

County

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.

Volume 2---Number 17.

Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana, Thursday, June 30, 1853.

Whole Number 69.

THE BANNER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
RICHARD CORBALEY.

If paid in advance, --- \$1.50
At the end of six months, --- 2.00
If delayed until the end of the year, --- 2.50
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The Chinese Rebellion.

Our readers are aware that the liege subjects of the brother of the Sun and Moon, infected as it would appear, by the revolutionary spirit of the age, are making a desperate, and so far, a successful effort, to depose the august person of the King of Day and Queen of Night, from his imperial state and power. A liberal movement among the Chinese is the most wonderful phenomenon of this wonderful producing century; and when we consider the nature of the grievances complained of, as set forth in the proclamation of the rebel chiefs, we think it must be looked upon as one of the most hopeful movements in the cause of humanity, of modern times. We have been much interested and not a little amused in the perusal of the manifesto of the insurgents. Some parts of it sound amazingly like an American stump speech or political editorial. It is evident from this production, that the Celestials, with all their stupidity, have a right smart glimmering of common sense, and some very correct political ideas in these queer shaped heads of theirs. This document is indeed a literary and political curiosity, and worthy of the closest and most respectful study. With some slight pruning and alteration, the language of it would make a very good declamatory invective against the appointing power and other improper abuses of government. It might be delivered with effect and eclat by a member of the opposition in the American Congress, and we would recommend its careful perusal to our democratic neighbor of the Enquirer, to supply the exhausted cauldron of his political Galvanism. Entirely approving the general tone of the sentiments of the proclamation, we adopt so much of it as we can find room to publish, as our leader this morning on the Celestial Insurrection:—*Cin. Commercial.*

"Hong, captain general of the army, having entire superintendence of military affairs, and aiding in the advancement of the T'hai ping, or great Pacificating Dynasty, in obedience to the will of Heaven, issues this important and triumphant proclamation, to announce that he has punished the oppressor and saved the people.

It appears that throughout the empire rapacious officers are worse than violent robbers, and the corrupt mandarins of the public offices are no better than wolves and tigers; all originating in the vicious and sordid monarch at the head of affairs, who drives honest people to a distance, and admits to his presence the most worthless of mankind, selling offices and disposing of preferments, while he represses men of virtuous talent, that the spirit of avarice is daily inflamed, and high and low are contending together for gain, the rich and great are abandoned to vice without control, while the poor and miserable have none to redress their wrongs, the very recital of which exasperates one's feelings, and makes one's hair stand on end. To refer to the case of the land revenue in particular, it appears that of late the exactions have been increased many fold, while the taxes due up to the thirtieth year of the last King's reign, were at one time said to be remitted, and then again exacted, until the resources of the people are exhausted, and their miseries grown to excess. When our benevolent men and virtuous scholars contemplate these things, their minds are deeply wounded, and they cannot restrain themselves from rooting out these plundering officers and wolfish mandarins of each prefecture and district, in order to save the people from the flames and floods in which they are now involved. At the present moment our grand army is assembled like clouds, the province of Kwangse has been settled, and Chang sha (the capital of Hoo nan) tranquilized; and being now about to proceed toward the region of Kiang-se, we deem it necessary to announce to the people that they need not be alarmed, while agriculturists, mechanics, merchants, and traders may each

peacefully pursue their occupations. It is necessary, however, that the rich should have in readiness stores of provisions, to clearly report the amount of their contributions to this object, and we will furnish them with receipts, as security that hereafter the money shall be all repaid. Should there be any bold and strong men or wise counsellors among you, let them with one heart and effort aid us in our great design; and when tranquility is restored, we will have them promoted and rewarded according to their merit. All the officers of prefectures and districts who resist us shall be beheaded; but those who are ready to comply with our requisitions must forthwith send their seals of office, and then they may retire to their native villages. With regard to the rabble of wolfish policemen, we shall, as soon as we succeed, hang up their heads as a warning to all. Being now apprehensive lest local banditti should take occasion from our movements to breed disturbances, we wish your people clearly to report the same, and we will immediately exterminate them. If any of the citizens or villagers dare to assist the marauding mandarins in their tyranny, and resist our troops and adherents, no matter whether they reside in the great or small places, we will sweep them from the face of the earth. Be careful. Do not oppose a special proclamation.

