were strangers to us, it required but half an eye to see that every countenance was lighted up with enthusiasm—and every eye sparkled with the fire of patriotism which warms the American heart at the return of our Independence Jubilee. A band of skillful performers enliven the spirits of the vast concourse of chivalry and beauty with lively, stirring strains of music—and the old "Star Spangled Banner," so dear to the eye and the soul of the freeman, spread out its proud folds on the morning breeze.

At 11 A. M. the Exercises began with reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mr. Wm. Lockhart. Mr. L. first paid a beautiful tribute to the band in attendance after which he read the Declaration in a clear distinct voice audible to the whole crowd, and took his seat amid rounds of applause. After a thrilling performance by the band the young orator of the Day—H. L. Muldrow Esq., was introduced and entertained us for perhaps an hour with an elaborate discussion of the topics so naturally presented to one occupying his responsible position. We know not which to most admire in the oration—the Feast of Reason—the flow of soul—the seasoning of happy expression or the bouquet of elevated thought and beautiful language so appropriately addressed to the Ladies, which came in as a welcome *dessert* and was highly appreciated, and loudly applauded as the speaker resumed his seat.

Some gentleman then read to the audience the patriotic "Appeal to Mississippians" in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association from the gifted pen of Mrs. Col. I. N. Davis. There is a noble sentiment of lofty public spirit in every line of that truly beautiful poem which does honor to Mrs. D. as a friend of patriotism, as a devotee of chaste poetic literature, and in the sublime capacity of an American woman.

A procession was then formed and we all marched to the table in a neighboring grove, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared for all. The Agricultural Society was addressed at the Court House, by Col. I. N. Davis in the evening, and the whole crowd stayed to hear him. His remarks were to Southern farmers—they were forcible and to the point—made up of happy conceptions and appropriate delivery. His reasoning was so clear and logical that any mind comprehending "2 and 2 make 4," must acknowledge [sic] the justness of his conclusions. The

people of the South must see the truth of Col. D.'s position on questions of vital importance to her interests now, or regret in later years that they were so short-sighted.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 6, 1859, p. 2, c. 3

We take great pleasure in giving place to the following communication, from a particular friend of ours who is spending a few weeks at that modern Eldorado:

Lauderdale Springs, Miss., }
June 30, 1859. }

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir: I have been a visitor at this place about ten days, as an invalid; and say, without fear of contradiction by those who will come and see for themselves, that it is one of the most pleasant and best kept establishments, either for the invalid or pleasure-seeker, in the south. Indeed I know of no Hotel either North or South, where a more magnificent table is spread, and where everything is conducted with more taste and order. The gentlemanly proprietor and his excellent lady are exceptions to all Inn-keepers I ever knew for their untiring efforts to please their guests, and make their stay comfortable. I am well prepared to use a cant phrase, and say "run here, everybody."

Yours respectfully,
J. M. E.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 6, 1859, p. 3, c. 1-2

Our Celebration.

A bright, pleasant sun ushered in our great political Sabbath day, when the sturdy sons of the soil, laying aside "the shovel and the hoe," and donning their best, along with their honest housewives and bonny daughters; the honest mechanic forgetting his useful avocation the lean and expectant disciple of Galen, unmindful of "the thousand ills flesh is heir to; "the enterprising [sic] merchant sans knife and scissors, and in fine spirits of every hue, might be seen wending their way in every conceivable kind of vehicle to Moses Jordan's fine grove, near the village, the spot selected for the celebration.

At 11 o'clock, the exercises commenced with an appropriate prayer from the Rev. Mr. Harris. After which, Dr. Hibbler read the Declaration of Independence in a clear, sonorous [sic] voice, evincing a fine knowledge of elocution. As it is the generally received opinion that "self praise is half scandal," we omit to say anything of the regular Oration. At the request of the Committee of Arrangements, Col. I. N. Davis, of Panola addressed the large auditory in a speech of some 45 minutes, interspersed with humorous anecdotes, interesting incidents, and bold, happy and appropriate arguments in favor of the African Slave Trade. Lest he may be misconstrued, in justice to the Col. we would say his remarks had no taint of a partizan [sic] nature. He simply spoke of it as a duty, the North, no less than the South, owed to themselves to repeal the unjust and oppressive enactments on this subject, as one of the important means of perpetuating our once glorious Union. We are happy to learn, that the Col. will soon become a citizen of Oktibbeha county.

It is estimated there were nearly two thousand persons present, composed of the beauty and chivalry of large portions of this and adjoining counties. Large, efficient and energetic committees were appointed, and every precaution used to insure peace and good order. A very earnest appeal was also made from the stand to the assemblage, to secure so desirable an end.

An unfortunate incident occurred, that suspended for a few minutes the exercises, and marred the otherwise pleasant incidents of the day. Occurring, as it did, in and near the public road, some distance off, it soon passed off. Messrs. M. P. Cash and W. W. Robinson, two of our Marshals, and in strict compliance with their orders, were attacked by two ruffians and outlaws, Roberts and Gibbs, both of whom were stabbed by the latter man, but not dangerously, however, we are glad to say. Mr. Pope, the other Marshal, was also attacked by Roberts, but fortunately escaped a sweeping pass of his Bowie knife. Had either of those gentlemen been killed, their lives would have been the prompt sacrifice. We speak as the exponent of the feelings of a justly outraged community. We speak in some sort as a guardian of the public morals, upon which measurably rest the security of life and property. We speak most emphatically as the organ of an intelligent, law-abiding community, whose name and fair fame have, for years, suffered on account of such lawless men. The pathway is clear; let us do our duty as becomes men.—As to the evidence, we do not feel authorized to comment. Suffice it to say they were tried before Justices Baptiste and Ellis, required to give bail in the sums of \$2500 and \$1500, and in default of which they were carried off to Columbus to jail in irons.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 6, 1859, p. 3, c. 2

Spaulding & Rogers' New Orleans Circus.—This excellent Circus Company, from the New Orleans Amphitheatre, will exhibit in this place on Tuesday, July 19th.—This great forty horse team will be driven by one man, with Gaul's Brass Band, on the morning of arrival.

