MISSISSIPPI PORTFOLIO

MARSHALL COUNTY REPUBLICAN

AND FREE TRADE ADVOCATE.

VOL. I.] HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1838. [NO. I.

TERMS.

THE REPUBLICAN & ADVOCATE,

IS PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT L. PEGUES & GEORGE P. HOWE,

WEEKLY, *in the town of* HOLLY SPRINGS, *Marshall county Mississippi, at* FOUR DOLLARS *in advance, or* SIX DOLLARS *at the end of the year.*

☞A failure to give notice, in writing, of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a subscription year, will be considered as a wish to continue. No subscription taken for less than one year.

☞*ADVERTISEMENTS containing* TEN LINES, *or less inserted for* ONE DOLLAR: *and* FIFTY CENTS *for each subsequent insertion—longer ones, ten cents per line for the first insertion, and half price for each insertion thereafter.—Advertisements from a distance must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference in town.—The number of insertions required, must be marked on the advertisement or they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.*

☞Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of $2 for every ten lines for each insertion. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual persons or companies, will be charged as advertisements, and at the same rates.

**Announcing candidates for office, will be for State officers $10, County $5, *payable invariably in advance.*

**YEARLY ADVERTISING.—For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure, *once a week*, $60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly.

**The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them, must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For" 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months,	$12
"10 do do do 6 months,	20
10 do do do 12 months,	30

All JOB WORK must be paid for on delivery.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MICHAUD, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession, which he met on his way to the cemetery of Rosette, says:—"The procession we saw pass, stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends, to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they parted for ever."—*Correspondance d'Orient, par M. M. Michaud et Poujoulat.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load,
Oh, Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he hath been;
Where late he walked in glee,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
Past from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him,
Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here.
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet—
"Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend, more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other!

"Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free.
Darkly to dwell.
Ile'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
Past from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate.—
Will the dead speak again?
Unthing proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—
List! List! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"Oh thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now,—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I part thy way—
Then—wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget."

Now his labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

MR. VAN BUREN.

We are reminded of the votes of Mr. Van Buren to extend the right of sufferage to negroes, while a member of the New York Convention, and, also, of his vote on the Missouri question.

In the Convention of New York an effort was made to admit the negroes to a free suffrage. This Mr. Van Buren resisted, and advocated a property qualification of two hundred and fifty dollars, which was adopted. This was the utmost that could be done. There was a large majority in the Convention resolved on admitting the negroes to vote. Mr. V. B. effected all that could be done by obtaining the adoption of a property qualification, which in fact excludes nearly all the negroes from a vote in New York, for which he is now loudly censured by the abolitionists.

His vote on the Missouri question formed one of the unanimous votes in the New York Senate, and was given in obedience to the undivided wishes of his district.

The position of President Van Buren on this subject is above suspicion. He gave an unequivocal pledge in his Inaugural to veto any bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He has always expressed the utmost abhorrence of the schemes of the abolitionists in every shape. He is known to be, and recognized by them as their enemy. Mr. Clay is hailed as their friend, as the advocate of gradual emancipation, of the reception of their petitions, and as the president of the colonization society.

Mississippian.

The elegant new steam ship Natchez Capt. Story, of nearly 1000 tons burthen has sailed from Baltimore for New York The Natchez is the largest steam vessel in the United States.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST BOWIE KNIFE.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

The following conceit appears in the New York Transcript. Whether or not the sketch is faithful to the original, we leave to our readers to judge:—