Given in the second year of Tren-tih, in such a month and such a day.

The following couplet is appended to the above proclamation:

"Our valiant armies by thousands are preparing to advance to the region of Peking."

And our august monarch, once seated in the deep recesses of his palace, will re-visit the days of Yaou and Shun."

From the published letter of an English resident in Hong Kong, we glean the following particulars of the rebellion and its progress.

The revolutionists have their inspectors of troops, their paymasters, their imperial guards, their masters of the horse, their purveyors, their officers in charge of the higher departments—all of whom wear yellow scarfs and yellow kerchiefs. These are all dignified with the title of Excellency. Besides these, there are some who wear red, green, and flowered scarfs, as their distinguishing marks while those who wear red and black scarfs guide the people to enter into their confederacy. The oath they administer is to the following effect: "Let those who do not heartily unite with us, be blown away from guns, or be cut in pieces with swords or be thrown into the sea." They have set up several female schools, on the doors of which is written on red paper: "This is the place where young females reside; should any one presume to enter in a disorderly manner, he will be beheaded." They have marshalled their army in a regular manner, and appear to maintain a very respectable system of discipline.

The rebellion has become so formidable that the Emperor has appealed to England, France, and the United States for assistance. We do not know what course John Bull may pursue, but as for the United States, we have no idea that we will intermeddle in the matter, further than to protect our own property and citizens from outrage. We want no "entangling alliances," and least of all with the Brother of the Sun and Moon, in a domestic squabble with his own subjects. As for ourselves, our sympathies are with the insurgents. We think they make out a good case; and we also think they have as much right to relieve themselves of oppressive grievances by a revolution, as the outside barbarians of Europe and America.

Execution of Spring.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—The execution of Arthur Spring occurred in the presence of about 500 persons, at the county prison. The Revs. Messrs. Street, Kile, and Alexander remained in his cell last night. The prisoner slept two hours, the balance of the time having been devoted to religious exercise. Spring repeated his innocence, and his son's also, but said that he had brought money and placed it in his pocket. The Rev. Mr. Street asked him in the most solemn manner whether he was guilty of murder, and he replied, "No sir, no sir." He then asked him if he was guilty of the murder of Rink, and he replied, "no sir, I never saw him in my life." Another question was asked as to the innocence of his son. He said he believed his son had no more to do with it than he had. After a prayer by the Rev. Keesil, the halter was put around his neck, the drap fell and launched the wretch into another world. He died very easily, without a single movement of his legs.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

Our readers are aware that on Walnut Hill, excavations are being made, on the line of the new Short Line Railroad. The workmen have in excavating, passed through layers of crystallized limestone, and soap, or slate stone, alternately, in which very little water was found. A

few days since, however, when they were about one hundred and seventy feet from the surface of the earth, the flame of a candle or of a burning match accidentally came in contact with a liquid supposed to be pure water, that had gathered in one of the holes drilled in the rock.—Much to the surprise of all present, the apparent water instantly took fire, not after the manner of inflammable gas—but sent up a strong, clear, and steady flame, as if composed of some kind of oil. On applying fire to the liquid which was in the other drilled holes in the vicinity, it also burned in the same manner. Since that time, lamps and candles have been entirely dispensed with, in the subterranean apartment, the substance continuing to burn steadily, and emit an excellent light. Many persons whose curiosity is excited, visit the spot daily to witness the singular phenomenon. The liquid gives no unpleasant odor while burning. *Cin. Sun, May 27th.*

A Bull Fight and a Moral.

"Ralpho" tells the following tale in the *Halifax Nova Scotian*: I remember when a lad at school, of once seeing a fight between two bullocks. I never shall forget it, although I could not have been more than eight years of age at the time. It happened in this wise:

Close by the school-house—a very unpretending edifice it was—ran a deep and rapid river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the hand railing of which time, and the winds, and weather had entirely destroyed. It was one bright summer day—I remember it as it were yesterday—the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, romping fun-loving company of lads were let loose for an hour's recreation. The land on the opposite side of the river was owned by different persons, and farmed by them respectively. The bellowing and roaring of two bulls that had broken out of the inclosures on each side of the river, and were approaching each other along the highway, at a rate which would cause them to meet about the center of this high bridge, beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran a deep and sluggish stream, between high and steep banks, attracted our attention.

