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THE GOLDEN DREAM.

Translated from the French for the Banner, by CHARLES RATTINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They take a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking souls,
They divide our being, they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like spirits of the future—they have power
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain,
They make us what we are not what we will,
And shake us with the vision that is gone by."
—The mind can make
Substance, and people dwellers of its own
With being brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that can outlive all flesh,
—For in itself a thought,
A shivering thought, a capable of years,
And endless long life into one life."
Oswald was seated near a corner of the fire-place, in his old arm chair of Utrecht velvet, placed between the chimney and the window of the student's unpretending chamber.

It was winter, and the cold pavements re-echoed the dismal pattering of the incessant rain; the Nekar appeared to hurry forward its muddy waters with more than their wonted turbulence; the house roofs of the good German city were black, and the fog which appeared mingled with the rain was so dense that one could scarce distinguish the walls of the houses with which the opposite side of the street was lined.

Oswald poked the fire with an air of ill humor; he approached from time to time the window whence he discovered the stream which flowed but a few steps from him; he then, for a moment, contemplated the muddy waves irritated by the raging blasts of the dismal north winds—quitted the window for a set of rickety book-shelves, turned over the leaves of a volume, rejected it with impatience and ended by seizing the fire tongs and resetting himself in his old arm chair.

Oswald was a tall fellow of twenty-three or twenty-four years, of fair complexion, pale and spare as a poet, a dreamer as well as a lover.

He was the son of a burghmaster, in a Prussian province. His father allowed him the moderate pension of forty florins per month, and he was now engaged in the study of medicine in the noble university of Heidelberg.

The foundations of the house where our hero had taken up his quarters were washed by the waves of the muddy stream which we have described, and situated near the Lutheran temple beside the famous bridge of Heidelberg, which supports the statue of duke Charles Theodore.

The proprietress of this mansion was an old woman, whimsical and sulky, who was ever grumbling and tormenting her lodgers, generally poor students, for the lodgings let by the old shrew were unpretending in all points, and cost but 3 florins 12 kreutzers, (nearly 7 francs 5 sous of our money) per fortnight.

But, on the other hand, the good lady had a daughter, a pearl of beauty, who had attracted the attention of the poet student, who passed long evenings, perched among the ruins of an old chateau, where he usually went to converse with the storks.

Roschen (Rose) was by far the most enchanting little creature to be found on the romantic shores of the Rhine or the fruitful banks of the Danube—hers was not the indolent and mawkish air, the pale blue eyes, the nearly ashy hair and thoughtful and almost sad smile of the daughters of Germany.

She was small, graceful in her slender form, dark and laughing loving as any daughter of Spain or sunny Provence; her brown locks shamed the spotless crowning her deep blue eyes ever sparkling with thoughtless gaiety and mischief, her cherry lips and the tantalizing smile which ever wreathed it sent a thrill of deep emotion through the heart of every student who chanced to meet her in the tortuous streets of the University city.

them with coffee and butter, the invariable item of the student's breakfast.

But of all the lodgers of the house no one was so much the object of her delicate attentions and kind cares as Oswald. The young girl had ransacked the neighboring rooms to furnish the student's with some degree of comfort; she brought him always the best coffee and cream and not infrequently took care to add to this a glass of cherry brandy.

Whenever Rose entered his room, Oswald felt a thrill of deep emotion through his heart, and could never suppress the half uttered exclamation: "Ah! if my father the burghmaster were only a little less proud!"

Whenever Oswald threw his arm around her wasp like waist, Rose blushed, lowered her eyes and her little heart beat audibly.

And the history of this, O reader, was that Rose loved Oswald, and that she was beloved by him.

This mutually interesting disclosure had been made while seated hand in hand together near the fireplace, one evening that the old landlady had gone out—since then it had been repeated every day, and it appeared that Oswald ought to have been considered the most fortunate of men and the proudest of students.

Unhappily, it is very rarely that a man can appreciate his good fortune for any length of time.

Oswald was one of these wild unstable creatures so commonly called poets, full of empty ideas and capricious words; one half of his life he passed in the clouds and the other half at his fire-side in that old arm chair, with the appearance of which his readers are already familiar.

When his imagination bore him away upon the wings of fancy into some airy castle of his own creation, Oswald smiled with pride, placed his hand upon his hip and strode about with the lofty air of a conqueror, treating disdainfully an imaginary host of servants and other inferiors, seated himself at the table of his sovereignty, and exclaimed at the top of his voice: "I am the poet laureate of the king!"

When he descended from his lofty and ephemeral elevation into his old arm chair, the student uttered an exclamation of rage, shaking his fist toward the sky or rather toward the cracked and smoke stained ceiling of his little chamber, cast a mournful glance over the wall paper hanging in rags, the worn eaten and dilapidated furniture which surrounded him and murmured:

"Oh! how frightful a monster is poverty, and when shall I escape from her toils to wealth and renewal?"

On that day, Oswald felt his deep obscurity and galling poverty with more than usual bitterness. He gazed with a feeling amounting almost to terror on the future which appeared resplendent to him, he saw himself already the successor of his brave father, the burghmaster, cultivating his four acres of vineyard and his little field of tobacco, and the prospect caused a shudder through his frame.

