HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE.

"VERITAS NIHIL VERETUR, NISI ABSCONDI."

BY THOS. A. FALCONER. FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1843. VOLUME II---NUMBER 29.

THE
HOLLY SPRINGS GAZETTE

Is published in the town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, every week, at *Three Dollars* per annum in advance—*Three Dollars and Fifty Cents* payable within six months—and *Four Dollars* at the end of year. No subscription taken for less than six months.

Advertisements will be inserted at $1 per square (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each additional one. Advertisements *not marked* with the number of insertions on them, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Announcing candidates for office will be—for State $10—County $5, to be paid down or assumed by a responsible name in town.

Letters addressed to the Editor, on business with the office, must be post paid to secure attention.

Cash must be paid for all **Job Work** done at this office as soon as delivered.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

The following thrilling tale we have translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of Atar Gul. The scene is laid in Gaudeloupe. It is merely necessary to premise that Atar Gul is a favorite slave, whom Colonel Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Atar Gul had always appeared faithful to his master, and greteful for his kindness to him—but in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.

When Atar Gul had reached the summit of the mountain, the sun had alread risen, and the lofty heights of *La Souffraire* threw their shades to a great distance across the valley below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed by huge rocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flappings of wings overhis head, and on looking up he saw one of large birds, called Secretaries, or Man of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already descried the serpent, was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force, and was rapidly gliding towards his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning, and alighted in his path, and with his large wings, which terminated with a bony protuberance, and served him both as a warclub and a shield, he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated colors of his skin sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of his wings, and with a longing eye to the serpent, advanced to the conflict; but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that his mode of warfare would not long avail him he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his skull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments; but resistance was useless; and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruits of his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Atar Gul turned his head and saw Theodore standing on the rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Atar Gul," said the young man, in sliding down from the summit of the rock, "was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry that you killed the bird—for those Secretaries wage war with the venomous serpents, with which our mountains are infested." And the black pointed at the dead reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches in diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore, "I regret it now; for I do detest them hideous serpents; I would give half my fortune to be enabled to exterminate these monsters."

"You are right, master," said Atar Gul. "They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

"It is not only that," said the young man, "but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills I am to wed to morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of these animals. Less so now than formerly, I confess; for once the name of a snake would always deprive her of sensation, But her father, her mother, and myself have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep-rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laugh at her screams of terror."

"That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy, master," said the wily African. "In my country we thus habituate women and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears if you only can be prevailed upon to adopt it." And his eyes were for a moment lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off its head. We cannot use too much precaution."

"Noble fellow!" said Theodore, as he assisted Atar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body.

"*It is a female,*" whispered Atar Gul to himself, and the male cannot be far off"

They proceeded towards Col. Willis' habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcass of the serpent.—The house in which the Colonel resided, like most of the houses in that climate, consisted of but one story with wings.—In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a jalousie, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the jalousie and looked in—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hands of Atar Gul—who, as it seemed, through an excess of precaution, first bruised the neck of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpant, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired and closed the jalousie. As he turned away, he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing on Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated to Marguerite, was really the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which decked the apartment—that little bed, curtained with gauze, stuccoed walls, polished, and brilliant as Parisian marble—that harp, and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken ribbons—that cross of mother of pearl—those jewelled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before her dressing-table but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song she had been taught by her lover.

"To-day," soliloquised the lovely girl. "I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. To morrow I shall belong to another. Oh, Theodore! with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness."

She approached so near the glass to judge of the effects of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the surface of the mirror—then with her fingers she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore!

A slight noise near the window awakened her from her delicious reverie.—She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret should be discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through her jalousie the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment, he was lost among the flowers, which were tastily arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new power to Marguerite, who rushed towards the door, which oponed into the gallery, screaming "Help! mother, mother help! Here is a monstrous serpent!"

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears.—"Well done, my girl," said Col. Willis, "cannot you scream a little louder? The snake will not eat you, I'll engage—poor little thing! How frightened she appears to be!"

"Marguerite, I am ashamed of you," said her mother. "The serpent will not hurt you. It is dead."

But her cries continued.

"My dear Marguerite," said Theodore, "don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give me a kiss for my pains, sweet girl."

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers and glided into the room. Marguerite finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shreik and fell senseless to the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud and long hiss, and advanced towards the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined itself around the graceful limbs and sylph-like form of Marguerite. Its cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of his victim, and there it fastened its venomous fangs!

The helpless girl restored to conciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes; but the first object that met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage; its eyes flashing fire; its open mouth displayed its crooked and deadly fangs!

"Mother! Mother! O dear mother!" faintingly screamed the dying girl.