The most daring of us gathered near the bridge, lining the fences to see the fight, and we were not disappointed.—Nearer and nearer approached the proud, pawing combatants to each other, and Bashan never produced two fiercer looking brutes than those I now describe.—They tore the ground with their feet, they kneeled down occasionally, trying to gore the earth with their horns; they lashed their sides fiercely with their tails, but unobservedly of each other, for the high bridge obstructed their view. Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came full in sight of one another. The roar was mutual and actually tremendous. Every urchin of us sprang into the fields and ran, but gathering courage in finding we were not pursued, we as hastily retraced our steps; and there they were, both of them front to front, their horns locked together, fighting as *bulls only can fight!* It seemed to be an even match. Now one would press back his opponent a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps, and his adversary would be pressed back in return.—The struggle was hard, was long, was savage.

They began to wheel—in another moment they were faced at right angles with the old bridge, which shook and creaked, and rocked again with their tramping, and the effect of the terrible strife.

It was the work of a single moment—one of the beasts—I cannot tell which of them did it, one of them, however, as if conscious of his position, made a desperate, a terrible lunge forward, and pressed his antagonist back—back—back—there was but another step of planks behind him—between him and nothing—back—back—back—he was pressed, and over he went headlong. Such a sight I never saw—I never again shall see—a bull off a bridge, falling at least thirty feet over and over. He turned once or twice, probably—I thought he turned over fifty times. There seemed so much horns, and feet, and tails flying through the air—but down he went, the water was deep and he disappeared.

The other bull didn't laugh, merely because bulls, as I supposed, could not.—But we laughed. There he stood, looking directly down into the deep abyss below, and into which he had hurled his unlucky foe. He stood, however, but a moment, as if frightened at the prospect before him. He commenced to step backward—back—back—back—back—with his head in the same pugnacious attitude as when in combat—back another step, and over he too went on the other side of the bridge performing just as many and exactly as ludicrous somersets as his adversary had done a minute before. It beat all I ever saw.

In about five minutes, both bulls might be seen, their tails trailing in the sand, dripping wet, and scratching up the steep

gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river.

"*Them apt bulls won't never fight no more,*" said a boy behind me. I turned around; it was red haired Bob, as we used to call him, and every hair on Bobby's naked head looked as if it was in spasms. But Bobby was right.

There are two political parties in Nova Scotia; I wish they had seen that fight as I saw it—that is all I have to say for the present.

Anti-Bible Convention at Hartford.

The enthusiastic gentlemen who assembled for the wise purpose of disproving or disclaiming the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, have not made a very favorable impression on the public mind by their doings on that occasion, if we can judge from the manner in which they are spoken of by that portion of the press who were present. We give the New York Tribune's description of the affair, as furnished by its correspondent.

The Jackson Davis Convention, to decide upon the authenticity of the Bible, met and held its first session this morning.

The Convention was held in an old Church, with the pulpit knocked away, intended to be a symbolical we presume, of the fate that awaits the Bible. An old, huge-paw of a fellow, in one of the back pews, at the opening of the Convention, suggested doubts, however, about this result, as he said he thought the spiritualists would now find their match, as they had got into a tussel with the Almighty. The assembly was not numerous. The discourse was, however, motly—there being a sprinkling of blacks, persons with unshorn heads, women of every quarter of a dollarish air, and men of longing and enthusiastic aspects. There were those who seemed ambitious to play the Christ of the movement in so far as it could be done by parting their hair on their foreheads, and leaving it uncut behind, and wearing beards to match.

The meeting was opened with a small sing, in one corner of the church, under the gallery, exhibiting a kind of deference to evangelical modes or proceeding, which we presume was designed to conciliate orthodox prejudices. Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis was introduced to the audience, and read an address of an hour.—The manner and remarks of Andrew were calculated to produce the impression that it was his Convention. He said the clergy had a superstition that the Bible rested on a stable foundation. He, however, believed that "God writes his religion on the everlasting hills," and gave room, by a broad hint, for the inference that he had never had any special conference with Moses.

After Mr. Davis, there arose a burly fellow in the rear of the church, who vociferously denounced the discourse of Andrew as treason to the government and treason to the Bible, and treason to all religion, and branding it with varied terms of infamy.