Come and see the Show, and our word for it, you will be well paid for your time and trouble.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 6, 1859, p. 3, c. 3

Make Up Your Parties!
Look Out for the Forty Horse Team,
and the only
Circus Company
In existence that
Perform all they Advertise!
Spaulding & Rogers'
New Orleans Circus,

From their New Orleans Amphitheater, consolidating their Three Circuses, the North American, Floating Palace, and Railroad Circus, into one monster establishment, will be heralded through the principal streets, about 10 A. M., on the morning of arrival, positively, without fail, rain or shine, by the Gaul Excelsior Band, driven by

Forty Horses!
Four abreast,
Driven by One Man!

In this unprecedented collection of native and foreign, male and female performers are the following stars:--

Miss Kate Ormond,

Frank Barry,

Mrs. F. Ormond,
Miss Mary Wells,
C. J. Rogers,
Charles Walters,
Hiram Day,

Mons. Francois Siegrist,
Mons. Auguste Siegrist,
Senor Antonio,
Charles Fish,
Dare Reed,

And numerous Auxiliaries, and the celebrated Trick Horses and Ponies

Hiram

Aristook,

Wildfire,

May Drop,

and the Trick Mule, Spot Beauty.

Admission, \$50 Cents; Children under ten and Servants, 25 Cents.

Will Exhibit at West Point, Tuesday, July 19;

Columbus, Wednesday, July 20.

J. E. Warner, Agent.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 13, 1859, p. 2, c. 2-3

Lauderdale Springs.

We have been spending a few days at this delightful watering place, with a party of friends, and unhesitatingly declare it the most pleasant place we have ever visited in summer. Mr. Smith the genteel and affable proprietor has fitted up rooms for the accommodation of near 500 persons, and made extensive preparations for the entertainment of his guests. He offers every inducement to those who seek either health or pleasure—and all feel delighted with their stay and regret the coming of their day of departure. No one can complain at the fare for it is in quantity and quality to suit every one—the rooms are large, well ventilated and well furnished, with no lack of attentive servants. A splendid band enliven the spirits of all with stirring music from time to time, during the day and at night a large and elegant ball room, fitted up with special taste for the purpose, is made alive by their inspiring notes which mingle with the lively mirth and gay laugh of those who "float through the mazes of the merry dance"—Taken altogether it is a place not to be forgotten soon. We take occasion to return the sincere thanks of ourself and friends to the gentlemanly proprietor his excellent lady and pleasant family for various courtesies and kind favors extended to us during our stay, and hope that Fortune will favor us with an opportunity of paying a more protracted visit to that place of hospitalities—ere long.

We had the pleasure of meeting with Col. Shields of the *Republic* while there—We found the Col. a very clever gentleman.

Col. Galding of the *News* was there but we did not have the pleasure of forming his acquaintance.

Our old friend Col. Evans has improved so much that we scarcely knew him. His stay is profitable as well as pleasant.

Con Rea Esq., of Marion was on hand and in one of his merriest moods. His vivacity shedding [sic] sunshine wherever he went.

There were also a great many other pleasant visitors from various sections of creation—and pretty girls enough to—to—insure another visit as soon as circumstances will allow us to leave home.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 13, 1859, p. 2, c. 3
For the Broad-Axe.]

Independence Day at West Point.

Mr. Editor:--Being incidentally in the neighborhood, and desiring to mingle with the worshippers on the 4th, I found myself with fifteen hundred or two thousand ladies and gentlemen, in a beautiful and thick grove in front of Mr. Moses Jordan's house, where the stand was erected, and seats prepared. From the little urchin to the venerable grandsire, and from the boarding school Miss to the octogenarian matron, all were robed in their most tasteful and elegant apparel, presenting smiling faces and cheerful looks.

At 11 o'clock, Mr. Brame, chairman of the committee of arrangements announced the order of the day.

Dr. Hibbler, a very fine and intellectual looking gentleman, read the Declaration of Independence, after which Mr. W. Ivie Westbrook, the Orator of the day, entertained the audience for thirty minutes with one of the most patriotic, neat and eloquent orations we have ever heard. Mr. W. is a graduate of Unica University located at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; is 21 years of age, and is now the Editor of the "Broad-Axe." The writer of this article was struck with his manly and noble bearing, his easy and graceful oratory, and his familiarity with the historical facts and incidents connected with the causes which lead to the Revolution. He displayed a rich and exuberant fancy; culling the most beautiful and rare flowers, and weaving them into garlands to deck his speech. He showed, also, a familiarity with the classics rarely to be found in one so young.—Although a stranger to the orator, we felt pride and pleasure in the manner in which he acquitted himself. With industry and perseverance, and a rigid adherence to his present good habits, a bright future awaits him.

He will pardon the liberty we take in writing thus about himself, in his own paper. We hope he will imagine he is not present when he reads it.

Col. I. N. Davis was then called on and spoke for one hour; after which all repaired to the dinner table, literally groaning under the substantial viands and good things for man's personal comfort.

The whole celebration went off well.

Visitor.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 20, 1859, p. 1, c. 2

For the Broad-Axe.

Dancing.

Dancing has been practiced among all heathens from time immemorial down to the present.

Among the ancient Greeks their first dancing was performed in honor to Bacchus, the stench God of drunkenness and the great donor of wine. Annually four festivals were given to Bacchus, at which time all kinds of intemperance and the most shameful debauchery was committed.