But a half suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry.—The *jalousie* was slowly opened, and Atar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Willis. She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror.

"Silly girl!" said the Colonel. "But we will open the door and see what is the matter."

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push, and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the *dead body* of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the serpent was seen to glide out at the window.

For the Gazette.

RANDOM CHALKINGS.

BY CALEB QUIRK.

A Fortune Hunter.

"Has she got the quills?" Has she the dimes? Does she handle the rhino?" These, and similar questions are asked about every strange young lady we hear of, and are equivalent to 'is she rich?' Her sparkling black eye; her glossy ringlets; her ruby lips; her perfect figure; her pretty foot; her inimitable ankle, are all unheeded, until scanned through the medium of a golden microscope, when their beauty is magnified in an unnatural degree. Where art thou, Cupid, that Mammon should have usurped thy kingdom? Hast thou yielded a portion of thy prerogative to the God of wealth, in mercy to the unlovable part of the fair sex who are blessed with silver charms? or is it a mere boyish freak, to sport with human nature? to change the silken cord of love, for the golden cord of lucre?

Riches, indeed, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. Cross eyes; snub noses; black teeth; carroty hair; big feet, and the whole list of frightful deformities, and feminine uglinesses, repose in silent oblivion beneath a silver veil. In Moore's "Veiled Prophet" there is a deeper philosophy than appears on the surface, and silver veils are not unusual coverings, even in this day. Concealed only whilst the covering exists, to be rendered doubly hideous when the veil is rent.

'Put money in thy purse,' is among the first lessons of childhood taught by their mothers, and such poison in one shape or another is daily instilled into their ears. 'Yon are a handsome youth, and must make the best of it.' 'Such a one's a fortune, my son, and if you'll cut your cards right, you can get her,' is said to her hopeful charge, half serious, half in jest, until his little heart throbs with vanity, and ambition to please his mother. Thus do parents inculcate the love of money, to which we are too prone, and induce their progeny to wreck their happiness upon a golden reef. Inconsiderate youth becomes infatuated with the desire of fortune, and connects himself for life, with one unsuited to his tastes or disposition, and unable to render him happy. He is caught in a silver trap. He has an incubus fastened upon him for life, which like Sinbad's 'old man of the world,' will torment him until death seperates them. Such is the fate of the Fortune Hunter.

Upon a fair calculation, based upon facts, there is just one 'fortune,' in two hundred and twenty-nine and a half, worth a fourth of what she has credit for; so that fortune hunters are very often *bit*, to the great delight of people in general, and their rivals in particular. Nothing loses less by circulation, than a woman's fortune; not even scandal, in a community of old maids. 'She is not so slow, you may tell your folks,' says one. 'Whoever gets her, may lay in the shade,' says the next. She's a prize for some fellow,' says another. By the time it is carried fifty miles from home, she rivals John Jacob Astor, and her atmosphere is soon filled with *gulls*, flying round her,' and striving which shall pounce upon the *sucker*. When the successful gull has been completely sucked in, by tying the knot, he finds his prize to consist of the following items. 1st. Stock in the town of Commerce, $25,000. 2nd. Twenty acres of morus multicaulis, and a cocoonery. 3rd. A rich old uncle, with only six lives between her and his fortune. 4th. A negro woman and child, and two Durham cows, at $500 a piece. To be sure, this falls rather short of the $40,000, at the very least, he had been taught to expect, but then she more than makes up in her person. Now her corsetts are off, he finds it necessary to hug her by instalments, reach his arm as far as it will go, and make a chalk mark, and try it again, He surely, now 'lays in the shade' when he lays near her.

There he goes, Nimrod Mushgourd, or as he usually styles himself N. Nebuchadnezzar Mushgourd, all the way from Tagville, to court Miss Pinchback. With his brass watch chain; his brass headed cane; his brass breastpin; his spurs; his brass-coloured hair; his brass cheeks, and still brasser look out of his eyes; all brass, even to the plugs in his teeth, the cheat of a thieving Dentist. Nimrod is a fair representative of his class; a species of bipeds, whose prominent characteristics are impudence, poverty, one shirt and a dicky. They are commonly feeless lawyers, and would-be doctors, with now and then a preacher, or merchant, but seldom a farmer or mechanic. Young *barristers* whose heads are full of undeveloped genius, and a little of Blackstone, occupy an office to offset the charge of *loafing* (which plea, however, is not admitted by the community,) 'where they may be always found, except when absent on professional business.' Which exception is more general than the rule, as far as the *absence* is concerned, and the business too, if professing to be what they are not, is a professional business. These *young lawyers* of fifteen or twenty years standing, exercise their dormant faculties, in cultivating their imaginations, by building air castles, or more properly day-dreaming. For instance, embellishing a splendid card after this fashion:

