

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE O'er 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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THE BANNER.
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From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Death and the Railroad.

According to the veracious chronicler, Robert Burns, there was an old fellow living in his neighborhood, known as Dr. Hovvbook, who had brought the art of killing off his fellow creatures to such high perfection, that Death, the ancient king of terrors, found himself so greatly eclipsed in his vocation, that he shut up shop and retired from business, in disgust. Whether the old sinner has ever recovered from the mortification of this signal disaster and re-entered the field of his ancient renown, our historian has not informed us. If, however, that reluctance to abandon the scenes of his former prowess and glory which distinguishes all true heroes, has induced him of the Pale Horse to resume the unequal contest with the various appliances of modern ingenuity, we would, as a friend, advise him to withdraw. We can in all sincerity assure him, that the world has no further need of his services, and like all useless and effete things, he will, unless he saves himself by a timely retreat, be kicked aside with contempt. He is out of date. He is entirely too slow for this progressive age. To keep up with the rapid pace of modern improvement, it has become necessary for the World of States to employ agents more in unison with the energetic spirit of the times.—The powers who rule those dim and murky realms, to avoid the disgrace of being consigned to the oblivion of Old Egypt—to escape the fate of old Ireland—depopulation, will find it indispensable to discharge their old and faithful servants, whose existence dates from before the flood.

We, friend Death, who live in the light of the nineteenth century, and who enjoy the privileges of editorial omniscience, can see these things plainly, tho' they may be hidden from your dim and bearded old eyes, heavy with the mists of six thousand years, and blinded with the infernal smoke of those unmentionable places where you have been groping like a spectre since the beginning of time.—We say to you, confidentially, and with-out any intention of wounding your feelings, cut a very absurd figure. You have had your day, and its no use for you to hold on any longer. You are becoming an eye-sore to your friends, and a laughing stock for the world. If you don't look out, old fellow, some Circumstances will make a Don Quixotte of you, with your rusty old lance, your limping old ravened steed, and your scare-crow face to frighten children. Yes, old friend, if you don't sneak away to your musty, smoky old realms, you will before you know it, find some "insidious" fellow writing a book on you, and holding you up to the ridicule and derision of all future ages. We say this to you "more in sorrow than in anger," for your reign was mild and merciful, compared with the terrors of the present regime. But take the advice of a friend and be warned in time.

Or, if you won't be persuaded, we advise you as the next best thing, to invest all your own capital and all you can borrow from your friends, in the Railroad and Steamboat business. Throw away all your old apparatus for destruction.—It is as much out of place as would be the sling of David amid the thunders of a modern cannonade. Supply yourself with modern inventions. Throw all scruples to the winds. Crush all feelings of remorse, of tenderness and compassion, which you may have inherited from your old hag of a mother. Become as reckless of human life and human suffering, as you are now erroneously supposed to be. Cut the acquaintance of doctors, general rum-sellers and the whole tribe of killers whom you have been wont to employ as assistants in your profession. You will find them but an incubus. Throw the plague, the cholera, the whole catalogue of diseases which you have manufactured in your laboratory, to the devil. They will only clog your exertions and

divert your energies from more important operations. Become a steamboat pilot or engineer, or a railroad conductor, and your fortune is made and your character retrieved. This is your only hope, and the best advice we can give you under the circumstances.

We have been led into these reflections upon the probable destiny of one of the most ancient Potatoes mentioned in history, by daily occurrences of startling portent. It has been frequently remarked that the nineteenth century is a century of revolutions. There are no terrors on their antique bases, and occasionally falling with a crash that startles the world. But amid all the revolutions of this revolutionary and throne subverting time, we know of none so radical, though it has yet attracted but little philosophical remark, as the one we have endeavored faintly to foreshadow. The monarch who was contemporary with Adam, with Abraham, with Moses, Xerxes and Cyrus, with Caesar; and with all modern Kings, is about to go down in disgrace. It is an awful reflection.

