

HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER.

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"INDUCTI DISCANT ET MEMINISSE PERITI AMANT."

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TERMS.

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POETICAL.

Farewell to the parted dead.

By Mrs. Hemans.
The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean."
—'Tis hard to lay into the earth,
A countenance so benign, a form that walked
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!

Come here!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust;
Come here!—once more let kind lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its heart and race? [pressed—
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell— [blessed!
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the
—Now gaze and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth,
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
"The beings born to die!" [blessed—
But not where death has power may love the
Come near and bear ye the loved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near and bear the early-called to rest!

Look on him is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase—
Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, even that must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest
Come near and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased—
Amidst the vineyards the life is left no place
For him whose dust received your vain embrace
"At the gay bridal feast!"
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast,
Come near weep o'er him! bear him to the rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched— for him the
His birthright's hope away,
All is not here of our beloved and blessed—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God, to rest!

From the London Evangelical Magazine.

THE COMPASS.

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant barque was driven;
Their fanning billows foamed,
And not one friendly star appeared,
Through all the vaults of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where poised on the needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass meets his eye.

Then taught his darksome course to steer,
He heaved no wish for aid,
But braved the whirlwind's headlong might,
Nor once throughout the dismal night,
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life,
But storms as dark and drear,
Through which without one brightsome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer.

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self-illumined greets his view,
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar,
And soon his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

From the Lexington Intelligencer.

THE BROKEN SPELL.

We stood within a rosete bower,
Beneath a star-lit sky,
And sporting with each leaf and flower,
The soft wind wand'ring by,
And as it play'd with the abou curi,
That down her white neck hung,
I thought she was as fair a girl
As ever poet sung.

And who, in such a place and hour—
The beautiful before him—
Would not have felt love's kindly power
Like magic stealing o'er him—
There, from the bustling haunts of men—
From the busy world apart—
O! who would not have spoken then
The feelings of his heart!

I stood beside her, and drank in
Each look—each music tone,
And thought my heart from guile and sin
As free then as her own;
I took her soft fair hand in mine—
That tiny hand of white—
And thought I could all else resign,
For one so heavenly bright.

And I told her that I loved her—
"Aye, swore I o'er and o'er,"
"That I loved her—deeply, wildly—
As I ne'er had loved before."
Then full her eye she turned on me—
That deep black, star-like eye—
And smiling most mischievously,
She said it was—"No!"

A YOUNG MAIL ROBBER.—A boy, about
15 years of age, was recently tried in the
Circuit Court of the United States, holding
his session in St. Louis, for robbing the mail,
and convicted. In consequence of his youth,
he was only sentenced to ten days' impris-
onment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I followed into a burying ground, in the
suburbs of the city, a small train of persons—
not more than a dozen—who had come to
bury one of their acquaintances. The clergy-
man in attendance, was leading a little
boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only
relative of the deceased, in the slender group.
I gathered with them round the grave, and
when the plain coffin was let down, the child
burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The
little fellow had no one left to whom he
could look for affection, or who could ad-
dress him in tones of parental kindness. The
last of his kindred was in the grave—and he
was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child
had a little subsided, the clergyman address-
ed us with the customary exhortation to ac-
cept the monition, and be prepared; and turn-
ing to the child he added, "she is not to re-
main in this grave forever, as true as the
grass which is now chilled with the frost of
the season, shall spring to greenness and life
in a few months, so true shall your mother
come up from that to another life, to a life
of happiness I hope." The attendants shovel-
ed in the earth upon the coffin, and some
one took little William, the child, by the
hand and led him forth from the lowly ten-
ements of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the
neighborhood of the same burying ground,
and seeing the gate open, I walked among
the graves for a while, and read the names of
the dead, and wondering what strange dis-
ease could snatch off so many younger than
myself when recollecting that I was near
the grave of the poor widow, buried the pre-
vious autumn, I turned to see what had been
done to preserve the memory of one so ut-
terly destitute of friends. To my surprise,
I found the most desirable of all monuments
for a mother's sepulchre—little William was
sitting near the head of the newly sunken
grave, looking intently upon some green
shoots that had come forth with warmth of
spring, from the sod that covered his mother's
casket.

William started at my approach, and
would have left the place; it was long before
I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I
did not win his confidence, until I told him
that I was present when they buried his
mother, and had marked his tears at the
time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that
my mother would come up out of this grave,"
said little William.