N. NEBUCHADNEZZAR MUSHGOURD,
Washington City, D. C.

throwing it on the table with a savage air, he transports himself into the hall of Congress; contracts his brow, picks his teeth and shakes his foot; as much as to say 'Mr Benton, it is useless to attempt to shake the opinions of N. Nebuchudnezzar Mushgourd, Senator from Mississippi; Sir, the needle may vary'—Just at this moment he is aroused to a sense of the emptiness of his—(not skull) pocket, by a request from Old Nancy, to 'settle that little a'tween us for washing.' His feelings are now somewhat similar to those of the Barber's second brother, when he kicked over his basket of glass. Such is Nimrod the modern hunter—of Fortunes. He has addressed every young lady, who had any reputation for wealth, in fifty miles of his home; and been discarded, and batter-whanged until his sensibilities are as blunted as a tavern meat axe. Mounted and equipped as the lawyer in Hudibras, upon each overthrow, he jogs off to some other quarter, on a courting expedition, that, by courting, he may court himself out of court.

Then, there is the young physician—young, because he is impervious to the attacks of time, until marriage has broken the charm—whose age is beyond the ken of his neighbors, for no one remembers when he was born—whose hair (thanks to chemistry) is as black, as when he buried his first patient, whose face undergoes no other change than the slowly spreading crows foot, which, in spite of cosmetics, adds its annual wrinkle, like the growth of a tree; the young physician, tired of his empty purse, his flute and his greasy pack, gives the sick a short respite, by going in search of a wife with silver charms—to charm off his creditors, and charm the remainder of his days. in the enjoyment of her charms.

Let us turn from this charming picture, to one of a much more sombre aspect. Dr. Longbill, like Nimrod, has proven too *thin* a case, not to be *seen through* by as keen sighted a woman as Miss Pinchback. She has probed his soft brain to the bottom, and found it as wishy-washy as a mush gourd. So, she has given him a friendly uplifting—a gentle aerial ascent, commonly called a kick-sky-high. However he alights upon his feet, and declares that his jaunt has been of more service to him, and done more to enlighten his understanding, and open his eyes, than any thing that ever happened to him.

"My stars!" he soliloquises on his return; "hav'nt I made a furtunate escape? How could I have thought she was pretty! Why, there're at least twenty girls of my acquaintance, prettier than she is. Then she sings so miserably—like a pig under a fence. And her foot! I pity the poor bugs where she walks! perfect ant-killers. But how could I have loved her! Pish! 'twas nothing but her money I wanted; and she's not rich either. What a fool I made of myself. Well, I've learnt something *I* have, myself. The next fortune that hooks me, must be able to say, 'Our father who art in heaven;' and I must count the negroes, and go to the clerk's office."

With these and similar classical expressions, indicating a high state of excitement, and shewing the refined sensibility of his nature as well as his capacity of learning from experience, our modern Hippocrates soothed his wounded feelings, and attained a serenity of mind, not to say indifference, by the time the next forty thousand dollars chanced to come within the sphere of his observation; when the same scene of love, folly, and courtship ensued, to end in another expedition to the moon, to the still further sharpening of his wits.

Dr. Longbill and Nimrod are still in the land of the living, both ladies' men, who have passed through all the stages of 'Old Bachelor;' and are on the point of crying out,

"There's no time to be lost, say I.',

Nimrod's brass watch and chain has gone to his tavern keeper; his brass locks have assumed a sombre cast of dingy brownish black, (the effect of hair-dye;) his brass cheeks have samewhat rusted, but not softened; and he is altogether a living specimen of a man, who worms his way through life, without making a dollar, but depending on the liberality of his friends, until by marrying a fortune, he can repay their kindness.

OXFORD, Mi. Feb. 26, 1843.

"HE WHO HAS A TRADE HAS AN ESTATE."—This is one of the many correct and judicious sayings of that truly great man, (Franklin,) whose judgment of mankind was formed from experience, and whose writings are held up to the admiration of the world. No better maxims of morals are to be found, or rules which, if attended to, will eventually lead the unfortunate to repair their losses, overcome difficulties and regain lost ground. The above is worthy of deep reflection, and speaks volumes of itself; it utters a language that is easily understand. Happy would it be, if more of our youth were properly placed in situations congenial to their minds and genius, wherein they might learn some mechanic art. In this respect much judgment ought to be exercised, that a wrong turn be not given to the mind, but that a due regard be given to the natural bent of genius.

To thwart this, is to destroy the pride and ambition, from which results disaffection, and often ruin. Whatever the feelings of a parent for his child, or however rich he may be, his own experience must teach him the propriety of his son's having a calling that will serve to support himself, and perhaps a family.—Although there may be no apparent need of such a step, yet it should be done, for the remark is as true as preaching, that "he who has a trade has an estate."