The next consideration which presents itself to a practical mind, is this: Will this revolution benefit the world? Though a progressive man, we are constrained to say, we believe it not. It seems to us to be compelled to express this heterodox opinion, of any modern improvements, but old prejudices will not be conquered. Though we are in favor of home manufactures, and think it is, as a general thing, good policy for the American people to supply all necessary wants, as far as possible by their own ingenuity and industry, we frankly confess we prefer that the killing should be done in the old way.

With all our antipathy to kings and tyrants, we must still believe that it would be better to remain tributary to this oldest of all tyrants. We do not suppose that we will do up the work neater or quicker or more efficiently; but we cannot overcome the old prejudice.—We are in our sympathies democratic, but with all our predilections that way, we are opposed to being sent out of the world in crowds. We know it is more sociable, more republican-like, more progressive, if you will; but we still would prefer to die in the old aristocratic way. These are our conscientious opinions, and if our Democratic neighbor over the way chooses to get offended at it, he will have to do it.

Seriously cannot something be done to arrest the destructiveness of human life by railroad and steamboat accidents, which has now attained a frequency and magnitude truly frightful? Can public opinion do nothing to remedy the evil? We think it can be shown that, in nine cases out of ten, these accidents result from the most culpable carelessness. Are not the public authorities and the community shamefully remiss in failing to apply, with proper energy, the proper corrective? That there is a remedy, we have no doubt; that it could be effectually applied, we have no doubt; and that it is the duty of the legislature and the community to enforce the remedy, is equally unquestionable.

CONSCIENCE AND THE PRESS.—Some weeks ago there appeared in the Celt the following sentiment with regard to the present system of school education: "Better languish and die under the red flag of England, than live to beget children of perdition under the flag of a proselyting republic."

Several papers, neutral in religion, have, it seems, been shocked by such an avowal, and for the further information of our readers, in regard to the astonishing developments of "liberal opinions" and the consequent scarceness of conscientious scruples, in reference to men's duty in this and their preparation for another world, we give below an extract from the Madison (Ind.) Banner:

"We condemn and scorn as heartily as any that miscreant, who, escaped from the shadow of the 'red flag of England,' can, under the protecting folds of the American ensign, utter such a sentiment as this of the Celt."

Catholics can understand the sentiment of the Celt, and also appreciate this of the Banner. The "protection" afforded to a proselyting republic, is not, we opine, a sufficient excuse for the Catholic exile to permit the future happiness of his family to be endangered by the contaminating influence of *ism-aucal schools*.—*American Celt.*
The Celt, with which, notwithstanding its imprudent, slanderous, treasonable, and ungrate stigmatizing of the only and of liberty upon the earth, the blessings of which it is in such full, and simple, and undeserved fruition of, as a proselyting republic, we desire to talk temperately, totally misconceives the constitutional and democratic theory with respect to all religions, all faiths, all creeds under the sun. It proceeds upon the idea that between the institutions of a republic and some particular denomination of religionists there must subsist an indissoluble union; that one form of faith alone must be recognized

and tolerated by the State; and that the ecclesiastical power is or ought to be an overruling element in the administration of civil affairs.

Now, need we express how utterly abhorrent to every true republican is this infamous papistical notion? Need we demonstrate how in practice it would be in flat and despotic contradiction of all free constitutions and of all popular and anti-monarchical traditions? Need we show its downright abnegation of every principle of that only revolution—the American—which sundered effectually and forever church and State, and vindicated against priests and principalities, thrones, dominions, and powers, the inalienable and in-dissoluble rights of conscience?

