

HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER.

HOLLY SPRINGS, NOV. 16.



Cash is required on ALL orders for job-work when delivered. We will not deviate in any way from the above notice.

THE ELECTION.

We furnish below all the additional returns which we have received of our late elections. The mails as usual when our election has been decided, bring us nothing but rumor, and the information of gentlemen travelling through the country furnish the only means we have yet of judging the issue. North Mississippi, as we stated in our last whigs have increased their vote, and from the information we can glean from any source, the majority of the administration will be less than 1500 votes in the Chickawhatchee counties. Although many of our friends are much discouraged at the falling off the whig majorities in some of the large counties, we are not yet prepared to look upon our prospect of carrying the whole state as all as gloomy. The Free Trader says in regard to some of the southern counties; the rumour is the vote is as usual, largely in favor of whigs; and such we confidently expect to be the fact. If the Southern counties, in whom most was expected, because of their always having the majority, have not really changed, we shall carry the state. The whigs of the southern counties have their duty, they have suffered no loss, we trust never will. Whatever may be the issue of the late election.

MARSHALL COUNTY.

DEMOCRATS. WHIGS.
For Governor—McNutt, 903; Turner, 765.
Congress—Brown, 893; Bingaman, 773.
Thompson, 883; Davis, 781.
Secretary of State—Woodward, 883; Jennings, 782.
State Treasurer—Williams, 889; Fitz, 744.
Editor of Public Accounts—Saunders, 899; Cruse, 763.
Judge of High Court of Errors and Appeals—Walker, 1153.
County Clerk—Hill, 361.
County Representatives—Fitz, 903; Hill, 704.
Deer, 889; Means, 785.
Allen, 839; Wilson, 717.
Athens, 921; Allen, 727.
The following gentlemen received the greatest number of votes for County offices.
Levi McCrosky, Sheriff.
A. T. Caruthers, Circuit Clerk.
Gortenia Waite, Probate Clerk.
Augustus Pearce, Judge of Probate Court.
L. S. Sawyer, Assessor and Tax Collector.
T. J. Oliver, Treasurer.
G. W. Graham, Ranger.
John Brown, Coroner.

ADAMS COUNTY.

For Representatives in Congress—Brown, dem. 379; Thompson, 389; Bingaman whig, 615; Davis, 537.
For Governor—McNutt, dem. 356; Turner, whig, 639.
Secretary of State—Woodward, dem. 377; Jennings, whig, 620.
State Treasurer—Williams, dem. 392; Fitz, whig, 597.
Auditor of Public Accounts—Saunders, dem. 417; Cruse, whig, 571.
State Senator—Branch, dem. 416; Ker, whig, 419; Baker, 141.
City Representatives—Parker, dem. 124; Pitcher, 138; Wood, whig, 295; Marchison, 286.
County Representatives—Winn, dem. 192; Ange, whig, 232.
Chancellor—Hutchinson, 256; Buckner, 480; Maury, 225.
WINSTON COUNTY—Official.
Van Buren, Whig.
Nutt, 332; Turner, 159.
Woodward, 324; Jennings, 161.
Saunders, 326; Cruse, 158.
Williams, 328; Fitz, 158.
Winn, 332; Bingaman, 161.
Thompson, 328; Davis, 157.
CHANCELLOR.
Buckner, 192; Turner, 133; Hutchinson, 56; Campbell, 16.
Joseph Bell, [dem.] elected to the Legislature without opposition.

HINDS COUNTY.

For Governor—Turner, whig, 1132; McNutt, dem. 854.
Auditor—Saunders, dem. 1088; Cruse, whig, 887.

Sec'y of State—Jennings, whig, 1117; Woodward, dem. 814.
State Treasurer—Fitz, whig, 1175; Williams, dem. 756; Buckner, 990; Hutchinson, 770.
For Congress—Bingaman, whig, 1144; Davis, 1101; Brown, dem. 841; Thompson, 830; Miller, dem. 733; Neill, whig, 646; Mitchell, 487.
Representatives—Allen, whig, 1002; Robinson, 1000; Woodward, 928; Beauchamp, dem. 813; Jenkins, 815; Cook, whig, 777; Graves, dem. 726; McDaniel, 684; Boddie, whig, 425.
She gave two years ago, a majority for the locofocos of 750 votes.

COPIAH COUNTY.

