

same—you did give me the dollar a day but—you didn't find me.

"Find you, you scoundrel! I ransacked every street in town; but where the devil were you?"

"Shooting at Muddy Pond Woods, yer honor!"

The gentleman gave Pat a dollar, and told him to call at the garden when he wanted work, but to be sure to find himself!

A Remarkable Rose Bush.

There is in the garden of Mr. Lewis, at Hoboken, New York, a rose tree, which bears pure white and pink flowers on alternate branches, the colors being distinct on their respective branches, and not the least blended one with another. It is quite different from the Greville, which bears white and purple flowers and every intermediate shade and tint. What makes the tree remarkable is, that the flowers are natural, having been produced without inoculation or grafting, and entirely of spontaneous growth. At Nible's garden, there are rose trees seemingly the same, but being so only in appearance, as the colors are acknowledged to have been produced by inoculation.—Boston Traits.

Gen. Lafayette and Henry Clay.

We have just come in possession of an anecdote in a manner which enables us to say that it is perfectly authentic.—An officer of the United States Navy, being in the city of Paris in the fall of 1832, was invited by Gen. Lafayette to visit him at Lagrange, his country seat. The invitation was accepted, and the officer of course enjoyed in the highest degree the elegant and hearty hospitality which the noble old veteran always displayed to Americans. During the three days which the American naval officer spent at Lagrange, much conversation was had on the affairs and the prominent men of the United States.—Of such topics the name of Henry Clay could not be but a conspicuous one; and the General found that his guest was not only a political admirer but a personal acquaintance and friend of that great American Statesman. The General, therefore, was not constrained, as the sequel will show, by the delicacy due to the feelings of one of whose sentiments he was ignorant, to conceal his own sincere sentiments of Mr. Clay. The American officer set out at four or five in the morning in a diligence for Paris. Not expecting to find the old war worn soldier stirring at so early an hour, he was leaving without a formal farewell. As he was crossing the court, however, George Washington Lafayette, the son of the General, followed him and told him his father desired to see him. He was introduced into the General's study, where, by the light of candles, he was employing his pen. Pressing his guest in vain to remain longer, the General said: "Before you leave me, I want to show you our friend," and leading into another room, he exhibited a portrait of Mr. Clay. "Sir," said the General, "That is the man whom I hope to see President of the United States." The incident was a happy one, and produced a lasting impression on the mind of the officer. The bosom companion of Washington, his comrade in arms in the glorious Revolution, feeling the deepest interest in the welfare of the U. States, and well acquainted with their policy, their institutions and their great men, Lafayette, with the wisdom of the Father of his Country, pointed out the man fit and worthy to stand at the head of his Government. But his sainted spirit will look down in '45 and rejoice in the consummation of his hopes, which Heaven impatient to claim one of its first-born, denied him while in the flesh.—Frankfort Commonwealth.

From the N. York Tribune.

A Story of the Revolution.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken without eulogium from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in Franklin will read it, though I am afraid, some of them, especially in the capital of the country, will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel, loom, &c. The first is the name of an old old fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house organ with but few stops.—But to the story:
Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was next older than I was, one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears. She informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said, that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments.—There were at this time no stores and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garment was needful. She replied "pantalons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."
"Tut," said mother, "the wool is on the sheeps backs, and the sheep are in the pasture."
I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt fish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."
"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.
"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."
"I am certain we can mother."
"How can you weave it? there is a long web of linen in the loom."
"No matter, I can find an empty loom."
By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom-shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of the fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister, Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of the fleece.

The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web got in, wove and cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying: "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother."
"The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."
This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?