"I did,"
"Is it true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone
of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.
"Believe it," said the child—believe it—
I thought you knew it—I know it!"
"How do you know it, my dear?"
"The minister said, that as true as the grass
would grow up, and the flowers bloom in
spring, so true would my mother rise. I
came a few days afterwards, and planted a
flower-seed on the grave.—The grass
came green in this burying ground long ago,
and I watched every day for the flowers, and
to-day they have come up too—see them
breaking through the ground—by and by
mammy will come again."

A smile of exulted hope played on the
features of the boy, and I felt pained at dis-
turbing the faith and confidence with which
he was animated.

"But my little child," said I, "it is not
here that your poor mother will rise."
"Yes, here!" said he, with emphasis—
"here they placed her, and here I have come
ever since the first blade of grass was green
this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny fee-
ble of the child had trod out the herbage at the
grave side, so constant had been his attend-
ance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what
mother would desire a richer monument than
the form of their only son bending tearful
but hoping, over her grave?

"But William," said I, "it is in another
world that she will arise,"—and I attempted
to explain to him the nature of that promise
which he had mistaken. The child was
confused and he appeared neither pleased nor
satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—
if she is not to come up here, what shall I
do—I cannot stay without her."

You shall go to her, said I, adopting the
language of the Scripture—"you shall go to
her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, let me
go now, that I may rise with mammy.

"William," said I, pointing down to the
plants just breaking through the ground,
"the seed which is sown there would not have
come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must
wait till your appointed time, until your end
cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"
"I surely hope so."
"I will wait then," said the child, "but I
thought I should see her soon. I thought
that I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased
to wait, and they opened his mother's grave
and placed his coffin on hers—it was the
only wish the child expressed in dying.
Better teachers than I, had instructed him
in the way to meet his mother, and young
as the little sufferer was, he had learned all
that the labors and hopes of happiness, short
of Heaven, are profuse and vain.

POETRY IN PROSE.—The following elo- quent passage is floating about without cred- it. It is too rich a prize to be passed over without credit.—Hackneyed as the subject is, it is one in which every body is interested.

N. Y. Weekly Whig.

LOVE.—I have seen a bubble blown into
its circular and indescribable beauty. On
its brilliant surface were painted inimitable
pictures of light and life. Graceful clouds
floated in the bosom of its mimic sky, and
a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and
cast all the magic of light and shade over a
landscape of the most bewitching splendor.
A creation as bright as a poet could imagine
glowed before, but a wave of the air broke
the spell of its transitory and beautiful exis-
tence and it was gone. It was like the
dream of love. If there is one happy being
in creation, it is the love in the luxury of his
visionary aspirations—if there is a single
blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the
shadowy firmament of life, it is that which
discovered a long nourished affection to be
mutual. The moon, as she rides on in the
infinity of space has not a greater influence
upon the ocean-tide, than the passion of love
upon the tide of human thought—now per-
mitting it to settle down in a state of tem-
porary tranquility—and now bidding it heave
and swell by the magic of its viewless power.
Without it what would be the world? As
a creation without light. Yet possess-
ing it as we do, how does it discompose the
soberest plans of reason—how the loftiest
bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and
disappear before the fragrance of its breath!
It is poetry of thought when reason slumbers
on her stately throne, or wanders away in
happy dreams. It is scarcely to be feigned,
for it appears in a perpetual halo of soft and
winking light, which dazzles while it fasci-
nates the mind's eye. It is to spirit what sun-
shine is to flowers, luring the fragrance
from its bosom and bringing out all the ener-
gies of its young nature, or as the hand of
beauty to the s lumbering lute, passing over
the silent chords till it doth discourse most e-
legant music.

Discharging Clouds of the Electric Fluid.

M. Arago has proposed a plan for
discharging clouds, in case of storms, of the
electric fluids which they contain and thus
preventing the frequent occurrence of hail-
storm, which as is well known are general-
ly produced by two currents of clouds, charg-
ed with positive and negative electricity,
crossing each other. It consists in an im-
provement upon Franklin's experiment of the
kite with which he obtained an electric
spark from a cloud, and afterwards Dr. Ro-
mund of Neras and Messrs. Lining and
Charles of the United States, produced elec-
tric flashes three and four feet in length.
M. Arago recommends, that a small bal-
loon, properly secured, armed with metallic
points and communicating with a rope cov-
ered with metallic wire, like a harp string,
should be kept permanently floating in the
air at a considerable height over the spot
which it is wished to preserve from the
effects of lightning or hail; and he expects,
that, by such an apparatus as this, a cloud
might have its electric contents entirely
drawn off without any damage being caused
or that, at least, the intensity of a hail-
storm would be greatly diminished. The experi-
ment is so simple that it is well worthy of a
trial.—Gulligan's Messenger.

