

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

UNAWED BY POWER—UNBUDGED BY FLATTERY—WE BATTLE IN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

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THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.
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BY C. J. COMBS & D. CAMERON.
TERMS.

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From the Grand Gulf Advertiser.

THE FULL MOON.

I love to see the full moon rise,
When no unbraming clouds disguise
Her silvery light:
Her gentle beams impart a balm,
Amid the universal calm
Of silent night.

I love to view her on her way,
While chasing down the king of day,
With stately pace;
A myriads of shining lights—
Some large, and some as small as mites—
Her pathway grace.

The sea salutes her with its roar,
And rolls its mighty tide ashore,
Submissively:
Nor does it still itself again,
Till she in size begins to wane,
In some degree.

Ah! soon her face of pearly light,
Will be enveloped in dark night,
And shed no ray:
So man, with all his haughty pride,
Doth float down Time's unceasing tide,
And pass away.

CORSETS.

While thousands fall by clashing swords,
Ten thousands fall by corset boards;
Yet giddy females, thoughtless train!
For sake of Fashion yield to pain,
And health and comfort sacrifice
To please a dandy coxcomb's eyes.

THE SMUGGLER.

Among the mountains on the frontier of *** in Germany, is situated a lonely village, once inhabited by poor, but industrious people; now, since it has been thrown into the corner of a kingdom, it is a nest of smugglers and thieves, where all the vices have taken up their abode, and where they are fostered by the lucrative though dangerous profession that is there pursued. Here, with all the pride of banditti boasting of their achievements, they related to me a circumstance, the thought of which makes me shudder.

"Come along," said a father one evening to a girl of thirteen, who had just returned from the pastor of the village, who was giving her instruction, preparatory to confirmation, "put on your thick coat; we have something to get to night. Bid your mother good bye, and beg her to lay her hand upon your head; for we cannot tell whether the Almighty will bring us safe thro' the business or not." They set out. The wind blew intensely cold over the hills, and howled among the trees; while low clouds heavily laden with snow, sailed slowly over the gray heads of the gray rocks. They proceeded in silence along an unfrequented mountain path; and clambered like chamois a-

long a yawning abyss, where a foaming torrent was struggling against the overpowering force of winter. "Lay hold of my belt," whispered the father, as though he was apprehensive, lest the very air might overhear him; "and hold fast; 'tis not the most pleasant walking here. The girl trembled with cold and fear, and silently followed her rough conductor. "Stop!" he cried all at once; "do you hear nothing? Were not those men's voices?"

"No, father, it is the wind howling through the pines."

"Stand still, then, and listen; that must be footsteps. I hear them quite plain."

"No, father, it is the ice bursting in the abyss and the water dashing against the rocks."

The old man, wrapped in a gray surtout, clapped his ear to the side of the rock to listen, and presently cried, "come on! The path became more difficult, and the rocks more abrupt."

"Should any misfortune befall me to-night, my dear girl," said he, "tell your mother she must not give up the business; I have made a profitable concern of it, and I should not die content, if I believed it would drop with my life. You are now old enough to lend me a hand; and when you have once taken the sacrament, you will be able, I should think, to carry on the thing well enough."

He then directed her to conceal herself in a small cavern in a rock. "You may earn your supper there," he observed, "for we are now upon the frontier; and up yonder you would only be in my way. I'll whistle when I come back. When you hear that sign, look about and bestir yourself."

"With these words he continued his ascent, and the half-frozen girl crept sobbing into the snowy retreat to say a pater noster. At a dizzy depth below, the torrent roared monotonously before the wind whirled the snow in eddies from the rocks. She was alone in this dreary spot.

After awhile the appointed signal was given, and she heard footsteps. Her father came with a pack, which he dragged after him.

"Here, pull it in it is but light; you will have no difficulty.—'Tis worth a good round sum, though."

The pack was deposited in the cavern; and the smuggler went back again. The girl meanwhile, couched behind the pack; and rubbed her frozen limbs to warm and keep herself awake. Some time again elapsed; again a whistle was given as before, and the father returned with another load. He bade her to take up the first, and made her go on before him.

"Father, I hear dogs barking, don't you?"

"No, no, 'tis only the wheezing of my old lungs."

"There again! I fancy I hear something behind us."

"Go along girl, and hold your tongue."

"There is something moving behind us, father down yonder, dont you see?"

"Good Patience! the sharp shooters! We are lost if we cannot reach the ravine."

A dog came up and threatened to seize the man, when clinging without other hope of safe-

ty to the rock; he hurled his pack at the animal, which tumbled howling, together with a mass of snow, down the precipice. "Give it me," he cried, taking the lighter load from the girl, grasping her hand firmly, and drawing her with accelerated steps down the rocky path. Fright deprived her of the use of her limbs, and he dragged her along like a thing. Destruction pressed closer and closer on their heels. Voices repeatedly cried "Halt." No answer was returned: and the report of a piece reverberated a hundred fold by the echoes of the mountains. The ball struck the rock and dropped at their feet.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated the girl, I cannot go any further.—Leave me father; they will not murder me."

