

PONOLA WEEKLY REGISTER.

FOR MYSELF I ENTERTAIN A HIGH OPINION OF THE UTILITY OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS. I CONSIDER SUCH EASY VEHICLES OF KNOWLEDGE MORE HAPPILY CALCULATED THAN ANY OTHER, TO PRESERVE THE LIBERTY, STIMULATE THE INDUSTRY, & MELIORATE THE MORALS OF A FREE PEOPLE.—Washington.

By F. A. TYLER.

DEVOTED TO NEWS; POLITICAL, SCIENTIFIC, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.

THREE DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1.

PONOLA, PONOLA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1843.

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THE REGISTER.

Printed and published every Wednesday at THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. Subscribers who do not pay in advance, will invariably be charged four dollars.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements of a miscellaneous nature, charged for each line for the first, and five cents for each insertion afterwards.

Yearly Advertisements.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the weekly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rate.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till forbid, and any alterations made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Agriculturist.

Sketches of the West.

CINCINNATI.—This is the largest and much the handsomest city of the west, and we think it is ever destined to maintain this rank. Its position seems to have been expressly made by nature for the site of some great town. It is a plain, nearly in the shape of a bended bow, a mile and a half broad in its widest part, and elevated about 100 feet from the water, terminated by broken ranges of picturesque hills from 300 to 400 feet high, the sides and tops of which, the town is already beginning to cover in broad terraces of brick and stone. On the top of one of these hills Mr. Longworth has had the liberality to make a large reservation for a public square, and if others can occasionally be appropriated and ornamented with trees, walks, and shrubbery, and proper attention be paid to the public and private buildings, it may in time become quite a magnificent city. It is surrounded by an exceedingly fertile country, and it has a very extensive trade, the most interesting branch of which to the farmer is the dealing in pork.

PORK BUSINESS.—In the January No. of the Agriculturist, we gave some account of this, and the slaughter and packing houses; but the business done the present year is much greater than ever known before. It is estimated that upward of 250,000 hogs have been killed at Cincinnati the past season, with a greater average weight than any preceding year. Many of these were packed by English agents, sent out here expressly for this purpose, after their own method, for the market of Great Britain, the sale of which thus far has quite satisfactory, and will prove encouraging for the pork-raisers of the west. In addition to the pork, great quantities of lard are put up here, 12,000,000 pounds at least the past year, worth nearly \$500,000.

Stock.—Of swine, as a matter of course, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, where so many hogs are raised, one would expect to find choice breeds; nor would he be disappointed, for in no district of country have we ever seen as good animals generally prevail.—Sheep are kept in considerable numbers, but very few choice fine woolled flocks; which we think a matter of regret as the soil and climate are both admirable for the purposes of sheep-husbandry. Of cattle there are many varieties, the best of which, undoubtedly are the Durhams. Among these, the choicest herd within our observation was that of Mr. William Neff, kept on his farm situated on a fine Macadam road, about seven miles from town, and it was a great pleasure to us while staying in Cincinnati, to often visit the superb animals.

The herd is composed of a reserved lot, all imported, or bred directly by Mr. Neff from his own importations.—The stock bulls are quite superior, and among them we thought most highly of Prince William and Young Poince.—The cows also we found a choice lot, & no way inferior to the bulls. Those we most admire among the older ones, were Ruth, Profitable, and Princess, the first of which is a noted breeder. Of the younger ones, Victoria, Clifford, George,

and Louisiana, stood the highest in our estimation. The latter is a magnificent animal, and such as is rarely found. Everything for their accommodation, is well arranged, and the stables, yards, and indeed all the appurtenances, could scarcely be bettered. Mr. Neff's swine are quite on a par with his cattle—he having the Berkshire recently imported in great perfection, and the English grazer, also imported, a nice quiet thrifty breed, and famous for making lard—a great desideratum now in the west. His piggery is extensive, and one of the best arranged we ever saw. The general plan is an alley in the centre, with ranges on each side for the animals; a cooking house in front, where kettles are set, and bins formed conveniently around for the storage of meal, grain, and roots. Other things about this farm are worthy of notice, among which we shall not soon forget, an abundant orchard and fine vineyard recently planted out.

