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TAYLOR & GLENN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, JACKSON, MISS. March 27, 1845.

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BARTON & CHALMERS, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS. March 5, 1845.

Stratton, Goodlett, & Co., Commission & Forwarding Merchants, FRONT ROW, A FEW DOORS SOUTH OF EXCHANGE SQUARE, MEMPHIS, TENN. June 12.

Smith, Gorin, & Co., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 57 Gravier Street, New Orleans. Henry Smith, Florence, Ala.; Gladis Gorin, Lexington, Tenn.; Joseph D. Mason, Jackson, Tenn. J. S. LANPHER, E. A. WHITE.

LANPHER & WHITE, Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries, Dealers in Spices, Lard, Suet, Tallow and Lard Oil; Glass Ware, Window Glass, Putty, Dry Salts, Grass and Garden Seed. South side of Exchange Square, MEMPHIS, TENN. April 3, 1845.

JAMES BOYD, Wholesale Dealer and Importer of Foreign Wines, Brandy, Cordials, Gin, Rum, Havana Cigars, West India Fruits and Fancy Groceries, &c. &c., Between Jefferson and Adams Street, MEMPHIS, TENN. Draught Ale and Porter, by the barrel, constantly on hand. March 27, 1845.

UNION HOUSE, BY WYATT EPPES, N. E. Corner of the Public Square, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS. March 5, 1845.

Commissioned Justices of the Peace and Constables in and for Marshall County, State of Mississippi. JAMES BOYD, Constable, Name or No. Dist. William Began, Levi Cummings, Holly Springs. John Trowbridge, Wm. Whiteside, Holly Springs. John Gattis, S. E. Boren, District No. 1. F. F. Redmond, James Cooper, District No. 2. John C. Tolson, John Edgers, District No. 3. Doree M. Young, Wm. R. Baker, District No. 4. Josiah H. Abston, Jeremiah Gray, District No. 5. Harriet Tramm, Alex. B. Wille, Farmington Dist. George Thompson, John A. Lausant, Vacancy, Snow Creek Dist. James A. Bogard, Vacancy, Snow Creek Dist.

THE GUARDIAN

"PROTECTION" TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

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The Stolen Kiss. One dewy eye in balmy June. The twilight in the west was falling. And o'er the chaste, bright, watchful moon. A cloud of times, was slowly stealing.

A CHASE IN THE EVERGLADES DURING THE FLORIDA WAR. Soon after the sun came up from her visit to the nether world, we entered into the "Pal-hu-okee" or "grass water," as it is termed by the Indians; which is an immense sea or level field of saw grass, covered with fresh water, varying from fourteen inches to four feet in depth, rising from innumerable springs in all parts of the vast extent.

For several days we passed through the "grassy water," without meeting any thing worthy of particular note, except occasional signs of the cunning and ever watchful enemy, and had apparently reached the centre of the glade, as neither the main land or any islands were visible around us; not a speck in the green horizon to relieve the tiresome sameness of the prospect, save one tall palmetto tree, which stood alone, like a solitary watch tower in the desert, rearing its leaf-crowned head and branchless trunk far above the level of the glades.

The youngster's more excitable nature would beam out of the quick flash of the ambitious eye, the slightly tremulous lip, the throbbing breast and fingers instinctively playing with the hilt of the ready sword, as if itching to feel its well balanced weight. In some the eye would darken with anxiety, the pale forehead inferring busy thoughts of distant friends, who might dear-

ly rue the approaching hour of danger: or memories of loved ones whom the coming struggles might leave alone in the world's chillness without a protector, while the cherished gaze de amour would be pressed to the heart, perhaps to rise and fall on its last throbbings. As for myself, I know that a braided tress of dark silken hair, which had been clasped around my wrist by a fairy hand, caused me to grasp my sword with double strength; for I knew that if I fell, the beloved giver would mourn me as a Spanish maiden should—not with childish tears, but silently and truly. I knew that she would feel a sad but lofty pride, in the thought that he, who had won her heart's purest treasure, a sacred first-love, had died sword in hand, his face to the foe, her name coupled with his country's on his dying lips, cherishing a hope that those who were doomed on earth to part, would soon meet, to be joined in an eternal union, in a world.

