

# THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

"THE STARSPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE, OER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Education, Morals, Science, Agriculture, Commerce, Politics, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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**SIX DAYS IN A GRAVE.**—An account was given a short time ago of two men and a boy having been buried six days and six nights in a mud pit at Ereteville, in the department of the Seine Inferieure, and then rescued. A narration of the affair, derived from the sufferers, is now given in a Roman paper.

During the whole of that time they were without food, without water, without light, and almost without clothes; and they were in such a confined place that, with the exception of the boy, they could not stand upright. Boitard, the eldest man, declares that during the whole time he did not sleep more than two hours; but his two companions, and especially the youngest, slept more. They slept back to back. They felt no hunger, and Boitard says that, even if they had had provisions, they would not have touched them; but they experienced great thirst.

On the fourth day they found a little water thick with mud, by digging into the bottom of the pit. It was this water, probably, which preserved their strength. At first they heard the noise of the pickaxes and spades above them; but during the last three days their breathing was so loud as to prevent it from reaching them, and this circumstance naturally increased their agony of mind; they also feared the miners were digging in a wrong direction. One of them had fifty chemical matches and a small piece of candle; but they often tried they could not, for want of air, cause the candle to burn.

During the latter part of the time they became so exhausted as to be unconscious of their position; but they remember that the boy once cried, as if in a dream, "There is the rope, Boitard! Let us ascend!" Only one of them, Boitard, was able to shed tears; and when he did so the boy consoled him by telling him that they would be rescued. The moment a breath of air reached them they faintly, but after a while recovered. The first thing Boitard said, on being rescued, was: "Give me a pinch of snuff!" and he took it with intense delight.—*Galignani.*

**RELIOUS CHOLERA.**—The following recipe has been handed to us, says the *Mobile Tribune*, and we are assured that it is a certain remedy for that disease, as it has never been known to fail in a single instance.  
Take, say a fourth of a plug of chewing tobacco, tear it well to pieces, and put it into a vessel and pour on to it a sufficiency of boiling water, to moisten and swell the leaves, then lay it on a cloth and apply it to the seat of pain.—Relief will be obtained in less than fifteen minutes.

"You see Grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely disengaged of its contents."

"Bless my soul!" said the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make. Now in my young days they just made a hole in the egg and sucked."

**TRUTH—READ IT.**—The following truthful sentiments we clip from the *N. York Ledger*, and commend them to the careful perusal of the reader:

"He who by his conduct makes friends on one hand, and bitter enemies on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold upright man in his disposition, while the chicken-hearted, imbecile man is making neither friends nor foes. Therefore, we say to all, but more particularly to the young men, whatever you do, do it earnestly, zealously, fearlessly. Next to being upright and faithful in the performance of your duty, be decided and then you will make either friends or foes worth having, for there are some people in the world that are worth more to have for enemies than for lukewarm friends."

## THE RED RIBAND.

BY H. J. BEVERLE, M. D.

(CONCLUDED.)

The blood began to chill in the veins of the listener at the window, and his senses seemed to him to be veiled in a dream. With all the strength he could command, he maintained his position, in order to hear the conclusion of the conversation, for so much was clear to him, in spite of his confusion, that a mere accusation without proof, would be not only useless, but even injurious to himself. The thought that the civil marriage had chained Mary to a highwayman, gave him strength to hold out.

"I will not obey you," he heard Eberhard say; "you once before led me to the commission of a crime; but it shall never be so again."  
"By Heavens!" exclaimed Graff, "this marriage seems to have made your conscience very tender!"

"Not the marriage but the stolen money. There it lies, in my closet—I cannot touch it! Could I purchase my tranquillity again by returning it, I could part with it without grief. Oh, that I had not yielded to your tempting. Fly, for you have poisoned my life!"

"How rationally you talk!" said the other, with a sneer. "You now despise the money, because you have married a rich girl—but how would it stand with you, my valiant friend, if the thought had not occurred to me, that by leaving the hat at the ruins, suspicion would fall on Mary's bridegroom. In consequence of that she bade him farewell, and married you out of terror. Do you believe that Mary would have given up Conrad otherwise? If my sagacity had not woven the net, you would certainly not have caught the bird. But for me you would set in the debtor's prison, and see through the gratings of your window how other people enjoy life."

"Leave me, Graff, I will henceforth live as a respectable man."  
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the hunter, "do you believe that one can quit at pleasure, when he has once commenced. That would be convenient! No my fellow, I need you, and you must accompany me, or—"

"Or?" repeated Eberhard.  
"Or I will show you," said the hunter, in a threatening tone of voice, "that you owe me obedience!"

