

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

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

VOLUME 1.

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From the Darien Telegraph.
MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SCATTERED WRECK.

BY ROBERT EMMETT HOPE.
Air—My life is like the Summer Rose.
My life is like the scattered wreck;
Cast by the waves upon the shore;
The broken mast—the riddled deck—
Tell of the shipwreck that's o'er;
Yet from the relics of the storm,
The mariner his raft will form,
Again to tempt the faithless sea,
But hope rebuilds no bark for me.
My life is like the blighted oak
That lifts its stem and withered form—
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,
Sternly to meet the coming storm;
Yet round that splintered trunk will twine
The circling tendrils of the vine,
And life and freshness there impart—
Not to the passion-blighted heart.

My life is like the desert rock,
In mid-ocean lone and drear;
Worn by the wild waves ceaseless shock,
That round the base its surges roar;
Yet there the sea-moss still will cling—
Some flower will find a cleft to spring,
And breathe e'en there a sweet perfume
For me, life's flowers no more will bloom.

MINE OWN.
"Thou art mine own, my best beloved,
Thou art indeed mine own;
What though forever from my heart
Its early joys have flown?
A bird is singing sweeter far
Than those which made their nest,
Before I, for a morning ray was pale,
In my unruddled breast!

Once all was bright and all was fair;
Each merry fount of June
Played like a seraph's lute, for me
A soft, celestial tune.
The blossoms and the dewy leaves,
That stopped to kiss the dancers,
Shed perfume round the dancing feet
Of boyhood's frolic hours.

Now in the steams and in the buds
No tones nor odors dwell,
For Fancy, like a changeful nymph,
Has sigh'd a sad farewell.
But thou to me art music, love,
And the enamored air
Is rife with sweetness, when I feel
That thou art present there.

Mine own! Within those charmed words
What fond endearment lies!
Lured by the spell, what lovely scenes
Along the future rise!
For age will wear more brilliant plumes
Than youth's gay season down,
Since thou art now, in very truth,
My beautiful, mine own!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLIMAX.—"May the court please, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant, in this cause, with all the fury of a fiend, emerged from the dense wilderness like a roaring lion, and in his gigantic strength he seized my client by the collar, and—*for his shirt!*"

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

"No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave, no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him."
It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters.—Not a cloud was visible, the winds were hushed and the ocean was unbroken by a ripple.
A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from her yards. The light motionless flag suspended at half mast seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death had been there. And such indeed was the case, among the party who composed her passengers on leaving the port was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winter, and who, as the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the sunny vine hills of France, and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed it was their last farewell, and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come over him, that he was going to die among stranger.

He was young; and before disease had fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating; just such as an ardent and inexperienced mind delights to indulge, and he had looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become an actor in the busy world. He had talents and education fitted for any employment, and his friends confidently anticipated the period when he should share in the councils of his country, or stand pre-eminent distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a different nature which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life—ties which were too fondly cherished, entwined as they were with the very fibres of his heart, to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder he felt it hard to die! But the victims which the grave selects are not always those whom we value most lightly, nor who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood and glorifying in all its bright anticipations.—Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing its task, and the unnatural flush upon its cheek, and his glazing eye told but too faithfully that he was rapidly passing to another world. He died at last, and his death was calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant, folded in its mother's arms, and now his manly form lay stretched upon the deck about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing. But ah! the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with it to old ocean's silent chasms. The ship's company were collected and stood around, gazing upon the cold placid countenance which they were about to consign, with all its beauty, to the deep. No words were uttered, but memory recalled the gentle voice and

sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy pictured the sorrow his death would cast over the circle which he had left. An appropriate prayer and a few remarks suggested by the occasion, were the only religious ceremonies performed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know, in its unconsciousness, that tears were in the eyes of strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms,—then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corpse, still it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water, and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy silence succeeded, and the desolation of a desert pervaded the ship.

Beneath the ocean wave,
High soul, thy rest must be;
We ask for thee no prouder grave
Than a deep eternal sea.
Light be the wind that blows
Above thy gentle head,
And noiseless be the waves that close
Around thy sea-washed bed.
No costly stone we rear,
No marble sculptured bust;
Deep in the ocean-cavern here,
Dust shall turn to dust.
Over the heaving wave
No mother's tear may fall
No sister's hand shall deck thy grave,
Thou loved and mourned of all.
The breeze is rising now
Our sails full proudly swell,
The white foam curls around my bow—
Farewell! a last farewell!

AN INCIDENT, OR A BIT OF A ROMANCE.

A few years ago, when but a single steam boat made its semi-monthly voyage upon Lake Erie, from Buffalo to Detroit, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky &c., and when its arrival or departure at either place was an incident that created no little bustle, we were standing among the crowd upon the wharf at Buffalo, watching the passengers hurrying on board the Superior, Captain Sherman, which was in a few minutes to take its departure for Detroit. There was a large number of passengers, mostly consisting of emigrants to the (then) far-off land of promise, Michigan. Among the different groups upon the deck were a couple somewhat past the meridian of life, who were in earnest conversation with a young man, while a female of "blooming seventeen" their daughter, stood listening to the discussion with a look of deep absorption, which betrayed the intense interest she felt in the subject.
We learned afterwards that the couple had been long attached to each other, but the young man had been unable to obtain the consent of the parents to marry the daughter. She was an only child and the circumstances her lover were not such as answered the views they had for her. Business had called the young man from home for several weeks, and on his return, to his great surprise and chagrin, he found that Mr. S., the father of his beloved had sold his farm, and with his wife and daughter had departed for Michigan. James thought he saw through the motive of this movement, and learning that they had been gone but a few days, his resolution was at once taken to follow, unprepared as he was for the journey, either with ready money or change of apparel. He gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye lids, till he was on the way, lessening, as he hoped, the distance between him and the object of his affections. As the departure of the boat did not take place till two days after the arrival of the parents and daughter at Buffalo, fortunately for the young man, he arrived before they had placed the lake between the two lovers; and when the dejected maiden stepped upon the boat, she was more surprised and overjoyed to behold him, than her parents were vexed. The latter testified their displeasure at his thus following them, in terms little calculated to strengthen his hopes of success, and though he urged his suit with them with all the eloquence he could command, he still found them inflexible.
At length the moment of parting arrived—