When a Spanish maiden weeps, her tears are the overrunning of the fountain of joy; when she mourns that fountain is dry, and her fearless grief is deep, lasting and all-absorbing. Like the tree or flower which is deprived of nurturing moisture, she fades, withers and dies. All having been made ready for action, headway was given to our boats. The impatient crew sent them flying through the waters with a speed which soon removed all uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the "Eata Chiattee." Making a sudden turn around a projecting point, we dashed into a broad lagoon, upon the surface of which, at about a half a mile's distance, lay five Indian canoes, the occupants of which were engaged in fishing. A yell from them echoed by three hearty cheers from us, announced the mutual discovery, and instantly commenced the most exciting race which I have ever witnessed. The one party, urged on by fear of death or capture, the other by ambition, a burning desire to avenge their fallen comrades, and to do their part towards ending then a war which had not only been dreadfully harassing to us, but fatal to nearly one-third of our little band.

Occasionally, the thrilling war whoop would rise upon the heated air, loud above the splash of paddles and the pantings of tired men, reminding us of scenes where the same unearthly music had pealed forth the death-knells of brave and beloved companions. After some time, we began to perceive the superiority of our long oars, which, from having a fulcrum in the rowlocks of the boat, enabled our men to work with more ease than the Indians could with their short paddles, thus, in a long race giving us a decided advantage. We had gained sufficiently upon them to observe and distinguish their force. From each canoe, the crimsoned trimmed scalp-locks of three warriors waved tauntingly in the breeze, while the heads of several women and children peered up from over the low wales of the canoes. Only three of our fleetest boats had been able to keep in company, the rest being far in the rear. In one Lt. McLaughlin, in another Lt. Drayton, and in the third—somebody else. Besides the officers in each boat, there were four men, which (the arithmetical reader will perceive) was equal with the force of the enemy, "harring" the children and women—the latter of which some times fight like "devils an' hungry."

Seeing our rapid gain upon them, the Indians endeavored to gain the banks of the lagoon, where, in the tall grass, their mode of fighting would have given them an advantage over us; but in anticipation of the manoeuvre, we had spread our boats at distances across the stream, and the sudden

deviation of the enemy from their line, not only deadened their headway, but threw them right athwart the bow of our inner boat. They at once perceived that their chance was gone, and that they must fight the "big water men" (as they invariably termed us) on the ocean upon their own element. In an instant the paddles were dropped, their rifles raised with the quickness of thought, and as rising from my seat, I tarried to order my cockswain to run my boat along side, his heart's warm blood spouted in my face, while a burning sensation along my neck, told me how narrowly I had escaped losing the number of my men, for as I rose, the ball grazed my ribs, bearing Genth's message to him, who, but an instant before was sheltered by my person. Their aim, though quickly taken, was fatal to three of our men, but now, as we closed within pistol shot, our turn commenced, and our muskets, loaded with heavy buck-shot, soon silenced them.

The English official in this country, usually called the National Intelligencer, gravely advised the people of the United States to pay John Bull the money they owe him before they think of fighting him, and applies its advice especially to the States of Mississippi, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania. "Possibly," says the English Journal these States would be less bellicose, were they, like some other States, are, through their entire locofocoism, rampant for war with Britain."

We venture to say that there was more money lost by the people of Great Britain through the frauds of the United States Bank, nay, ten times as much, as they have lost or will lose through the refusal of inability of the States, named in the Intelligencer, to meet their engagements. Deby in paying debts is a terrible crime for a State of the American Union to be guilty of—and it is a lamentable and disreputable circumstance—but for a Bank, the United States Bank—the great manufactory of banks—owned by whigs, and managed by whig speculators—for such an institution to explode and reduce thousands and thousands of families from affluence to want—oh! that is all right—it is an affair of the grand financiers, patronized by Henry Clay and the whig party—say nothing on that subject.

