

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

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

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LINES BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O! for the thoughts, which, unexpressed,
Awake and die within the breast;
The fount of joyful feeling stirred,
The music of the soul, unheard.

O! for the flowers which die unscathed,
Where never human foot has been;
In stilly cave and woodland gloom,
With angel purity that bloom.

O! for some isle far in the sea,
From turmoil of all traffic free;
Where never keel has touched the sand,
Some breezy, bloomy, summer laud.

My spirit pines to dwell apart,
To live alone for mind and heart;
To feel and think, but not the less
To love, and beautify, and bless.

O! to be something more than fair,
More than the secret and the rare;
To be what God's own creatures should,
Sweet fountain of perpetual good!

THE SUMMER'S QUEEN.

BY CHARLES C. HILL.

Quick the verdure springs,
From the fruitful ground,
Sweet the music rings,
Through the welkin round!

Earth, and sky, and air,
Vocal seemed to be,
Melody most rare—
Nature in her glaze.

Echoes softly float,
Odors balmy stray,
Where the tuneful thrush
Thrills the mellow lay.

Where the fountain leaps,
And the streamlets glide,
Where the ivy creeps
By the water's side.

Where the mossy stone,
Mid the cool retreat,
Like the Pleiad's throne,
Tempts the weary feet!

Where the blossoms vie
With the glowing green,
There the zephyrs sigh
To the Summer's Queen.

CHEWING AND SPITTING.

This is not a very poetical subject; but we occasionally find it "done up" in a few short lines, with a caustic-like power, that cannot fail to mantle the cheek of those who are guilty of such ill-bred practices, with a blush of shame. No allusions, of course. If it fits—wear it.

ED. BANNER.

If you would know the deeds of him that chews,
Enter the house of God and see the pews,
The lady's parlor carpet, painted floor,
The chimney-piece and panels of the door,
Have all in turn been objects of abuse,
Besmeared and stained with his tobacco juice.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.—
The wife of Mr. B. F. Cannon of New Salem, on Tuesday night May 5th, presented her husband with four small cannons or swivels. We understand that this fine little park of artillery is in good serviceable trim! Mrs. C. deserves an appointment in the Springfield Armory.

[Barre Gazette.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Courier.
THE BRIDAL EVE.

It was the bridal eve of Ellen Cleland. The sun threw its yellow rays over the landscape. It was the hour appointed for the ceremony, and yet the bridegroom came not.

Ellen could ill brook the laughing raillery of our young friends, and stole forth to indulge in the feelings she could not conceal, yet she did not doubt the fidelity of her betrothed; but the presentment of—she knew not what—pressed heavily upon her heart.

Slowly she walked towards the wild fountain whose sparkling waters had witnessed the first vows of her Edward.—With a languid smile she plucked some of the modest snowdrops that bloomed but once since those vows were registered, and twined in a flexible bridal chaplet. She thought of Edward's own words when he placed one of the Pearl like flowrets in her glossy hair.—'This,' said he, 'the sweet emblem of thy purity, is not more free from guile, than the passion I avow.' The withered flowers though forgotten by him, she had preserved as a sweet memento of that blissful moment, and now twisted it with the wreath she was forming of its pure successors. She had just finished it, and was placing the snowy chaplet among the thick dark braids which bound her forehead, when she was startled by approaching foot-steps: it was her father. Has he come? said she, eagerly, bounding forward, and as suddenly stopping, her cheeks and temples glowing at her own eagerness. 'My child,' said the old man in a tremulous voice, 'he has not come.' She gazed at him attentively. His deep gray eyes gleamed with an unusual expression of anger, not untinged with grief. His high forehead, which had once boasted of its great beauty, now seemed as if some uncommon event had pressed out the wrinkles, and left it clear and proud as youth. 'Tell me, oh, tell,' cried the surprised and agitated Ellen, 'what has happened! Is he dead?' No, Ellen, he is a villain! he is wedded to another!