The editor of the Celt is an Irishman—a wilful Patriot; and our own private opinion of him publicly expressed, is that he had better make up his mind at once to return "languish and die under the red flag of England." He is not content, it seems, to become an American citizen in spirit and in truth, sustaining and asserting and abiding by the laws and constitutions and institutions of the country as he found them. We can certainly say, therefore, that we have no further use for him here. In that Ireland which he once professed to love so much, he can see, when he gets back to her, if he did not see it before he left her the legitimate and dark results of ecclesiastical interference in affairs of State. He can see England, with her "established church," represented in her parliament by its bishops and on her throne by the Queen, outgiving by enactment after enactment the sacred liberty of conscience. He can see England's insolent and usurping aristocracy ogling the true owner of Irish soil by all natural right, the tenant, leveling by a legalized and canonical crowbar his very hut to his hearth-stone. And with English statesmen and politicians, he can congratulate himself, the while, upon an emigration which frees as bountiful and beautiful a land as the sun of heaven ever shone upon of a population which England's odious institutions of entail, intolerable privileges of nobility and abhorred priestcraft rule combined have made superabundant. Yes! the editor of the Celt has to take himself hence; Meagher, Doherty, and thousands and tens of thousands of true-hearted and republican Irishmen will not go with him, though!—*Banner.*

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.
A HARD SHELL STORY.

We clip the following from the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune. It is one of the last of the wag Hooper's stories, and to our thinking one of the richest:
A friend in an adjoining county to Randolph, who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as honorously as "his Honor," gave us the following, vouching for the substantial, substantial existence of the parties and their present residence in the county aforesaid:
Brothers Crump and Noel were both members of the church, and both clever, honest men, who paid their taxes and debts as the same severally accrued, with a regularity at once christain and commendable. If, when settling day came around, brother Noel was "short," brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if brother Crump fell "behind," brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now it came to pass that Bro. Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka, and disposed of his "crap" of ten bales, at the very fair price of 124 cents per pound.—It was more than he expected, and he determined to invest, and did actually invest a portion of the proceeds of his cotton in a barrel of Western whiskey; paying therefor at the rate of, precisely, two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of ditto whiskey.

Of course it was "norated" in the settlement that the old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks his nose began to grow redder, and his eyes more moist. The idea that Bro. Crump was drinking too much, diffused itself in the neighborhood until one might say it became epidemic. People talked and talked, more especially what few of other denominations that lived thereabouts.

Brother Noel was sore troubled at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the "city" at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to brother Crump's and found the old man in a half doze in his little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Bro. Crump as soon as he became aware of the presence of his neighbor.
"Why yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.
"Don't you think, brother Noel," said Crump, "that spirits is a blessing?"
"Yes!" responded Noel, "spirits is a blessing, but accordin' to my notion it's a blessing that some of us abuses."

"Well now, brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessing?"
"Well, it's hard to say, but people talk don't you think you drink too much, bro. Crump?"
"It's hard to say, it's hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinking too much; then again I'd think maybe not. What is man? A weak warrum of the dust! What the Lord said that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too far in spirits. I put the whole 'sponsibility on him; I prayed to him if I was drinkin' too much to take away my appetite for spirits."

Here brother Noel groaned piteously, and asked, "what then, brother Crump?"
"And," replied Crump, I've prayed that prayer three times, and my warrum none at all! So I'm clear of the 'sponsibility, any way."
"The Lord's will be done," ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram he went home thinking all the way how cleverly brother Crump had shifted the responsibility.

THE JEWS.
It gives us great pleasure to see that the friends of reform in England are still laboring for the removal of all the remaining civil disabilities of the Jews.—England should keep pace with other free Governments in this respect.
It is a highly gratifying fact that in most countries of the earth, the load of oppression which has long weighed upon Jewish priests is gradually being removed. That remarkable race, whose astonishing preservation amid all their dispersions, persecutions and sufferings, and for such an immense period of time, is without a parallel in the history of the world, and is justly regarded as a standing miracle in proof of Revelation, seem about to imbibe new youth and vigor from the spirit of the age, and to start forward with fresh animation on a career of indefinite duration. More than three thousand two hundred years ago, their inspired volume said: "The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other, and among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shalt the sole of thy foot have rest, and thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword among all the nations whither the Lord shall lead thee." And again: "Yet, for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I labor them to destroy them utterly." "I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee." The wonderful fulfillment of these prophecies is a matter of history. It has been reserved for the present age to witness any amelioration in the condition of the Jews, and for this country to lead the way in the good work. England appears to be about to follow our example. The day may not be far distant when the following prediction of the inspired prophets shall receive its complete fulfillment: "For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an ephod, and without teraphim; afterward shall the Israel return and seek the Lord their God, and David their king, and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."
Lynchburg Express.

