

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

UNAWEED BY POWER—UNSEDED BY FLATTERY—WE BATTLE IN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

VOLUME I.

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THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

MASCALBRUNI.

THE ITALIAN ADVENTURER.

Bentley's Miscellany contains an extraordinary memoir of that most extraordinary Italian arch fiend Mascabruni.—It is from the pen of Capt. Medwin, who was an eye witness to the miscreant's execution for a murder in one of the Swiss cantons. He was it seems, the son of a pauper living in the marshes of Acona, was taken notice of in his boyhood by an Italian lawyer, whom, in gratitude for his patronage, he robbed and murdered, and then ran away to Paris, where he figured as a man of fashion, and became a favorite in the higher circles. Tired of the monotonous dissipation of the French metropolis, he crossed the channel and came to London.

“He now turned his face towards the channel and opened the campaign in London on a much more extensive scale. He took up his quarters at Higginbottom's hotel in the same year that young Napoleon came to England, and only left when it was given up to that lamented Prince. It is not generally known that he ever visited England: His sojourn at the capital was kept a profound secret. The master of the hotel and all his servants took the oath of secrecy; and Prince Esterhazy and the members of the Austrian embassy were not likely to betray it. The prince passed a week with George IV. at the cottage at Windsor, & afterwards assisted at Hanover Square Rooms, himself leading a concerto on the piano. Mascabruni on that occasion attracted all eyes, and fascinated all ears, and was greeted after a solo with the loudest plaudits.

He now became the fashion, and having forged a letter from one of the cardinals at Rome to a patroness of Almack's, obtained the entree, and made one of the three hundred that compose the word of London. You know, however, in this world that there is another world—orb within orb—an imperium in imperio—the exclusive. It is difficult to find what the qualifications for an exclusive are; it is not rank, connexion, talents, virtue, grace, elegance, accomplishments. Not but I shall not attempt to explain the inexplicable. Certain it is, however, that our hero was admitted into the cortices of this castle as distinct—as much separated by a line of demarcation drawn around them from the rest—as the Rajapoot is from the Rajoui, who sprung from

the heels of Brana.”

Being a remarkably handsome man, Mascabruni soon managed to gain the affection of the daughter of an Irish Bishop; but ere the wedding day was fixed, his real character was discovered, and he was reduced to a state of destitution. Determined however, on revenge, he followed the prelate's family to Ireland, and appeared before the daughter just as she was about to be married to a young Englishman of rank and fortune. We subjoin a sketch of this scene.

Scarcely had four months elapsed, however, when fresh preparations were made for her marriage, and a day fixed for the nuptials. The hour came, and behold in the conventional language used on such occasions; the happy pair, Lady M. the bridesmaid, and a numerous party assembled in the chapel of the palace. The bishop officiated. The ceremony had already commenced, and the rite was on the point of being ratified by the mystical type of union, the ring, when a figure burst through the collected crowd about the doors; a figure more like a spectre than a man.

So great a change had taken place in him from a wild and savage life that he had been leading among the mountains, the privations he had endured, and the neglect of his person, that no one would have recognized for the observed of all observers, the once handsome Mascabruni. His hair, matted like the mane of a wild beast, streamed over his face & bare neck. His cheek was fallen, his eyes sunken in their sockets, yet in them burned as in two dark caves, a fierce and somber fire. His lips were tremulous and convulsed with passion; his whole appearance, in short exhibited the diabolical rage and thirst for vengeance that had electrified the sailor de armes in his memorable conflict. He advanced straight to the altar with long and hurried steps, and tearing aside the hands of the couple, the ring fell over the communion table to the ground.

So profound was the silence, so great the consternation and surprise, the sight of this apparition created in the minds of all, that the sound of the ring as it rolled along the vaulted pavement was audibly heard. It was an omen of evil augury—a warning voice as from the grave to tell of the death of promised joys—of hopes destroyed, of happiness forever crushed. He stood wildly waving his arms for a few moments between the pair, looking as though they had been transformed into stone, more like two statues kneeling at the tomb than at the altar. There he folded his arms, gazed with a triumphant and ghastly smile at the bride, said, or rather muttered, “Mine she is! then turning to the bridegroom with a sneer of scorn and mockery, he howled, “Mine has she been! now wed her.”