The abominable practice of offering human sacrifices [sic] at these festivals was said to be carried on without any remorse of conscience. It is said at the great battle of Saramis, that

three fine blooded Persians were sacrificed by Themistocles in honor of Bacchus.

Livy the great Roman historian, speaking of these wicked and ungodly orgies, when thoroughly [sic] established at Rome, says, "All modesty was set aside, and every kind of vice found here its full satisfaction."

The crime and sin of these dances became so alarming to the interests of Rome, finally the Senate had to pass a law prohibiting them on the pain of death and imprisonment.

As in ancient, so in modern times, dancing is more prevalent where religion and Christianity is least cared for. France stands out as a fearful warning upon this point. "In the year 1681, on the 21st January, in the corrupt court of Louis XIII, was the first time female dancers were added to the performers of the other sex." From that time down to the French revolution, no people ever made more rapid strides from God than they did.

France became the sink-hole and cage of every unclean bird—a moral irreligious prostitute.

It is crowded from Dan to Beersheeba with atheism and infidelity—cursed of God and devoured by the devil; and I unhesitatingly say to-day, that the French extraction and society are doing more to corrupt the American people than any nation on earth.

Dancing masters were more numerous than the fabled b[illegible] of Madagascar or the locusts of Egypt, come rolling over the Ocean, yearly to our happy country, fresh from the dust, vapour [sic] fumes of the ball-rooms in Paris, for the purpose of giving manners and accomplishments to the sons and daughters of unpolished Americans. A Berth on the deck of a steamboat, or the place of a railroad mud-digger, would suit such men much better. Such positions would be more in keeping with their origin, than raising manners and morals. Where there is much dancing, there can be little or no piety. God will be ostracised [sic] from the mind, ordinances abused, Church neglected, and divine worship contemned, France deciding upon this point. The origin and circumstances that have always attended dancing, should be a sufficient check, a paladium strong enough to keep all reflecting people from the ball room.

I shall bring this article to a close by giving you the words of the great and pious Dr. Adam Clark:

"I learned to dance—I grew passionately fond of it, would scarcely walk but in measured time, and was constantly tripping, moving and shuffling in all times and places.

I grew impatient of control—was fond of company, and wished to mingle more than I had ever done with young people.

I also got a passion for better clothing than that which fell to my lot in life, and was discontented when I found a neighbor's son dressed better than myself. I lost the spirit of subordination, did not love work—imbibed the spirit of idleness, and in short, drank in all the brain sickening affluvia [sic] of pleasure.

The authority of my parents was feared, indeed, but not respected; and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity. I in no case, ever kept any improper company; nevertheless, dancing to me was a perverting influence—an unmixed moral evil.

It drowned the voice of a well-instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to seek my happiness in this life. And I can testify that as far as my own (experience or) observations have extended—and they have had a pretty wide range—I have known it to produce the same evils in others that it produced in me.

I consider it, therefore, as a branch of that worldly education which leads from Heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who

will, I know it to be evil and that only.

They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to these schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch. "No man in his senses will dance," said Cicero, a heathen. Shame on those Christians who advocate a course by which many sons have become profligate and many daughters have been ruined." (Life Vol. I, 37).
G.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], July 20, 1859, p. 2, c. 5

A New Filibustering Expedition.—The New York *Tribune* gives an account of what is styled a new filibustering expedition, now organizing, and to be called the "Knights of the Golden Circle." It consists of two legions—one in the United States, and one in Cuba. The *Tribune*, which contains its information from a printed circular, says:

Each legion is to consist of ten thousand men and their officers, besides commissary, surgical and conveyance departments. The American legion is to include a regiment of cavalry, a regiment of mounted riflemen, a regiment of artillery, five regiments of infantry, and a reserved guard. The headquarters of this recent military organization appears to be the city of Baltimore, and the central authority seems to be bested in a war board, composed of a commander in chief and of brigadier generals, appointed or to be appointed one for each of the ten regiments. From this board emanates the selection of colonels. The colonels select their own inferior officers, who must, however, be approved by the colonels. The colonel is also to select for himself a lieutenant-colonel and two majors, and the four together are to agree upon some suitable person for a brigadier-general, to be commissioned and placed on the general staff. The chief business of the colonels and their inferior officers appears to be, at present, the enlistment of men and the raising of funds.

The members are each to pay one dollar initiation fee, and also a weekly tax of ten cents. A fund for the purchase of arms, ammunition and general outfit is to be raised by the sale of scrip, in which all the subordinate officers are to be employed. This scrip is issued in sums of five, ten, twenty, fifty, or one hundred, or one thousand dollars, and is to be paid for either in cash, in powder, lead, iron, cotton cloth, red or blue flannel, tobacco, train oil, shoes, blankets, spades, etc., or partly in promissory notes of short dates. The soldiers who may enlist in this expedition, are promised each a grant of six thousand four hundred acres of land, also seven dollars a month in specie and seven in scrip; arms, ammunition, uniforms, etc., to be furnished by the board of war before leaving American soil. The men, it is stated, can pursue their ordinary business till November.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], August 3, 1859, p. 2, c. 3-4

For the Broad-Axe.

Dancing.

