

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

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

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THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Nashville Whig. THE NOBLE BROTHERS. FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Dramas and Romances discover to us the brightest features of the human heart; our imagination becomes heated; our heart remains cold; at least the glow in which it is placed by this means, is momentary and freezes in practical life. In the same moment that the unadorned good nature and honest simplicity depicted in the fictions, move us almost to tears; we quarrel violently perhaps with the beggar that knocks at our door. Who knows but that this refined existence in an ideal, actually undermines our existence in the real world? We float here, as it were, around the two extreme ends of morality, Angel and Devil, and the middle—men—we pass unheeded.

The following anecdote of two Germans—with proud joy do I write it—has an indisputable merit—it is true. I hope that it will leave my reader warmer than all the volumes of Grandison and Pamela.

Two brothers—Barons of Wrmb, had both fallen in love with an excellent young lady of Wrth; neither knew of the other's passion. The love of both was tender and strong, for it was their first. The lady was beautiful and formed for love. Both permitted their inclination to increase to an entire passion, while neither knew the danger which was the most dreadful to his heart—to have a brother for a rival. Both spared the maid an early declaration, and both thus deceived themselves until an unexpected occurrence disclosed the whole secret of their feelings.

Already had the love of each risen to the highest degree, the most unfortunate affection which has produced almost as terrible desolation in the race of men as its detestable counterpart, hate—had already possessed the entire surface of their souls so that a sacrifice from either side was hardly possible. The lady full of feeling for the melancholly men, durst not avow herself exclusively for either and submitted her inclination of the decision of the two brothers.

Conqueror in this doubtful contest between duty and feeling, which our philosophers are always so ready to decide, and which practical men are so slow to undertake—the elder brother said to the younger: 'I know that you love my mid as passionately as I. I will not ask in whose favor the right of an elder born decides. Stay you here; I seek the wide world; I will strive to forget her. If I can do it, Brother, then is she yours, and may Heaven bless your love. If I cannot—then go you also away and do the same.'

He immediately left Germany and hastened to Holland—but the image of his mind hastened after him. Far from the clime of his love banished from the land which contained his heart's whole delight, for whom

alone he could live—the unhappy man sickened as a plant dwindles away, which the cruel European has carried from its maternal Asia, and forced far away from a milder sun to a more rugged bed. In despair he reached Amsterdam, where a hot fever threw him into a dangerous condition. The image of his only beloved, reigned in his frantic dreams; his recovery depended upon possessing her. His physicians doubted of his life; the assurance alone, that his love would be restored to him, rescued him from the arms of death. A walking skeleton, the ghastly image of consuming grief, he returned to his native land—he tottered over the threshold of his love, of his brother.

"Brother, here am I again.—What I have demanded of my heart, He in Heaven knows.—More I cannot." He sank exhausted into the arms of the lady.

"Brother, you bore your grief to Holland. I will seek to carry mine farther. Lead her not to the altar till I write you farther. Only this condition does a brother's love allow itself.—Should I be more successful than you, then let her be yours and may Heaven bless your love. Should I not—then may Heaven decide the matter for us.—Take this sealed packet: break it not till I am gone hence. I go to Batavia.' Here he sprang into the carriage.

Half dead, the elder brother gazed after him. He had been surpassed in magnanimity.—Love rushed upon him and at the same time, grief for the loss of the noblest of men. The noise of the fleeting carriage thundered through his heart.—His friends were concerned for his life. The lady—not yet—her end will be read in the sequel.

They broke the packet. It was an authenticated title to all his German estates, which the elder brother was to receive if the younger was successful in Batavia. Conqueror over himself, he sailed in a merchant vessel of Holland and arrived safely in Batavia. In a few weeks, he sent over to his brother the following lines.

'Here, thanks be to Almighty God, here in this new land, I think of you and my love with all the joy of a martyr. New scenes and fate have enlarged my mind. God has given me strength to bring the highest offering to friendship. She is yours—Oh God! Here fell a tear—the last I have conquered—yours is the lady. Brother, I should not have possessed her—that is—she might not have been happy with me. But should the thought ever occur to her that she might have been happy with me—Brother, Brother, I roll the responsibility on your soul. Forget not the obligations which the hard earned conquest has imposed on you.—Treat the angel always as your young love now teaches you to do. Cherish her as a dear legacy of a brother whom your arms will never embrace. Farewell. Write me not when you

celebrate your nuptials. My wound still bleeds. Write me how happy you are. What I have done is surely to me that God will not forsake me in a strange land.'

The marriage was consummated. For a year, it continued the happiest of wedlocks. Then the lady died. When dying, she first disclosed to her confidential friends the unhappy secret of her bosom—She had loved the younger brother most.

