

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

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

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THE BANNER.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1859.

THE MAILS.—Again, and again, have we of late, been compelled to raise our voice in complaint of the disgraceful irregularity of the mail. Here have we been, a full week, without a single mail, except the little mail from the east of Pearl River; which by the way, is of but little importance, when compared with the Northern mail, which manages to come in missing about once a week.—There must be down right villainy and mismanagement somewhere, and we do hope that the conduct of the post masters who are so regardless of the wishes and interest of people, whose servants they are, as to neglect their plain and undeniable duties, may be visited with the indignant contempt of every honest man in our whole country.

If ever there was a time when the abuses of any department of our government called aloud for redress, that time is now. And if ever any department of our government was willfully, wickedly, and we fear, hopelessly corrupt, it is that over which Amos Kendall presides. The Press, we believe, from Maine to Florida, has spoken as with one voice, against the monstrous iniquities of that corrupt department; yet the Imperial Autocrat, sits in the calm enjoyment of his power; devising means perhaps, by which he may retain it. We have one consolation, however, and that is, that we cannot help ourselves at present. But, thank God, the day is rapidly approaching when the American people will have a fair chance, at that omnipotent lever, the 'ballot box,' when him and his master will be swept, as with a besom of destruction, from that power which they have so signally disgraced and abused.

RELIGION.—The following short and beautiful quotation is from the pages of the elegant, the benevolent, the inspired Mackenzie. Speaking of those who profess a disbelief in religion, he expresses himself in the following heart-touching manner:

"He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity;—let him but think a moment and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country to which we trust, it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off, in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which amidst the night of this evil world has cheered the despondency of ill requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue."

WHISKERS.—A maiden face dandy mechanic, a few days since expressed sincere regret to his shopmates that nature had not furnished him whiskers. They persuaded him procure some whisker salve. He accordingly despatched a boy, (to evade any observation being made on himself) for the manure recommended.—This little fellow was punctual in his commission; but the apothecary thinking he made a mistake sent a blister salve, which was plastered on each side of the poor dupe's face from ears to mouth. By the time he got to his lodgings his face began to smart, and his land-lady redoubled with him, and wished him to wash off the salve; but he said; "he could not think of such a thing, as his whiskers were taking root." Instead of which, to his very great disappointment, up came two large blisters.

THE TWO CATS BEAT.—It has been confidently asserted that the black snake of North America has the property of expanding itself to such a degree, that he has been known to swallow a bulk twice as large as his own. Our informant states that two of these reptiles having come in contact, and both being demands of appetite, the first assailant began at the tail of the other with such vigor, that he soon made his antagonist look about, who, believing in the doctrine of retaliation, began to pay him in his own coin, and thus they began mutually to swallow each other until not a vestige was to be seen.

Cultivation of Moral and Religious feelings.

It has pleased the beneficent Father of the universe to form man a rational and intelligent being; to endow him with faculties of mind susceptible of the highest improvement, and to impart to him a soul which may soar far on beyond the joys of earthly happiness, and participate in the bliss of an heavenly immortality. The feelings of his heart, purified by the clear principles of morality, and ennobled by the influences of divine goodness, elevate his nature, and justly entitle him to be ranked among the proudest works of the Creator. But Omniscience has so constituted him that his happiness is closely interwoven with the practice of the moral virtues, and a strict and undeviating regard for the dictates of religion. When these are disregarded, the ties that bind the soul to heaven are broken; the glorious destinies of his existence are lost in the transient pleasures of earth, and the impress of divinity, stamped upon his nature, remains but a polluted emblem of his pristine glory, and in his sober moments of reflection adds keener pangs to his miseries, by reminding him of the high objects for which he was created.