"Man!" cried the forester, "let me alone!"  
"When you have done your duty toward me."  
"Then take the money out of the closet and depart."

"How, you will buy your friend with money?"  
"You are not my friend—I am ashamed of you!"

"Not your friend? What am I then?" asked Graff, in a rage.  
"You are my demon!"  
"But your good demon!"

"Leave my house," cried Eberhard, who was brought to the verge of desperation by the irony of the hunter.  
"Mark my words," said Graff, sternly. "If you are not at the tavern of old Caspar at precisely eleven o'clock, to accompany me, I will to-morrow morning go to Mary, and tell her all, do you hear?"

"Almighty God! you will do that?"  
"Graff, take that money out of the closet, not a dollar is wanting—take it, but let me alone! Go, go!"

"Without you I go not a step!"  
"Consider that we shall lay the burden of a fresh crime on our souls!"

"Or as two—it is all the same!" laughed the hunter, "are you afraid to be a wise man?"  
"You still laugh?" asked Eberhard with horror.

"Yes I laugh, friend, to show you my contempt. Once more, choose; will you come to the rendezvous, or shall I go to you know whither?"

"Man, are you serious?"  
"By my hunter's honor, which I never violate!"

"Once more, Graff—"  
"Not a word—yes or no!"

After a pause, the two hunters, Eberhard and Graff, stood opposite to each other in the room; Conrad at the window, scarcely ventured to breathe, although an unutterable anguish seemed ready to burst his breast.

"Well, I come," said Eberhard at length, "but only upon one condition."  
"Name it."

"That no blood be shed."  
"Fool, half work is none! Suppose, for an instant, that the count should recognize us? You see, I wish to promote your profit. I clear out as soon as I have the money; this you cannot do, you must remain with your wife—it is all the same to me whether the count escape with a sound skin or no; you, however, the one that remains here, ought to see that the witnesses be put aside; therefore be wise and obey me!"

"Oh, horrible, horrible! I shall load a madder upon my conscience!"  
"No, that you shall not, the accidental measures belong to me—you only take

the money! At precisely eleven o'clock, then, at the tavern—at the bench where we took the hat so pregnant with fate, Farewell, comrades!"

Conrad now cautiously withdrew from the hedge, and then fled with such a speed, that in ten minutes he stood before Philip's mill, gasping for breath. He met the young miller on a seat under the Linden, where he was talking to a small circle of friends, how Conrad had saved the count's life.

"Welcome, Conrad!" they all cried, as soon as they recognized him. They then cheerfully surrounded the young man, for they knew his hard and undesired fate, and pitied him from their hearts.

"Philip," whispered the one just arrived, "I must speak to you alone!"  
"My God, Conrad, you are breathless! What has occurred?"

"Nothing as yet, but come to your house for a moment."  
The two young men disappeared in the mill. Those that remained behind under the Linden, loudly expressed their fears, that the loss of Mary had bereft Conrad of his reason.

The clock in the village struck ten, and the little circle of neighbors was about to disperse, when Conrad and Philip came hastily out of the mill. The latter wore the uniform of his regiment, an old sword at his side, and his rifle on his shoulder.

"Whether are you going?" cried the people, in astonishment.  
"To the appeal!" was the reply of the men, and the next instant they disappeared in the darkness.

At a certain place in the village they parted again; Conrad to put on his uniform and his arms, Philip to call upon the third companion.

Rosa received her brother with a loud exclamation of joy. The latter scarcely saw her, and rushed to his chamber. His sister followed him.

"Conrad," cried Rosa, whose joy had changed to terror, "you do not mean to go to the wars again, or why do you bring out your uniform?"

"To the war, was the quick and cheerful reply, "to the war to conquer my Mary again!"

Rosa broke out in loud sobs, for she believed him deranged.  
"Brother, I shall not permit you to leave this!"

"Why not?" asked Conrad, smilingly, as he put on the soldier's coat.  
"How you are excited—you are sick!"  
"You are mistaken sister, I have never been so well."

"But whether are you going?"  
"To the war!"

"Conrad, Conrad! what shall I make of this? This answer—your fiery eyes!"  
The young man in the meantime, examined the contents of a sportsman's bag. When he found the necessary ammunition in it, he threw it over his shoulder, took his gun, which hung at the wall, and then calmly and pleasantly walked up to his sister.

