

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

UNAIDED 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 G. J. COHEN & D. CAMERON.
TERMS.

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RECOLLECTIONS.

We sat together—all alone—
At evening, in the silent bower,
And far the silvery starlight shone
O'er sleeping sea and folded flower.
I knew not truly how it came
That we were sitting thus together;
But love, I know, is hard to tame,
And often breaks from Wisdom's tether.

We talked at first of careless things,
The weather and the last new novel,
And both were sure the pomp of kings
Was sought to friendship in a novel.
With sobs and then a trembling pause,
Our subjects were not very many;
And so,—I know, is hard to tame,
At last we did not talk of any.

But though we spoke not, all the while
Our eyes were sweeter converse keeping;
And Love, with many a winking smile,
Between the half-shut lids was peeping;
And though the bower was dimly dark,
I saw the heaving of that bosom,
Oh! it was passing sweet to mark
The opening of loves early blossom.

In truth we never meant this thing,
When first we sought that shady bower,
'Twas sudden as a breeze of spring—
'Twas natural as a budding flower.
Alas! that faithless eyes should own
The thoughts our inmost bosoms harbor;
'Tis dangerous, love to sit alone
At twilight, in a silent arbor!

That trembling hand was clasped with this—
That cheek was resting on my shoulder;
And then the long, long, thrilling kiss,
When love grew wild and I grew bolder!
Long years have even us far apart,
Yet still upon my memory lingers,
The beating of that gentle heart,
The clasping of those pretty fingers.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The following true story says a correspondent was related to me by a gentleman who heard it from the officers in the army where it happened—

At the time the French were crossing the Alps there were two young men in the army who had been educated together and remarkable for their attachment to each other. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon when we arrived at the inn, the landlord after apologising for not being able to accommodate them, communicated the disagreeable intelligence that all the beds were engaged.

'Oh never mind,' said some of the officers, 'we can set up all night; only give us plenty of wine.'

Gentlemen said the host I have a house about a mile or two distant, which is uninhabited, in which I can accommodate you; but to tell you the truth, it has the reputation of being haunted.

The officers said they should prefer sitting up all night to sleeping in a house with such a disagreeable recommendation. The two young friends however agreed to accompany the landlord. After walking about a mile, they came to a large house before which there was a long avenue of lofty trees. This, said the landlord is the place where you are to spend the night.

After having made a fire and prepared supper, he begged them to go back with him as far as the end of the avenue, as he was afraid to return by himself. They laughed at his foolish fears, but went with him. They then returned to the mansion and partook of the repast which he had prepared for them. However, as it began to grow dark they were a little afraid; their fears increased with the gloom of the evening.

What shall we do? said one to the other! they agreed that one should watch while the other slept; and to make it easier he should sit up in the bed—which he did with a dagger in his hand.

In this way one of them watched until twelve o'clock.—he then awoke his companion, saying it was now his turn—and laid down to sleep. In a short time the door slowly opened and an old man of a most gigantic stature entered the room. He beckoned to the officer, and said follow me! He arose and followed the man down several flights of steps, till they came to a large room dimly lighted by a lamp which hung in the center. Round a stone table were seated eleven other men of the same gigantic stature of the first. The old man then went out leaving him standing in the middle of the room. He could not conjecture what they were doing as they never open their lips. The old man presently returned carrying a beautiful young female. He laid her down on the table, and uttering a severe yell plunged a knife into her heart. The officer was so exasperated that he drew his dagger and stabbed him to the heart; but what was his horror when he awoke! for it was a dream! to find he had murdered his friend. He had only time to say, 'you have killed me—I forgive you,' before he expired.

The young man retired to tell

his companions the sad catastrophe, but his heart was broken; he wandered about the mountains in a state of distraction for four months, and at last shot himself.

A Hint to Young Ladies.