Permit us to enquire Mr. Editor who it is that is attempting through the medium of your paper to make such unmerciful havoc on the innocent amusement of dancing. We doubt not that it is one of the branches of the ecclesiastical tree that is to overshadow the whole earth, and if so permit us to remind the Divine of the fact that most persons prefer living in the shade and especially so when dancing in hot weather, and that we are exceedingly fortunate in this sultry week in dog days to be sheltered by such towering branches as those that overhang us on the

present occasion. The learned Divine says "that dancing has been practiced among all heathens from time immemorial down to the present." Permit us to inquire of the branch of Levie [sic] if it has not been practiced by all civilized and enlightened ages from the days of the Patriarchal farthers [sic] up to the present time. Did not David the man after God's own heart dance with all his might when his heart was glad, and was not a greivous [sic] visited on Michael [sic] h is wife as the result of an evil thought in reference to that act—she was made barren and we are of the opinion that the same sin will be visited on the author of *dancing* for his intermedling [sic] with matters that should not concern him—Does not the wise man solomon [sic] tell us that there is a time for all things, a time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance?—Then in the face of such high authority is it not presumption in this Pharasee [sic] to thus array himself against such sacred and high authority, by saying "that I consider it therefore as a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and From God to Satan, let them plead for it who will, I know it to be evil and that only"—Mr. G. Permit us to enquire who created you Vice gerent [sic] from heaven and authorized you to level such grand denunciation against young America, are you the forerunner of the Angel Gabriel who is to warn the world of the day of judgment, if so we would caution you to look out, for if you do not exhibit more intellect and shrewdness than you have in getting up the article under consideration your *Trumpet* will be appropriated towards paying the *Fiddler* at our next dance. But Mr. G. we would judge from your presumptive language that you must be the man mentioned in the Bible who "loved the uppermost seates [sic] in the markets" or are you the man spoken of in the Bible that has "zeal without knowledge" and if you are either we are clearly of the opinion that you are not competent to teach us either in morals or religion—this is only a random shot look out in our next.

Jeremiah.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], August 3, 1859, p. 2, c. 7

Not Old Enough.—A young gentleman of our town (and, by the way, a particular friend of ours) applied the other day to Charley Betts for a "pair" of licenses to marry the "gal" of his choosing. Charley refused to let him have them, telling the young gentleman that he wasn't *quite* old enough yet—to wait awhile.—charley, *do* let him have them.—Macon Star.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], August 24, 1859, p. 2, c. 3

Violation of the Sabbath. We have occasionally reverted to this important subject for the benefit of some of our friends, all of which we have a perfect right to do.

"We claim the right of thought,
And what we think assert"

be the subject or the occasion what it may, but for the benefit of those interested and the gratification of others we quote the statute of Mississippi Revised code, page 610 Sec. XLVIII. Art. 229. "If any person shall be found hunting with a gun, on the Sabbath, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars."

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], September 7, 1859, p. 3, c. 2

The President A. D. 1900—The boy is now living, who will be President of the United States in 1900. He is about ten or twelve years of age. His parents are in humble circumstances, but of sterling traits of character, and their son is not one of those dirty noisy boys that spend their days, evenings, and Sabbaths in idleness and rowdyism. On the contrary he is of a serious

cast, is very studious, and withal is well behaved. Teacher, weigh well your responsibility! The future President may be in that grammar class that you think scarcely worthy of a respectfully attention. What boy of all our readers will lay claim to this distinction? Recollect the future President is not found among the Sabbath breakers, the every day idlers, the evening rowdies, the blasphemous, the vulgar, or among those that love and make a lie. He is not one of those who pride themselves as being Young America, and despise the authority of a father, or break away from the gentle restraint of a good mother.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], October 19, 1859, p. 2, c. 4

A Colored Church in Mobile.—A correspondent of the New York Observer, dated August 20th, says: I wish to state a fact which may be interesting to some of our readers. There is a colored congregation in Mobile of the Methodist denomination, that pay their pastor an annual salary of \$1,200, besides giving liberally to charitable purposes, as was shown by a collection taken recently for Domestic Missions, which amounted to \$120. A parting gift of as handsome a suit of clothes as could be purchased was presented to the last pastor, when sent by Conference to another field of labor. There are several other Churches of the same stamp, but this is rather the largest. It is called the 'colored charge,' and is located on State street, Mobile.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], October 26, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

A Word About Depots.

A few yards in front of our office is the West Point Depot, on the Mobile and Ohio R. R. A platform of sufficient size to protect 800 or 1000 bales of cotton has been erected, and is generally crowded with cotton, and frequently from 500 to 800 bales are left upon the bare ground for want of room. This no one can reasonably complain at, as no injury is done the cotton in dry weather from that cause. But there is no protection to this cotton from the many cows which daily come, in droves, to make ruinous and destructive attacks upon the outer tiers of it. Judging from the holes left in the bales, our planters not unfrequently sustain a loss of from four to ten pounds of cotton to the bale by having it pulled out and destroyed by cattle. This may look like a small item to be complained of, in a fine cotton country, of a good crop year, but estimate that a drove of from ten to thirty cattle eat off of the crop at every depot on the road, during the season, and in a year they will destroy cotton enough for the building of a good lot, with large gates for ingress and egress of wagons, around the depot, and have a surplus left sufficient to purchase one hundred head of cattle. Now add to this that the cotton is no advantage to the cow destroying it, and no one can doubt but that the matter will receive the careful consideration of the managers of the road. Our planters are proverbial for grumbling a little. They will grumble when the crop fails, because they make but little; they grumble when it "hits" because they are not able to gather it; they grumble at low prices considerably, because their labor goes for nothing; they grumble still worse at high prices, because they have no more to sell than what they do; they will even sometimes grumble if a poor devil of an editor wants them to take his paper and pay for it; and we have had some of them to complain at our not dunning them for our money so they could grumble at us for it. But, in all honesty, they could not be blamed for it, if they were to complain at having their cotton wantonly destroyed, about the depots, before it can be shipped. We hope our cotemporaries along the line of the road will have an eye to this matter. A very slight expense to the Company might remedy it.

The Nashville Fair.