"Rosa," he mildly said, "you weep, and perhaps doubt my reason, because I speak of things that appear strange to you; but trouble yourself not, the march I expect to make will save the life of young count, and restore honor to me and liberty to Mary. Can you now understand my sudden change, dear sister?"

"But tell me—"  
"If I will not miss my object, I must hasten—soon I shall return, and you shall know all about it."

"Will you go alone?" asked Rosa, with anxiety.  
"Come back to the room, and you shall see who accompanies me."

Just as brother and sister came out of the chamber, the door which led to the entry was opened, and Philip and another man in uniform and with arms, appeared at the threshold.

"Welcome Christian!" cried Conrad, as he held out his hand to both. "You see," he turned to Rosa, "there are my companions. Are you still afraid? Now keep awake until we return, and provide for a good breakfast; for our work will not be finished before midnight. But say not a word about our march, or all is lost."

"And Mary shall be free?" asked Rosa, once more.  
"Free," replied Conrad, "to become my wife. Adieu, Rosa!"

Cautiously the three men left the house and the village. Rosa went to the kitchen, stirred up a fire, and began to prepare the meal that was ordered.

VII.  
The hunter Graff had spoken the truth; Count Rudolph really took his carriage in the courtyard of the baron, toward midnight, to return to his castle. But he did not carry the sum of gold for which Graff longed; it was only a report that originated with the domestics, and was whispered into the ears of the savage woodman by one of the baron's hunters, at the tavern. The young count, although made happy by the love of a rich and beautiful girl, was not in the best humor. Conrad's misfortune, for which he had unintentionally laid the foundation, went deep to his heart, and gave him so much

the more uneasiness because he was unable to make reparation for what had occurred. He had related the unfortunate incident to his bride, and amid tears, she made the proposition to him, to assign to Conrad a small estate she possessed in the vicinity of B——, and which was habited by a tenant. Rudolph cheerfully agreed to this proposition, but that, with the presentation of the property, he could not also return the tranquillity of the heart of the valiant man, restricted the joy which the turn in his circumstances would otherwise have given him.

The watchmen of the neighboring village had announced the hour of midnight, and their horns resounded through the quiet night, when the count perceived the white openings of the stone quarries, along which led a short part of his road. The passage of this road was entirely devoid of danger, as the openings were at a distance more than a hundred paces, and could be distinguished, even in the greatest darkness, by the white glimmer of the stony-mass. Behind the quarries on either side, ran pretty high mountain ridges, which formed a long and narrow valley, that made a turn toward the east; but the road to the castle parted at this turn toward the south, and, through a deep and narrow pass, again struck upon the plain.

Peter, the coachman, well acquainted with the road, whipped the horses lustily, so that the light and open carriage darted through the valley like an arrow. When he came to the place where he was to turn into the pass, he drove a little slower, but he had scarcely arrived at the narrow road, when a shot fell from behind a hazel-bush that stood at the declivity, and wounded the hand in which he held the whip. At the same time a man rushed to the rein of the horses.

The count, who had become somewhat cautious since the last attack upon him, snatched a pistol from the travelling-bag, and fired at the man who held the horse. The robber fell down with a loud cry, when the hoofs of the frightened horses crushed his body immediately. Peter retained so much presence of mind, that he grasped the lines with the sound hand, and prevented the horses from running off.

The count still stood upright in the carriage, and held the pistol he had just discharged, in his hand, when he was attacked with a cutlass from behind—a second had mounted the carriage. Without speaking a word, the count defended himself with the butt of the pistol, and a combat began on the carriage which would certainly have terminated in favor of the stronger bandit, if a pair of powerful hands had not grasped the villain by the hair, and dragged him backward over the seat on the ground. Below stood two men, who received the enraged robber with the butt-ends of their guns.

"Dear count!" exclaimed Conrad's voice, at this instant, "are you hurt?"  
"Heavens—who are you?"

The three men in their uniforms stepped forward, and the moon, which at this moment came forth from behind a cloud, threw her rays upon their countenances.

"Soldiers of your battalion!" they replied, and stretched their arms toward the count, to help him out of the carriage.

"Conrad, Philip, Christian!" cried the count, and he embraced one after another.

"Well," cried Peter, "will you not assist me? I am wounded in the arm!"  
Quickly Christian ran to the horses, and Conrad and Philip took care of the coachman.

"Where are you wounded?" said the count, sympathizingly.  
"In the right arm; but it appears to be only a grazing shot, as I feel no pain."