After this spurge, a crazy man from Wisconsin mounted the stage and addressed the audience for about fifteen minutes, uttering all manner of nonsense, but now and then dropping a remark not destitute of point. He, like the fathers and more sane members of the Convention, had evidently been damaged in the upper story by spiritual exercises, and had dabbled through the mire of dogmatic theology till he had become lost in utter bewilderment.

After him, Henry C. Wright spoke to rebuke the impetuous castigator of Mr. Davis, and to avow that he rejected the Bible and meant to say just what he thought. Then followed an aged gentleman, by the name of Stillman, an old wheel-horse in the cause of anti-slavery and free discussion, who was so full of his subject that he could not well get out what he had to say.

"I know," said he, "that the Bible is true, and that it is the word of God; and I know that you can not shake that.—You may bring on your learned men and your able men, and your ingenious men—I don't care for all of them. I know my Bible is true, and you can't show it to be otherwise. It is all I've got left in this world, and I mean to stick to it. If I can not rely upon that, I cannot rely upon anything. But I don't fear it will fall from all your attacks. I just as much expect this house will fall upon and bury me beneath its ruins as that the Bible will fall. I don't care for your great men nor your little men. I hope you will excuse me, but I must say that while I agree with you upon the rum question, and the slavery question, and upon many other questions—upon this I pity your delusion. You had better stick to anti-slavery and anti-rum. And this is just the place to begin. I have just been to New York, and that State is going ahead in reform. But as for Connecticut, she is going astern. And as for this city, it is a sink of pollution. Hartford is an awful place. It is no better than Sodom, and I have fears that God will destroy it."

The old man was greeted with feeble applause, and tottered back to his seat.

Yet he made a more practical speech than any the convention is likely to hear.

The Mormons.

Brigham Young has issued his proclamation expelling Mexicans and unbelievers from the Territory of Utah. He proclaims the Territory, God's Holy Ground, not to be contaminated by the presence of unbelievers and apostates. On the subject of Grumblers and Apostates, he delivered a stirring address to the Saints, on the 27th of March last, from which we make the following spicy extract.

We want such men to go to California, or anywhere they choose. I say to those persons, you must not court persecution here, lest you get so much of it, you will not know what to do with it. Do not court persecution. We have known Gladden Bishop for more than twenty years, and know him to be a poor dirty cur. Here is sister Vilate Kimball, Brother Heber's wife, has borne more from that man than any other woman on earth could bear; but she won't bear it again. I say again, you Gladdenists, do not court persecution, or you will get more than you want, and it will come quicker than you want it.

I will tell you a dream that I had last night. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters; they had turbans upon their heads and these were also hanging in tatters. The rags were of many colors, and when the people moved, they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention, said they to me, "We are Mormons, Brother Brigham." No, you are not, I replied. "But we have been," said they, and began to jump and caper about, and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said, you are no Saints, you are a disgrace to them. Said they, "We have been Mormons."

By-and-by, along come some mobocrats, and they greeted them with "How do you do, sir, I am happy to see you." They kept on that way for an hour. I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eye a disgrace to Mormonism. Then I saw two ruffians, whom I knew to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where two of my wives and children were. I said, you that call yourselves brethren, tell me is this the fashion among you? They said, "O, they are good men; they are gentlemen." With that, I took my bowie-knife, that I used to wear as a bosom pin at Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying, "go to hell across lots." The other one said, "you dare not serve me so." I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both if they would behave themselves, they should yet live, but if they did not, I would unjoint their necks. At this I awoke. I say, rather than that apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheath my bowie-knife and conquer or die! (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.)

Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. (Voices generally, "go it, go it.") If you say it is right, raise your hands. (All hands up.) Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this and every good work.

Training Steers.

The first point is to make them tame and gentle. This may be accomplished by feeding them out of the hand, and carding them daily. They should be approached gently, without yelling at them until they are frightened out of their wits. After having reduced them to a state of perfect docility, a good yoke should be procured, suitable to their size and strength. A small pen is necessary to put on the yoke; approach gently with the yoke, patting and speaking gently to them until you have the yoke on the off steer; then let an assistant drive the other under the yoke. Their tails should then be securely fastened, to prevent their getting the habit of turning the yoke. They should be yoked in the morning and unyoked at night—in this manner for several days, until they become accustomed to the yoke.