Dear "Broad-Axe." This great Annual Fair is now in session.—The Fair Grounds are situated on a small creek about a mile east of the city, and surrounded by a high plank fence, enclosing something over a quarter section of land, in the centre [sic] of which is situated the grand arena of exhibition.—The buildings around the ring are arranged in such a manner as to afford the greatest facilities to spectators, and at the same time the greatest convenience. The circle of exhibition is about 100 yards in diameter, around which seats are arranged, one above another, capable of accommodating more than ten thousand spectators. Above the seats is a large open walk, extending around the entire buildings, affording a splendid promenade for the "*belles dames et les hommes gallants*," who aspire to the distinction of "observed of all observers." A splendid Brass Band enlivens the scene with gay strains of martial music, and the circle of seats is filled with Tennessee's fairest and loveliest daughters.

Woman, always enlivening the scenes of festivity and amusement by her sweet smile and winning ways, can nowhere make a more beautiful display of her attractive loveliness than in this vast amphitheatre [sic], which, while lighted with her sunny smile, and enlivened by her gentle voice, can never be otherwise than a desirable and favorite resort for young gentlemen of refinement and taste.

The stock on exhibition would compare favorably with that of any State in the Union. The horse, here, seems to be carried to the highest perfection, and to be excelled by none except that sacred old specimen of the olden time, the "Onager," which, by his sturdy looks and voice of thunder, carried off the highest prize. There was a hog four and a half years old, that weighs 1372 pounds, and is, I would suppose, the largest "porker" in the world. He is now seemingly poor, and when fat is said to weigh 1,600 pounds—many other fine specimens, alike remarkable, were on exhibition, but I cannot particularize.

As for showing off fine looking young ladies, Tennessee yields not to combined creation, in point of beauty, intelligence and refinement. Beautiful, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, curly-haired nymphs of song and joy, is it to be wondered that the staid and manly yeomanry of our gallant old State are proud to present them as the richest gems of this great Republic?

Leaving the exhibition circle I went to the Ladies' Department. Now, Mr. *Broad-Axe*, imagine yourself along there! Description entire is beyond my limited space and humble ability. You remember in ancient times there was "a garden planted eastward in Eden." We walk in. The fairest products of a fair land are presented on every side. Ranged near the walls in the basement are the cereal esculatory products of the soil—a large circular walk surrounding the whole. The centre [sic] is filled with the varied rare specimens of floral, horticultural, and ornamental plants of the sunny South. In the centre [sic] of all, spouting high in the air, is a crystal fount of pure water, enclosed in a funnel shaped gauze work of wire, in which plays a brass ball upon the jet of water, throwing it in sparkling gems to the circular basin below.

Are you growing tired of real beauties? Then ascend the circular stairs (or perhaps you had better imbibe some "*good ould cider*" before starting.) Ah, we are up! The court of the muses, the home of the Peris was never decked in more fairy-like and tasteful style. Displayed on every side are the nicest works that can be fashioned by fairy hands. Works of art are ranged

in such beautiful combinations as to awake the delighted admiration of every one. Elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen gaily promenading, and chatting lively, render it a delightful place to spend an hour.

The Agricultural Bureau is well represented, and there seems to be a laudable ambition among the people to render the Fair beneficial.

Agenor.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], October 26, 1859, p. 2, c. 5

The Blue in the Flag.—Alfred B. Street, Esq., of Albany, read recently a sketch of the battle of Saratoga before the New York Historical Society. We quote a part of the conclusion introduced by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of this city, in his Fourth of July discourse:

["] The stars of the new flag represented THE NEW CONSTELLATION of 'States' rising *in the West*. THE IDEA was taken from 'the constellation of Lyra,' which in the hands of 'Orpheus' signified 'harmony.' The blue of the field was taken from the edges of 'the Covenanters' banner in Scotland,' significant also of 'the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of 'vigilance,' 'perseverance,' and 'justice.' The stars were disposed in 'a circle,' symbolizing the perpetuity of 'the Union;' 'the ring like the circling serpent of the Egyptians,' signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with 'the stars,' the number of the United States Colonies, and denoted the subordination of 'the States' to the Union, as well as 'equality' among themselves. The whole was 'the blending' of the various flags previous to the Union flags viz: the red flag of 'the army' and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of 'defiance,' denotes daring; and the white, 'purity.'

What eloquence do 'the stars' breathe when their full significance is known. A new constellation! Union! Perpetuity! Justice, equality, subordination, courage and purity!["]

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 2, 1859, p. 2, c. 4

["] The Military College.—We note as a matter of public interest in our vicinity that the "Kentucky Military Institute" has now an hundred and twenty cadets—a greater number, we are informed, than at this period of any former session since its establishment twenty years ago.["]

We copy the foregoing from the Frankfort *Yeoman*. The people of Kentucky seem to be proud of this military Institution. It appears to be a *State* College. The degrees are conferred by diplomas with the grand seal of the State, delivered by the Governor. We learn that it is conducted on the principal of U. S. school at West Point. With its corps of competent instructors it cannot fail to succeed. The South wants military schools within her own limits free of access to all.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 16, 1859, p. 2, c. 2

Squirrels Emigrating.—Many of our Northern Exchanges notice large droves of these lively little animals coming southward, as if in anticipation of an unusually cold winter in northern latitudes. We have often heard prognostics of seasons from the same evidence but do not know how strictly reliable the authority is. We have no objection to their coming into our woods as they furnish fine hunting in winter.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 16, 1859, p. 2, c. 5

Madame Le Vert.

It was our peculiar good fortune to form the acquaintance of this distinguished lady, while in Mobile last week, and we left her parlor forcibly impressed with the idea that she is the most accomplished and pleasant lady that we have ever met. All the graces of the *suaviter in modo* seem peculiarly her own, and a rather protracted visit was the result of what we had designed to make only a formal call. She is one of the brightest stars in the galaxy [sic] of female loveliness.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 16, 1859, p. 2, c. 4

Thanks Giving Day.