NURSERIES AND GARDENS.—These abound in the vicinity of Cincinnati.—That of Mr. Ernest we found the most extensive. It is really well filled, and contains a numerous and excellent assortment. There are many gardens also, both public and private. Of the latter, that of Mr. Longworth is superior. Here are transplanted all the wild flowers of the country, for the purpose of experimenting with them, and we have no doubt some beautiful things will yet be brought out from this source.

The Ohio.—How swiftly glides the boat down the broad winding stream; how beautifully the hills break and group again, from reach to reach in the blue distance, crowned with lofty forests, the branches of the trees dotted with thick green tufts of the mistletoe, while below from their base to the water's edge, spread the wide fertile meadows, in green grass or tall corn, with large herds of fat cattle feeding upon their rich herbage. Fair villas, substantial brick or stone farm-houses, and the humble log-cottage, are sprinkled alternately along, and from distance to distance, we are brought up to land by intervening towns and villages. It may be called, indeed, from its sources to its mouth La Belle Riviere, for there are few streams in truth more beautiful.

We recollect being often asked in England if we did not find the Thames much superior to the Ohio. The Thames indeed! It has a few fine meadows and gentle hills, and as wide as the Ohio perhaps, 80 miles from its mouth to London, and then its rapidly dwindles to a mere rivulet, while this keeps rolling on for nearly a thousand miles in one continued flow of uninterrupted magnificence, wilderness, and beauty.

NORTH BEND.—One of the most interesting places that we pass in descending the Ohio is North Bend, 14 miles below Cincinnati, the residence of the late lamented General Harrison, and a green mound-like hill near to the house, enclosed in white railings, is now his final resting-place. The tomb is of plain solid marble, and accords with the character to whose memory it is erected, and virtues and deeds that it is made to commemorate. When we last saw the Farmer of North Bend, he had been taken like another Cincinnati, from his rural occupations and quiet humble home, and stood amidst an admiring crowd of thousands, the acknowledged chief of millions of free people. To look upon that plain, simply attired old man, thus placed, thus surrounded, and thus honored, was a sight really sublime, and his sudden removal will long be mourned by a grateful nation.

We wish we could see the miserable out-buildings in front and immediately around this charming residence of Gen. Harrison removed. It has now become a point of national interest, and is always shown to strangers; there should be nothing therefore to mar the view, and we would respectfully suggest to the son of the late President, that the fine lawn in front of the house be disincumbered of all else, save the noble trees and flowering shrubbery that now adorn it.

LOUISVILLE.—This is a fine city, built upon a high level bank of the river, and is about half the size of Cincinnati, and laid out in the same manner, the streets crossing each other at right angles.—

It has some good buildings of which the Court House and new Methodist church are among the most elegant. The roads of the Ohio here extend 3 1/2 miles, with a fall of 24 feet, over a solid bed of limestone. These are passed except in high water, through a steamboat canal of about two miles in length, cut through the solid rock, reminding us, though without the length and depth, of the deep cut of the Erie canal of Lockport.

Louisville has a considerable trade, and pretty largely engaged in hemp manufactures, the whole process of which is by machinery, driven by steam power. It is said that the manufacturing of cotton bagging does not cost over three cents per yard. This may seem very cheap, but a single power-loom will weave 250 yards per day with one hand to tend it, and all the other operations are equally facilitated. With hemp at \$3 per cwt., the manufacturer can successfully compete with the imported fabric, and even without a protective duty, will soon drive the foreign article out of the market.

CULTURE OF POOR SANDY SOILS IN KENTUCKY.—Journeying from Louisville to Frankfort, our attention was attracted upon the road to a burly-headed negro, with a long beard somewhat grizzled with age, encased in stout cowhide boots, hickory-colored jean clothes, and a huge white felt hat, the wide brim cocked up before and behind in military style, giving him a rakish and somewhat consequential appearance.—He sat astride of the high ox of his team, hitched on to one of the smaller kind of Dutch wagons filled with corn in the ear, and topped off with vegetables, and fresh killed pigs and poultry "fixins" of various kinds, bound the Louisville ket.