The first thing to teach them, is to stop at the word of command. This may be done by striking them across the face; the blows should be repeated until they stop, and then discontinued; by striking them for every non-observance of the word of command, they will soon learn that by stopping they will avoid it, and will act accordingly. They may be taught then to "gee" and "haw," by gently pushing them around. Backing may be taught by beginning with an empty cart on a side-hill; then on a level; then with an increased load, until they will back nearly the same load they draw. They should never be put to a load that they cannot readily draw, or drilled by prolonged exercise beyond the period when it becomes irksome. Loud and repeated yelling, or the severe use of the

lash, is both cruel and useless. Clear and intelligible, yet low and gentle words are all that is necessary to guide a well trained ox. The ox understands a moderate tone more perfectly than a boisterous one, as all sounds become indistinct as they increase. A command should never be given unless enforced. Many bear with bad tricks for a long time, without even an expression intelligible to them—but when patience departs, a thorough storm of blows is poured upon them. This is the way to ruin every beast; a single blow should be given for each offence.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Turkish Question and War.

The "Pacific" arrived on Saturday, the bearer of intelligence of unusual importance. The Russian Embassy had finally left Constantinople. Prince Menchikoff was at Odessa, superintending, as was reported, the preparations for the invasion of Turkey. Another rumor alleges that the Czar was furious at the rejection of his demands by the Sultan, declaring that he would have vengeance for such insolence. Certain it is that all activity in the Turkish army and navy, and that the Porte is making ready for defense. At London and Paris the funds had declined somewhat before the probabilities of a general war. Still there was a strong expectation that Russia would not carry matters so far. Even The London Times condemns her demands on Turkey as amazingly intemperate and unjust. No European journal is found to justify her course, and with public opinion so unanimously against her, we hold to our often expressed conviction that she will not at once commence hostilities on the grounds of Menchikoff's failure alone.

But never for thirty years, except during times of open revolution, has the peace of Europe been so precarious.—Never either has the complication of interests been so great. Russia alone has a clear path before her autocrat, and does not need to strengthen herself by foreign alliance. But that cannot be said of England, France, Prussia, or Austria.—The last two powers are closely connected with the Czar, have long been subservient to his purposes, and desperately fear to break with him. But for Russia to obtain possession of Turkey would be an injurious blow to their commerce. It would put the mouth of the Danube into the control of a competitor, who would deprive them of its use, and thus it would close against their trade, a trade on whose increasing value they set a great account.

On the other hand, the Emperor of France has a long and bitter reckoning to settle against the whole three Northern Powers. The successor of Napoleon aspires to humble at once the successors of Peter, of Maria, Theresa, and of the Great Frederic; but his ambition looks to the acquisition of Belgium, of the left bank of the Rhine and Savoy, much more ardently than to the defense of Constantinople. It is by no means certain that he would not agree to resign Turkey if he could get his wishes nearer home.

England, on the other hand, can as little tolerate the schemes of the French as of the Russian Emperor. With the latter she must, as a last resort, fight to maintain the independence of Belgium and Piedmont, and with the former to preserve the integrity of Turkey. At the same time England would suffer most deeply from a European war. She is in no condition to make one. Her mercantile and industrial interests forbid it.—She cannot afford to sacrifice her manufactures and navigation in such a struggle. Besides, her Indian empire is not only deeply vulnerable, but its resources are threatened. It now depends on the opium crop which is sold in China; but the Chinese are beginning to raise their own opium, and there is a prospect that they will soon do so entirely. Then the Burmese war, an expensive and unprofitable enterprise, with the prospect of a greater calamity in the annexation of all that empire. Who can say what would be the effect of a war in Europe on the British Indian possession, with the Russian craft to stir up the yet unsubdued portion of the natives to open hostilities, and Russian forces to back them up.—There are every good reasons why England should be slow to believe that such a war cannot be avoided. Avoided we may be sure it will be if western diplomacy can prevail long upon the Czar.—But we may also be sure that it cannot prevail long. His fixed idea is to have Constantinople as the third capital of his Empire, and thence to sway the destinies of Europe, put down illegitimate governments, and suppress revolutions.—That idea he must sooner or later attempt to carry out. We judge that he will begin before the close of the present year. Then, let the war go deep and wide, and Heaven prosper the right!

New York Tribune.

There is a gentleman in Ohio who has such a beautiful wife that the tenth commandment has been given up as a bad job by the people of all persuasions in the neighborhood.