

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH... AT FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance...

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POETRY.



THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

BY LADY EMBLIE STUART WORTLEY. ... Where—where shall it be...

For the Gifted and Beautiful Lost One—a grave! Not in the precincts of Ocean's hoar wave...

Like a bird from the storm, unwearied, or worn, To a nest of repose by the Lovely One borne...

A grave for the Gifted—Where—where shall it be? Where the bright summer treasures yield wealth...

Where old cypress trees shed a twilight of gloom, Which doth hallow and mellow the wild-flower's meek bloom...

Where the whitest of roses undazzlingly blow, More pure and more soft than emerald's mountain snow...

Where the sun-flower shall burn, and the lily shall bend, And the acacia its leaves with the willow shall bend...

From the London Metropolitan. THE CRUSADER'S SONG. By Mrs. Crawford.

TO THE HEBREW MAIDEN. Hebrew maiden, veil thy beauty, Lest my heart a rebel prove...

Hebrew maiden, while I linger, Hanging o'er thy melting lute, Ev'ry chord beneath thy finger...

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER. Christian soldier, must we sever? Does thy creed our rites divide?

It is the cross of Christ the token Of a saving faith to man? Can my early vows be broken?

MISCELLANEOUS. A HAUNTED SHIP. A True Story—as far as it goes. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The world abounds with ghost-stories, but it is exceedingly difficult to get them at first hand; that is to say, from persons who have actually seen the ghosts...

and adventures of the sea; when he informed me that, among his multifarious cruises, he had once made a voyage on board a haunted ship...

The ship was taken possession of by the finders, and brought into Boston, in New England; but the sailors who navigated her to port declared they would not make such another voyage for all the wealth of Peru...

As no harm had resulted from this ghostly seaman, the story was treated lightly, and the vessel was fitted for another voyage; but when ready for sea no sailors could be got to embark in her...

When they had got fairly to sea, the hobgoblin crew began to play their pranks. At night there would be the deuce to play in the hold, such as racketing and rumping, as if the whole cargo was overhauled...

Notwithstanding all these glorious vagaries, the ship arrived at the destined end of her voyage, which was one of the South American rivers under the line. The captain proposed to go, in his boat, to a town some distance up the river...

For a time, all went on well; the brother-in-law and his sagacious comrades regularly abandoned the ship at night-fall, and slept on shore; the ghosts then took command, and the ship remained as quietly at anchor as though she had been manned by living bodies...

When the captain returned from his expedition up the river, he found his gallant vessel a mere hulk, and received the wonderful account of her fate from his sagacious brother-in-law. Whether the wreck continued to be haunted or not, he could not inform me, and I forgot to ask whether the owners recovered any thing from the underwriters...

Of all the silly, shortsighted, ridiculous American phrases this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children...

know, stamp and swear, and instantly, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with—"Stop my paper!"

"Sair!" if you please stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steamboats, but our paper is "stopped" by a ship captain. Our doctor nearly left us to die the other day because a correspondent had praised an enemy of "our college," and we expect a "fieri facias" in the office presently...

"Diablo Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head. "Really, my friend," said he, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be master of our own leisure."

"You have write dit in your papair?" "Yes, sir." "Well, den, sair—stop your dem papair. I have quarante neuf ans. I have devotee all my life to ride de balloon!"

THE DOOR-LATCH. RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN. "Go back and shut the door!" roared I in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so very loud when I have just told that my head is bursting with pain?"

"I have never seen you troubled," said she, (uncomprehending spirit!) there was no emphasis—no! not the least, on the word troubled!

It was true as she had said, that I had felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the day of my marriage...

"I declare, my dear!" said I, "that if that door latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I swung it few times on the hinges with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although she sneezed burnt my hand, and the blood was raging through her veins, that it was "quite cured, since the door shut so easily!"

Under Napoleon, Europe was really in a state of agitation, and France comparatively tranquil, and positively distracted. Napoleon declared war against kings, but never made it against royalty, Louis Philippe wages war against royalty, but does not declare it against kings.

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affection, than a sister's pure uncontented love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections, so disconnected with selfishness; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, withal so fond, so devoted.