His Excellency, Gov. Wm. McWillie, has set apart Thursday, the 24th day of this month as a day for general thanksgiving for the State of Mississippi. We hope that our citizens in all sections of the Commonwealth will observe it in a becoming manner. We do protest this no sense, no soul, policy of some places which allows such occasions to pass unnoticed, and the people almost boastingly simper out, "Oh! I never thought of it till it was past." The Most High has been pleased to favor us with a year of unusual prosperity and happiness, and we ought to be thankful for it. Remember, the 24th.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 16, 1859, p. 3, c. 1

Our Church.—As the "gall" said by her false "lovyers," we do have the "worstest luck and the mostest of it" with that Church, that ever any body saw. After getting the whole frame of it up, on Saturday evening last it all tumbled down, and shivered its timbers into splinters—yes, smashed them into "smithereens." Now, who is to blame—the All-directing Providence, or the clumsy, careless workmanship? We do not know, and only regret the accident's having occurred.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 23, 1859, p. 1, c. 5

Westward, Ho!—Among other passengers on board the Maria Denning, which passed up yesterday, were three hundred and fifty Germans, *en route* for the rich lands of the Northwest, where they will find homes. They were clad in the same vestments in which they left Fatherland—wooden sabots and all—and excited the astonishment of various little niggers and the Sunday loungers about the levee.

[Avalanche.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 30, 1859, p. 1, c. 3-4

Beulah

Is the title of a novel issued from the press of Derby and Jackson, New York, written by Miss Augusta J. Evans, of Mobile. We are not sufficiently acquainted with her antecedents as a writer to say whether it is her first advent into the world of letters or not. There is one thing, however, we do know, and it is that, like some brilliant meteor streaming up into the gloom of the midnight heavens, her present work has suddenly placed her much higher on the pedestal of

fame than any American novelist, living or dead, has attained. It as far transcends the periodical debris of yellow-backed literature that threatens to superimpose and destroy our more solid and wholesome kind, as the towering mountain does the contemptible mole hill. Beulah, the heroine of the work, who is a poor, but proud, earnest, self-reliant, gifted woman, is drawn with the master hand of an artist. Early placed in an Orphan Asylum with the beautiful Lillian, a younger sister, afterwards removed and filling the servile situation of a nurse in a wealthy family, rescued from thence by Dr. Hartwell, an aristocratic misanthrope, who gives her the means of obtaining an education, and whom she finally marries.—She is always self-poised, observant and full of resources, and her comment upon the fashionable vices and follies of our country, are singularly truthful and correct.—Take for instance, as a too truthful type of too many of the young men of our country, the following extract, descriptive of the young men, Vincent and Maxwell:

"Good looking, vain, impudent, heartless, frivolous, and dissipated; adepts at the gaming table and pistol gallery, ciphers in an intelligent, refined assembly. They smoked the choicest cigars, drank the most costly wines, drove the fastest horses, and were indispensable at champagne and oyster suppers. They danced and swore, visited and drank, with reckless indifference to every purer and nobler aim. Notwithstanding manners of incorrigible effrontery, which characterized their clique, the ladies always received them with marked expressions of pleasure, and the entree of the "first circle" was certainly theirs."

Take another extract, alluding to the fact of the wealthy Mrs. Grayson taking her sister from her:

"Had Mrs. G. been arraigned for cruelty before a tribunal of her equals, (fashionable friends,) the charge would have been scornfully repelled, and unanimous would have been her acquittal. Who could expect her to suffer her pampered, inert darling (Lillian) to meet and acknowledge as an equal, the far less daintily fed, and elegantly clad sister, whom God called to labor for her frugal meals? Ah, this fine ladyism, this ignoring of labor, to which, in accordance with the divine decree, all should be subjected; this false effrontery, and miserable affectation of refinement, which characterizes the age, is *the unyielding lock on the wheels of social reform and advancement.*"

Speaking of the haughty Mrs. Chilton, a sister of Dr. Hartwell both of whom lived with him, Beulah says:

"What freezing eyes she has, and what a disagreeable look there is about her mouth whenever she sees me. She wishes me to remember all the time that I am poor, and that she is the mistress of this elegant house."

One more extract and we close for this week. Describing the wealthy Mrs. Asbury and her amiable daughters, who detested everything like flunkeyism and "parvenue aristocracy":

"In their intercourse with the young teacher (Beulah Benton), there was an ultra absence of that contemptible, supercilious [sic] condescension which always characterizes an ignorant and parvenu aristocracy."

We may give more copious extracts hereafter. Married people, and single, old and young, should own a copy, and what is more read it carefully, and if we err in our judgment of the work it must be attributed to the fascinating Beulah. In this connection, we would like for some of our cotemporaries who are acquainted with the fair authoress, to give a personal description of her.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 30, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Entertainment—Tableaux [sic].—The young ladies of West Point and vicinity are making

preparations to have an entertainment at the West Point Academy on the evenings of the 7th, 9th and 12th of December, in the way of Tableaux [sic], the proceeds thereof to be appropriated to the benefit of Churches at West Point. Admittance 50 cts. children half price. It is such a laudable enterprise, and then in such hands as it is, that we think everybody will go. It is well worth twice the money just to see the girls. If they look as well as they usually do, we cannot see how the young gentlemen are to be kept away. We know of one who can't, by any manner of possibility.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], November 30, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Shade Trees.—We are sorry to see our streets and corners still bald and naked, with no prospect for shade next summer. The time has come for trees to be transplanted, and we do hope that it will be promptly attended to. Let every man plant them about his house, and do it immediately.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], December 14, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Les Tableaux.

