

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

—He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave.—

Volume 3.

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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To those who advertise by the year, a liberal discount will be made.

## POETRY.



### Destruction of the Assyrians.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once hear'd, and for ever grew still.  
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But that where they roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-busting surf,  
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NED BRACE IN SAVANNAH.

Far as I have extended this sketch, I cannot close, without exhibiting Ned in one new scene, in which accident placed him before he left Savannah.  
About two o'clock, on the morning of our departure, the town was alarmed by the cry of fire. Ned got up before me, and taking one of my boots from the door, and putting one of his in its place, he marched down to the front door with odd boots. On coming out, and finding what had been done, I knew that Ned could have left the house, for it was impossible for him to wear my boot. I was about descending the stairs, when he called to me from the front door, and said the servant had mixed our boots, and that he had brought down one of mine. When I reached the front door, I found Ned and Mr. and Mrs. Blank there; all the inmates of the house having left it, who designed to leave it, but Ned and myself.  
"Don't go and leave me, Hall," said he, holding my boot in his hand, and having his own on his leg.  
"How can I leave you," said I, "unless you'll give me my boot?" This he did not seem to hear.  
"Do run, gentlemen," said Mrs. Blank, greatly alarmed—"Mr. Brace, you've got Mr. Hall's boot; give it to him."  
"In a minute, madam," said he, seeming to be beside himself. A second after, however, he was explained to me. He designed to have my company to the fire, and his own for before he went.  
A man came posting along in great alarm, and crying "fire!" loudly. "Mister, Mister," said Ned, jumping out of the house.  
"Sir," said the man, stopping and puffing awfully.  
"Have you seen Mr. Peleg Q. C. Stone, along where you've been?" inquired Ned, with anxious solicitude.  
"Hang Mr. Peleg Q. C. Stone," said the stranger—"What chance have I of seeing any body, hopping up at two o'clock in the morning, and the town a-fire," and on he went.  
"Thus did he amuse himself with various questions and remarks, to four or five passengers, until even Mrs. Blank forgot, for a while, that the town was in flames. The last object of his sport, was a woman who came along, exclaiming, "Oh, it's Mr. Dalby's house—I'm sure it is Mr. Dalby's house!" Two gentlemen assured her that the fire was far beyond Mr. Dalby's house; but still she went on with her exclamations. When she had passed the door about ten steps, Ned permitted me to cover my frozen foot with my boot, and we moved on towards the fire. We soon overtook the woman just mentioned, who had become somewhat pacified. As Ned came alongside of her, without seeming to notice her, he observed, "Poor Dalby, I see his house is gone."  
"I said so," she screamed out—"I know

it!"—and on she went, screaming ten times louder than before.

As soon as we reached the fire, a gentleman in a military dress rode up, and ordered Ned into the line, to hand buckets. Ned stepped in, and the first bucket that was handed to him, he raised it very deliberately to his mouth, and began to drink. In a few seconds, all on Ned's right were overburdened with buckets, and calling loudly for relief, while those on his left were unemployed. Terrible was the cursing and claming, and twenty voices at once ordered Ned out of the line. Ned stepped out, and along came the man on horseback, and ordered him in again.  
"Captain," said Ned, "I am so thirsty that I can do nothing until I can get some water, and they will not let me drink in the line."  
"Well," said the captain, "step in, and I'll see that you get a drink."  
Ned stepped in again, and receiving the first bucket, began to raise it to his lips very slowly, when some one halloed to him to pass on the bucket, and he brought it down again, and handed it on.