John Randolph.
I remember some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one day, as I was standing in Market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique looking being hurrying toward me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close to his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which they would have followed a crazy or drunken man or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent, serious wonder with which they have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph from the descriptions. I therefore advanced toward that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned toward the boys with an angry glance, but without saying anything, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them; but it would not do. They followed close on behind the orator, each one said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him he stopped a Mr. C., a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered in a store close by, unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for a considerable time, and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.
His long thin legs, about as thick as a strong walking-cane, and of such such a shape, were encased in a pair of tight small-clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them, coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what I believe are called hose, and country knit. He wore shoes. They were old-fashioned and fastened only with buckles, huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat with a small collar and buttons far apart behind, and a few on the breast. Mr. Randolph's were the reverse of all this, and instead of his coat being fan-tailed, it was what we believe the knights of the needle call swallow tailed; the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast as the fea-

ters at crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender—so slender that, as he stood with his arms akimbo he could easily, as I thought with his long bony fingers, have spanned it. Around him his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and in consequence, an inch or more of tape to which it was attached was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation: no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were worn large. Mr. Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy, withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point upon his face where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few minutes, uncovered.—I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent—Byron and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance.

A Wyandot Squaw, 112 years old, died at Cincinnati, on the 19th of July.

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President Quincy of Harvard College has thought proper to contradict the ridiculous rumor, started by the N. Y. Sun, that John Tyler received the degree of L. L. D. from that institution during his recent visit to Boston.—N. Y. Tribune.

Public Meeting.

At a meeting of the citizens of Ponola and Tallahatchie counties, assembled at Williams Landing, on Yocnaputuffa river, on Saturday the 29th of July, 1843; on motion of B. F. Morris, Esq. J. T. Pickle was called to the chair, and R. W. Backus appointed Secretary. On motion of B. F. Morris, Esq. it was

Resolved, That the chairman appoint a committee of Arrangements of ten gentlemen.

Resolved, That the following named gentlemen be appointed a committee of arrangements, to wit: B. F. Morris, E. Boyles, B. Sullivan, John Owens, J. B. Pickock, G. Hallum, A. H. Williams, G. W. Smith, J. M. Lamb, and John Poore.

Resolved, That the citizens of Ponola and Tallahatchie counties give a public barbecue on the 15th day of September next at Williams Spring, Ponola county.

Resolved, That the citizens of Ponola and Tallahatchie counties, and the ladies especially, be invited to attend said Barbecue.

Resolved, That this invitation be given through the Ponola Weekly Register.

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Resolved, That Gen. John Rayburn be appointed President of the day, and Col. J. B. Morris, Marshal of the day.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen be appointed managers, viz: John Hobbs, Dr. J. J. Pearson, J. H. Bird, J. T. Pickle, G. Hasings, R. W. Backus, J. Shores, G. Sherman, R. Wardroup, N. Sullivan, J. M. Lamb and J. Hatley.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Ponola Weekly Register, until the day on which the barbecue is to be given. Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

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CANDIDATES.

WE are authorized to announce the name of IRA MCKINNEY, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Ponola County.

WE are authorized to announce Col. J. W. LUMPKIN, as a candidate for the State Senate at the ensuing November election.

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LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Hasten Howard, deceased were granted to the undersigned by the Honorable the Probate Court of Tallahatchie county, on the 15th day of August, 1843. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent to present them duly authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred. Those indebted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate payment.

WILLIAM G. SHEELEY, Ad'r.
Charleston, Mi., Aug. 14, 1843.—23 6t.

Goods at Cost!

THE subscribers being desirous to convert their present stock of Goods into ready money will sell off at cost for cash.

J. & A. K. ERWIN.
Aug. 12.—22 1/2t

Female School.

MRS. JORDAN returns her sincere thanks to the citizens of Ponola, for their liberal patronage, and informs them that the next session will commence on the 11th of September next. Several highly respectable families will board young ladies on moderate terms.

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Geography, Grammar, History and Philosophy, 12 00
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COMMERCIAL.

Ponola Prices Current.

(CORRECTED WEEKLY.)