But, then, many of the families thus reduced to want by the repudiation of the Bank, are English and subjects of her gracious majesty Queen Victoria—indeed, a considerable portion of the capital was owned by British subjects, and is lost to them. Hush! hush! many of our dearest friends are deeply indebted to the United States Bank—and have wiped off their debts by the bankrupt act. Some of the editors of Gazettes, now loudest in their clamorous against repudiation, and against resenting the aggressions of England, owe the Bank some fifty-two, some one hundred thousand dollars—if they would pay up these sums, a small dividend might be paid to the English creditors—but it is better to say no more about it—only let us abuse repudia-

tion, although the whig bank men are the real authors of that calamity—and let us make all resentment of British wrongs as unpopular as possible. This is the true and only course to be followed by the gentlemen loafers and amateurs of English manners and English gold.—N. O. Courier.

White Slavery. The following is clipped from one of our exchange papers; it was received by one of the recent arrivals from Europe: "One of the last numbers of 'La France,' a paper published in Hungary, contains the following announcement from Wallachia: 'To be sold, by the sons and heirs of the late Nicholas Nika, at Bucharest, two hundred families—the male members of which are, for the greatest part, laborers, locksmiths, shoemakers, goldsmiths, and musicians. The proprietors of these families will not dispose of them in any smaller lots than those consisting of five families, but the price is at least lower by a ducat per head, than the ordinary established rates, and advantageous facilities for payment are tendered.'

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GITTERS.—No, nor yet silver; as appears by the ultimate history of the forty odd thousand Spanish dollars, of ancient date and appearance, which were exhumed lately, by the fall of a tree, somewhere in Georgia. The coins, on closer examination, prove to be counterfeit—a base mixture of copper and zinc, with a thin coat of silver wash. The finder, however, is not utterly without cause for thanks to his good luck—the dollars are worth some hundreds, it is said, at bell metal.

A Good Rule.—When any one is disappointed and peevish for nothing, or mere trifles, I see immediately the odiousness of such a temper, and the weakness of mind it proceeds from. Perhaps it will be my turn to-morrow. Let it be a rule with me upon such occasions, to do all I can to heal and soften, and never to irritate; and especially to guard against the infections of the disorder and hatred of the person. A very polite young lady seeing a doctor opening his lancet to bleed her, begged him to desist, as she never had any thing to do with doctrinal points.

AGRICULTURAL SELECTIONS, &c.

When I commenced planting, some 12 or 15 years ago, in the neighborhood where I now reside, I found every body corn planters—a town and navigable stream being convenient to them. The want of open land, and having also a number of women, children, and old people, who could not plough, induced me to cultivate cotton to some extent, though I have sold corn, more or less, every year, and raised my own meat. When prices began to advance, in 1833, '34 and '35, I strenuously urged my neighbors to plant cotton. Not one would do it, and I believe the first crop besides my own was made in 1837. At this time, however, all are cotton planters, and even this year, though most of us have curtailed our crops, still believe have cotton in the ground, even those who know bought corn and meat last year; and some who would do well if, through their attention exclusively devoted to them, they could produce a fair supply of hog and homony. For several years back I have been preaching against cotton with about the same success I formerly preached in favor of it. I was at a loss to conjecture why these recent converts to cotton so tenaciously stuck to it, until I received a visit, not long since, from one of my neighbors whom we all call "Uncle Joe." He had accumulated a handsome property by planting corn; but some years back had fallen into difficulties, and always wanted to borrow money. The conversation fell of course on our crops. "Have you put in any cotton this year, Uncle Joe," said I. "Ah son, a little—about common," said he. "How is it; Uncle Joe; that you, who never planted cotton until lately, and made your fortune at corn, will persist in cotton when it is so low? You can do much better at corn."