"Why didn't you drink?" said the captain.  
"Why, don't you see they won't let me?" said Ned.  
"Don't mind what they say—drink, and then go on with your work."  
Ned took the next bucket, and commenced raising it as before, when some one again ordered him to pass on the bucket.  
"There," said Ned, turning to the captain, with the bucket half-raised, "you hear that?"  
"Why, blast your eyes," said the captain, "what do you stop for? Drink on, and have done with it."  
Ned raised the bucket to his lips, and drank, or pretended to drink, until a horse mistook him for a water bucket, and galloped off with him in its mouth.  
"Ain't you done?" said the captain, general mutiny and complaint beginning to prevail in the line.  
"Why, ha! you drunk enough?" said the captain, "becoming extremely impatient."  
"Most," said Ned, letting out a long breath, and still holding the bucket near his lips.  
"Zounds and blood!" cried the captain, "clear yourself—you'll drink an engine full of water."  
Ned left the ranks, and went to his lodgings, and the rising sun found us on our way homeward. HALL.

### FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.

It is impossible," said one, when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts; but Peter was not discouraged, and the thing was done.  
"It is impossible," said many when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's, to benefit his people he had determined to open a communication with the road to Strasburg, so that the productions of de la Roche (his own village), might find a market.  
Rocks were to be blasted, and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but he sized a pickaxe, put across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, and went to work, and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The road and the bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the 'Bridge of Charity.'  
"It is impossible," said some, as they looked upon the impenetrable forests which cover rugged flanks and deep gorges of mount Pilatus in Switzerland, and hoar-frosted the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of 21,000 pine trees, 6 feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, was kept moist. Its length 44,000 English feet. It had been conducted over rocks or along their sides, or over deep gorges where it was sustained by scaffolds and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done.  
The trees slid down from the mountains into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The large pines, which were one hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.  
A gentleman who saw this great work says: "Such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could strike it but once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows."  
Say not hastily, then, of any thing, "It is impossible." It may not be done in an hour, or a day, or a week, but perseverance will finally bring you to the end of it. "Time and patience," says a Spanish proverb, "will turn a mulberry leaf into silk."  
Rural Repository

### PADDY AND THE CROO.

"Patricia! where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission."  
"Och, never more will I do the like, sir."  
"Well, give an account of yourself; you seem out of breath."  
"Fait, the same am I sir; an' I never was in such fear since I come in Ameriky. I'll tell ye all about it sir, when I git my breath wunst agin."  
"I heard ye telling the gentlemen of the wonderful hecho, sir, over in woods behind the big hill. An' I thought by what ye said ye that it bate all the hechos of old Ireland, sir; and so it does by the powers!

Well, I jist run over to the place ye was speaking of, to converse a bit wid the wonderful crater. So said I, "hilloo! hilloo!" and sure enough the hecho said, "hilloo! hilloo! hilloo! you noisy rascal." I thought it was very queer, sir; and I said "hilloo!" agin. "Hiloo yourself," said hecho, "ye begun t'fire!" "What the devil are you made of, said I, that ye are nothing at all and spake like a Christian?" "Shut your mouth," said the hecho. So, said I, "ye blatherin scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye w'at, I'd hamma ye till the mother of ye would't know her impudent son."

"And what do you think the hecho said to that, sir?—Scamper ye buste of a Paddy," said he "or faith if I catch ye, I'll break every bone in your ugly body." An it hit my head wid a big stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out of me. So I run as fast as iver I cud and praised be all the saints, I'm here to tell ye of it sir.—New York News.

### THREE MORE MURDERS IN MISSISSIPPI.

We cut the following from a Galatin paper received by the last mail. It is imperiously necessary that an end be put to these things without delay. In the name of ven, *withier are ye tending?*  
Bad News.—Two shocking murders were lately perpetrated in Yazoo county, near Manchester in this state, of such a character as calls loudly for the strong and impartial arm of justice. One was on the person of a Mr. Harris schoolmaster, and was committed by a Mr. Bird and son. They went to his house armed for the purpose of death, and poor Harris died in the grasp of the father while the son inhumanly butchered him. Harris, even while tightly pinioned, fought and died most gloriously, as he wounded young Bird mortally and his father severely. Bird is in the Vicksburg jail awaiting his trial.  
The other murder was committed at Manchester upon the body of Allen, a young man, and formerly mail rider at that place. No particulars.