ARTICLES.	From	To
APPLES, Green, per bbl.	1 50	0 00
Do, Dried, per bushel.	1 25	0 00
BOLD CIDER, per bbl.	6 00	0 00
BAGGING, Kentucky, per yard.	20	0 00
BALE ROPE, Kentucky, per lb.	0	10
BUTTER, fresh, per lb.	12 1/2	0 20
BACON, hog round, per lb.	5	0 7
COTTON, per lb.	4	0 6
CANDLES, Sperm, per lb.	37 1/2	0 50
Composition,	37 1/2	0 50
Mould,	00	0 00
CHOCOLATE, per lb.	00	0 00
COFFEE, Havana Green and Rio,	11	0 12
Java,	0	0 00
CASINGS, per lb.	7	0 8
CHEESE, per lb.	00	0 00
CORN, per bushel.	37	0 50
FLOUR, per barrel.	6 00	0 00
FISH, Mackerel No. 3, per bbl.	3 00	4 50
Glass, 8 by 10, per box,	3 00	4 50
do 10 by 12,	5 00	6 00
IRON, Bar, per lb.	5	9 10
do Slab,	12	0 00
MOLASSES, per gallon,	37	0 37 1/2
MEAL, per bushel.	10	0 12
MAIZE, per lb.	0	0 00
OLEO Sperm, per gallon,	0 00	0 00
do Lard,	0 00	0 00
POWDER, per lb.	37 1/2	0 50
PEPPER, per lb.	37	0 00
RICE, per lb.	8	0 10
SUGARS, Brown, per lb.	5	0 8
do Loaf,	20	0 25
SOAP, Bar, per lb.	10	0 12
SPICES, per lb.	25	0 09
SALT, Coarse, per sack.	1 00	2 75
do Fine, do.	3 25	0 00
WHEAT, per gallon.	30	0 50
MEAS FURS, per bbl.	0 00	0 00
PRIME,	0 00	0 00
LARD,	0	0 8
LIME, per bbl.	0 00	0 00
TOBACCO,	12 1/2	0 50

Memphis Prices Current.

(CORRECTED WEEKLY.)

ARTICLES.	PER	CTS	CTS
BAGGING, Kentucky,	yard	14	16
do Missouri,		14	16
do German,		12	13
do India,		—	—
BALE ROPE, Kentucky,	lb	6	7
do do, do,		15	15
BUTTER, fresh, country,	lb	16	21
do do, do,		18	20
BACON, hog round,	lb	4	5
do do, do,		6	7
COTTON,	31	3	5
CANDLES, Sperm	31	33	
do Mould	10	15	
CHOCOLATE,	20	25 1/2	
COFFEE, Havana, Green & Rio	9	11	
Java,	16	18 1/2	
CORN MEAL,	bushel	37	50
CORN,	lb	37	40
CASINGS,	7	8	
FISH—Mackerel No. 1	bbl	16 00	17 00
do do, No. 2		14 00	15 00
do do, No. 3		—	—
Dried Herring	box	1 00	1 25
FLOUR—Cincinnati	bbl.	5 00	6 00
do do, do		5 50	6 00
GUNPOWDER	kg	7 50	8 00
HAY,	100lbs.	40	50
IRON—Bar,	lb.	5	8
do Hoop		8 1/2	12 1/2
LEAD,	bbl.	75	100
LARD,	lb.	5	6
MOLASSES,	gal.	25	33
MAIZE—Northern	lb.	6	7
do do, do		6	7
OLEO—Lard	gal.	1 12 1/2	1 25
do do, do		1 25	1 50
do do, do		20 00	22 00
PORK—Pickled	bbl.	6 00	8 00
do do, do		2 1/2	3 1/2
POTATOES, Irish	bbl.	15	25
PORTER—London	doz.	4 50	5 00
do do, do		8 00	10 00
RICE,	lb.	5	6 1/2
SALT—Ground Alum	sack	1 75	0 09
do Liverpool b/w		2 00	2 25
do Kanawha		3	4 0
SUGAR—Spanish,	1600 lb	99	50 00
do do, do		5	6
do do, do		12 1/2	14
do do, do		13 1/2	18
TOBACCO—Kentucky	lb.	35	45
do do, do		2	3
WHEAT—Rec'd	gal.	13	23
do do, do		30	50
WHITE LARD—Northern	kg.	1 75	2 00
do do, do		1 75	2 00
GRASS SEEDS—Clover,	bushel	8 00	10 00
do do, do		4 00	5 00
do do, do		1 50	2 00
do do, do		3 00	4 00
do do, do		2 00	2 50
STEEL—Cast,	lb	8	37 1/2
do do, do		16	20
do do, do		10	12
do do, do		10	12