Count Rudolph took out his handkerchief, and bandaged the arm of the coachman, who, fortunately, was only slightly grazed.

"Where are the robbers?" he then asked.  
"Here is the most dangerous one!" exclaimed Conrad, and with Philip's assistance he dragged Graff forward. "It is the same who once before laid his hands on you at the ruins of the abbey; the same who stole my hat with the red riband, and left it at the place of his crime, to throw suspicion on me; the same who suspects there are twenty thousand dollars in your carriage, and wants to kill and plunder you, and then clear out as a rich man—is it not so, Mr. Graff? Now share with your companion; there he lies!"

"I wish I had shared with him!" muttered the robber.

"Who is the other?" inquired the count, as he walked up to the corpse.

"Look at him," said Philip, "he can still be recognized."  
"Heavens! my own district forester!—Oh, faithful Conrad, you have risked your life, your happiness for me! Over the corpse of this villain I return your Mary to you. God be praised, who has brought this about!"

"Dear count!" said Conrad, joyfully,

"Mary still loves me, I may be happy again!"  
"Just as you deserve to be, my brave, my good Conrad. Comrades," the count now addressed the soldiers, and joyful emotion made his voice tremble, "comrades, I invite you to my wedding, which will be celebrated next Sunday at the mansion of the baron—you will accompany me to church, and take the seat of honor at the festive table!"

"Count!" exclaimed Philip and Christian with surprise.  
"You must come, if you will not mar my pleasure!"

"We are but farmers," said Philip, "we cannot appear in high company."  
"Philip, where would I and my wedding be, if it had not been for you?"

"Dear count," said Conrad, "if you invite only my companions, what remains for me?"  
"Friend," exclaimed the count, "is my marriage day not also yours? Or shall Mary not become your wife?"

"Yes, she shall be my wife."  
"Well, Conrad, we have suffered misfortune together, we shall also in one another's company celebrate the greatest day of our lives; and our companions are our common guests."

The young men threw the corpse of Eberhard upon the carriage, and then fastened the angry Graff to the hind axle-tree, so that he could move only his feet to walk. Peter again took his seat, and slowly drove toward the village. The count and the soldiers followed on foot.

A white cloud in the east announced the new day, just as the train arrived at the house of the village magistrate.

We shall pass over the grief of the Magistrate Valentine—grief, not for the death of his nephew, but for the money he had paid for him in town, and for the loss of the meadow. We shall also pass over the happiness of Mary, when the count entered her room with the magistrate, and the latter returned the marriage contract, with the announcement that she was free, and was at liberty to give her hand to the man she loved. We shall only remark, that now, in the presence of the young count and the magistrate Valentine, Mary and Conrad concluded a new contract, for time and eternity, and that next Sunday, in the village church, which was gorgeously decorated with flowers and wreaths for the occasion, two couples received the benediction of the priest—they were count Rudolph and Emma, led on by their noble relatives, and Conrad and Mary, accompanied by Rosa, Philip and Christian.

Graff was given over to the hands of justice, and Eberhard to the mother earth in a corner of the grave-yard.

Eight days afterward, a travelling carriage stopped at Mary's farm: it was there for the purpose of conveying the young couple to the estate which the new countess had assigned to the preserver of her husband.

AN "ITEM" FOR THE GIRLS.—Girls do you want to get married? and do you want good husbands? If so, don't take pride in saying you never did housework; never cooked a pair of chickens; never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry, never tell your friends that you are not obliged to work, and above all, when you go shopping never take your mother with you to "carry the bundle."

HE HAD HER THERE.—A very respectable looking lady stepped into a store on Washington street, a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon; until at length having made her selection of a small one, at \$2.50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct that amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning gave the lady her change.

"Why, here's but two dollars and a half!" says she.

"Exactly, madam," replied the clerk.  
"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill, sir!"

"Precisely, madam," said the polite clerk.  
"This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not?" says the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

"Two dollars and a half is the price, madam."  
"Then why do you take out seven dollars and a half, sir?"

"Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"  
"Very well, sir," says the lady.

"And that one attached to your dress, beneath your cardinal, is five dollars more!" said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very handsome steel bead reticule, there secreted. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her it was all perfectly right—

"You don't for a moment suppose, sir," said the lady, in a low and husky voice, "that I intended—"

"Oh! certainly not, madam, perfectly correct," continued the clerk.  
"Good morning, sir," said the lady, bowing and grinning a ghastly smile.