We feel some reluctance in telling, even to our professional readers, what we once met with; but it is an illustration of the evils of tight-lacing, and we may therefore venture. At a large and somewhat formal dinner-party, shortly before the ladies left the room, a loud report, like that of a pistol, suddenly startled the whole company; conversation at once dropped—and a dead silence ensued—consternation sat on every countenance, and the guest whispered to each other all round the table 'what could that be?' At length the deep crimson blushes of a young lady fixed the eyes of every one upon her. It was not, however, till many weeks afterwards that the explanation of this singular phenomenon came out; and we had it, not from the young lady herself, but from 'authority,' that one of the flat steels of her stays situated over the region of the stomach, had suddenly snapped and thus given rise to the mysterious explosion.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY. A tragedy of a painful and appalling character, was recently perpetrated in the western part of Alabama. The particulars, as recorded in the Lakeville Express are somewhat to the following effect:

A young lady of great personal attractions, the daughter of a farmer in that neighborhood, had formed an acquaintance with a youth of wild and dissolute habits and her parents in consequence forbade him the house, and exorted themselves to sever the connection, by providing 'Miss Julia Maria' with a sready, middle aged husband.—The squire having performed the ceremony, 'the happy couple' set off for their home on the borders of great prairie, and for six months the lady appeared perfectly satisfied with her lot, and exerted herself to love, honor and obey her leige lord. One morning as the farmer was returning home with his rifle and dogs, he met his former rival, who accounted for his sudden appearance by saying that he had just returned from New Orleans, where he had made a rare speculation in Texas lands, and that it was his intention to emigrate to his new property, so soon as he had completed some family arrangements. The unsuspecting husband invited his friend to pass a day or two with him, saying, that although he should be obliged to go to Lakeville the next day, the other could amuse himself until his return by shooting the prairie hens, or fencing in a patch of corn, whichever he pleased.—The other consented, and returned to the house with the hospitable farmer. The next day, the young man renewed his intimacy with his former sweet-heart, and finally succeeded in exacting a promise that she would, the next morning, run away with him. The husband, in the meantime, had gone on a tour to the prairies, in search of game, and was not expected to return for several

days. He had his misgivings however; and returning home late at night, he was a horrified witness to his own dishonor. Without attempting to disturb them he fired his house in three different places, the flames creeping through the upper stories, and encircling the roof of his once happy home. The wretched woman and her paramour were aroused from their adulterous dreams by the flames, and rushed to the windows to save themselves, by leaping out, but below stood the infuriated husband with his rifle, and the moment the casement was opened he fired with unerring aim, and they both fell amid the burning ruins.

A person notorious for his profanity was taken on a writ, and not possessing where withal to pay the demand, he was locked up in jail. His miserable wife deprived of that support which even a broken staff affords, was observed by her little son to weep. Confident of his fathers proficiency, he kindly said to her 'Mamma don't cry, father will swear out half an hour.'

A Virginia Senator has expressed his readiness to vote for the Devil for U. S. Senator in the place of Mr. Rives. A Cincinnati paper objects, that the mileage would be very great. That's a mistake: the old chap's head quarters are understood to be at the White House, only one mile from the capitol. Of course his mileage will be but 40 cents, and, if he will take his pay in editors, he can have our neighbor of the Advertiser.

Lou. Journal.

If you have a puny enemy, buy him; if a potent one, beat him.

From the Lady's Book. THE SISTER'S REVENGE.

BY MISS M. MILLS.

It was a night of storms, but Mrs. Osmond, the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of P——, prepared herself to abide its pitiless beatings. The tea hour was just over, and her son, whose talents had already rendered him conspicuous, entered the apartment which contained all the appurtenances of luxury. He hastily drew near her—

'My dear mother! this is kind indeed, but you will surely have the carriage—'tis too stormy for you to venture from home.'

'No, Henly, poor Cato has been far from well to-day, and I will not call him out. You know it is but a step or two to Mrs. Delville's, and with the aid of your strong arm I shall succeed very well in my attempt. Have you heard how Therese is to-day.'

'I stopped as I came up,' replied her son. She is very low; Florence told me she needed no assistance to-night; but dear mother, I fear for her. Her manner was so strange—I wish they were with us. How could her uncle leave her in that boarding house so destitute of all the comforts of a home? and a dark flash ran to his forehead.

'Well, well, my son, said the mother, soothingly, 'I will not leave the sweet orphan's until something better offers—come!'

Hour after hour passed by, and Florence Lancy sat by her dying sister's side. She heeded not the storm that was raging without; as her eye was fixed upon the changing countenance before her. Oh! those who have stood by the deathbed of the loved, alone can tell the bursting agony of such a moment. To feel that they must go from us forever, and the smile that has come as a gleam of gladness over our path, be quenched in death—that there must ever be one void place in our home, and a weary longing for the music of a voice whose melody is hushed. Such hours of anguish come as chasteners, to wean us from earth's ties. Deeper grew the shadows upon that young pale face, and Florence bent over the slumberer. She opened her eyes and a faint smile lit up her wasted countenance.