For Governor—McNutt, dem. 547; Turner, whig, 525.
Sec'y of State—Woodward, dem. 543; Jennings, whig, 495; Fitz, whig, 514; Saunders, dem. 498; Cruse, whig, 611.
Auditor—Saunders, dem. 388; Buckner, 505; Hutchinson, 344; Maury, 125.
Congress—Brown, dem. 585; Bingaman, whig, 540; Thompson, dem. 525; Davis, whig, 474.
STATE LEGISLATURE.
Senate—Granbury, dem. 517; Mullins, whig, 493.
Representatives—Graves, whig, 519; Shoemaker, 534; Ellis, dem. 543; Tillman, 500; Reed, 480; Weeks, 202.

RANKIN COUNTY.

For Governor—McNutt, 376; Turner, 337.
Secretary of State—Woodward, 362; Jennings, 316.
Auditor—Saunders, 449; Cruse, 253.
Treasurer—Williams, 356; Fitz, 336.
Chancellor—Buckner, 360; Hutchinson, 166; Maury, 37.
Representatives—Fore, dem. 390; Drake, 340; King, whig, 317; Siler, 248; Coleman, 90.

SCOTT COUNTY.

For Governor—McNutt, 139; Turner, 141.
Sec'y of State—Woodward, dem. 151.
Auditor—Saunders, dem. 144.
Treasurer—Williams, dem. 137.
Chancellor—Hutchinson, 125; Buckner, 32.
State Senator—Thomas, dem. 133; Watts, whig, 50.
Representatives—Roberts, dem. 142; Russell, whig, 31.

LOWNDNS COUNTY.

(Whig.) (V.B.)
Turner, 616; A. G. McNutt, 621.
FOR CONGRESS.
A. L. Bingaman, (w.) 610.
A. G. Brown, (d.) 621.
Reuben Davis, (w.) 606.
J. Thompson, (d.) 618.
For Secretary of State.
Jennings, (w.) 599.
Woodward, (d.) 611.
For State Treasurer.
Gideon Fitz, 588; J. G. Williams, 611.
For Auditor.
John Cruse, 578; A. B. Saunders, 608.
For Chancellor.
Buckner, 663; Hutchinson, 59; Campbell, 451; Maury, 35.

ALL HAIL NOXUBEE.

This gallant little county has gone the whole whig figure which is to elect a full whig ticket, county officers and all (except one magistrate) and to give a majority for state officers. Below we give a statement of the vote as far as received.
For Governor—Turner, whig, 425; McNutt, tory, 409.
Congress—Bingaman, whig, 434; Davis, 428; Brown, tory, 394; Thompson, 394.
Legislature—Greer, whig, 434; Ruff, whig, 424; Haynes, tory, 387; Hinton, tory, 363.

A Foot Race for a purse of \$100, comes off at the North Mississippi Race Course at 12 o'clock to day, distance, two miles out, entrance, \$10—five or six already entered.

The volunteer toasts and the greater portion of the correspondence, connected with the Prentiss dinner, are again necessarily deferred. The great length of many of the letters, and the very good whig toasts, would occupy too much space in our columns this week and we shall only select such occasionally as may suit our fancy, and of course our readers.

THE WEATHER.—We have had a most glorious rain, which has swept aside the volumes of dust in our streets, and this morning the atmosphere is clear and serene, and all is pleasant and beautiful.

We publish the following letter from Judge White to the committee of invitation, at the dinner given to Mr. Prentiss, on the 1st Nov. An opinion so complimentary to our fellow citizen, emanating from such a source, is a just and gratifying tribute to those talents, and qualifications, which, have made Mr. P. the admired of all classes, except among his disappointed and embittered political opponents.

FREELAND, Nov. 1, 1839.
GENTLEMEN.—Your note, dated in October last, inviting me to partake of a Public Dinner to be given to the whigs of Marshall County, Miss. to the Hon. S. S. Prentiss, your distinguished Fellow Citizen and former Representative in Congress, at Holly Springs on the first day of November, reached this afternoon.

Although it is impossible for me to avail myself of your hospitality, yet I cannot allow myself to omit thanking you very sincerely for your politeness. I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Prentiss, and assure you there is no man whom I have known no longer, that I would as much delight to honor. I have frequently heard him in debate while he was a member of the House of Representatives, and can safely say, I have not heard his superior. If devotion to the interest of your State; and able advocacy of its dearest rights can endear a man to it, then no one can have a firmer hold on the State of Mississippi than the Honorable and highly distinguished S. S. Prentiss. Please present my grateful acknowledgments to those whom you represent, and accept for yourselves my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

With the most sincere regard; I am gentlemen, Your obedient servant. HUGH L. WHITE.