They don't need steamships at New Orleans to carry off the locomotive Sub- treasurers from that city. Texas is hand- ler. It is now stated that Hoiland, the late United States Marshal at New Orleans, is a defaulter for at least \$300,000, and has come up decifed y missing. Breedlove, the Col- lector, is thought to be equally behind the light-house, unless some extravagant charges for extra services are allowed. The new Collector, Denis Prieur is now in Europe, and Mr. Breedlove still acts, though he has resigned. From the Loco-Foco papers of New Orleans chuckle over the appointment of Mr. Prieur, which was called for by all parties, one would be led to infer that Van Buren never made a good appoint- ment before.

N. Y. Weekly Whig.

"TWO RICHMONDS."—The pro- spect of the division in the loco loco ranks, upon the question of Governor, one part preferring Williams, the other McNutt, re- minds us of Phil Thurman's show of the "Wasser." Phil, being out of money, and in a strange place, advertised that for a dol- lar a head he would "show the Wasser."

A considerable crowd convened to see
the show. After receiving the money at the
door, Phil appeared upon a platform,
and pulling a pig out of a sack, that he had
brought in on his shoulders, addressed his
auditors after this fashion:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to call
your attention to this juvenile swine: he is
mangy, dirty, with a ragged skin, and nei-
ther tail nor ears, and perhaps you think he
is the nearest pig you ever did see, but ladies
and gentlemen," pulling out another grun-
ter that defied all description, "this here's
the Wasser."

The only difference is, that in the case of
the two worthies above named, it is deemed
hard to find out which is the Wasser.

Grand Gulf Whig

MURAT CALLED TO HIS DEATH.—Whil- st poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important remi- niscences, so incontrovertably true, the door of the chamber slowly opened—Giovanni Della Cassa entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour.

Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect
calmness not the slightest change was visi-
ble in his countenance, not for an instant
did he lose his presence of mind. He met
the hideous features of this far more terrible
of deaths with as much indifference as he
had faced it when it was disguised under the
trappings and the panoply of war. Tak-
ing in his hand the cornelian seal on which
was graven his wife's image, he gazed on it
and kissed it, and he again dwelt upon the
miniature features of his four children, on
which he dropped a tear. Desiring that the
cornelian he then held within his hand
might after death be taken from its grasp
and given to his wife, and the miniature to be
buried with him, he walked erect into the
room of death, in which were drawn up in
double file twelve soldiers. The muskets
had not yet been loaded; and upon this thrill-
ing operation King Joachim stood, looking
as though he were upon parade. The pro-
posal made to him of being blindfolded, he
mildly rejected with a smile; then placing
his right hand, which grasped the effigies of
his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed,
in a calm, strong voice, "spare the face; aim
at my heart!" Twelve muskets answered to
the words, and sent twelve balls into the
breast which had never harbored any other
feelings than those of generosity, benevo-
lence, and virtue.

The engraved cornelian and the picture
were taken from his strong death-grasp.
His mutilated remains, together with the por-
traits of his family, were buried in the very
church which had been erected by his munifi-
cence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious
end of the illustrious warrior whom death
had respected in more than two hundred bat-
tles. He was in the forty-eighth year of
his age, and the eighth of his reign over Na-
ples.—MACERONI.

From the Boston Post.

THE CONGRESS OF 1774.

The New York Review for April con-
tains an article in which is traced the ori-
gin of the Congress of 1774, which met at
Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, on the
5th of September. This was the
beginning of our political combination.—
After the old Congress, came the imper-
fect confederation under which the revolu-
tionary war and the treaty of '83 were car-
ried on and concluded; and then succeeded
the present constitution.