Wherever there is a want of moral principle, the loftiest efforts of the human intellect degenerate into coldness. They may dazzle the imagination with their brilliancy, and perhaps astonish the reason itself with their strength and originality, but the heart is unmoved, and the nobler and more exalted feelings of our nature remain unaffected. We may witness the most towering flights of genius; we may listen with delight to the almost overpowering strains of eloquence; we may be enchanted with the soft and flowing numbers of heaven-born music, and at the same time our emotions may be mingled with feelings of sadness and regret, that the possessors of these golden talents are uninfluenced by the mild precepts of virtue, and throw a shade over the shining qualities by the vicious and corrupt conduct of their lives.—We may view with pleasure, too, at a distance, the fiery heavings of a volcano, but we shudder to reflect that every swelling is pregnant with the seeds of desolation, and buries whole cities with liquid fire.

Who has not been enraptured with the sweet and fascinating melody of Byron? Who has not felt the deep breathings of his mighty genius and acknowledged the burning fervor which inspired his muse? And, yet, who that bends the knee of reverence at the shrine of religion, and endeavors to advance the great principles of morality, does not interweave a wreath of cypress with the laurels that encircle his brow, and while he admires the magic power of his posey laments that his harp was untuned to nobler themes, and his sweetest strains were destitute of heavenly fire? The immortal Gibbon has removed the veil which had rested like a mist upon the history of imperial Rome, and has scattered the darkness and doubt which for succeeding centuries had enveloped the whole continent of Europe. His name shall be re-

membered so long as nations will exist; but while the philanthropist and christian shall bestow the just tribute of applause upon the splendor of his talents and the magnificence of his works, they will shed tears of sorrow over his infidelity, and regret that almost every page of his history is stained with opposition to the gospel of Jesus.—Hume has also erected a monument to his fame as durable as the "fast anchored isle" of Britain; but he, too, has added his name to the list of unbelievers, and is ranked among the foremost of the opposers of the Christian religion.

But there is a brighter page in the history of men. From the catalogue of the distinguished men of every age, we may select some whose names are an ornament to human nature, and whose lives have been devoted to the cultivation of the moral graces, and the advancement of social and religious happiness. Newton, Boyle, and Locke, have enlarged the circle of the human mind, and adorned the principles of philosophy with the precepts of piety. Their fame is equally identified with the progress of knowledge and the diffusion of virtue.

Others have emblazoned their names upon the escutcheon of immortality by some single act, which has contributed to alleviate the wretchedness of thousands, or disseminated the seeds of morality to the remotest corners of the earth. Millions of the degraded sons of Africa will swell the anthem of joy, while associations of the sweets of liberty shall remind them of the name of Walberforce. The history of Mills, Fisk, and others, who have shed a bright and undying lustre upon our country, will call forth the grateful recollections of unborn generations as long as truth shall triumph over error, and the influence of christianity be felt in removing vice and superstition from the hearts of men.

The cultivation of moral feeling is as closely woven with the stability of government as it is allied to the great objects of religion. Remove this pillar, and the beautiful fabric of our freedom falls. Diffuse the poison of immorality among the minds of the people, and factious ambition would sway the councils of the nation, or perhaps the bloody flag of despotism would wave over the ruins of the fair temple of our liberties. Rome, so long as she resisted the encroachments of vice, and maintained among her citizen a sense of piety and devotion, preserved her political frame firm and unbroken. But the 'self destroyer' came. Vice opened its flood-gates of destruction, and a thousand streams of pollution swept away every remnant of moral principle. The cords of her government became relaxed, her laws were disregarded, and licentiousness and corruption sapped the foundations of the empire. Rome fell,—and from her fall succeeding nations may learn, that moral principles are the supporting pillars of their political institutions.

The harmonious order which pervades the natural creation beautifully illustrates the importance of regularity in the moral world. The shooting of the plant, the uninterrupted succes-

sion of the seasons, the regular movement of the earth, the stars of the firmament wheeling their courses in perfect symmetry thro' the boundless fields of space, all present a system of the utmost beauty and order, and excite in our minds the highest sentiments of admiration. But when storms and tempests ravage the surface of the earth, or the convulsions of nature shake its foundations to the centre,—or when the terrific comet traverses its eccentric course and threatens the destruction of worlds, the minds of men are excited with horror and filled with consternation and awe. In the same manner, we view with feelings of dread the wild whirl-wind of the passions, unrestrained by the mild influences of virtue, and uncontrolled by the effects of religious education.