To the Committee.
'Mingo' of the "Hartford Times," the creature who penned the following article, but little expected at that time, that he ever should see or feel the practical effects of this worst of all blasphemies, the Sub Treasury. But "hark from the tomb" it is said that his last shad and cold fired liver is now lingering around the last sheep's head and turnips of his possession, and he and all his little ones are huddled up in the middle of the floor crying for "brad lases."

That's what we call a "practical illustration of the effects. Here it is, read it and study on it. A CRYING SPELL. Soon after the result of the elections was known in this city, a young lad, the son of a celebrated "office seeker," after listening at the corner of the street to a long tirade of abuses against the Government went home and stung himself on the floor, set up a most pious crying,—what is the matter my dear little tomy, said his mother. The lad made no reply, but continued crying louder than before. Why, bless my soul said the anxious mother, taking Tommy on her knee; something serious ails the child—Tommy, tell your mother this minute where it aches the hardest. It don't ache none, said Tommy. What does all the child. Daddy says the Sub-Treasury is coming, and we shant have any thing to eat—then I shant have no more bread and lases—b-o, hoo, hoo!

O lordy, lordy! it's the Sub Treasury what ails my child. Them loco focorys will kill us all, and distress the rest to death, that's sartin. Boo, hoo, hoo,—the old lady sets in crying. At this juncture of affairs the old man enters, and inquires the cause of their grief. Why dear husband, said the old lady, tomy is fearful the Sub Treasury will starve us all to death, poor little fellow. Here, said the old man, may be seen the practical effects of that odious measure.—When will men see the horrible thing in its proper bearing. I've spent most of my time the past two years in trying to show up this distressing thing in its true light—but men won't mind any thing I say; and my property is going to ruin, just on account of this thing. I'm heartily discouraged.

The kitchen maid now enters, and trembling inquires what has happened. O doo see poor little tomy, said the old lady, its the sub-treasury what ails him—see how he tumbles about the floor—hoo, hoo, hoo! It's bit him, said the maid, and he's either got the hydropobia or the dismonitory symptoms, true as the world—poor tomy. The maid commences crying bitterly. Mingo, the ostle, attracted by the groans of the others, comes running from the barn, and with eyes like bullets, inquires what made such a debble ob a fuss! It's the Sub Treasury what's bit little tomy, said the maid. Dat's de same cretur what trod off my heel toder night in de dark, an skar dis chile mosse to def,—what ail you too massa, eh? O Mingo it's the cursed sub-treasury, replied the old man. So says all.

FRONT.—We have had a few specimens of the tallest kind of frosts since the rain. Fine harvest for the Farmers—they don't have to fight the mosquitoes!

YELLOW FEVER IN NATCHEZ.—Our readers will perceive by the following article that this dreadful epidemic still rages in Natchez, sweeping from its borders hundreds of its citizens. How blessed are we and how happy should we feel when we look around us, and view our beautiful town in perfect health and prosperity. "The fever still continues to prevail, carrying off from 3 to 5 of its sparse population every day. The interments during the month of October, were 138. Its streets are almost deserted and voiceless; swept by the besom of the epidemic. Among the victims on the 31st ult. we regret to find the name of I. C. Patridge.

FOR THE BANNER. FARE THEE WELL.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF HOLLY SPRINGS.
I moan thee, yet I do not weep
That thou art mine no more;
I love thee, yet my feelings sleep
In silence as before.
A common loss, might tears bewail,
But not a loss like thine;
And words might serve love's trail
But never love like mine.
I wronged thee, and the silken thread
That bound our hearts in one,
Though months of grief and anguish fled
Hast severed mine—is gone;
No others in thy gentle eye
Love's tender truths may see,
And I shall gaze like them that spy
No look of love for me.
The smiles that once were all my own,
Must be another's pride,
And tears that flowed for me alone
Now flow for all beside.
Loved one, no tear is in my eye,
Though pangs my bosom thrill;
For I have learned when others sigh
To suffer and be still.
Passion and pride and folly strove,—
They made a wreck of me:
But oh! I never ceased to love—
I never loved but thee.
My heart is with our early dream,
And still thy influence knows;
Still it seeks thy shadow on the stream
Of memory as it flows.
November 16, 1839.

FOR THE BANNER. THE BROKEN HEARTED.