The Sandwich Islands.
The article which we copy to-day from the New York Sun, will arrest attention. Facts, too significant to be overlooked, indicate designs on the part of the French Government upon those Islands, the execution of which the United States cannot for a moment tolerate. If it be true that the application has been made at Washington for succor, in the event of a forcible seizure by France, we doubt not it will be afforded. The United States Government can no more permit the absorption of the Sandwich Islands by any of the European powers than it would the transfer of Cuba from Spain to one of her more powerful neighbors.—Either the national integrity of those Islands must be preserved or the Government of the United States must be taken under its special protection. This point ought to be clearly understood in Europe.

But not France alone is occupying a threatening attitude towards those Islands. It is not a great while since we had occasion to notice that Russia was on the point of sending out a formidable fleet to the Pacific ocean. Japan was said to be the point of destination. But it is more probable that the Sandwich Islands were had in view. An agent of Russia, it is understood, went to those islands last fall, with *carte blanche* upon the national treasury, in any negotiations which he might be able to institute with Kanehameha. Russia evidently expects,

by conquest or diplomacy, to gain a free passage from Caspian or the black Sea to the Persian Gulf. With her feet upon the shores of the latter, her North American possessions become important, and she will stand greatly in need of the "half-way house" which the Sandwich Islands afford, between the former and latter.

It would be a strange coincidence, were the fleets of both France and Russia to meet in the waters of Komelamcha.—And yet this is by no means improbable. That each Government has set an "evil eye" upon this "gem of the sea," there can be no question. The United States must keep a close watch upon their movements.—*Chicago Democratic Press.*

THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

A young mother sat leaning her pale cheek upon her hand, counting the dull ticking of the clock, and ever and anon lifting her weary eyes to its dial, to mark the lapse of each hour.

It was past midnight, and yet he came not. She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumined the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a small inner apartment; the curtains of his little couch were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child!

What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded, yet beautiful face, that hung over him in tears!

"Will he resemble his father?" was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart—and a sigh was the only answer.

His well-known knock, and the steps of the thoughtless husband echoed through the hall.

It was four o'clock.
He sprang up the staircase. Another moment, he is in her chamber—in her arms.

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye and faded cheek, yet these spoke to his heart.

"Julia, I have been a wandering husband."
"But you are come now, Edgar, and all is well."

And all was well; from that hour he became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand.

Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love, possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Edgar fell into that common error of new married men, the dread of being controlled.

In vain did his parents remonstrate.—Edgar turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy his society, the path of folly, if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher. Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope, or unmurmuring regret.

But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and gave the death-blow to folly in the bosom of Edgar. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard-table, her weakness and long suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity, stood unmasked before him.

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron had bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now, still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded with other cherubs, who are listening ere they go to rest, to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of music, an evening song of joy and melody, while a manly form is bending over the music page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group.

Youthful matrons, ye who watch over and more in the way of depending upon eye sight. If you go upon a journey, and ask when the cars start, ten to one you don't fully believe what is told you, but look around for a handbill or advertisement, where you can read for yourself.—So if you wish to buy or sell, don't go about looking for customers, but call in the aid of the printer and address thousands of your fellow-citizens at once.

Never do up a package of goods without putting in a circular, card or Landbill. Thus you will compel all your customers to assist in making you known, and at the same time are setting a good example.