How interesting in a historic light, this
body of about fifty men—containing an
amount of wisdom, eloquence and patriotism,
such as the world had never before seen.—
As debate followed debate, as the strong im-
pulse urged them on they knew not whither;
never perhaps did it enter into the hearts
of the wisest of them all, to catch even a
glimpse of the momentous consequences of
their deliberations. Not even the favored
few, who seemed to be gifted with prophetic
vision to discern as far as "the rising
tops of future events," could have been
aware of the sequel of those times. Per-
chance the political faith of some of those
venerated might have been strong that, ul-
timately, westward the star of empire would
wend its way about the onward march of
time, guided by an unseen hand, could only
reveal the result.

Accurately to appreciate those times, the
mind must rise above the dry record of fact;
imagination, the self-inspired of history,
must exert its power, and call up the acts,
the grievances, the feelings of those days.—
Then history is no longer the dull unim-
pressive page that merely chronicles dry
matter of fact. It becomes radiant with les-
sons of princely value.

The immediate cause of the assembling
of this Congress was the passage of the
Boston Port Bill. Intelligence of this
reached Boston on Tuesday, May 10; on
the 12th, by another arrival, it reached New
York; and on the 17th it was first known at
Phila. Action on the part of the colonies
was immediate; and long before the most
efficient action had been suggested. Sam-
uel Adams, in April 1773, had spoken of it
in Congress; Arthur Lee, 1774, had said,
"there ought to be a Congress," while the
Stamp Act Congress; Arthur Lee, in 1764,
had well prepared the way. But the first
formal recommendation of its revival, in
1774, by any public body, is due to Phila-
delphia. The honor of first suggesting it
belongs to Providence, R. I. At a legal
town meeting, May 17, 1774, their debates
were requested to use their influence "to
promote a Congress." Meantime, Boston
had despatched Paul Revere with the Bos-
ton redress of commercial non-intercourse,
to the South. He reached New York May
17, where a meeting had already been held
on the 16th; another followed on the 19th;
while Revere hastened on to Philadelphia,
where he arrived on the 18th or 19th of
May. On Friday May 20, a meeting of
some two or three hundred of the most re-
spectable inhabitants was held at the city
tavern; this meeting appointed a commit-
tee of correspondence. On the 21st of
May this committee met, and reported a let-

ter to the citizens of Boston, which was des-
patched by Revere. This letter recommen-
ded a general Congress; a copy of it was
sent to New York, where it was received
and answered by Mr. Jay; who then made
the formal suggestion of a Congress in his
letter to Boston.

The following interesting table, taken
from the Review, is a summary of the ear-
liest dates on which the subject of a Gen-
eral Congress was acted on by public assem-
blages, in 1774:

By a town meeting at Providence, Rhode Island,	May 17.
By the Committee of a town meeting at Philadelphia.	" 21
By the committee of a town meeting, New York.	" 23
By the members of the dissolved house of Burgesses, of Virginia; and others at Williamsburg.	" 27
By a county meeting, Baltimore.	" 31
By a town meeting, Norwich, Con.	June 6
By a county meeting, Newark, New Jersey.	" 11
By the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and Faneuil Hall town meeting.	" 17
By a county meeting at New Castle, Delaware.	" 39
By the committee of correspondence, (N. H.) Portsmouth.	July 6
By a general province meeting at Charleston, S. C.	" 678
By a district meeting at Wilmington, N. C.	" 21

Massachusetts was not, by this table, fore-
most in this great movement; and for a good
reason. "The immediate call of a Con-
gress," says the New York Review, "was
a parliamentary measure, that in its direct
operation, affected that colony alone, and it
was not, therefore, for her to say how far it
was incumbent on the other colonies to make
common cause with her." She waited there-
fore until the plan was matured before she
appointed her delegates.

It is interesting thus to trace the minutia
of our great National epochs. The origin of
this Congress has been variously related.
Judge Story, in his own commentaries, as-
cribes it to the recommendation of Massa-
chusetts. Sparks has not noticed the meeting
at Philadelphia, nor has Marshall. And it
has also been stated that New York first
promulgated the notice for this Congress.

ALARMING FACTS.

Inasmuch as plain, republican people,
chooses Facts, instead of words, for argu-
ments, we beg their attention to the following
drawn with care from public documents.
They are imposing, and carry a prodigious
weighty argument against the Administration.