Murder again.—A young man, with his head severed from his body, was lately found near Manchester, in a swamp. No clue to the murder had been discovered, nor even the name of the murdered young man. So it will be seen they have no lack of murders in Yazoo county.

### TEXAS AND GENERAL GAINES.

From two gentlemen—one an officer in the Texas Army and the other of the U. S. Army under General Gaines—who arrived here the day before yesterday we have plump contradiction of a number of items of Texas news manufactured in New Orleans and that vicinity.  
In the first place, General Rusk never has retreated from the Mexicans and still is where he was when he heard of the increase to the Mexican force—viz: at Victoria. Truly, General Gaines has not gone to Nacogdoches nor does he intend to.  
One of the gentlemen to whom we have alluded left the lines of the Texian army on the 6th July, the other left Natchitoches on the 23d, and the American camp a very few days before. Up to his departure from Natchitoches he heard of no such movement on the part of Gaines nor has the most distant idea that such a movement has been thought of.  
The Mexican army were sickly and discontented and the disagreement between their leaders continued. The Texian army were in good condition and numbered upwards of 2500 and were daily increasing. Santa Anna was still closely confined—nor do our informants believe that he had requested the U. States to act as Mediator between Mexico and Texas. Natchez Courier.

### ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Mr. Lindsay a teacher in Dundee, formerly lecturer to the Watt Institution, succeeded, on the evening of Saturday the 25th ult. in obtaining a constant electric light. It is upwards of two years since he turned his attention to this subject; but much of that time has been devoted to other avocations. The light, in beauty surpasses all—has no smell—emits no smoke—incapable of explosion and not requiring air for combustion—can be kept in sealed glass jars. It ignites without the aid of a taper, and seems peculiarly calculated for flax houses spinning mills, and other places containing combustible materials. It can be sent to any convenient distance, and the apparatus for producing it may be contained in a common chest.

### MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

[Reported for the Courier.]  
We understand that an unfortunate circumstance took place in this city, on Saturday evening last, by which Mr. Tracena Corrois lost his life. The circumstances, as detailed before the Coroner's inquest seemed to be nearly these: about half past 9, the report of a pistol was heard in the street near the upper corner of the Steamboat Hotel, kept by Mr. Lane; immediately after a groan was heard and the cry "you've killed me." Mr. Cotton then came into the bar-room of the Hotel, stating that he had been shot, and wished for a room and physician to examine him. Medical attendance was immediately furnished, a physician happening to be present at the time, but entirely unavailing the ball having entered between the lower ribs and passed through the large arteries leading directly from the heart. The ball lodged under the skin on the back. Mr. C. lingered in great pain about an hour, after being taken into house where he expired—an internal hemorrhage causing his death.

We understand that Mr. C. stated distinctly the name of the individual who

shot him, which we forbear to mention, as also the various contradictory reports, as to the cause of the affair. We presume they will be accurately investigated before a legal tribunal, the perpetrator of the deed being in custody, and to be examined this morning at 10 o'clock.—Natchez Courier.

### MURDER AGAIN.

By a gentleman who came passenger in the Carrollton, we learn that a person by the name of Herring, had deliberately shot his own son through the heart, at Vicksburg, a few days since.—ib.

Mr. Hughes, who shot Mr. Cotton on Saturday night, was yesterday examined by the proper authorities and cleared. It appears in evidence, we are informed, that Mr. Cotton (who always went armed with pistols) had threatened to take the life of Mr. H, whenever or wherever he should meet him, which caused the latter to prepare himself. On the fatal night he met his death, he accented Hughes by asking, "Is it Hughes?" which being answered affirmatively, he made a motion to draw a pistol, upon which Mr. H. instantly fired upon him. We are opposed to the whole system of carrying fire arms in ordinary life; but when they are fatally used, it appears less lamentable that the trait of the encounter should be borne by the aggressor.—ib.

The winter has been so severe in Italy that Mount Vesuvius was still clad in snow, as late as May. A white shroud wreathed around the crater of a burning volcano!