She heard no more; a wild agonizing shriek reached on the calm summer air—but, ere the sound had ceased, she who uttered it was senseless. Her death-like brow pressed the white brink of that deep fountain where first her vows of constancy were plighted. Her slender hands and round white arms were immersed in its waters, and her bridal vestment was sprinkled with the diamond spray. The agonizing parent, felled down by his only child, and shed o'er her pallid features full many a tear of anguish. One deep drawn sigh issued from her lips, and she stood up—pale, faint, and lovely as the the genius of the waters. Not a tear dimmed the diamond brightness of that dark eye—not a liquid drop seemed to circulate in that smooth cheek and blushed lip—her pearl white teeth seemed glued together as she raised her hand, and with a horrid calmness unbound the dripping wreath with which she had just entwined her brow; one jetty braid after another was untwisted, until

the whole beautiful mass fell in rich abundance over her lovely figure.

In speechless wonder, the old man gazed on his child, as she twisted her fingers in one of the longest tresses, and tore it from her head.—'Take this,' said she in a soul thrilling voice, 'it is the last sad gift of thy child.' The parent unconsciously received the dark braid she reached forth. She gazed long and steadily on the chaplet of snow-drops; but it was not the fresh withered, treasured emblem she had twined among them, on which her eye was fixed. Once she raised her hand as if to cast it from her;—again she drew it back, and a large round drop gathered in her eye and fell on the token of a faithless heart. 'Give this to him,' said she, 'tell him it is the bridal wreath of thy daughter, and the emblem of her fate!' Almost deprived of motion, he took the token. She bent forward, and pressed a warm kiss (which seemed to breathe forth her broken heart) on the quivering lips of her parent, and gave a sudden plunge into the deep blue waters. For a moment her white robe was seen upon the surface of the curling eddies, slowly it disappeared, and the waves were unruffled, again an arm dashed them, and a mass of dripping hair floated loosely about—they were seen no more—the waters had closed over her forever, and she sunk to her pure bridal bed; and the aged, grief stricken James Cleland, soon after died a childless maniac.

ADVICE TO PERSONS IN GENERAL, AND TO SOME IN PARTICULAR.
When you feel your passions rising, never confine or suppress them. How many boilers have been burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents!

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican government.

Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong, it shows that you have no independence.

Whenever you attack your neighbors character, do it behind his back, so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witness against you, nobody will believe them and so you will get off clear.

Never forgive an injury. The power of pardoning belongs to the Governor.

When you have done an act of charity publish it to others; so that they may do so too. Besides a man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional; for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the legislature has no right to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue; therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast is as good as a thousand.

When you are at church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take special care to keep it safely; and it may be well for caution's sake

to get one or two to help you.

And as woman is called the 'weaker vessel,' she should have half a dozen to help her. 'Fast bind, fast find.' a

Never sweep your parlor, it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb; it is a part of a spider's dwelling house, and of course his castle, and therefore is sacred.

EDITORIAL LABOR.—The Octibbeha Gazette, published at one of the Pacific Islands, is printed in a barn which answers every purpose for publication of a bulletin office, editorial office, printing office, and chamber, parlor, kitchen, dog house and stable, for the editor, his family and the cattle. He does all his composition, writing, selecting, book-keeping, marketing and deviling himself. He says, with perseverance and economy, he thinks he can get along: *mit a tahn tight squeeze.*

How we sympathize with such poor devil's!! A printer has no more use for a wife, than a wagon has for five wheels. Not they are formed to love and enjoy life—not to have their free spirits kept under subjection to the most tyrannical and arbitrary of all governments—the *petticoat!* That'll not do.

A D—L OF A BUSTLE.—A lady promenading Broadway, a short time since, accidentally dropped her "bustle." The N. York Herald says, "it contained the head of a sweeping brush, a quantity of deal shavings, a pair of stockings stuffed with bran, a bundle of fine tow, and sundry other niceties!"