A BITTER CUP.

"A cup of unkindness." Woe at the top, an adder at the bottom. Wine bibber, this is "the unkindest *cup of all*." The severest sort of *cupling*.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine! Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth his
COLOR IN THE
CUP
when it
moveth itself
aright
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent and stingeth like an adder

"What can a man do?" said a green one yesterday, "when the sheriff is seen coming up to him with a writ in his hand."

"Apply the remedy," said another one, gruffly.

"Remedy! What kind of remedy?"

Heeling remedy, you goose—run like the devil."

A preacher discouraging the present fashions, remarked that there were more corset boards in the assembly before him, than would *shingle a hen roost*.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—ITS CAUSES, AND THE ONLY EFFICIENT REMEDY—ELOQUENT FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Here we have a truthful, plain, and, cogent array of historical facts, which cannot fail to command the attention, and eloquently win upon the judgment of the honest reader. They show beyond all doubt whence have sprung our country's wide spread misfortunes—they completely "hold the mirror up to" TRUTH—they are indeed "history, teaching by example."

[*Nashville Republican Banner.*

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

"In looking into the past history of the country, we find that when Gen. JACKSON took his seat in the Presidential Chair in 1829, Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufactures, were all in the most flourishing condition. The Bank of the United States was in the full vigor of usefulness, and the country was blessed with the very best currency ever known in the world. The notes of that admirable Institution, were never more than one-half of one per cent below par in any part of this widely extended Union; and in consequence, the difference of exchange between any two extremes of this immense country, never exceeded one-half of one per cent. The traveller starting from Portland in Maine, had only to supply himself with U. S. Bank bills, and with them he could travel to New Orleans without ever being troubled with a doubt at the value of his currency. They were always, every where at par, except for the purpose of deposite in Banks, when bills on the most distant Branches could be converted into specie by the payment of half per cent discount. Now, as we before said, the world never before saw such an equalization in the value of currency as existed at that period in the United States, and which but for bad legislation and the most wicked management, would have existed at this day.

"One of the first objects of those who found themselves at Washington appended to the administration of Gen. Jackson, was to perpetuate the power they had obtained.—They were mostly a band of uneducated adventurers, ignorant of the world and of Government, are fully prepared to illustrate the old adage—"put a beggar on horseback," &c. &c. They were out of position—a set of Goths and Vandals in the midst of a civilization they could neither understand, nor appreciate; and in their ignorance, they trifled with Goverment somewhat after the fashion of monkies in a China shop, and with the same results. They saw the immense power and influence of the Bank of the United States; but ignorant of the delicacy of the mechanism which kept the machine in motion, they foolishly supposed that it was a species of perpetual motion—a kind of National Clock which only required winding by official hands, to insure its running for ever. Like children gazing upon the steam engine, they only saw its power without for a moment dreaming of the absolute necessity of keeping every portion of it in perfect order, to insure its working. In their ignorance and mad determination to retain power, they determined to seize upon the Bank and convert its power and patronage to the party purposes of the administration. At this time Gen. Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Isaac Hill, Blair, Lewis, Kendall, and every man or demagogue in and about the administration, was in favor of the Bank and determined upon its recharter.—Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren were so pre-eminently its advocates, that both of them had applied to Mr. Biddle for an interest of its Branches—Mr. Van Buren asking for one at Albany and Gen. Jackson seeking for a Branch at Nashville. But we speak advisedly when we say, that *all* were in favor of the Bank and its recharter,—for at that period we were their associate and political friend, thinking as they thought on this subject, and as is well known, seperated from them because they one and all abandoned their principles and sought to destroy the Bank the very moment that they were not permitted to control it.

"While all was friendship and kindness towards this great National Institution, Isaac Hill,—a demagogue who would have done honor to the Dentons and Marats of the French Revolution, resolved that the President of the Branch Bank at Portland, Maine, should be removed from his position, and a creature of his own be substituted—He satisfied the conscience keepers of Gen. Jackson of the *policy* of this measure and the necessity of having the Bank under the control of the administration; and straightway Mr. Ingham the Secretary of the Treaury, addressed a letter to Mr. Biddle, calling for the removal of the President of the Portland Bank. Mr. Biddle demanded charges against that officer; and when informed that his removal was demanded on the ground of his being politically opposed to the administration of Gen, Jackson, he very properly replied that in the government of the Bank and its Branches, the mother board know nothing of Politics, and never permitted the question to enter into their consideration in administering the affairs of the Institution. We beg the reader to remark that we are now detailing what has become history and susceptible of proof. A long corresponden ce followed between Mr. Bid