### AN ENGLISH STEAMER PLIES REGULARLY BETWEEN CONSTANTINOPLE AND TROBISOND.

A worthy inquiry was one day edifying the French academy with a monstrous long detail of the comparative price of commodities at different periods, when La Fontaine observed, "This man knows the price, every thing except time."

When one is on the brink of eternity and of final judgment, how weak, how wicked must appear all earthly enmities!

### HOW TO SLEEP COMFORTABLY.

Man is more the child of habit than any other creature, and the study of it is curious and interesting. I knew a man, Adam Neil, who went into Edinburgh as an apprentice to an apothecary, and his circumstances compelling him to take the cheapest lodgings he could get, he took a room above a smith's which no other person would take, at two shillings a week, but what with the continual pelting on the smithy, and the roar of the bellows and fire pot Neil could get no sleep, nor, when his landlady or any other body entered the room, hear a word they said, and in consequence, he got a habit of speaking so loud, that even in the shop his voice was heard through all the street. Every night and every morning poor Neil cursed that smithy, and his greatest ambition on earth was to be enabled to change his lodgings. He got at length a superior situation, and the first thing he did was to change his lodgings and take two elegant rooms in Richmond place, after having occupied his old room for eleven years. But the eternal clink of the smithy was wanting, and not one wink could Adam Neil sleep in his new lodgings. For seven nights he declared in my hearing, that he did not sleep seven minutes. He said he sometimes swore unto himself; but sleep had utterly departed from his eyes, so that on the eighth day he was obliged to go and beg his old lodgings back again, and there he still remained when I know him, a rich, hearty, loud speaking old fellow.—Scraps by the Ettrick Shepherd.

### POPE JOAN.

The story of Pope Joan is well known, and has been considered authentic by many grave writers. It is related that in the eighth century, there lived in England, a lady who was distinguished for her intellectual acquirements as well as beauty, and who becoming attached to an eminent scholar, followed him in a man's attire to Athens, where he died. She subsequently proceeded to Rome, and applied herself to study, and became a distinguished theologian, inasmuch that in the lapse of a few years, she received a Cardinal's hat; and on the death of Leo IV, she was chosen to fill the Papal chair and assumed the title of Pope John VIII. It is further stated, that she continued in this high office for more than two years, when accident happened, while heading a procession in great pomp to St. John de Lateran's church, which revealed the secret of her sex, and she died from the shame and mortification of the discovery, and was buried without any pomp or honor.  
Such is the legend of the Pope Joan, which is founded on the simple circumstance that Pope John VIII, was a Pontiff of habits so exceedingly effeminate, that some wickeds ways caused a satirical nodal to be struck, representing the Pope Joan. This coin is even exhibited as evidence that a female was once created Pope.

### A NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The following ludicrous phrase appears in the petition of the Canterbury Town Council for the abolition of the punishment of death—"except, in cases of wilful and accomplished (!) murder."

The neighborhood of the London docks was recently thrown into considerable commotion by the depredations among the poultry by what was supposed to be a fox, but which proved to be a jackal which had escaped from one of the ships.

### UNITED STATES.

The people of the old world now constantly rank our country amongst the great nations of the earth; and well they may, for, with more than three

millions capable of military service, whilst united amongst ourselves, what care we for a whole world in arms! The name of AMERICAS should ever be dear to us. It should carry with it a spell—a charm—magical something, repulsive of all things foreign to a community of interests. We have had our family quarrels and the pumpered despots of Europe have wished, hoped and prayed that they might have a fatal termination, until they have become convinced that it is utterly useless, and that however much we may talk at each other, nothing short of inevitable necessity can impel us further. We may laugh to scorn all the speculations of European political theorists. They know nothing of us, for we are marching onward with such colossal strides towards the heights of power and the acme of all human grandeur, that we can hardly keep pace with ourselves:  
"Onward we go. No; I mistake, by Jove!"  
"We fly like lightning every time we move."  
Such a people for enterprise as the Americans were never yet known. Every where you find them, whether in the frozen circumpolar regions of the north and south, or amidst the burning sands of Africa—overthrowing the foolish gods of Polynesia or fighting the turban'd Turk on classic ground; uttering the gospel of peace in Farther India, or raising the shouts of victory on the banks of the Colorado. The American never can be idle; mentally or physically, every thing must "go ahead." Is there the least movement in Poland? he and his money are there. Does a revolution break out in Buenos Ayres, or Chili, or Colombia, or Mexico, the American is there. With an Eaton he is ready to dispose of African sovereignties; with a Houston he will create a new republic, and carry the star in the spotless firmament beyond the limits of Anahac.