"Alas! thy tears are on my cheek, My spirit they detain; I know that from this agony Is ruing that burning pain."
I have seen the infant stricken down in innocence, and sinking like a faded flower, to the grave—I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance, with a fearless eye—but when I looked upon the face of one young and lovely flower of innocence and beauty, fading from the earth in calmness and uncomplaining melancholy, I felt the very fountains of life turning to tears and dust. But when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our mid-night dreams. Love has been a portion of my existence.—Its tendrils have been twined around my heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of my soul were blood. The winds have blown over my life, and the bright buds of hope, the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust. It is hard to take leave of friends who love us, it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes with which we have held communion from childhood, and which from day to day have caught the color of our lives, and sympathized with our joys and sorrows. That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tone of her voice seems to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; that passive star in which my fancy can still picture her form looking down upon me, and beckoning me on to her own bright home; every flower and every tree, and rivulet on which, was our early seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever. But the close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, or as the falling flecks of snow that mildly kiss the ocean's wave, as gentle as the sinking breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies.—Like the rainbow and the cloud that comes over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness. Bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in cold and alpine torrents upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will spread out before us like the island that slumbers on the ocean; and the gentle breeze shall ever linger around the never fading rose—and when the beautiful beings that have passed before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me, in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon dreams of blessedness and peace. B. F. D. Laura's Grave, Nov. 16, 1839.

A LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

FROM HYPERION. We recommend the good sense contained in the following conversation between the hero Paul Fleming, and an eccentric Englishman, just after Paul had sued for the hand of Mary Ashburton and was rejected.

In his chamber he found Berkeley. He was looking out of the window, whistling. "This evening I leave Interlachen forever, said Fleming rather abruptly. Berkeley stared. "Indeed! pray what's the matter? You look as pale as a ghost." "And have good cause to look pale," replied Fleming bitterly. "Hoffman says in one of his note books that, on the 11th of March, at half-past eight o'clock precisely he was an ass. That is what I was this morning at half-past ten o'clock precisely, and am now, and I suppose always shall be." He tried to laugh but could not. He then related to Berkeley the whole story from beginning to end. "This is a miserable piece of business," exclaimed Berkeley, "Stange enough, and yet I have long since ceased to marvel at the caprices of woman. Did not Pan captivate the chaste Diana? Did not Titania love Nick Bottom, with his ape's head? Do you really think the maiden's eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-idle-ness? Take my word for it, she is in love with some body else. There must be some reason for this. No, women never have any reason except their will. But never mind.—Keep a stout heart. Care killed a cat. After all,—what is she?—who is she? Only a—" "Hush! hush!" exclaimed Fleming, in great excitement. "Not a word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me, by depreciating her. She is very dear to me, still; a beautiful, highminded, noble woman." "Yes," answered Berkeley, "that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know no what, and flickering reason says, good night amen to common sense. The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; furnishes her with all purple and fine linen, all the fine apparel, and furniture; of human nature—I did the same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now, and went thro' all the " "Delicious deaths, soft exhalations, Of soul; dear and divine annihilations, A thousand unknown rites Of joys and rarified delights." "I do not," said Fleming, "I am in love with certain attributes," said the lady. "Damn attributes, madam," said I. "I know nothing of attributes." "Sir," she said with dignity, you have been drinking." So we parted.—She was married afterwards to another, who knew something of attributes I suppose. I have seen on y' once since. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown—How glad I am she did not marry me. One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it." "All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one," said Fleming sadly. "Oh never mind the lot," cried Berkeley, laughing; "so long as y' don't get Lot's wife." "If the cucumber is bitter thro' it away, as the philosopher Marcus Antonius says in his meditations. Forget her and all will be as if you had not known her." "I shall never forget her," replied Fleming rather solemnly. "Not my pride, but my affections are wounded; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great and unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, lift us above the earth; and we should do well always to preserve this elevation. Hithe to I have not done so. But now I will no more descend; I will set apart and above the world with my mournful, yet holy thoughts." "When! You had better go into society; the whirl and delirium will cure you in less than a week. If you find a lady who pleases you very much, and you wish to marry her and she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy which is to find another who pleases you more and who will listen to it." "No, my friend; you do not understand my character," said Fleming shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me; but so it is.—Alas and alas! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which after all, turned out to be alcohol; and instead of being made immortal upon the earth, he died drunk upon the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love notions, which after all do not immortalize, but on y' intoxicate us. By heavens! we are all of us mad." "But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless?" "Utterly, utterly!" "And yet I perceive you have not laid aside all hope. You still flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is hard, very hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a hound. I dare say you have heard the old Italian proverb, 'The king never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard that at the court of Naples, where the body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying 'the king does not dine to-day.' Hope in our souls is doing, and we also say 'the king never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in a kind of solemn mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say, 'the king does not dine to-day.' It may

be an evil day, indeed, when the king of yourself are a proof that his dinner has died. You are feeding your king, and you say he is dead.