He flourished a tall whip, which was as thick as our arm, and braided from hemp of some six feet length.—He sat him well, with a jaunty air, and was cheering on his patient team by singing in a lugubrious tone, to the popular old negro air of "Long time ago," probably an improvisation, every stanza of which, in order to take fresh breath, and give vent to the exuberance of his feeling, he would up in a chorus of loud cracks of his whip.

"Den goin' down to Louisville,
Long time ago,
Where all de wagons chucky fill
Stan' in a row;

Crack! crack! crack!
Ob pig and turkey chicken big,
Long time ago,

Who never more his foot he dig;
In garden ob Sambo;

Crack! crack! crack!
Here the coach stopped to deliver a passenger while another took the opportunity of questioning our ebony searcher.

"So then Sambo, you have a garden it seems?"

"Yes, artin, master give me garden, and one day a week to work him."

"And what do you raise there?"

Here he handed out sundry vegetables, and among others a huge carrot about as big as his leg from the hip down (not including his foot though) measuring it off with great pride.

"Pray how did you produce that?"

He placed his finger significantly upon his nose, and replied: "Master think him garden never grow nothing, poor dry soil; I wheel him on manure, I work him late, I work him arly."

As working "late and arly," as Sambo had it, when the dew is on the ground, is the very philosophy of tilling dry soils, and to our certain knowledge has been the means of doubling crops in several instances, without any addition of fertilizing materials, we began now to listen to the colloquy with great interest.

"Sambo, you are a genius to grow such carrots, a scientific agriculturist, did you ever read Davy or Tall?"

"Tall," he replied with a grin, "who be he? Dog that tree do coon?"

"Not exactly, but do you produce other vegetables equally large?"

Here he put his finger to his nose again. "Pa'snip in the spring; him gro a mighty smart chance all winter."

"Very well, Sambo, very well, indeed; but now do tell me how do you contrive to make such fat luscious-looking poultry there, as I see in the wagon? I fancy that they did not grow in the same

way that your carrots and parsnips have here."

"I reckon not exactly," said he, and burst into a loud laugh, and commenced dancing all round the coach.

"Well, you foolish fellow, we must be off in a minute here is a *bill* now tell me."

Taking the money handed him, he turned up the whites of his eyes and commenced: "Master's corn-crib party handy I reckon."

"Very likely, but that's not all."

"Reefiber mighty plenty, and yack crackalins."

"I don't believe you."

"Roast him possum then, sweet taters and—"

Here everything was ready again, and our impatient driver put up his horses without waiting for the cautious Sambo to finish his method of fattening fowls, and the last we saw of him, he was again astride his favorite ox, singing out at the top of his voice:

"What now you ask de pound for coon?
Long time ago,
Ah, massa, cheap at picayune,
Times be so low,
Crack! crack! crack!"

From the Portsmouth Journal.

"Encourage your own."

We must "live and learn," my dear, said Franklin Q.—to his young wife, when he saw her bemoaning a new coffee pot melted down on the hot stove.—She never forgot her impression on seeing the brilliant article leaning first like the tower of Pisa, and then sinking into obscurity, like a rich man retiring from business to become a mere shining lump of ruins; nor did she forget the remark: "Neither was she less mindful of another favorite sentiment of her Franklin:—

"Economy is so eligibly written on all the works of creation, it is a virtue no one should despise."

Every opportunity that offered for the exercise of this virtue was duly improved. The cellar door never opened without exhibiting an evidence of it—for behind it hung a huge memento in the shape of a rag bag, of about a bushel capacity—an open receptacle for every little shred of cloth. Now and then it would receive a larger deposit in the shape of an old dress which had undergone the mutations of fashion as well as sundry rents from the door latch—and having become too fragile by frequent abutions, was in consequence passed to this last depository of all things—cotton. These last deposits, however, were not usually made in a moment—nor always without a sigh. The recollections of its good fit—its once bright colors—where it had been worn, &c., all seemed to plead that it might once again renew its age in a bed covering. It is brought to the feet—"it won't bear quilting," is the verdict, and it is consigned to its resting place.