Both brothers still live; the younger continues in Batavia and has become a man of wealth and distinction. He made a vow never to marry and has kept it.

A NIGHT SCENE.—The stars were glittering without a cloud to obscure their light; but the full moon was slowly sinking beneath the western waters. Sweetly, calmly, like a good man gliding in peace to the land of sleepers, did it throw its mellowing light upon the city, and along the shore of the Seine, ere it sank to its wavy couch.

Who that has once gazed upon that beautiful sight, has ever forgotten it?

Who has not, as he gazed, felt its halcyon influence: and lifted up his heart to the golden pavilions of the sky in silent worship? And who that has gazed, has not felt their feebleness, and longed to flee upon the pinions of the dove to their far home in the heavens?

Even as I write, she is slowly sinking neath the distant horizon, which rests on the deep blue expanse, like a long silken lash on the brow of the beautiful. She has thus set through months, and years, and centuries. One has thus snored over the bright water since creation dawned, and will thus shine until the records of time shall be rolled together, and the earth and the heavens sink into chaos.—She has risen upon free and happy states, and has glittered upon their monuments. Imperial Rome, rich in empire, was be-held by her who now casts her mystic and undimmed light upon its tottering ruins. Unchanged and unchangeable, she has looked from her silent home upon forgotten Thebes, sceptreless Larisa, and unremembered Philippi, as she did when the world trembled in their frown or perished beneath their tread.

Her course through the heavens is now the same as the one on which she trod generations since. Like the dew, they have gone, and her path is on, and still on. Cities have changed and passed away. Nations have arisen and decayed. The hills have mouldered, and the eternal mountains have bowed cloud-capt palaces to dust. Oceans, hoarse with telling the flight of centuries, have moved from their unfathomed beds; and empires, big with conquest, swept like sparks from the fire, out of existence. Towering pyramids, have crumbled, and they who repose beneath the shadow, passed to nothingness. Calmly has she thus looked from her far chambers, all glorious and undimmed, upon these, as we wou'd upon wave chasing on wave, on the bosom of the great deep, and yet her course is onward.

[Francis Armine.

THE WORLD.—The world presents an infinity of aspects. Shakspeare called it a stage, and men and women the players. The merchant regards it as a great bazaar, in which every thing is an article of trade—the physician deems it a great hospital, the preacher looks at it as a church, mine host fancies it a tavern on the great highway from nothing to eternity, and to the black leg life seems a game, in which death holds all the aces and trumps and take whomsoever he pleases. It is a school house to the pedagogue, a ball room to the dancing master, and a prison to the turnkey. The sportsman views it as a great field, on which death is the wily Nimrod and he and women his game; while the theological piscator deemeth it a wide fish pond, in which all, from the whales to the minnows, are nibbling and biting at the gilded baits which the devil throws in. And to the printer it seems like a large font of type, from which he may select such characters as will make the impression he desires.

SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING.

BY T. HAINES BAYLEY.

I saw her, as I fancied, fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'erspread her lovely features;
She smiled, and I sprinkled her,
Her melody relieving;
I wash'd both rose and lily off!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I looked again; again I long'd
To breathe the love's fond confession;
I saw her eyebrows form'd to give
Her face its arch expression;
But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breath was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided,
I never saw, in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walked with me one windy day,
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form, by nature's hand—
So broadly finished,
She were less perfect if enlarged,
Less perfect if diminished:
Her toilet I surprised, the worst
Of wonders then achieving;
None knew the bustle I perceived!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And if she said no tender things,
I've often seen her look them;
I saw her my affianced bride,
And then my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

From the Kickerbocker.

A FRAGMENT.

The calm waters smiled, for the storm had passed by,
And the moon on their bright face quivered;
When I saw, like a spectre float silently by,
A wreck that the tempest had shivered;
A tenantless, rudderless, chance-driven thing,
No canvass to steady its motion;
It lay like a bird with a storm-stricken wing,
Inert on the bosom of ocean.

Though it heaved in the swell of a moon-silvered sea,
The scene with no glory had crowned it;
Dismantled, and scarred, its dark hull seemed to be
A blot on the radiance around it.
And oft in the world—when 'mid music and mirth
The crowd a bright dream is pursuing—
Ghiles by some married scion of honor and worth,
That affliction hath rendered a ruin.

Some dread dispensation he looked not to meet,
Each hope that he clung to hath scattered,
And left him with life when no longer 'tis sweet,
To the heart that its tempests have shattered.
He smiles not—for joy hath for him passed away;
He weeps not his sorrow entombling;
Tis not a wreck!—and oh where is the ray,
His desolate path shall illumine?

Mr. Shaker
C. J. Cole