Successful Measure.—"Well, squire," said a constituent to a representative, "why didn't you get our petition through the legislature this winter?" "I did get it through, my dear sir, without any difficulty." "Ah indeed!—I didn't see any account of it in the newspaper." "To be sure not—*I carried it through both Houses in my coat pocket, and made no noise about it.*"—New Bedford Gazette.

### SCRAPS FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

The Advertiser says, that Mr. Wickliffe once thought himself "at the top of the p." Who is "at the top of the pot" now? Mr. Hise? 'Tis where the scum always should be.  
The Spy in Washington states, that Amos Lane is "talked of as Navy Commissioner." If Amos is to have an office in Washington, we hope, that the public buildings will first be made fire-proof.  
The Editor of the Alabama Times thinks, that "lying is worse than stealing." Has he made a fair trial of both?  
The meaneast Van Buren paper in this State is the "Cushonton Heron."  
We think not. We consider the Hon Taylor Webster's Telegraph as "below the Heron."  
"What would be the consequence if Gen. Jackson were to drop Mr. Van Buren?" N. Y. Ecce Journal.  
What was the consequence when the capricious eagle dropped the tortoise, that he had carried up a thousand feet into the air?  
The Tory organ in Maine, the Portland Argosy, says, that President Jackson "always executes justice." Very true—he always puts justice to a very summary death.  
Col. Johnson, before voting on the deposite question asked President Jackson what sort of a bill for the distribution of the public money he would consent to sign. The Colonel put the question three times, and received a most insulting reply. He deserv'd it. What right had he to put a question to the President which the President had never put to himself?  
We apprehend, that the Van Buren editors have lost a valuable ally. We perceive, that an editor in Salem, Mass., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for stealing seven thermometers, an old hat, two sheets, a ben, and a blanket.  
We have seen a number of a Tory paper from North Carolina, called the 'Riscoe Day.' It ought to be called the 'Nairn.' Why? Because it is the shadow of the Globe.  
The Philadelphia Democratic Free Press says: "Contemplate the Character of Mr Kendall." Certainly we will—but then  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."  
Mr. Hise wishes to know why Mr. Wickliffe is unwilling to travel in company with him. The answer can be given in four words, Wickliffe is a gentleman.  
The receipts at the Astor House, N. Y. are said to average near \$1,400 a day.  
INVALUABLE PUBLIC SERVICE.—In answer to a query generally circulated in Pennsylvania, "what has Mr. Van Buren done for the public good?" the Sentinel answers, "he has ably and efficiently supported the administration of Gen. Jackson!!!"—N. Y. Star.

A Pennsylvania editor asks whether we mean to be understood to say that all the Van Buren Postmasters are mail-robbers.—No—we do not. A sturdy clergymen, in a sermon during the revolutionary war, made this remark—"My dear hearers, I do not undertake to say that every tory is a horse-thief but before God I do say that every horse thief is a tory." In like manner we do not assert that every Van Buren Postmaster is a mail robber, but we do assert, without a fear of contradiction, that every Postmaster hitherto convicted of mail robbery is a Van Buren man.

### EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM EDWIN FORREST.

Letters have been received from Mr. Forrest as late as the 14th ult. in which he mentions that he was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and about to visit England. We copy from the London Morning Herald a lively extract of a letter from Mr. Forrest to the editor of that print, relating to his visit to the ancient capital of Russia. Our gifted countryman, it will be seen, has not contented himself with following the ordinary track of those who go from this country to the old world, visiting merely the most interesting countries of Western Europe, but has made the entire circuit of that continent, with the exception of the S. S. peninsula, and has even wandered into Asia. Here follows the extract from his letter.  
N. Y. Ecce Post.