"But you will betray me girl." "No, no, leave me here, and make your escape."

You will betray me, and bring your father to the gallows. Come come along.

Filled with despair, he raised her from the ground, and wound with two fold burthen round a ledge of rock. It was to no purpose. The sharp shooters appeared above and below, and the anxiety of the smuggler increased every instant.—The girl had sunk down as if inanimate: and all the efforts of the affrighted father to arouse her were unavailing. Again was heard the cry of "Halt!"—Again the ball whizzed past; and the ministers of the law kept approaching nearer and nearer. Life or death depended on a single moment. He bent over his child, and caught her in his arms.—So help me god in my utmost need! he ejaculated aloud, and threw her down the abyss.

The body dashed against the projecting crags in the descent, and rolled into the torrent beneath.

The pursuers stood aghast at the atrocious deed and overpowered with horror, dropped their weapons. The smuggler escaped with his pack: and has since often visited the same spot on a similar errand.

The rogues of New York have so much to do, that they say they are obliged to commence early in the evening to get thro' by sunrise.

AN IDEA.—An Illinois editor in speaking of one of his contemporaries, says "He has just sense enough to light his mother home with a dark lantern."

SPANISH LADIES' FEET.—But as for foot-dressing, commend me to the belles of Cadiz. There are certainly no such ankles and insteps in any other part of the world as you see upon the Alameda of Cadiz. They dazzle you like a sunbeam, so light, so fitting, so spiritual, in fact, Cadiz may be called the "City of the Foot," as Miss Pardoe calls Stamboul the city of the Sultan. MAJESTY OF THE SOUL.—Man's soul is greater than his fortunes, and there is majesty in a life that towers above the ruins that fall around his path.

A fine portrait of Judge Johnson of the U. S. Supreme Court has been presented by certain members of the Bar to the Bar association of Charleston,

From the St. Louis Bulletin. THE ETERNAL RIVER.

We have never viewed a grander spectacle, than that which the mighty stream, rolling its vast floods along our city to the deep, now presented. The Mississippi even in its mildest moods is terrible.—When it pours along its dark waters beneath the gentle gleamings of a mid-summer's sun set; or when its gilding ripples are burnished by the silvery effulgence of the midnight moon its course is still mighty—fearful—resistless, and we think of its far lonely journeying, and the scenes it has witnessed, and we look upon its placid surface shadowed by the forests of the banks, and it seems to us in all its majestic magnificence, only as the giant slumbering from his labor. But when the beautiful spring time is over, and the balmy moonlight evening of summer is past, and autumn's shadowy is no more, when winter broods over desolate nature, then it is that the "terrible Mississippi" assumes all its fearfulness of aspect, and we realize, that we are gazing upon the mightiest stream, with but a single exception, that flows upon our globe. All then is unmingled grandeur—sublimity—magnificence. Turn your eye even now, reader, over its troubled surface, and what a spectacle of grandeur does that mighty mass of volumed waters present. The opposite shore is desolate, and bleak, and cheerless; the naked banks rise steep from the rushing stream mantled with ice; the trees are leafless and drear; at intervals through their bare, weather beaten trunks, you catch a glimpse of an ancient mound upon the smooth prairie, while far away in the blue distance, standing out against the dim eastern horizon, are perceived the long white cliffs, or the rounded summits of the bluffs, sweeping away from the view. Bloody Island in the midst of the rushing stream, stretches out its barren, sandy shores, sad and gloomy as a grave yard! ah! a grave yard! and when the associations connected with its dark history are permitted to throng the mind, the appellation is no misnomer. A grave yard!—let it bear the title; whatever our views respecting the scenes it has witnessed, the name is appropriate.

From the N. Y. Express.

THE NAVY.—The inefficiency of our Navy has been for a long time a just subject of complaint. The force in the commission, has not been, nor is it now, sufficient to afford that protection to commerce, which its importance demands.—Not only is our naval forces weak, but by the admission of the Secretary, our whole line of maritime fortifications are in a like defenceless state. In the last number of the Army and Navy Chronicle is a comparative statement of our naval armament in commission, with that of Great Britain and France. The British force consists of 23 ships of the line, 15 frigates, 51 sloops, 25 brigs and schooners, and a number of surveying vessels. France has 15 ships of the line, 13 frigates, and 61 smaller vessels; besides which both have a number of steamers. We have 1 ship of the line, 11 razes, 5 frigates, and 17 smaller vessels, a force wholly inadequate to the want of our commerce, or to maintain our national respectability in the eyes of foreigners. The amount of our fleet, and the employment to only a small part of the officers on the navy—out of fifty captains only five are afloat. The whole system requires a re-organization; the force in commission should be increased, by which employment would be given to the officers, and enable them to acquire that skill and professional knowledge which can alone render our navy useful to the nation and formidable to its enemies.

