

SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY THOMAS H. PALMER...

Terms of Advertising... One Dollar for each additional insertion...

Customers & the Public generally... have just received, direct from New York, a splendid assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MERCHANDISE...

FRESH SUPPLY... The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has just received direct from New York, a handsome and well selected supply of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS...

NEW GOODS... HENDERSON & HILL, HAVE just received and are now opening a fresh supply of FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS...

NOTICE... MR. JAMES J. COLLIER is appointed agent to settle the business of the late Mrs. MARGARETTA TIERE...

TAKE NOTICE... HAVING sold my stock of Drugs and Medicines to Messrs. T. G. Compton & Co. I must earnestly solicit all persons having open accounts with me for the last and present years...

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE... THE undersigned Commissioners appointed by the Probate Court of Jefferson county, to receive and audit claims against the estate of David N. Williams...

15,000 ACRES OF LAND, AND 75 NEGROES, FOR SALE... THE subscribers propose selling fifteen thousand acres very superior level COTTON LANDS...

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Dr. T. H. FOX, OFFERS his services to the inhabitants of Rodney and its vicinity, in the various branches of his profession...

REMOVAL... THE Store of YOE & DAVENPORT has been removed to the new building lately erected by George Overaker...

Fashionable Tailoring... J. I. MOORE, RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public in general, that he has returned to Rodney under more favorable auspices...

Fresh Arrival... STUART & SMITH, HAVE just received, and are now opening, an assortment of STAPLE & FANCY GOODS...

Yoe & Davenport... BEG leave to inform the public that they are still in Rodney, and are now opening a superior assortment of GOODS...

Plantation for Sale... INTENDING after this year, to remove my planting interest to the river, I offer or sell the tract of land on which I now reside...

A FEW FIRST-RATE HANDS... Possession to be given after the crop now being planted shall be gathered...

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POETRY... FROM ELLENWATER, A NEW POEM BY GEORGE W. CUTLER, Esq. about to be published at Terre Haute, Indiana.

EXTRACTS... Where waves the forest forever green And flowers in bloom are always seen...

EXTRACTS... Where Flora presides o'er the meadow and hills, Unvisited by Winter, unobscured by snow...

EXTRACTS... This island still blossoms in the sun's bright rays, But the rose who most loved it, oh, where are they?

EXTRACTS... Their sacred heritage to shield, They mingled in the carnage red, Till bulwarks o'er the crimson field...

EXTRACTS... The rustling leaves were waving free In the bland and balmy air, Or flushing their emerald heraldry...

EXTRACTS... While gorgeous flowers on every line, Like orient censures bloom— And gem'd with drops of sparkling dew...

MARY'S BEE... As Mary, with her lip of roses, Was tripping o'er the drowsy mead A foolish little bee supposes...

J. B. COLEMAN... My lips and hers delighted meet, And, trust me from that lovely dwelling I found the poison sweet...

MISCELLANEOUS... AFFECTING NARRATIVE... We do not know that we have read anything more painfully affecting than the following account...

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yet GreenSmith was in constant employment, and receiving thirteen shillings a week. The little sufferers were fine, healthy children, and much liked by their neighbors.

Thomas GreenSmith of Bassford, (the murderer,) having been cautioned by the coroner, said: I live in the yard next to this house, and Mr. Mark Woodward is my landlord. I went on Monday morning last to hedge on the farm of Mr. G. Brown at Bestwood Park...

When I got home I took something to eat, staid in the house about a half an hour, and then went to the Seven Stars public house, near Leather Bottle, Nottingham, where I had a cup of ale. I then returned home. I walked alone the whole way, and reached Bassford between eleven and twelve that night. I met Mr. Joseph Woodward, (who is the father of Mr. Mark Woodward, my landlord,) in the yard; he asked me about the rent, and told him I had arranged with his son to pay the next Wednesday but one...

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Prisoner—No. I know I should be taken in a day or two. I know I shall have to suffer whatever the law will inflict upon me.

Coroner—How old are you, GreenSmith? Prisoner—Thirty-five. This closed the case, and the jury immediately returned a verdict of "wilful murder against Thomas GreenSmith."

A STEAMBOAT RACE. The manner in which the steamboat races, which so frequently end in the dreadful destruction of human life, are conducted on the Western waters, is given in the last Pottsville Register, and was written by Mr. Samuel H. Davis, who was in one of the boats.

The Benet. On Wednesday morning, the 14th of April, the captain of the Franklin stepped on board of the Phillips, both boats being at Louisville, and, after the usual salutations, put his hand somewhat significantly to his neck. "What's the matter with your neck?" asked the captain of the Phillips. "I strained it," replied the other, "looking back for you the last run we made up."

The Stark. The Franklin left port at 11 o'clock, with her usual complement of freight and passengers, and proceeded off in gallant style. The Phillips left at 35 minutes past 11, just as her challenger was passing Six Mile Island. She had no freight, but she had a good supply of pine knots, in addition to her stock of wood, which was, for the most part, dry, fresh, and excellent.

Overhaul at Muldon. Through the Franklin was observed six miles ahead on our leaving port, yet, from the bend in the river, and the increasing smokiness of the atmosphere, she was soon lost sight of, and not seen again until we arrived near Madison, 50 miles from Louisville. Here she had stopped 10 minutes, probably, to deliver the mail, and was half a mile ahead, as we passed the town. Thus we had gained at least 20 minutes upon her in this distance.

Pass at Warsaw. The boats kept about the same distance from each other for the next thirty miles, to Warsaw, where the Franklin was compelled to touch to deliver the mail. The Phillips staid ahead, and obtained five or six lengths, when the Franklin was off again, under a high head of steam. She gained upon the Phillips "fairly."

Rising Sea. The relative distance between the two boats was but little altered for twelve or fifteen miles from Warsaw. The Franklin would sometimes leave our wake by putting her head to right or left, and attempting to get in a line with us. After repeating this several times, she at last succeeded in a few miles below Rising Sun. This is twenty miles from Warsaw. From its high banks a fine view of the river is had below.

Atten of the Ladies. A few miles above Rising Sun, the boats, which till now had been abreast, and from ten to fifty feet apart, struck each other with a slight concussion. The ladies, who on these were twelve or fifteen on board the Phillips, became alarmed, and besought their husbands to interfere. While this consternation prevailed in the ladies' cabin and state rooms, a different scene was witnessed without; the two boats seemed to be lashed together, the officers of each shaking hands across the railings, and the firemen and crews looking defiance. As the passengers stepped out on the guais on either side, they were promptly ordered back, that the boats might be kept in trim, the Phillips, especially, being so light, that the weight of four or five men would careen her over like a canoe. The highest excitement prevailed. The Franklin no longer regarded the delivery of the mail, and had Mr. Kendall's pony been ten fold greater, it would not have weighed a feather.

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