The Memphis Whig, of 22d ult., contains a notice of a man who has been wandering about that place for several months past, sleeping in out-buildings and un-tenanted houses. Last fall he

It a trunk at the wharf boat of Shaw & Co., at Memphis, and had not since called for it. It was recently arrested, but nothing criminal was alleged against him. Among other keys in his possession, was one to the trunk on the wharf; on examining which, several letters from his wife were found. He said his name was Hugh Dinwiddie, that his residence was in Bourbon county, Ky., where he had a wife and child. If his statement be correct, through the notices in the papers his friends will know where to send for the unfortunate man.

REMEDY FOR BOTS IN HORSES.—For many years past I have used a simple remedy for bots, and am almost disposed to call it an "infallible remedy," sure enough. But I can say with truth that I have never known it to fail, if administered at the commencement of the attack. Drench freely with sweet milk and molasses, (sugar or honey will do,) well shaken together. Continue it, a bottle every fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the severity of the attack, until the animal becomes easy; then give a quart bottle full of strong salt and water, followed soon after with a quart bottle full of castor oil. It is worse than idle to give anything with the view of killing the bots in a horse. The only plan is to convey them off, a sweet drench is the thing; they seize upon it with avidity, and in a little while kill themselves, increasing at least one third in size. In salt and water they will lie perfectly dormant for days together; hence the advantage of its preceding the oil. Whenever the bots attack a horse, they will always be found at the neck of the throat, where a sweet drench is thrown immediately among them the moment it is swallowed by the horse. It is a great mistake to suppose that they are hid in some secret recess where medicine cannot reach them, and quite as great a one to suppose that a sweet drench will not divert their attention from the horse.

Southern Cultivator.

WASHINGTON SHEEP.—The wag with "The Carpet Bug," tells a good joke about a farmer who being led rather reluctantly to sign the temperance pledge, reserved the right to use the ardents at sheep-washing, in order to keep the cold out. The deacon at the head of the Temperance movement in the village, very unexpectedly called upon him one fine wintry morning, and found him "half seas over," or "three sheets in the wind," "a brick in his hat," "a turkey on," and "badly bitten by the monkey."

"Why, Sir!" exclaimed the astonished deacon, "what does this mean, sir? You have broken your pledge, and disgraced our society and the temperance cause."
"Not—hic—as you know on,—hic—deacon," said S. "I hain't hic, broken the hic, pledge, deacon."

"Certainly you have sir, and I shall report you to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you washed sheep. You cannot make me think that you are going to wash sheep such a cold day as this."
"F follow me, hic, deacon."

S. started for the barn and the deacon followed. On entering the door, the deacon saw a large wash tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it, the poor animal shaking dreadfully with the cold, and bleating piteously.

"Hic—there d-deacon," said S., pointing to the sheep with an air of triumph, "that old, hic, ram has been washed six times this, hic, morning, and I, hic, ain't done with him, hic, yet!"

It is hardly necessary to say that the deacon nuzzled.

GOOD ADVICE.—Baker, Goodwin & Co. the celebrated Job Printers of New York, publish an advertising sheet, in one of the numbers of which we find the following excellent advice to business men:

You might as well try to stop water from running down the Niagara Falls, as to keep people from running to stores and shops of those traders and workers, who avail themselves of the printing press to let the world know what they have got or do, or where they are.

This is a lively world. The slow coaches of other days won't answer now. There is no lukewarmness in life. A man must make a stir and a noise, or hang his harp on the willow. If you want to go ahead, let the people know it, and they will help you along.

The habit of the people is getting more and more in the way of depending upon eye sight. If you go upon a journey, and ask when the cars start, ten to one you don't fully believe what is told you, but look around for a handbill or advertisement, where you can read for yourself.—So if you wish to buy or sell, don't go about looking for customers, but call in the aid of the printer and address thousands of your fellow-citizens at once.

Never do up a package of goods without putting in a circular, card or Landbill. Thus you will compel all your customers to assist in making you known, and at the same time are setting a good example.

Can railroad accidents be prevented?