West Point has been rendered unusually lively for the last week by a repetition of the entertainments by some of the ladies and young gentlemen of the town and vicinity, in a series (or continuation) of melo-dramatical, tragical, musical and phantasmagorical pantomine [sic]—tastefully interspersed with some of the most touchingly beautifully [sic] scenes in Tableaux, that we have seen in many a day. Although the weather has been intensely cold during most of the time, still a crowded house, with round after round of applause and cheering, showed a display of taste and skill in the performers, and an appreciation in the public. It was rich, racy and spicy all the way through, and possessed a peculiar charm for every one. We cannot particularize, but would do ourself and the subject injustice to omit the quaint *Aunt Sylla Bedott*; the flashing beauty of the *Queen of Night*; the rosy loveliness of the *Star of Dawn* and Aurora fitly chosen child of Morning—no less than the pensive beauty of the modest *Perl* at the Gold Gates of Paradise; the magnanimity of *Pocahontus*, and the queenly beauty and charming graces of Miss McRae, in the tragic scenes of that horrid massacre. *I want a Beau*, met with such applause, and cheering as called the fascinating little Miss and her handsome gallant again and again upon the boards. Our young gentlemen acquitted themselves finely. Especial applause greeted the scene in the *West Point Cotton Market*, on the last night, and many a hearty laugh was elicited by the *Evening Toast*, as likewise the "Tattler's" take off. The *Perl* at the Gate of Paradise, we are creditably informed, was repeated for our benefit by some of the ladies who supposed that it would be *the last peep he would ever get*. (If the angels will only be as kind to us as the ladies are now.) We were pleased to see everything go off so beautifully, and such general interest and complete satisfaction manifested by the entire audience.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], December 14, 1859, p. 2, c. 1

Thespean [sic] Club.—Town Hall. Our town needs a Hall for the purpose of holding Concerts, Balls, Exhibitions, Political Meetings, and other assemblages of the citizens of West Point and vicinity. Cannot the young gentlemen of our town and vicinity get up a Thespean [sic] Club to afford amusement to our citizens and make up a little fund to be appropriated to the purpose of building a suitable Hall. The young gentlemen may thus contribute much to the amusement and good feelings of the citizens, and then, the people will be making a pleasing and

profitable investment of their money. Let us all have a talk about it soon, and know if anything can be accomplished.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], December 21, 1859, p. 1, c. 5

Not Fond of Freedom.—Some four months ago, seventeen negroes who had been slaves in Mississippi were brought to this State by their owner, for the purpose of emancipating them, which was accordingly done. So far from enjoying the freedom with which they had been presented they have been discontented and anxious to return [to] Mississippi. They were informed that they would be allowed to live there in a state of emancipation, but expressed their preference to live as slaves at home than to be free here. The only one who has been able to raise sufficient means to return is a woman named Rebecca Bracy who will go by the steamer to-day with her two children. She will probably be followed by the others as soon as they are able.—
San Francisco Herald.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], December 21, 1859, p. 1, c. 7

Fashion is said to be the race of the rich to get away from the poor, but who follow as they can.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Monday last, the annual hiring day of Negroes, showed conclusively, that slave-holders and hirers have no feelings of uneasiness and insecurity about the loyalty and fidelity of slaves.

Negro women brought prices ranging from \$100a\$190, and men from \$235 to \$275 varying according to age, &c. Who will now say there is no necessity for the introduction of more slave labor in Mississippi, at reduced prices?

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Public Meeting.

We have been requested by a large number of our citizens to state that a Public Meeting will be held in this place on Saturday next, the 7th, for the purpose of appointing a vigilance committee to look after vagrants, suspicious itinerants, &c., who seem to infest our place in greater numbers than we have ever before known. The whole surrounding country are invited to be present and co-operate in its proceedings.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

We are requested by the Treasurer [sic] of the Building Committee, to return their thanks to Miss Eugenia C. Westbrook for a contribution of \$11 25 towards the building of the Baptist Church in this place. We understand the balance of the proceeds from the Tableaux—some \$55—will be contributed to the building of a Methodist Church. We hope our Methodist friends will bestir themselves and have them up a fine Church early the coming spring. What say the ladies of the neighborhood to getting up a Supper and a Fair, soon for the benefit of churches?

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Miss Augusta Evans.—We took occasion a few weeks ago to make some hurried

comments on Miss Evans' Beulah, promising at the same time to give our readers a more extended notice of it.—Since then the copy so kindly furnished us by a friend, has passed out of our hands, and we cannot at present comply with our promise. We shall send on in a few days for a copy. While on this subject we take the liberty of suggesting to Miss Evans a theme that we are persuaded [sic] her gifted pen could throw a flood of light upon, and which would be particularly appropos [sic] at this time. It is a delineation of the workings of the patriarchal or slave labor of the South contrasted with hireling labor of the North, where, as in all free States, labor and capital are ever waging a perpetual warfare. Two heroes, or a hero and a heroine from each section (we presume) would have to play in roll. We We [sic] make the suggestion on the assumption, that she is familiar with the outlines of Northern character and institutions.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 11, 1860, p. 1, c. 4
Poem—"Lines Written in my Album While at College"—by friend "Claude" in Nacogdoches, Texas.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Our Christmas.

We, like the rest of the world, had a small respite from our accustomed toil and trouble during the Christmas hollidays [sic], but business calling us away, we visited Mobile and New Orleans, shipping up from the latter place, a lot of material for enlarging our paper. Our *locum tenens* and foreman concluded that the material would not do, so issued our last old size, (you must make due allowance for Christmas times and excuse them.) Upon our return, however, we find "all right," so give our readers an enlarged sheet this week.