"To show you that I do not wish to be a 'king,' replied Fleming, 'I shall go to Interlachen to-morrow. I am going to Tyrol.' "You are right," said Berkeley, "there is nothing so good for sorrow as a walk in the open air. I shall go with you, though your conversation will not be so various; nothing but Edward and the gunde." "What do you mean by that?" "Go to Berlin and you will find me ever, jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you, and make you forget the accident," said Fleming. "The accident," said Berkeley, "brought us together to punish me for every act of your life you will call ordinary. I see nothing so very ordinary in what has happened to you!" "What! not when our souls are as one each other! When we seemed so far together—to be one?" "I have often observed," said Berkeley, "that those who are of kindred spirits wed together; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood." "Therefore, mad lover, do not think to persuade yourself, and the scornful lady, that you have kindred souls; but rather let us try, that you are much unlike, and wanting in those qualities which most men and distinguish the other. Trust me, your courtship will then be more prosperous." "But good morning, I must prepare for my sudden journey!" On the following morning Fleming and Berkeley started on their way to Interlachen like Huon of Bordeaux, and Schermin de their way to Babel's tower. Berkeley assumed duty was to console his companion in a duty which he performed like an old fish M. Talera, a woman whose business was to attend the sick, and put her hand to the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

There is a beautiful passage from the pen of Jean Richer, upon which we have often dwelt with melancholy satisfaction.—"Oh God! Thou canst and wilt give us bread, a reality, which shall embolden, and cheer, and satisfy all that is here ideal." This life is a fevered unsatisfying state of existence, and man is a restless creature, his rank, station or circumstances what they may, it matters not, there remains ever an object unattained, in which his eye rests, for which his heart yearns with insatiable craving. So long as that object is unattained, he is an unhappy being; and when attained, how often is it flung a life as the less toy of a child! Sylander and others may sprinkle his pathway with rose leaves—gratified ambition may fling its golden halo around his brow—pleasure may enfold him in her elysium of seductions, every department of nature and of art may be made for the elements of happiness, and then from all of them he may, turn ever fainting, weary, sick at soul with unobtainable aspirations. Who has not in the beautiful day-dreams of excited fancy—when he is a king of the reigns of imagination, and for a brief season, has permitted his thoughts and his feelings unrestrained to revel in the realms of the world—wino, at such an hour has not traced out upon his mind's table the outlines of a scheme of happiness which he never enjoy, and in contemplation of a paradise of bliss, of which he knows not? Who in fancy has not spread out to his vision greater fields than ever, even in boyhood's hour he has fantasied; bathed his lips in fresher fountains than ever gushed from the rock, and soared above him fluer skies and richer starry than ever canopied earth? Ah could we see the thoughts of the brain of the varied multitude, which, in the bustling scenes of ordinary existence, throng around us; could we trace out the untold emotions which agitate the unseen secret recesses of their bosoms, how many a wild and burning thing should we there find ranking, which the beamy eye, and the flushed cheek, and the unspeakable longing! What intense suffering! What feverish aspiration! What cruel foreboding! What rem restful meditation! What wild hopes and wishes should we see there beheld! And thus it is, and, as he features of the human face are the same in every countenance, so are the features of the human heart in every breast. Thus it has ever been, nor, in the nature of moral or spiritual existence, can it ever in this unsatisfied world be otherwise. The objects around us are destined to gratify the mere demands of our physical organization. In the wide revolving circle of created things, there is nothing to quench the feverish craving of the soul.—The phantoms of hope—the unreal mockery of anticipated futurity—ah! how they agitate the unsatisfied bosom, when contrasted with the emptiness of reality. There is within us a flame, which the many waters of this life cannot assuage. There is an aspiration of the spirit, for which the things of earth are too mean; a longing for immortality which this earth can never gratify, and the desire of an existence beyond the bound of the present which if we would we cannot away with. And must it be ever thus? Are the agonized billows of disquiet feeling never to be calmed? Are the wild aspirations of the heart never to be satisfied? In the touching and beautiful language of the German poet we reply—"There is a reality which shall embody, and satisfy all that is here ideal."