I owe my existence to Resin Bowie. My first feats were among the bears. And the dying growls of many a one after a fierce contest, attest my science and courage. But I pass over (for the present) this preface to a far more glorious career, and come to the time when, as Lord Byron says, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The following is the history of the part I took in the first *affair of honor* between two *gentlemen*. Col. James Bowie, the brother to Rasin Bowie, had a trifling dispute with a neighbor, which they resolved to settle in an *honorable way!* They exchanged two shots without effect. James hearing of the combat, with genuine fraternal affection, hastened with me, (we had always been inseparable companions) to the assistance of his brother. We arrived just as the second shot had been exchanged. In single combat the exchange of shots twice without injury, always prove the parties *gentlemen*. According to the laws of *honor*, thefore the affair might now have been settled. But Rasin Bowie, grateful for my services in destruction of the bears, wished now to give me more honorable work. And I, feeling a strong affection for the whole Bowie family, *thirsted* for the blood of the Col's. antagonist. Torough the persuasion and kind offices of Resin, the contest was renewed. He presented me to the Col., whose antagonist had the assistance only of an ordinary butcher knife—my grooved two edged point soon proved my superiority. I entered the body of my friend's antagonist to the hilt, and was bathed in the sweet warm life blood of his heart. When the Col. withdrew me I knew that this was my Christian baptism, and that *Bowie Knife* would be immortal. I looked in unspeakable triumph at the agonized play of the muscles of the dying man's face, at the convulsive quivering of the lips, at the life blood fast bubbling through the passage I had made in this my first thrus for immortality. I watched till the last death sob and glazed eye announced the work finished. But even yet my triumph was not complete! I saw the wife I had made a widow, and the children I had made fatherless and left to an unfeeling word without a protector, bewailing with frantic lamentations their bereavement. Then my triumph *was complete*. Suddenly I received the gift of second sight, and looked onward; but what I saw, and what exploits I afterwards performed, I may hereafter tell.

The *Juniata Deluge*, it may be called, is still the absorbing theme in the Philadelphia Journals. But other mountain creeks (in England they would be rivers,) have since had their flood also. The Bushkill, according to the East (Pa.) Whig rose to a torrent Sunday night, sweeping away three dams, and fences, bridges, &c. in every direction, emtying distillery yards of their pig pens and in one instance taking up a stable bodily with three cows in it, and landing the whole concern safely on an island about 400 yards distant. The Hollidaysburg Register gives a fearful and almost sublime description of the great inundation which overwhelmed Gaysport on the Juniata on the 19th:

The clouds which had been floating about the ridges of the alleghany for some days, dispersed in the early part of that evening, but seem to have collected again, and about midnight visited our country with a storm, which for violence and destructive effects is without a paralled in the reclection of our inhabitants.

It rained as though the floodgates of the skies had been drawn, and the waters of the great deep were poured out upon our devoted country. The scene was terrific. The horizon was blazing with deep red flames of sheeted lightning, and the crashing peals of thunder reverberated in awful grandeur among the mountains. Within the short space of half an hour the torrent had swollen to such an immense volume that Gaysport and its inhabitants must have been involved in one common vortex of destruction, but for the breeches which were, fortunately, made at several points in the embankment of the railroad, which gave the water space to spread.

One store was crushed to atoms against the viaduct. The water suddenly rose 14 feet, reaching above the doors up to the 2nd stories and here many fled and were saved. The neighbors at Hollidaysburg, the other side the river, looked on the frightful torrent but could not strech the hand of relief.

All seemed terror and alarm. Cries and shouts and exclamations, and ringing of bells might now and then be heard on the winds, mingled with the roaring of the furious flood, and the crashing of the deep toned thunder. Three persons perished.

The inhabitants in despair silently looked on the ravages of the raging flood, as it rushed and forced in its wild fury sweeping trees, wharves, boats horses and men, in heedless and indiscriminate confusion, until about six in the morning,—about that hour the wind shifted to the north, and soon after the rain, which for three hours had descended in sheets, abated, and not long after ceased altogether. The flood attained its greatest hight about 6 o'cock in the morning and very soon began to subside, and fell as rapidly as it had risen.

The loss of property and houses is not so extensive as might have been imagined from the fury of the flood. The railroad however, is greatly damaged; but the travel from Gaysport to Pittsburg is uninterrupted, as the flood was confined to the eastern side of the mountain.

A SAILOR IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES

But I wan't safe yet; so I claps on a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sail all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw harricane-house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's Caboose, over all, with a large black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, so that I made a good looking wench. Well I bid all hands good bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love, we'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance, and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might be grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach, but the fellow wouldn't heave to directly, and, Yohoy!' says I, giving him a hail.