A LONG HORSE.—A traveler who rode a horse of very great size and especially of uncommon length, lately stopped at a public house in Massachusetts, and ordered his steed to be put in the stable. Feeling anxious for the comfort of his four footed companion, he afterwards enquired of the ostler if he had put up his horse as he directed. 'Why yes,' said the Currycomb, 'I've put one end of him up.' One end of him? exclaimed the traveler, 'and what have you done with the other end, as you call it?'—'Why hang me,' said the ostler, 'if I could get the whole of him in the stable, so I left the other end out in the orchard.'

THE UNHAPPY MARRIED MAN.

The subjoined outpourings of a married man, are from the "Charcoal Sketches" of Neal. Courting has been aptly termed a paradise, and matrimony the way from that region to the earth again. The following, if true, is a pretty good illustration:

'What made you get married, if you don't like it?

'Why I was deluded into it—fairly deluded into it. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now courting's fun enough; I haven't got a word to say again courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as sugar or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of the kisses behind the door, as your sweet-heart goes to the step with you.'

'When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was just like an omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upset—well, I walks 'off and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards it's plaguy like owning an upset omnibus.'

'Nan?' queried Montezuma—'what's all that about omnibuses?'

'What did I get by it?' continued Gamaliel, regarding the interruption.—'How much less of a jawing old woman and three squallers.' 'Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good sprecin money on such nonsense for other people?—And then as for doing what you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners, for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'Yes my duck,' and 'no, my dear,'—'As you please honey,' and 'when you like lovely,' like it was in courting times, it's a regular row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoes; children and table clothes bad off for soap—always darning and mending and nothing ever darned or mended. If it wasn't that I'm particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—its excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in my gizzard of a morning. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps.'

'What's the matter now?

'I'm getting aggravated. My wife's a savin critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up my Sunday go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittels to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles is over-power when I come to add 'em up.'

'Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man.'

'How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours an't my own—my money an't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children.—I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that I must bust up. I'll break and sign over the stock in trade to you.'

MR. PRENTISS' RESOLUTIONS.

1 Resolved, That the power of determining the Time, Place and Manner of elections for Representatives is expressly given by the Federal Constitution to the Legislature of the States respectively, subject to no supervision or control, except by law of Congress only, and that, in the exercise of this power, the State Legislatures may constitutionally fix the time of election subsequent to the expiration of the Congress preceding that for which such an election is to be holden.

2 Resolved, That neither the Federal nor state Executive can constitutionally anticipate, supersede or change the times of election as fixed by the State Legislatures.

3 Resolved, That this House has not the constitutional power, either Legislative or Judicial, by its own action alone, to annul, suspend, or impede, the operation of an act of a State Legislature fixing the time, place and manner of election for Representatives.

4 Resolved, That no resolution or action of this House can deprive the people of any State of their constitutional right of electing Representatives to Congress at the time designated for the purpose by the Legislature of such State, that the claim of such power, on the part of this House, would be a dangerous encroachment upon the right of the States, and its exercise a direct and palpable violation of the constitution.

5 Resolved, That the constitutional jurisdiction of this house over the subject of representation is a limited one, embracing the questions of election, qualification and return, only; and that in judging of election, this house is bound to judge in accordance with the act of the State Legislature regulating the time, place and manner thereof.

6 Resolved, That in accordance with the constitutional act of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, prescribing the time, place and manner of election for representatives to Congress, and in compliance with all the provisions of said act, an election was holden in November last, for two representatives from said State to the 25th Congress, at which election S. S. Prentiss and Thomas J. Wood were duly elected, possessed the constitutional qualification, and were duly and legally returned.

7 Resolved, That the resolution of this House, adopted on the 5th day of February last, denying to said Prentiss and Wood seats in this House as members thereof, was a dangerous attack upon the elective franchise, in derogation of the rights of the State of Mississippi, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, a mischievous example to future times.

8 Resolved, therefore, That a resolution be, and the same is hereby recorded.