### MOSCOW AND RUSSIAN POWER.

(Extract of a letter from a traveller).—"Since I was with you I have been in strange lands, and seen strange sight. I have traversed the Baltic and the wide dominions of the Autocrat—crossed the Euxine and dipped into Asia and European Turkey—knew due onwards to the Propontic and the Hellespont—wandered amid the faultless fragments of the bright clime of battle and of song—sailed by the Ionian isles—visited the chief towns of the Germanic Confederation, and here I am at last, safe and sound, in the ever gay capital of France. I thank Heaven my travelling in the Far East is at an end. One is rather badly accommodated there in the way of rail-roads and steamers. Here ever, take it all in all, have every reason to be satisfied with the voy; for there is no kind of information but must be purchased with some pains-taking, and one day I shall fully enjoy all this in calm retrospect from the bosom of 'he unrunned forest.' Yes, the sight of the city of Moscow alone, would amply repay one for all risks and fatigues at sea.  
"Never shall I forget my sensations when, from the great tower of the Kremlin, one bright sunny day, I looked down upon that beautiful city. The lumberless domes beaming with azure and with gold, the checkered roofs, the terraces, the garden slopes, the mingling of all tiles and systems of architectural construction, now massive and heavy, now brilliant and lighted every where fresh and original, and charmed me—and, I am free to confess, Russia astonished me. I have sailed down the mighty Mississippi—I have been in the dark and silent bosoms of our own forest homes—I have been under the eye of Mount Blanc and Olympus—I grew familiar with Rome and with London without experiencing the same degree of wonder which fastened upon me in Russia. I thought there to have encountered with herds of semi-barbarians; yet found a people misled, as it were, attend from a state of nature to our level of civilization. Nor have they apparently, in their rapid onward course, neglected the means to render their progress sure and certain.  
"And then, what an army—a million of men!—and all wearing the best forms of men, the best discipline, and better able to endure the "labor'd battle-sweat" by their constant activity, the rigor of their climate, and their ignorance of all pleasures which serve to effeminate. The navy, too, though in an imperfect state, compared with the army, (in sailors, not ship) will, doubtless, hold a distinguished rank. Only think of such a power, increasing every day—stretching out wider and wider, and all confessing one duty—obedience to the will of the absolute sovereign. Though I am unskilled in political lore, yet, as we 'Yankees' assume the right to 'gaze' upon all subjects I calculate your government had better keep a watchful eye upon the arched Scythians, or he'll bother your commerce in certain quarters. He hates both England and France, and his warlike attitude from Constant to the Crimea, at least deserves attention from those who appreciate peace and freedom. You will say this is all stuff, but you will think otherwise, when, in a short time, Nicholas shall have possession of Constantinople and the Bosphorus."

### FRANCE.

The relations of France with Turkey are in danger of being disturbed by the conduct of the Porte towards the Pacha of Tripoli—now in close alliance with the French government. The President of the Council has instructed Roussin to inform the Pacha that France can and will defend her ally the Pacha, even though in doing, she should be driven to re-nact the scenes of Navarino. This energetic language will be understood by the Sultan. A letter from Toulon says—"we are assured that the great armaments promising here are not for the Levant, but for Syria. What gives credit to these reports is the order to General Higon not to quit these coasts—This squadron is to cruise between Toulon and the Gulf of Matara, and troops always be ready to be embarked on board ships, and be carried wherever they may be wanted."

### Latest from Europe.

The Philadelphia Democratic Free Press says: "Contemplate the Character of Mr Kendall." Certainly we will—but then  
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The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once hear'd, and for ever grew still.  
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But that where they roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-busting surf,  
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Far as I have extended this sketch, I cannot close, without exhibiting Ned in one new scene, in which accident placed him before he left Savannah.