“With these heconic words he turned on his heel, and regained without interruption the portal by which he had entered. So suddenly had all this passed, so paralysed and panic stricken were the spectators and audience of this scene, that they could scarcely believe it to be other than a dream, till they saw the bride extended without sense or motion on the steps. Thus was she borne, the service being uncompleted, to her chamber.—The ceremony was privately completed the next day.

No domestic facility attended the ill-fated union. It was poisoned by doubts and suspicions, and embittered by the memory of Mascabruni's words. “Mine she has been,” continually rung in the husband's ears, and the anniversary of that eventful day, after a lingering illness of many months, a martyr to disappointment and chagrin, he sank into an untimely grave.”

HUMAN LIFE.

Life is short; and how many trivial circumstances occur daily to remind us of its turth! The pilgrim who has wandered far from his native village, on returning to its little burial place, finds many a stone and many an inscription to chain him to wonder and silence. So short a period, and yet how many lights of friendship have gone out! He wanders among shadows of the ancient elms which shade his home, but he is a stranger. That silver-headed old man, who was the “uncle” of the village, has laid aside his staff, and has gone to sleep forever. Every body knew him, and his lips were eloquent with many a tale. A playmate that was his, had married and died—one here and another there. We trace them to the grave, and nought breaks the silence of that holy spot, save the tripping of the brook or the signing of some passing zephyr. The grave! That home of the great: and final couch of earth's kings!—What a glorious company the living have in view, when they are called away from their idols above! The patriarchs of old Jacob and Joseph, and Pharos, of Egypt,—Solomon, whose golden temple mocked the glory of the sun—the Thebans—Emperors of Rome and Greece,

with thousands of the illustrious of more modern days. The grave is indeed rich with departed greatness. Where is Scott the immortal Scott? He sleeps with his brother in fame, Shakspeare. Where is our own Washington? He sleeps with Cincinnatus and Alfred, three names as legible as the stars in heaven. The grave has them all, and never will such dust dissolve again in its hallowed precincts.

From the Somerville (Tenn.) Reporter.

A DECLARATION.

Pursuant to notice given by our illustrious brother, Peter Plugugly, the exclusives of Fayette assembled in the suburbs of of town, ten miles due east of sunrise, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th inst.

On motion, Pertinax Particular was appointed president and Solomon Moonshine, secretary.

After twisting off the tail of a comet, and performing various other wonderful exploits Pertinax Particular, L. D. S. R. submitted the following “Declaration of Independence,” which was adopted unanimously amid the rattling of tin pans and thunders of applause.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for those who are uncompromisingly hostile to the perpetration of matrimony, and dissolve the bands which may connect them with others, and to assume among the animal creation the separate and single position to which the laws of caprice and of nature's Cupid entitle them, a decent respect for the fragments of Adam's rib scattered around the globe, requires that they declare the causes which impel them to a separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident—that all men are created single; that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights; that among these are not to marry and single blessedness. That to secure these rights societies are organized among exclusives, deriving their just powers from the grand universal compact of man against woman; that whenever any forms or ceremonies become destructive of these ends, it is the right of the exclusives to alter or abolish them, and to institute a tribunal overshadowing that of Cupids, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their singleness and happiness. Prudence indeed, will dictate, that rights and ceremonies long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that exclusives are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been unaccustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such controlling influence, and to provide new guards for their future singleness. Such has been the patient suffering of these exclusives; and such is now the imperious necessity which constrains them to alter their former doubleness. The history of the present ladies of Fayette is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over these exclusives. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid

world.

They have refused their assent to arrangements the most delighful, as well as wholesome and necessary for these exclusives.

They have plundered our hearts, ravaged our pockets, burnt our fingers, and destroyed the lives of many of our exclusives.

For cutting off our intercourse with a great portion of the ladies.

For quartering large quantities of sleeves among us.

For imposing parties on us without our consent.

For depriving us in many cases, of an impartial trial in the tribunal of Cupid.

For kicking many exclusives.

For sacking many exclusives.

For marrying many exclusives. They have obstructed the administration of pleasure, by refusing their assent to laws for establishing the privileges of exclusives.

They have kept among us in times of peace many intimidating instruments, without the consent of exclusives.