'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, throwing all back, and coming ashore from his craft.

'To be sure I am,' says I. 'What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d——d to you!—Is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I.

'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he, opening the gangway port.

'Not a bit of it,' says I: stow away your damaged slops below, but give me a berth 'pon deck.'

'Werry good, ma'am,' says he, shutting the gangway port again; 'will you allow me to assist you up?'

'Not by no manner o' means,' says I. 'Why, what the devil do you take me for? to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft?'

'You mean the captain of the maintop's wife,' says Susan paying me back the pinch I gave her.

'Ay, ay, my precious,' says I; 'so I do, to be sure. God bless you! good bye!'

Here I go like seven bells half struck! carry on my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shinder in your way! And so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go lucky, heaving to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier, and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street before they reaches the inn,—for, thinks I to myself, I'd better get bearthed here for to-night, and go abroad to-morrow morning.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE NEEDLE.

BY WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vaunt[illegible] telling
Of their [illegible] and [illegible] skills
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some sweet rustic ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art,
The bright little needle—the swift little needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman ever resistless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
Tis this—and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart,
Let beauty direct it so pointed and burnish'd,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at route or at ball,
As gaily convened at a work covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

Honor among rogues is an old maxim; but the banks seem to have forgotten even this small portion of faith. They hold it is right for one knave to defraud another, and have commenced cozening each other according.

It will be recollected that the banks in this State have been active during the past season in buying cotton, and shipping it to Mr. Biddle's hous in Liverpool, for which, the latter, it was supposed, would furnish an abundance of exchange. It has been ascertained, however, that Mr. Biddle has gone into market and purchased a very large amount of Mississippi bank paper, at a discount of from 25 to 30 per cent. What does Mr. Biddle intend to do with this money? The answer is, that he has purchased it for the purpose of paying off his debt to the cotton banks, with their own paper, at par. What then will become of this exchange?

Thus it appears that the State banks, after all, have only been operating for the benefit of Biddle. They beat the bush and he catches the bird. He is the lion, and they the jackass, and the people the prey.

But who suffers the loss of this heavy discount on the bank paper, which flows into the coffers of Mr. Biddle? The answer is obvious. First, all those who sell cotton to the banks, secondly, all who, in consequence are compelled to take this depreciated paper in the course of business. Thus the product of the country, the labor of the people, is taxed for the benefit of a few corporations, the principal of which is a foreign institution. That such is to be the result of this cotton operation, the recent conduct of the Girard bank, in paying off the Vicksburg bank in its own paper, is a conclusive proof, when added to the fact of the purchase of our money by Mr. Biddle. What else can he do with it?

How long will the people suffer themselves to be taxed and humbugged by this bank party! Three months will not elapse before all the banks, except those of Mississippi, will be paying specie, but when this event is to take place, is beyond the calculation of any one not in the secrets of our banks. They have no confidence in each other, as manifested by their refusing and discrediting each other's paper. Distress and calamity have not yet commenced in this state.

Mississippian.

THE LATEST YANKEE TRICK,

Three French Officers and six men captured by three American Tars.

The town was all agog the whole of yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the arrival of the schooner Lone, Capt. Clark, of this port, from Matamoras, having on board in apparent captivity, three French naval officers and six men. Every body we met had such a droll chuckle and grin on his countenance, that it was some time before we could understand what it all meant. However, went aboard, saw the mate, and received from him the particulars of the affair, as follows:—

The Lone left this city some time since with a valuable cargo for Matamoras. She succeeded in getting into port despite of the blockade; but in attempting to return was captured by the boats of a French brig of war—the four sailors and a passenger were placed on board the U. S. sloop of war Vandalia; and Capt. Clark, the mate and steward were allowed to remain on board. A prize crew took charge of her, consisting of a lieutenant, quarter master, captain of the foretop and six sailors, nine in all—and thus rigged out, the prize was despatched to the French admiral at Vera Cruz. This capture &c. took place on the 25th or 28th of June—the mate does not remember which, as he had not the log convenient when we saw him.