In the course of the year the ponderous bag gradually fills to overflowing; and as true economy does not consist in hoarding up, but rather in turning every thing to the best account, Lucy is on a lookout for her stock. There is a rap at the door.

"Do you want to buy any tin ware, marm?"

"Believe not to-day—have more now than we like to keep bright."

"But I have some the best you ever saw—all made by machinery, and cheap as dirt. Just look at this cake box—all planished tin, bright as a looking glass."

"What do you ask for it?"

"Only a dollar, in rags—or cash, seventy-five cents."

At the sound of the rags the long collecting stock comes over her mind—and the cake box being a desirable article, she concludes to take it, and the rag bag is hung in the pedler's steel-yards.

"Just twenty pounds marm—at a cent and a half a pound they come to thirty cents. So I want seventy cents to make us square."

The burden of the rag bag was removed from her mind, and the shining purchase was before her—so the seventy cents were paid without much calculation, and after answering in the negative the inquiry—"Nothing else marm?" he departed to gather up all the rags in the neighborhood.

Lucy closed the door, placed her purchase in the closet, and hung up the empty rag bag for re-filling.

When Mr. Franklin Q.—had seated himself by the fireside that evening, conning over as usual the events of the

day, he remarked—I think, Lucy, I have received a lesson to day which will make me more careful hereafter.

"Well, Frank, you know we must 'live and learn,' so let me hear what it is."

"When I was sitting at the desk to-day, making out bills, a Jew travelling merchant came in and offered me some superior steel pens of his own importation," as he said, at nine shillings a gross. I thought I could not get them cheaper of an importer, and so I took a gross. A few hours after I changed to step into a store near Market square, and who should I see but the same Jew merchant packing up a dozen boxes of pens he had just purchased! But what made me feel bad was to learn that the fellow had to pay only 75 cents per gross for them."

"What!" said Lucy, "did you pay the Jew double the price for IMPORTING only from a market square to your shop?"

"I did so, indeed but will never do it again, that's certain, and the only way to be secure from such knaves, is to make a rule, which you may write down and stick over the mantle-piece:

NEVER TO PURCHASE AN ARTICLE OF A TRAVELING PEDLER WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED AT A REGULAR STORE.

"There must be one exception to this rule Frank, I must add—'Except when we try in old rags.'"

Butter not add it, Lucy; sooner burn your rags."

"Burn my rags? why where is your economy Frank? I guess you will think rags are of some value when you see what I have purchased with them to-day. (The closet now opened and the cake box makes its appearance.) "Do you think now our old rags are of no value?"

Mr. Q.—was a little abashed, and was almost disposed to accede to the exception. "How many pounds of rags did you give my dear, for that splendid affair?"

"The price was one dollar in rags, or seventy-five cents in cash. As I wanted to trade away the rags, I concluded to pay for it in this way. They weighed 20 pounds; not quite so much as I expected, and so I paid him seventy cents to make up the dollar."

"And so, Lucy, he has got your rags for less than a quarter of a cent a pound! If his price of the article is right—but its real value at our town shops is only fifty cents. So you see that you have not only given your rags away, but 20 cents beside! Now is it not better to burn your rags than deal with a pedler?"

"You are right, Frank, I will stick up the motto without any exceptions. But I cannot consent to burn the rags. I'll tell you what I will do—If you will sit down with one of your *Jew pens* and write a letter to the printer, warning every body not to deal with traveling pedlers, you may say in it that Mrs. Lucy Q.—will send him all her old rags for five years. Tell him to put in great capitals—HAVE NO DEALINGS WITH PEDLERS. Also begin it and end it with saying what every body should practice—

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

Another old Bible.