'Sweet dear sister!' she murmured in inexpressibly sweet and thrilling accents, 'I am fast sinking to my rest—I thank you dearest, for all your love to your wayward Therese. Do not mourn that I am early called away. Earth would have been but a weary place for the stricken heart, but, Florence, I would that I could once more have seen him, and a faint flush tinged her pallid cheeks, as she buried her face in her pale hands.'

Florence sprung to her feet, and her dark eyes flashed wildly as she cried: 'Name him not, Therese, if you would have me keep my senses. Cold-hearted villain as he is, how can your heart even to the last so cling to him? Then seeing the effect her vehemence had caused upon the sufferer, she became instantly calm, and bent above her with the loveliest soothing.

'You will forgive, as I do, dearest,' whispered the dying girl, looking into her face with an expression of mingled resignation and fear. 'I have long since ceased to think of him with anger, and have prayed long and earnestly for his happiness. Promise to forgive.'

But ere Florence could make that promise, Mrs. Osmond entered, and but an hour had passed by when the pure and gentle Therese was released from earthly suffering. The two sweet orphans had been left to the guardianship of an uncle, by Mr. Lancy, their father, a gentleman of fortune and respectability. He was totally unfit for the charge; although as regarded their pecuniary affairs he was strictly honorable. He placed them at a fashionable boarding house in P——, unmindful of their need of a protector, and then set off upon a tour of the western States. Therese, a few months after, left P—— to visit a friend in a neighboring city, and whilst there fell into the society of Liston Howard, a man of the most fascinating exterior, and insinuating manners. He knelt in homage at the shrine of her youthful loveliness, and cast around her heart many a spell of power, until he made it all his own, and then triumphing in this offering to his vanity, he coldly forsook her. She had

'Pour'd her heart's rich treasure forth,

But was unpaid for their priceless worth,"

and she sunk beneath the blow—but never until earth and its visions were fast fading away, did she breathe his name to her fond devoted sister, Florence Lancy's character was cast in a different mould from her mark and gentle sister's, and deeply feeling the want of all the kindly influences of home, she became cold and haughty, and although her nature was peculiarly affectionate and her feelings warm, yet was there something about her that repulsed the approaches of mere worldly friends. It was the day of Therese Lancy's funeral, and Florence knelt beside the bed upon which was extended her motionless form, weeping in the bitterness of a desolate heart. She was now to take a last look of the sweet, pale face upon which still lingered the spirit's smile. It was a moment of agony—

'Oh, not an hour like this,

For bitterness, has earth,"

and she felt that she must go forth into a cold world without one kindred tie around which her young affection might cling.— There is something sacred and hallowed in the strong link of sisterly love. The unclouded days in which they share together the same childish spirits, the confidence in which they turn to each other when the cares and sorrows of after life leave a sad signet on the brow, serve but to make the silver chain still brighter as years pass on. Florence heeded not the time that had passed, and a step in that silent chamber aroused her. Henly Osmond, with a countenance pale and mournful, drew near, and gazing down a moment upon the calm and peaceful surface of the dead, cast his arm around her waist, and raised her from her kneeling posture.

'Florence! my own Florence! let me lead you hence, this is too trying for you, love.'

Your Florence? she exclaimed wildly—'away! I know you all too well, you can smile with the lip, and teach the voice affection's music, and the heart be cold, cold. Oh! man! how will you crush the sweet hopes you kindle. Look! Henly Osmond, on that beautiful slumberer— Would you deem that man's perfidy had broken her heart? 'Tis even so,' she added, more wildly, 'and never, never, sweet sister, till I take revenge for your injuries will I rest satisfied.'

'Florence! Florence! exclaimed the lover, for such he was, in great alarm, come with me dearest, and rest a while—my mother is here.'

Henly Osmond, I tell you here, at this dread hour, that I never can be yours—never, never, and with a fresh burst of grief, she was about to throw herself upon the bed, when Henly forcibly prevented her, and removed her from the room in an insensible state.

[To be continued.]