After getting every thing in readiness they proceeded on their way to Vera Cruz. The French were strngers, not acquainted with the currents, the coast, the Northers, &c. and the Yankee prisoners blarneyed them, that they struck much farther to the eastward than was necessary and actually made a mistake of three degrees in their reckoning. The Yankees, however, knew where they were and what they were about, and kept dark.

At length on the morning of the *fourth of July*, about 4 o'clock, the three American tars commenced their celebration by a bold stroke for independence, when they were only 30 miles from Sacriacious where the French squadron lay.—Capt. Clark, the mate and steward were all on deck. They first took the precaution to lock the door of the cabin, thus fastaning in the lieut. commander, and putting the hatch over the forecastle—the captain then went up to the man at the wheel, and placing his finger in such a way as to resemble a pistol, swore he would blow his brains out if he did not instantly put the helm down. The fellow obeyed, and was tied. Three others, who were on deck, were also "lit on," tied down and secured. The other four who were in the forecastle, were ordered up, and as they came up one by one, they also were tied. The tricolored flag was taken down, the stars and stripes were again hoisted, and Captain Clark, after thus so completely re-taking his vessel without bloodshed, with a force of three men against nine, resumed the command and shaped his course for this port with his prisoners strung together like so many dried apples, where he arrived yesterday at two o'clock.

These three gallant fellows appear to have met with but little resistance. They were determined to have possession of the vessel. This we paesume, the Frenchmen perceived at the commencement of hostilities, and concluded that it would be as well to submit with the best grace possible. The prize was worth about $25,000—of which $15,000 was in specie and the remainder in hides. This was too paltry a matter to fight for, and we think it was well enough that the blokaders disdained to shed blood for such a trifle.

The Lieut. Commandant, we understand retained possession of the papers of the Lone but whether he has yet given them up to the Custom House officers, we have not learned. At all events, we cannot think that any national difficulty will grow out of the affair. Our French friends should forget it all, or only laugh at it as a cute trick—of a nature which the Yankees are always up to. It is indeed a most laughable joke, to think of three men capturing nine!—*N. O. Pic.*

☞The war cry of the Feds for a long time has been "down with the office holders!" and "the late administration was cursed from Maine to Florida, because it filled offices with those it believed most worthy of confidence, but it could not do things in the quick style of the Feds now a-days. *The Rhode Island Legislature* IN TWO DAYS *removed three hundred from office, and Gov. Kent of Maine has played the same game to the tune of ten, or eleven hundred.* Law! the Feds dont like or desire office

At least one half of all the business prepared for the action of Congress was left unfinished at their adjournment on Monday. So much for the nine days' speeches of such members as Mr. Bond, the disorganizing efforts of John Quincy Adams, the speaking against time of Wise, Prentiss, and others of the Whig party. Seven months have been spun out by a reckless opposition in a constant war against every measure of the administration. It was only enough that any proposition, no matter how simple, was brought foward on the Government side, and it was sure to bring some Whig speaker to his feet. It is thus that the time of Congress has been wasted and one half of the public business left unfinished. And such must continue to be the case at all future sessions so long as the country is cursed with an opposition in venal alliance with the banks and money power.—*Balt Rep.*

Mr. Grundy's Bill to prevent Mr. Biddle from issuing and trading upon the Note, of the defunct Bank of the United Statess, which passed the Senate some time since has also passed the House.—*Tenn. Weekly Record.*

[Correspondent of the Baltimore Commercial Transcript.]

WASHINGTON, July 7.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION—SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

In my letter last night, among other, scenes attending the 'last night of the session,' I hinted slightly at one of a decided pugnacious character, as having come off just as the house has closed its Sabbath morning exercises, and promised to give more particulars of it to night. This I am not able to do as satisfactorily as I would wish, for many and various are the accounts concerning the rise, progress, and final denoument of said martial finale.

The combattants however were Messrs. Maury and Campbell of Tennessee, which State has thus furnished four out of the several champions who have figured on the floor of Congress as aspirants for fisticuff fame. The general report is that Mr. Maury, one of the absentees on the call of the House on Sunday morning, on giving in his excuse, stated that he was sleepy when he left the House and had gone to bed, &c. with other statements showing a mind 'careful of its body's well being.