A late number of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser has the following memorandum:

On Saturday, we published a letter from the venerable Dr. Homer, of Newton, Mass., to the Editor of the Boston Transcript, in which he states that a copy of the first quarto edition of "King James' Bible" is in his possession, printed A. D. 1614-15. A gentleman of Newark informs us that he has a copy in quarto of an earlier date, the New Testament having been printed in 1612 and the Old Testament in 1613; "Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty."

This copy does not contain the Chronological tables and Concordances mentioned by Dr. Homer, but has, instead, more than thirty Genealogical tables, marginal references, and the apocrypha. Appended to the volume are also "The CL Psalms of David in Scottish meter; after the form that they used to be sung in the Kirke of Scotland," printed in Edinburgh in 1615. The music for each psalm is given with it, and the following will serve as a specimen of how the verification is executed.

PSALM XXXVI.

1. The wicked deeds of the ill-named
Lute mine heart doe witness plain,
That there of God in him is none

II Though hee himself would flatter

III His wickedness is judge & knowe
III His mouth is beat vile doctee,
With ignorance hee is replac,
And to doe good hee hath no will;

IV In bedde hee deeth for mischief warte
Full bent to seee, the way most ill, &c

From the United States Gazette. Eloquence of the Pulpit.

Mr. Emory.—The following is an extract from a sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. Latts, on the Nativity of Christ (obtained by request.) By publishing the same, you will oblige a Subscriber.

"That we may be sensible of the obligations we are under for the joyful tidings announced in the text, let us look back to that starless night when the song of salvation was first sung over this dying world. It was all a moral waste. It was a valley of dry bones, where no voice was heard, where not a breath was heard, nor the least symptom of spiritual life was to be discovered, throughout this mighty cemetery.—Darkness thicker than Egyptian, brooded over all. The world was lying in wickedness. Vice in all its forms every where prevailed; impiety and idolatry reigned throughout all the habitations of men. Intestine divisions; war and bloodshed; wretchedness and misery, as their natural offspring, from the dark picture of that blighted age. The bonds of society were all broken down. Mutual confidence was destroyed; and man became the enemy of man. And these baleful effects of the moral death which pervaded all ranks and classes of men, were emblems of that infinitely more awful, that sentence of eternal death which hung over our guilty and ruined race. This formed the climax of human misery. The wretchedness of such a life was to be followed by an infinitely more awful wretchedness in future. The feuds, and contention, and strife, and turmoil, which rendered society a curse upon earth, were precursors of all the inconceivable and unending miseries of the second death in a world of woe. Nor in this situation, was there any prospect of reform! All the efforts of the wisest and most distinguished Philosophers had proved ineffectual and vain. Man was growing worse and worse, and had there been no other remedy than was to be found in his own bottom, there would have been an end to all peace and happiness on earth, and our everlasting perdition had been sealed. But a dawn of light now shot across this gloomy waste. While all was ruin here below, mercy was moving in the bosom of the Most High; and the period of its wondrous exhibition had now arrived. As an emblem of its approach, all for a moment was still.—The shadows of the night overlying the slumbering world. The flocks were reclining at ease on their grassy bed, and the shepherds sequestered from the corrupting influence of human society, were keeping their nightly watch—and lo! a voice breaks in sweetly upon the ear.— It was the voice of mercy. It was an Angel's song; Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, who, &c. And were you duly sensible of the misery of your condition, and of the grand objects accomplished by this Saviour, what joy would now thrill your bosoms, while you have heard a fresh annunciation of these glad tidings. Every blessing of this life; your deliverance from hell and the proffered glories of eternity, are all the fruits of his purchase.— And how immense was the price of this purchase, we are reminded by the return of service of this day—this anniversary. While the heavenly hosts are exulting at the prospect of our deliverance, and crying glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men, the only begotten of this Holy one is lying a despised babe in Bethlehem; has had his birth in a stable; is cradled in a manger, and thus commenced his course of ignominy, suffering and sorrow for a rebellious world which terminated in the tragic scene displayed on calvary, when the earth was shaken, and the rocks were rent, by the convulsive throes of their dying Creator.— Such was the price of your redemption, and what was your condition when such mercy was essential to your deliverance?"