From the Baltimore Transcript. THE POISONED NOSEGAY.

On the eve of the fete of St. Louis, in 1750, a poor laborer arrived out of breath, at the hotel of the lieutenant of police in Paris, and asked to speak with the chief magistrate, the celebrated M. Berotin de Bellisle; but it was one o'clock, the usual dinner hour at the period, and the elegantly dressed valets would not disturb their master for a "shabby looking workman."

The man insisted—they laughed at him—he entreated—they ordered him out, and at length provoked at his impudence, they took him by the shoulder and attempted to force him into the street.—While struggling with them he exclaimed—"I have particular business with the magistrate—the king's life is in danger! At these words the menials desisted—and an officer who was present, struck with the honest countenance of the man informed M. de Bellisle of the circumstance who immediately ordered him to be conducted to his private room, where he soon joined him. The magistrate had frequently been deceived by persons who in the hope of reward, had trumped up some story of alarming dangers to the

king of the governments so that he listened to the workman's narrative with a stern and distrustful countenance.

It seems that while the poor fellow was doing some repairs in one of the pleasure houses with which Paris abounds, he overheard, through a chink in the partition, a conversation carried on in an undertone between two personages of the court; the name of the king frequently uttered drew his attention—he listened attentively—and the details he learned were of the most terrible importence.—Among the nosegays which were to be presented to his majesty on the occasion of his fete, one was to be impregnated with a poison so subtle, that it should cause the instant death of any one who should smell it. Master of so portentous a secret, the *frotteur* had left his work unfinished, and without time to change his working clothes, he had hastened to the hotel of the police to reveal the dreadful plot that was preparing. Bellisle sifted him closely on various points of his story, but found him perfectly consistent, and was at length convinced of his earnestness, particularly as he offered to submit to the torture to testify to the truth of his words. He took him in his carriage to Versailles, where he had placed him under the surveillance of the guard, while he went to the king's apartment by a private staircase, in order not to excite the fears of the conspirators.

At eight o'clock on the same evening, Louis XV. went to the grand saloon of reception—where he sat with a smiling countenance in the chair of State, at the bottom of the rostrum. Before him was the magnificent round table of mosaic, which had been presented to Louis XIV. by the republic of Venice, and was destined to receive the brilliant nosegays, which were to be offered to his majesty on the present joyful occasion. Louis exchanged smiling glances with Madame de Pompadour, and with his hand pressed his favorite spaniel placed on a stool at his feet. The ceremony at length commenced. The king received one by one the various bouquets offered him and under the pretext of playing with his dog, whose indiscreet vivacity seemed greatly to amuse him, he held each bunch of flowers to the animal's nose, and then laid it on the table. The members of the diplomatic body first paid their addresses to his majesty—then came the royal family—who had courteously yielded them to the precedence. On smelling the first nosegay presented by them the dog fell dead. Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and was about to scream out, when her royal lover whispered to her—"be not alarmed—the danger is past.—Hide the poor spaniel in a fold of your robe—he died to justify the saying—"Son, brother, and father of the king and never king himself."

The ceremony was soon afterwards concluded—and Louis returned to his private apartment, where he sent for the lieutenant of police. "You were well informed, M. de Bellisle," said he; "last year the poison of Damians—a nosegay this time—and all from the same source! But in this case I cannot punish as I should. You will please to keep silent on the dreadful mystery. As to the man who has saved me, I wish to see him—present him to me." The magistrate made some excuse about the frotteur's humble dress and appearance—but was interrupted by the good natured monarch with—"So much the better! The working dress is the people's dress of glory! Bring the frotteur here—I will treat him better than a prince!" Bellisle went out—and soon returned holding by the hand his protegee, trembling and not daring to lift up his eyes. Louis XV. advanced to him "Embrace your king, worthy man," said he, "let this be your first reward." "Ah, sire!" exclaimed the man, trying to throw himself at his feet, "am I worthy of such excess of honor and goodness?" The king drew him to his bosom, warmly embraced him, and kissed him on the forehead. Louis asked him in what way he could serve him? "Well then, sire (he answered) I should be happy to live near your majesty here in the neighboring park. If you will permit me to see you sometimes I will always be happy." "Is that all," said Louis—"in fifteen days a house shall be built for you my worthy friend—and every morning you will bring me a nosegay—which will make me remember that I have owed my life to your loyalty and affection." The king kept his promise—a beautiful cottage was built for his humble friend near Triabon—a pension of 1200 louis a year was settled upon him, and he lived in uninterrupted happiness till the end of his days.

Never marry a widow, unless her first husband was hanged, or she will always be drawing unpleasant comparisons.

A great lady noticing that a peasant's boy looked admiringly upon her countenance, asked him with a smile, how he liked the drops which she wore in her ears?