The sales of public lands during Mr. Ad-
ams' Administration of 4 years, amounted to
less than five millions. During the last
four years, a few do'ars less than fifty mil-
lions. The total amount of expenditures dur-
ing Mr. Adams' Administration of four
years, is Forty Eight Millions, Five Hun-
dred and one Thousand, Nine Hundred and
Fourteen Dollars and Thirty One Cents.
The total amount of expenditures by Gen.
Jackson's and Van Buren's administration
for the same time, or during the last four
years ending 1838, amounts to ONE HUN-
DRED AND TWENTY-SIX MILL-
IONS Two Thousand, Three Hundred
and Thirty Dollars, and Twenty-six Cents.
Or nearly three times as much as the expen-
ditures during the same period of time by
Mr. Adams. And all this too by a party
who cursed Mr. Adams' administration as
"Extravagant," and who rode into power
on the whirlwind hobby and shout of
"Economy, retrenchment and reform," in
the extravagances and abuses urged against
Mr. Adams. Are the people of Tennessee
satisfied with these plain yet startling facts?
We have drawn them from Mr. Woodbury's
report, and other public documents, and chal-
lenge their being erroneous. They are
alarming facts. And they are facts of a
character which we submit to the people of
Tennessee, and ask them at the time, if this
administration, under such a state of things,
is worthy the confidence of an honest, re-
publican people?
Memphis Enq.

MOVEMENT IN THE NEW YORK COTTON MARKET.

The New York Gazette of the 8th inst.
says—A new Circular, purporting to come
from an agent of the house of Humphries
& Riddle, of Liverpool, was extensively cir-
culated among the Cotton dealers yesterday
morning. It is generally regarded as the
production of a person having no authority
to act for the house mentioned, and as issued
with a view of inducing holders in the U-
nited States to hold on to their stocks until
he can dispose of what he now has in Liv-
erpool and on its way thither, at something
like present prices.

This movement however occasioned a
slight improvement in the market. The
circular has also been received in New Or-
leans, and seems to have met with credit
there.

Departure of the Mails

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI.
Mail, via Nashville, Tc., and
Ala. &c. arrives on Monday's,
and Friday's, at 6 o'clock,
departs on Tuesdays, Thursdays,
and Saturdays at 5 A. M.
Southern mail via Memphis Ten-
nessy Mondays, Wednesdays and
at 6 P. M. and departs on Tues-
days and Saturdays at 5 A. M.
Northern mail via Coffeeville, Mi. arrives
Wednesdays, and Saturdays
and leaves on Tuesdays, Thurs-
days at 3 A. M.
The mail arrives on Sundays and
at 6 P. M. and leaves on Tues-
days, at 7 A. M.
Alabama Mail arrives on Monday at
and leaves next morning at 3 A. M.

ARRIVALS.

10 BOXES best James River Tobacco
just received and for sale by
BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & Co.

20,000 Havana and Spanish
segars, best brands.
BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & Co.

JUST received 20 barrels N. O. Sugar
put up expressly for Family use,
White Boston refined; Loaf ditto. And
other low, and high
BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & Co.

100 THERCES Rio and 10 Bags Ha-
vana Coffee, received and for sale
BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & Co.

DISSOLUTION.

Partnership heretofore existing between
the practice of the law is dissolved by
mutual consent. The business confided to us
ought to receive our joint attention.
A. M. CLAYTON,
JOHN R. WILSON.

Some time in November last, a
number of articles, containing some articles
of apparel which the owner can have
made and paying for this advertisement.
The Post Office.

COFFEE & CIGAS!

JUST received, direct from Cuba, 80
bags of Coffee, very superior quality.
Cigars, assorted quantity. For sale
by
MACKENZIE & LANIER.
1839—tf

NOTICE.

Persons indebted to Moore &
Moore, and to Moore & Armistead, or
either, are hereby notified that their
accounts must be settled up by the
15th next, as longer indulgence can-
not be given.—I owe money myself, and
I am determined to pay for it.
COLBERT MOORE.
1839.—24—tf

MILLINERY

AND
HAT MAKING.

MISS PITTMAN takes this meth-
od of informing the Ladies of Holly
Springs and vicinity, that she has com-
menced

MILLINERY

HAT MAKING BUSI-
ness in the small frame House immedi-
ately opposite Mr. Samuel M'Corle's,
where she solicits a share of pat-
ronage, and has had due experience in the
business, and is consequently, thor-
oughly acquainted with it, in all its various
branches, and will make
Hats, Cloaks, Bonnets of every
style, &c. &c., on reasonable terms,
and on notice as possible.—She in-
vites generally to give her a call,
and orders from the country will be
sent to the
1839—tf