Our trip was not of sufficient importance to deserve description, as nothing happened noteworthy beyond a collision between our boat, the Alabama, and a brigantine which was standing in for the port of Mobile. A dense fog hung over the Bay, so we did not see her until too late, no particular damage was done her, only her bulwarks driven in on one side, and her crew badly scared. The Captain mounted a pile of salt sacks, and squalled out lustily for our boat to "keep off of him." A confused din of exclamations as "oh, Lordy! Laws a massy, I wish I was'nt on board," mixed up with a scaping of steam, ringing of bells, and rattling of tiller ropes, seasoned with a few sailor [illegible], a dull thump, a crash, and all was over.

Our vessel careened a little, glided past her, and the brisk strokes of her paddles soon left the brigantine "alone in her glory," and the fog as we went gliding down the Bay. Coming back we had a fair run—with rain, lightning, thunder and wind enough to make our vessel rock a little. Our young friend Maj. Richardson of the Prairie News, getting sea-sick, we wrapped him up in our shawl, and put him to sleep on the cabin floor, then walked the deck all night, for the want of a place to sleep. Our companion *du voyage*, Mr. Pickford, succeeded in accidentally knocking down a chandelier, about four o'clock next morning, which falling with a noisy crash on a marble covered table, waked every body up, and scared some of them almost into fits, serving to show how foolish people are about such little things while on the "vasty deep," and furnishing us a little amusement to keep us awake until day. We spent a pleasant "New Year" in Mobile, seeing a good share of the beauty and loveliness of the city.—We had several little favors done us before leaving West Point, by some of our particular young friends.

To F. S. Pate, Esq., of Starksville we are indebted for a pair of beautiful gloves. To your

young friend Lieut. T. B. Franks, we return our thanks for a neat and beautiful new hat. Mr. J. A. Cox, of Saloam, will please excuse us, for contrary to promise, returning him our thanks for the new shawl with which he presented us.—These favors we appreciate all the more highly, as they came from some of our young friends whose devotion has not been of the kind to ebb and flow with our prospects for success, but, increased as shadows fell most darkly around us. To Mrs. Harrington, for a nice Egg-Nog, and to a whole bevy of pretty girls, for the sunny light of their smiling countenances, in the dull, sombre [sic] confines of our office on Christmas Eve.

We hope, (if it is not vain to hope such a thing,) to see them around again during the present year. We trust all our friends had their share of fun and enjoyment during the time, that the "little ones" found their heelles [sic] and toeless stocking filled with toys and dainties, that the boys saw their *dulcienas*, that the young ladies, (well, we don't know what is best calculated to please them,) that all had a "merry Christmass" and that our friends and the public generally, are now prepared to subscribe to the Broad-Axe.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Our Military Company.—We have succeeded in getting sixty names on our list now, and need only four more. Will not some of our young friends in the country come in and let us organize at once? Our word for it, you will never regret it. Let us get under drill immediately.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Military Company.

On Friday the 20th instant, the Military Company recently gotten up under the appropriate name of the West Point Grays, assembled according to previous announcement at Dunlap's old store house, in West Point. At an early hour a large and full meeting was in attendance, whereupon B. F. Robertson, Esq., was called to the chair, and B. M. Howorth, Esq., appointed Secretary. . . .

Upon motion, a committee of five was appointed to draft a suitable constitution and necessary by-laws to be submitted at the next meeting. Also to propose a becoming style of uniform, to be adopted by the company. . .

On motion of Dr. J. W. Crump, it was

Resolved, That the uniform to be adopted by the company, shall be made of either Southern or English manufactured goods. . . .

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], January 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Arresting Runaways.

I take this method of informing the citizens of Lowdses, Oktibbeha, Monroe, and the surrounding counties, that I am located one mile South of Artesia, on the M. & O. R. R., for the purpose of catching negroes, where I shall always be in readiness to serve those who may require my service. I flatter myself that I have as good a pack of negro dogs as can be found in the State. My terms are \$25.00 for catching. When I do not catch, five dollars per day for hunting—and when I arrive in eight hours after the track is made and do not catch, no pay.

James M. Sandifer.
Artesia.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], February 1, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Southern Shoe Manufactory.—The Holly Springs Miss. Herald, tells us of a Shoe Manufactory in that beautiful little town, which now employs hands enough to turn out four hundred brogans per week. It is in its infancy, and with capital to go ahead, will enlarge soon. Negroes do the work. Shoes sell at the same price as Northern made, and are far superior to them. We would be proud to see a Lynn made of Holly Springs—for shoes.

SOUTHERN BROAD-AXE [WEST POINT, MS], February 8, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

Texan Patriotism.

A friend of ours writing from Nacogdoches, Texas, says: "Texas avails herself of every opportunity of showing her patriotism, her respect for the constitution, the South and the blood of her ancient heroes, by elevating the humanitarian emissaries of the Seward and Brown stripe, sent down here by these 'grande gringos' (big Yankees) on a piece of timber about four inches in diameter and ten feet long, in common parlance called a *rail*—and marching them around for a 'spell' on the brawny shoulders of about four sable gents, while the general cry is, 'hang him! hang him!' he don't care for that, he was raised on such gymnastics." Even the Mexicans seem to have caught the inspiration and cry out amid the excited crowd, "*Carraho el grongoe, ferro del inferno, no bueno hombre, Viva la Texas!*" Of course Northern humanitarians will say this kind of patriotism bears the impress of savage, more than civilized people. But Texas says that she and her sister Slave States have made compromise after compromise, until nothing is left to be given up except their liberty—and these emissaries are sent to steal away that. It is for this that they are so roughly handled, and not through malice. So Mr. Emissary had better tread lightly on the soil of gallant Texas, for some of them have already learned the 'failing' of Texans, when their rights or liberties are invaded. If such cattle look to their future welfare, they will stay in their own congenial clime, nor again pollute our soil with their slimy tread.

Our merchants and planters have said that they will do all their shipping and trading at Southern cities in future."