This remark called forth some invidious comments from his colleague Mr. Campbell, which led to a blow from Mr. Maury, and then followed a regular scuffle, which considering the hour and the circumstances, was not conducted on purely scientific principles, but was made up of kicking, gouging and all the other primitive modes, suposed to characterise the Western school of 'the noble art of self defence.'

It is stated that Mr. Campbell has a very bushy head and this redundancy of locks proved as prejudicial to him as did the long tresses of Absalom of yore; for his opponent took advantage of the assailable point; and not only bereft his head of several handsful of its hairy covering, but it enable him to punish Mr. C's person most unmerdifully. I heard a western member say to day that he had lost hair sufficient to stuff anew his Congressional chair.

The combattants were separated by Mr. Williams of Tenn. and severe as the fight was, it was soon over; leaving half of the house (at that time, happily, not in a state to observe any thing within the dark precincts of the lobby under the ladies gallery, where it occurred) wholly ignorant of it.—I am glad therefore, that it was not so public as Messrs. Bell and Turney,' set-to, but only a bit of Congressional by-play, which like that on the stage, can go on without interrupting the process of the performance.

I have not heard how it has terminated or how it will terminate, but I have no doubt it has been slept off. I have only to add that not having seen but the parting of the combrattants, the above account may be incorrect both as to [illegible] and circumstances, but I give it as the general report and belief.

It is with a feeling of shame that in my last Congressional despatch, I conclude with the fact that the house on the last night of its session should have 'broke up in a row,' but such is the melancholy fact. It cannot be denied that the dicipline and decorum of that body is rapidly settling down into a sad and dangerous laxity, as witness the many conflicts of the session and the scorn with which its own authority was treated on Sunday morning at the rail road.

The people should rise in their might and arrest this tendency to disorganization and disgrace; remind their legislators of their duty to illustrate by example *the majesty of law and authority*, as by their very position as law givers they are bound to do.

With the best wishes for the prosperity of the Transcript and its readers, I most respectfully make my conge.

Yours, M.

A CANE-BRAKE.—A Mr. Henry Cane fell from his horse last Tuesday, in Hardin County, and broke both legs.—*Prentice.*

☞Speaking of the crops, the prospect is not flattering in this region. Not more than two thirds, if that, of an average crop will be made, either of cotton or corn. This is gloomy indeed; we advise every body to be cheerfull and economical by way of a substitute. Providence is always good enough—only be better yourselves.—*Lexington Standard.*

'POOR PAY, POOR PREACH.'—General Charles Scott, while a prisoner during the Revolutionary war met an Indian at a spring, when the following dialogue ensued:

General. How do you do?
Indian. O, how do?
General. Where have you come from?
Indian. From the lower Catawba town.
General. Where are you going?
Indian. To the upper Catawba town.
General. What are you going there for?
Indian. I am going to preach.
General. Aye—so you preach, do you?
Indian. Oh yes, me preach sometimes.
General. Well, do they pay you for preaching.
Indian. Yes, little—twenty shilling—each town pay me twenty shiling.
General. Why, that is d—d poor pay.
Indian. Ay, and d—d poor preach, too.

'You mustn't smoke here, sir,' said the captain of a North River Steamboat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter deck.

'I mustn't ha!—why not?' replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke laxily to escape. 'Didn't you see the sign?—all gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaft the engine.' 'Bless your soul that don't mean me—I'm no gentleman—not a bit of it.—You can't make a gentleman of me any how you can fix it.' So saying, he sucked away and took the responsibility.'

A FIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

One day as I was sitting on the starn of my broad horn, the old Free and Easy, on the Mississippi, taking a horn of midshipman's grog, with a tin pot in each hand, first a draught of whiskey, and then one of river water, who should float down past me but Jo Snag; he was in a snooze as fast as a church, with his mouth wide open; he had been ramsquaddled with whiskey for a fortnight, and as it evaporated from his body it looked like steam from a vent pipe. Knowing the feller would be hard to wake, with all his steam on, as he floated past me. I hit him a crack over the knob with my big steering oar. He waked in a thundering rage. Says he, hallo stranger, who asked you to kill off my live stock? Said I shut your mouth, or your teeth will get sunburnt. Upon this he crooked up his nis neck, and neighed like a stallion. I clapped my arms and crowed like cock. Says he, if you are a game chicken, I'll pick the pin feathers off of you.—For some time past I had been so wolfy about the head and shoulders, that I was obliged to beep kivered up in a salt crib, to keep from spiling; I had not had a fight for as much as ten days. Says I, give us none of your chin music, but set your kickers on land, and I'd give you a severe licking. The fellow now jumped ashore, and he was so tall that he couldn't tell when his feet were cold. He jumped a rod. Says he, take care how I light on you, and he gave me a real stupdologer that made liver and lights turn to jelly. But he found me a real scrouger. Broke three of his ribs, and he knocked out five of my teeth and one eye. He was the severest colt that I ever tride to break. I finally got a bite hold of his posteriors that he couldn't shake off We were now parted by some boatmen, and we were both so exorsted, that it was more than a month before either of us could have a fight. It seemed to me a little eternity. And although I didn't come out second best, I took care not to wake up a ringtailed roarer with an oar again.

EDITORIAL LABOR.—The Octibbeha Gazette, published at one of the Pacific Islands, is printed in a barn which answers every purpose for publication office, bulletin office, editorial office, printing office and chamber, parlor, kitchen, dog-house and stable, for the editor, his family and the cattle. He does all his composition, writing, selecting, book-keeping, marketing, and devilling himself. He says, with perseverance and economy, he thinks he can get along *mit a tam sight squeeze.*

How we sympathize with such poor devils! a printer has no more use for wife, than a wagon has for five wheels. Not they are formed to love and enjoy life—not to have their free spirits kept under subjection to the most tryannical and arbitary of all governments—*the petticoat!* That'll not do.

"The Philadelphia Banks have one and all, agreed to resume specie payments on the first of August." We are glad to hear it, and the rather inclined to believe there is no sham this time, as the annunciation has not been heralded forth with a Biddle "flourshing of Trumpets," as noisy as impalpable. "The State Bank of Indiana, and the Banks of Kentucky have also agreed to resume on the 16th inst."—*Tenn. Weekly Record.*

The wheat crop this season throughout Virginia and other adjacent States is better than any that has been raised for many years.

If you want to know whether it is safe to trust a man with goods on credit, see if he is a paying subcriber to some good newspaper

A report reached this City yesterday in a letter from Philadelphia, that a dreadful riot had taken place in the City of brotherly love—that the blacks and abolitionist had assembers and attacked the citizens, that the military had been ordered out to quell the mob and that 73 fell at the first fire: Seventeen German volunteers also were either killed or wounded. We have seen no confirmation of the rumor; but from the great excitement prevailing in Philadelphia, and the murder of two citizens, we apprehend the rumor to be true.

A thunder-bolt discharged its lightning into the top of a tree within 10 or 12 yards of the house of Jos. G. Boon in Tipton county, on Thursday last, and most shockingly shattered a *ladder*, very innocently reposing against the trunk of the tree. It woke up pretty tolerable quick as Pickwick would say, after the moulten fluid lit upon it. We were standing within ten yards of the tree, and never saw a ladder move much faster. We think *that* streak would have hurried the renowned squirrel that once beat a streak of lightning from the top to the bottom of a tree, by streaking it *straight*, whilst the lightning followed the winding grain of the tree; he at least would have had his tail feathers singed. There had been a slight shower, but the clap of thunder that unrolled the lightning, was the only one audible. This is the first instance within our memory of the electric fluid decending from the clouds upon a ladder.—*Memphis Inquirer.*

The Pontotoc Intelligencer, since its enlargement, has become one of the most efficient, and best conducted democratic journals in the State. Mr. Bradford, the editor, is worthy of all praise for the zeal and ability with which the Intelligencer is conducted. He is, in truth, a gentleman and a scholar, and we trust will receive the support which he so well merits for his long and able advocacy of democratic principles.

Mississippian.