"Good morning," responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely off the premises. No fancy sketch this.  
*Boston Mail.*

The Heads of the world, A. D. 1853.  
The following are the names of the different Sovereigns of the world:

Anhalt-Bernburg—Duke, Alexander.  
Anhalt-Cothen—Duchess, Augusta.  
Anhalt-Desau—Duke, Leopold.

Austria—Emperor, Francis Joseph I.  
Baden—Grand Duke, Frederick.  
Bavaria—King, Maximilian II.  
Belgium—King, Leopold.

Bolivia—President, Gen. Manuel Isidore Buzo.  
Borneo—Sultan, Omie Ali Saifferden.  
abu Maclouin Mohammed Jamell Alam.  
Brunswick—Duke, William.

Brazil—Emperor, Pedro II.  
Buenos Ayres—President, Valentia Alsina.  
Cabool—Ameer, Dost Mahomed.

Chili—President, Manuel Montt.  
China—Emperor, Hien Fung.  
Corrientes—Governor, Benjamin Viasore.

Costa Rica—President, Juan Raphael Mora.  
Dahomey—King, Guezo.

Denmark—King, Frederick VII.  
Dominican Republic—President, Buenaventura Buz.

Ecuador—President, Gen. Jose Maria Urbina.  
Egypt—Viceroy, Abbas Pachas.

Entre Rios—Governor, Just Jose Urquiza.  
France—Emperor, Charles L. N. Bonaparte.

Great Britain—Queen Victoria.  
Creech—King, Otho.

Guatemala—President, Gen. Rafael Carrera.  
Hanover—King, George Frederick.

Hayti—Emperor, Faustin I.  
Hesse Cassel—Elector, Frederick William.

Hesse Darmstadt—Grand Duke, Louis III.  
Hesse Homburg—Landgrave, Ferdinand.

Holland, or Netherlands—King, William III.  
Honduras—President, Gen. Cabanas.

Hohenzollern Hechlin—Prince, Frederick William.  
Hohenzollern Sigmaringen—Prince, Chas. Antony.

Liberia—President, Joseph L. Roberts.  
Lichtenstein—Prince, Alroy Joseph.

Lippe-Desmold—Prince, Leopold.  
Lippe-Schaumburg—Prince, George William.

Madagascar—Queen, Ranavalona.  
Mecklenburg Schwerin—Grand Duke, Frederick Francis.

Mecklenburg Stralitz—Grand Duke, George V.  
Mexico—President, Mariano Arista.

Modena and Massena—Duke Francis V.  
Mosquito—King, Jamco.

Nassau—Duke, Adolphus.  
New Granada—President, Jose Marie Obando.

Nicaragua—Director, Fruta Chamous.  
Oldenburg—Grand Duke, Augustus V.

Paraguay—President, Charles Antonio Lopez.  
Parma—Duke, Charles Louis.

Persia—Shah, Nasser-ad-Din.  
Peru—President, Gen. Jose Ru Echenique.

Portugal—Queen, Marie II.  
Prussia—King, Frederick William IV.

Reuss, Elder Line—Prince, Henry Reuss, Younger Line—Prince, Henry LXII.

Russia—Emperor, Nicholas I.  
San Salvador—President, Francis Duenas.

Sandwich Islands—King, Kamehameha III.  
Sardinia—King, Victor Emanuel.

Saxe-Altenburg—Duke, Joseph.  
Saxe-Coburg Gotha—Duke, Ernest II.

Saxe-Meiningen-Bild—Duke, Bernard.  
Saxe-Weimar-Eisen—Grand Duke, Charles Frederick.

Saxony—King, Frederick Augustus.  
Schwartzg Rudolstadt—Prince, Frederick Gunther.

Schwartzg Sonderg—Prince, Gunther II.  
Siam—King, Somdet Phra Paramender Mahul Mongkut.

Society Islands—Queen, Pomare.  
Spain—Queen, Isabella II.

States of the Church—Pope, Pius IX.  
Sweden and Norway—King, Oscar I.

Swiss Confederation—President, M. Naef.  
Turkey—Sultan, Abdul Medjid.

Tuscany—Grand Duke, Leopold II.  
Two Sicilies—King, Ferdinand.

United States—President, Franklin Pierce.  
Uruguay—President, Don Juan Francisco Jiro.

Venezuela—President, Jose G. Moragas.  
Waldack—Prince, George Victor.

Wurtemberg—King, William.  
Wheat looks unusually well this spring.