They have affected to render themselves independent of, and superior to the exclusives.

They have constrained our brethren, taken captive on the Ocean of love, to bear arms against us, and to become the executioners of exclusives.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. Ladies whose characters are thus marked by every act that may define a tyrant are unfit to rule exclusives.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to the Ladies. We have warned them, from time to time, of their attempts to extend their unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have appealed to the native justice and magnanimity of the ladies, we have conjured them to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends.

We therefore, the exclusives of the County of Fayette, in general Club assembled, in the suburbs of town, appealing to Bacchus, the Supreme Judge of the exclusives for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of our brethren here assembled, solemnly publish and declare, that we are and of right ought to be free and independent Exclusives; that they are absolved from all allegiance to Cupid's crown, and that all connexion between them and the inhabitants of Cupid's dominions are, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent Bachelors we have full power not to contract alliances and to do all other things which independent exclusives may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Bacchus, we mutually pledge to each other our glasses, our exquisiteness and our sacred exclusiveness.

PERTINAX PARTICULAR,

Pres't.

Printed and Word arrived at Washington about Christmas. No further news.

Take care, girls, for there is an awful squinting at an infraction upon your long established practice, in the following admirable constitution.—E. D. BAN.

CONSTITUTION.

Of the Ladies Anti-face-to-tight-Society. Established at Squantum, Anno Dom. 1837. Ladies have their ladies rights. And they're sure to die if they lose too tight. Article I. The object of this society shall be to prevent in ladies those distortions of nature, seen in the wasp, hornet, and other insects quite cut in two in the middle.

Art. II. No member of this society shall wear stays made of stronger materials than hemp, whalebone and steel.

Art. III. No cord shall be used in lacing of more than an inch in diameter, nor shall the same be of tougher texture than well twisted cat-gut.

Art. IV. No stronger means shall be used in bringing the stays home than that of a windlass worked by a nigger, or the captain of a schooner with cook, scullion and loblaloboy at the bars.

Art. V. No member of this society, when she shall distinctly hear her ribs crack, shall tell the man at the wheel to give it another turn, but shall always delay at that point.

Art. VI. No member of this society, whatever may be her shape, shall compress her waist within less than one third of its natural dimensions.

Art. VII. No member of this society, so laced by accident or otherwise, that her heart hits to seek her throat for breath shall complain of head-ache, giddiness, suffocation or apoplexy.

Art. VIII. Any member of this society who shall violate any of the foregoing articles, shall be expelled for life, and at her death shall be delivered over to the surgeons who may cut and carve at will, and report in their medical books, any shocking phenomena, they may discover, as a warning to all, who may now refuse to join this anti-face-to-tight-society.

A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS.

According to the Taunton Whig, they have a Mississippi roarer in that peaceful village. The description which the ‘critter’ gives of himself is this:—“I’m very much like a whale, with a little shade of the big elephant—and a light touch of the wild catanaut. I’m a real catastrophe—a small creation, mount Vesuvius at the top, with red hot lava pouring out the crater, an’ routing nations; my eyes are two blast furnaces—tears, red hot melted iron, and every tooth in my head a granite pillar, my feet are Virginia plantations—my legs, branch railroads of whalebone—fists rocky mountains, and arms, whig liberty poles, with cast steel springs. Every step I take is an earthquake, every blow I strike is a clap of thunder, and every breath I breathe is a tornado; my disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off in a flash, when I blast, there's no nothing left but a hole three feet in circumference, and no end to the depth. My gig is a wildcat, with hoop-snake wheels—my team, a tandem of four serpents, with rattlesnake reins, four roaring lions for body guard; and I advance and retreat like a hurricane.”

A gentleman who had a snuff box that played drops of Brandy, and ‘The glasses sparkle on the board,’ went to dine with a friend a few miles out of town, one Sunday, taking his box in his pocket. He accompanied the family to the parish church, and by some accidental pressure, he, about the middle of the service, touched the spring of the box, which struck up ‘Drops of brandy’ most merrily. Every eye and every ear was directed to the spot, to the great misery of the gentleman, who endeavored to stop the box, but in doing so he only caused it to change the tune, on which he hastened out of the church, the box rattling away while he marched along the aisle.