The God of nature has raised us high in the scale of existence; and shall be degraded the dignity of our nature by pursuing the delusive phantoms of sensual pleasures, and exchanging the bliss that flows from the cultivation of moral and religious for the debasing objects of earthly gratification? He has implanted in our souls a desire of happiness; and shall we exchange the pure and unadulterated joys of virtue and piety for the short-lived unsatisfying pleasures of vice and immorality? No;—reason and the experience of ages teach us, in loud and warning accents, that misery is the inevitable consequence of vice, while unalloyed felicity is the sure reward of virtue.

RHAPSODY UPON WOMAN.

Woman!—Sister!—Mother!—Each is a different being, and each is worthy of the brightest words our language may afford—the softest emotions which heart can feel, and the most impassioned thoughts enthusiasm may dictate. In the flush of youth they appeal to our love—our esteem their meed in the noon of life, and our veneration, their right under the infirmities of age. The genius of antiquity encircled them with the attributes of Gods, we, with a stricter propriety, embody angels from their realities. Noble beings! your virtues are the gifts of heaven—your faults the consequence of the arts of man—to honor and esteem you, is but doing what virtue demands—and to love you, is doing homage to nature, by bowing at the feet of her purest representative.

Memory and Hope alike mirror your images; and experience approves that happiness is attendant upon your influence—and that life hangs upon your smiles.

An honest Tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards he found he possessed all the faults of many of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. The sailor, however, (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on his knees,) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment—which was by tying a large stone to his tail; and in that way rode several miles, saying "it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much ahead."

An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied—No indeed; Johnny often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English. "Why so?"—Because you see, I don't want Johnny to know that I can't stand Irish."



THE WINE CUP.

That wine-cup! touch it not!
Youth take thy hand away—
Poverty fills it up,
With ruin and decay.
Oh, Youngster, heed the well,
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop—
The seeds of death are there
Whose work thou canst not stop!

That wine-cup, spurn it hence—
Though it may sparkle well—
Though it be old and red,
And suit thy palate well.
Oft 'tis the fatal goal
Whence leads the Drunkard's path!

Then heed it, youngster, well!—
Shun woes the Drunkard hath!

When in the festive hall,
Thou meet'st a jovial band,
When merry goes the hour,
Where are voices sweet and bland!—
Should there the wine-cup come,
Creating higher joy,
Oh, spurn the wine-cup then,
'Tis dangerous, my boy.

When in the wide world, youth,
Thou hold'st thy devious way,
U from the path of truth
Temptations lead astray—
If urg'd to drain the glass,
With thoughtless, heedless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself,
Touch not the wine-cup then.

Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail—
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale—
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed nor then be deaf,
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
It cannot give relief.

To sit and gaze on beauty's matchless charms—
To see the placid, deep-blue eye, round which
A lovely, softened languor plays—beaming
With life and light—the brow as white as the
Pure, stainless snow—the cheek of rosy dye—
The long dark tresses, floating careless down
The lily neck—the angelic, beautiful form
That moves along in grace and majesty.
To view these dazzling charms shine forth in chaste
And peerless loveliness, would e'en enchain
And captivate the savage soul. But there
Are beauties far beyond the brightest tints
Whereof kind Nature decks the female shape—
The mind where every gem and sweetest bud
Of culture lie enchain'd—the tender heart,
Where quenchless love and sympathy have made
Their bliss abode; and from whose innermost
Recesses beams a pure, a heavenly light.

These are the ripening charms that ne'er can know
Decay—the flowers, whose essence breathes when all
Their leaves are dead; whose seeds, transplanted to
A rich and more congenial soil, will grow
In bright luxuriant state, 'neath the cloudless skies
Of Heaven, and flourish in the sunshine of
A pure, immortal spring.