Extract of a Letter from a private gentleman at Paris, dated Jan. 23, 1836. "France has declared, by her Chamber of Deputies, that the nationality of Poland must be preserved—that the equilibrium of Europe must be restored; that they are pleased at the close intimacy with England, and that they hope the mediation of England will be able to settle the affair with us, to the honor of two great nations: all which means to say to the King, form an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, and demand from the Emperor of Russia the observance of the treaty of Vienna; if he refuses, execute it by force of arms, and pay the United States the money; we are satisfied. That this will be the case—that there will be a war with Russia, before the year expires, is just as sure as that the world will last that long."—Nat. Intel.

In the first number of "the Stranger," a new hebdomadal lately established at Pittsburgh, Penn., the editor gives the following summary of the pleasures connected with the occupation which he has embraced:

"The path of an editor is not over thickly planted with roses. In the silence of the night, when men forget that they live, or lull their spirits in the rosy bliss of dreams—when bard has forgotten to tug at the heart and ambition to fire the brain—he sleeps not. By the dim lamp he wanders through the fields of thought, or by the shore of the sea of knowledge, gathering pebbles wherewith to build his feeble fabric. Often is he misunderstood—taunted—mocked—disappointed. Often does icy neglect freeze his glowing thoughts and nip his young hopes. The careless sneer—the crushing insinuation—the covert slander—the open denunciation—all wait to feast upon him."

A SOLEMN CALCULATION.—The aggregate population on the surface of the habitable globe is estimated at eight hundred and ninety-five million and three hundred thousand souls. If we reckon that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space this vast number of human beings are born and die; consequently eighty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty must pass into eternity every hour, and about fifty-six every minute. How awful the reflection! Reader, is it not the most dreadful infatuation to trifle with eternal things, on the brink of that world into which more than

A STARTLING FACT.—The Lowell Messenger states that a most singular and disgraceful scene was enacted at the Town Hall in that town on Wednesday evening of last week. A gentleman from Boston, of high respectability and literary repute, formerly a member of the Senate, and now a member of the House of Representatives, came to Lowell to deliver a lecture before the Moral Lyceum. He commenced his lecture, the subject of which was "the Poetry of the Scriptures," but the audience were soon astounded to perceive that he was so drunk as to be unable to instruct or gratify them. The Messenger says, "he stood reeling, with the bible in his hand, commenting upon the oracles of God!"

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.—The steamer Alceon was run into on the night of Friday last, by the H-mier. She is reported to have sustained considerable injury, and to have lost a large portion of her cargo, which consisted principally of cotton.

GENERAL LEE AND DR. CUTTING.—John B. Cutting was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and coming to Philadelphia, lodged in a house where Gen. Lee was then boarding. The doctor was a personable man, and not indifferent to dress. The general suddenly entering the sitting-room, found the doctor before the glass, carefully adjusting his cravat. "Cutting," says Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

JOHN Q. ADAMS.—The engines on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, are called after the presidents of the United States. It happened, the other day, that the John Q. Adams was despatched to bring from Frederick a train of cars, in which some hundred or more of western merchants were passengers. As the agent was about to attach the engine to the cars, he was arrested by a gigantic Kentuckian, who protested vehemently against trusting his amplitude of person to such a machine—"What security have we," cried he, in a tone of alarm, "that it will not bolt of the track?"

A LEGAL DISTINCTION.—Two prominent advocates in this eastern section, within fifty miles of Bangor, were once engaged in a case in Court on opposite sides. Their feelings were very much enlisted in their clients' favor. One of them, in the course of his remarks, made an assertion which very much excited the other, who thereupon sprang upon his feet, and exclaimed—"Brother C., do you say that as a lawyer, or as a man? If you say it as a lawyer, it is very well, but if you say it as a man, you lie."—Bangor Courier.

SALE OF THE UNITED STATES BANK BUILDING.—The Banking House of the U. States Bank, in this city, was sold at auction yesterday, by Messrs. Whitwell, Bond & Co., for the sum of \$81,000, payable one quarter cash, and the residue in one, two and three years, with interest at six per cent. The purchaser was Mr. Henry Williams, it is said, for a company of gentlemen.—Boston Daily Adc.

LEECHES bring a good price, in New Orleans, and would afford a very handsome profit to any eastern merchants who shall forward about 40 or 50,000 hither in a few months. They are very much used during the summer; and last year they were a dollar each. They are still scarce.—See.