the last bell was rung—the word was given for those who were not going with the boat to leave, and the order "cast off" from the Captain, was heard.—With a mingled look of affection and regret James extended his hand to Mary from whose eyes streamed the last falling drops. What was the whole world to them at that moment? They forgot the gaping multitude and every thing but each other—their hearts, now about to be unclenched, clung the closer. As the "farewell" was uttered, Mary held his hand with a nervous grasp, white quick as thought she threw her disengaged arm first round her mother's neck and then round her father's, imprinting a burning kiss upon the cheek of each, and ejaculating, "farewell, father—farewell mother—come James!"—and ere her parents had time to remonstrate; sprung with her lover from the boat to the wharf. The boat moved majestically on her way, while a shout of delight burst from the surrounding crowd who had witnessed the whole, and warmly sympathized with the lovers; The conflict between duty and affection and love, had been a violent struggle in the breast of the maiden; but love triumphed, father and mother were forsaken, and now went on their lonely way; while the lover bore to his humble dwelling, in triumph the joy of his heart and the sharer of his future prosperity or adversity.—Philadelphia Herald.

SCENES IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

We have occupied our present counting room but a few weeks, and the premises, before we came in, were used for various purposes, too numerous to mention. At times a rope store, a grocery store, and a commission house. We have therefore sundry calls for articles that do not come within the line of a printer's business, and questions that our devil answers as best he can, and sometimes produce colloquies more amusing than profitable.
A man stepped up the other day and asked him, "Have you any family flour?"
"No, sir, but we have the Family Magazine."
Another asks, "How do you sell bacon?"
"We have but one copy, and cannot part with that."
Do you want to buy any Mississippi paper?"
"No, we use Lambdin's."
"What is the price of your salt?"
"Have not got any. The loco ferros have been rowed up Salt river so thick that they have dammed it up and stopped the supply."
"Do you make rope here?"
"No, but we sometimes spin a yarn."
The little imp, however, got as good as he sent, yesterday. A boy stepped up and asked if he had any lamp oil. "No," said he, "we are the lamps that light the world."
"Well, you never will be worth any thing until you are hung."
[Wheeling Times]

WHO ARE THE LEARNED.

We have often thought that distraction of pursuit was the rock upon which most minds had split in early life. Let the youth fix his mind upon a laudable profession, and there is scarcely a case in a multitude of common powers of intellect, in which he could go up to distinction and eminence. That man is learned who can concentrate his learning upon the pursuit of his life. If he cannot thus draw in the ramification of his knowledge, what is knowledge good for? He may read Hebrew, Greek and Latin—converse in the Oriental tongues, and be perfectly familiar with all the philosophy of antiquity, and yet be unable to construct

a house, sail a ship, deliver a sermon, plead a law suit, or cultivate a farm. That man is learned who can bring his knowledge down to practical utility; and it has ever struck us of the utmost importance, that the youth of our country should be first impressed with the idea that he only is learned who understands correctly the details of his own profession. To be learned it is not necessary to know every thing, but the man who knows all that can be learned upon any laudable pursuit of life, is a learned man, notwithstanding he may be ignorant of the details of all others. Some men—and that it strikes us, is the great error of the day in which we live—are learned in every thing in general, and are profoundly ignorant in particular of all pursuits and professions, or trades, or useful employments.—Sat Courier.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies within me.—when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must follow; when I see kings lying with those who disposed them, when I consider rivals laid side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of their tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—Addison.

MIRACULOUS POWER OF LOBELIA.

The New York Morning News gives the following as the reported testimony of a witness in a trial for man slaughter by the injudicious use of lobelia. The witness was called for the defence. "I know an important fact. A man was blown up in a powder mill. Two odd twenty fragments were collected in a basket; one teaspoonful of the seeds of lobelia was shaken into the basket with them; this united the stray particles, and roused up a healthy action in the basket, in fifteen minutes, vomited out the man in one entire mass, and he stood on his legs; the third teaspoonful restored him to consciousness and motion, and a cup of coffee finally enabled him to talk. He has been well ever since."

A JONATHANISM.—A cat belonging to a widow sat lately upon half a dozen duck eggs, and continued her attention until they were hatched, and one half duck and half cat, having duck's heads and cat's tails; and what is still more wonderful, they mew and quack alternately.

Conundrum.—Why are ladies' gowns about the waist, like a Camp Meeting?—Because there is a great gathering there!

Small Talk.—Poor baby wants to tum to muzzy, tum to muzzy, and div muzzy a bluff, dat a dood tild.

FEEDING INFANTS.

The Medical Examiner speaks out against the excessive feeding of infants. It says, the stomach of a new born infant would not hold two table spoons full, and yet some mothers and nurses cram food down the little innocents mouth by cupfuls.

Black Hawk's beard since his retirement, has grown so long as to easily switch it round a common height rain bow, and tie a hard not.

The only proper way to deal with fools, is either in silence, or in blows. Silence on the part of a sensible man will soon cure him of his rant—or, if incurable for his knock him on the head.