A SAFE GUARD.—A soldier was stationed at a post, with directions to let no one pass without giving the watchword, which was "Boston." In the course of his patrol some one approached, and the sentinel demanded, "Who's there?" "A friend," was the answer. "Well, friend, advance and give the countersign." No answer. "Blast you!" said the soldier, leveling his musket, "say Boston, or I'll shoot you!"

A person bemoaning the uncomfortable prospects of celibacy, and comparing the respective situations of married and single persons, exclaimed, "What can make the cup of a bachelor go down?" A wit in the company, assuming the manner and tone of the complainant, exclaimed, "A lass!—a lass!"

On Wednesday the following notice appeared in the Comet: "I see in the Star of yesterday an infamous libel which I shall tell the truth on to-morrow in your paper. I never sold claims with three eyes out, and I never wash em in soap suds nor ile of vitriol. mi claims are all real longnecked softand blue claims and never one on um dare stride out into deep water so help me tantrabogue as I shal commence a libel suite agin the San immediately. Wash claims with soap suds! jim ball lant the man to du that are. he never cleans um with nothin. yours with bowels jim ball claim operator & bivalist."

Encampment West of Brassos. I am preparing an encampment on the west of Brassos, where I shall wait for reinforcements and supplies. It has never been my intention to cross the Brassos, and the reports which have been spread that such was my intention, have been put in circulation by deserters from the Texian army. Let men from the east press on, and unite with the army at Brassos. If men will unite with the present forces, we can defeat and capture the enemy. The army of the enemy has been represented at from 10 to 30,000, when in fact it has never exceeded 3 or 4,000 men. Fanning, with a force of 320, was attacked by about 1500, and being without water rendered, when they were basely butchered!

My spies cannot discover an enemy within ten miles of my encampment. (Signed) S. HOUSTON. CANEY, MARCH 22, 1836. To the Committee of Brassos. I have just arrived from Cox's Point; left about 30 armed men, and some 25 unarmed, in charge of the stores at that place; but fear, from the general panic, that the place would be deserted, after bringing off as much as the lighters could bring. But if Col. Wharton had arrived with the force said to be with him, the point could have been protected against ten times their number. I repaired east, in order to rally the disposable force of retreating families, but found every man shifting for himself and helpless family, all of which were crossing the Colorado, and on their way east; and this morning Capt. Sharp brings the news from the advance of Fanning's army (who made their escape) that Fanning was surrounded and fighting in the prairie, 6 miles east of Golind, for life, when the advance guard made their retreat, which was under the command of Col. Wharton, and I fear Fanning and his brave companions are slaughtered. The news is that all the Americans in Guadalupe were butchered by the citizens, Spaniards. Such is our situation, and all will be on their way in-morrow further east, and unless you can rally and send on men forthwith, to the cover of the retreat, all must be lost; and I would recommend the procuring and detention of any vessel that may be in reach, to take off helpless families; and every man, who can possibly do so, to rally and turn the enemy back faster than they came. I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your's respectfully, BENJ. J. WHITE.

Fellow Citizens in Texas, generally.—News of the most disastrous nature arrived here from the southern division of our army by the lieutenant and twenty men, who formed the advance of Fanning's army. While trying to make their retreat from Fort Defiance, they were attacked by 2,700 Mexicans in the Big Prairie. They are now advancing towards the Colorado. Help we want, and that speedily. Time don't admit of my saying any thing more. FRANCIS WELLS.

The following is a complete list of the counties of Mississippi, including the addition made by the last legislature. Vicksburg Register. Adams, Amite, Attala, Bolivar, Carroll, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Claiborne, Clarke, Copiah, Covington, De Soto, Franklin, Greene, Hancock, Hinds, Holmes, Howard, Jackson, Jasper, Jefferson, Jones, Kemper, Leake, Lafayette, Lumbardine, Lawrence, Leake, Lowndes, Madison, Marion, Marshall, Monroe, Neshoba, Newton, Nottoway, Oktibbeha, Perry, Pike, Pontotoc, Rankin, Sampson, Scott, Smith, Tallahatche, Tippah, Tishomingo, Tunica, Warren, Washington, Wayne, Wilkinson, Winston, Yalobusha, Yazoo.

peptic Pills. Dec 1