This explains why he paced the narrow limits of his dingy chamber with the air we have described, at one time turning impatiently the leaves of a book at another gazing with a sad and vacant stare at the troubled waters of muddy Nekar.

He had ended by seating himself in his tattered arm chair, and then, having lit his long cherry pipe, with its porcelain bowl and fantastic adornment, he soon enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke and tried to recall one of his favorite reveries, when the door of his chamber opened noiselessly, and gave entrance to an extraordinary fantastic looking object whom Oswald did not know from Eve or Adam. The man, for such he appeared bowed with a smiling countenance, took a chair at the foot of the bed, and seated himself in the opposite angle of the fireplace, facing the student to whom he said:

"Good day, Oswald, how are you?"

The individual who thus intruded himself upon our notice deserves a few lines of description. He was a little old man of sixty or sixty-five years, thin, with a complexion almost yellow, a pointed nose, thin and compressed lip, angular chin, a glance concealed behind a pair of spectacles in perfect keeping with the whole man.

His fingers, long and thin, appeared to terminate in talons rather than nails; through his patched and ragged gaiters were thrust and appeared in full view another set of talons similar to those of his hands.

He wore a heavy grey overcoat, a pair of short breeches of faded green, a cap with a long shade which served the double purpose of covering his head and keeping his spectacles from falling off.

"Sir," said he to Oswald, who remained gazing in stupefied astonishment at this extraordinary apparition, "I thought that you might possibly have needed my small services and I have called to see you."

"Like yourself, desires to become the favored poet of the king of Prussia, to have servants, horses, gold, a palace for a dwelling, all the pleasures of boundless luxury added to the intoxication of sated pride—"

"But, sir," quickly interrupted Oswald, startled at beholding himself thus easily divined.

"Pardon me," continued the old man, "you see that I know a thing or two."

"But who could possibly have told you?"

"All that? I have read it."

"Where then?" demanded Oswald.

"In your thoughts—and it is for that very reason that I am here."

"Well!" exclaimed Oswald, fascinated.

"You have created in me an interest towards you, perhaps I may be able to be of some use to you. Your father is a country burghmaster, and a poor man, is it not so?"

"Alas!" murmured Oswald.

"His inheritance will be small, and the pension which he now allows you, is, I fancy, not very great."

"Small, indeed," sighed Oswald.

"It is a sad business, for a fine fellow like you, a poet scarcely second to Goethe or Hoffman, not to have always about him three kreutzers to take a schop in the comers, and two florins to pay his monthly subscription to the city theatre where the Italian singers occasionally perform. It is more to be lamented, when one could inhabit a palace and have all he could desire, to lodge in a miserable hole like this, and to make love to a little girl, tolerable pretty it is true, but who, after all, is but the daughter of an abominable old scold."

Oswald trembled, but he dared not contradict the old man.

"Do you know," added the latter, "that I am absolutely ridiculous in you who possess the material necessary to make a rich and celebrated man, to be thus enmeshed in a little insignificant girl?"

"Alas!" exclaimed Oswald. "I do not know too well that I love her after all."

"Ah!" said the old man, "if matters stood thus, we might possibly come to some understanding."

"What would you?" demanded Oswald.

"If it were given you to choose; remain poor, obscure and miserable, for the love of Rose—or on the other hand, renounce her, and become rich, sought after by the great of the land and respected by the small—which would you do?"

Oswald, it must be admitted hesitated a moment, he could not but remember that the voice of Rose was sweet and harmonious as the gentle murmur of the rustling spring breeze, her look gentle and fascinating, her lips redder than the ripe June cherry, her hand white and slender as the hand of any peeress; it appeared to him at this moment that she passed the half opened door with an alluring smile on her rosy lips; but this lovely vision disappeared soon and gave place to that dream of fame which Oswald had so long cherished, and which the little old man had so vividly recalled.

"Faith!" exclaimed he, "so much the worse for Rose."

A little dry laugh followed these words.

"Very well!" said the old man. "And since such is the case, come with me."

"But," observed Oswald.

"Come along," added the old man with an accent of fascination such as the student was unable to resist, but obeyed without a word, and rose to follow him.

The extraordinary individual took the student by the hand, opened the door, and hurried him along down the damp and gloomy stairway of the mansion.

In the street they found a magnificent carriage drawn by four blood horses; the postillions appeared in the saddles, two footmen stood behind, and the cushions appeared wrought in gold embroidery.

A footman covered with gold lace lowered respectfully the carriage steps.

"Enter," said the little old man to Oswald.

Oswald obeyed mechanically, the unknown placed himself beside him, the footman passed the word to the postillions, the carriage started, crossed the bridge of Nekar at a gallop, and continued its course at a rate truly alarming.

Oswald kept his fascinated glance continually fixed on the little old man and never dreamed of once looking out of the windows to see in what direction the post chaise was hurrying.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour, when the travellers were already far from Heidelberg, the little old man appeared most wonderfully to increase in size, then his cap fell off and with it the notable spectacles which supported his bald and receding forehead began to appear adorned with a lock or two of black hair, his hollow jaws to assume a tolerable plumpness, and find themselves accompanied by a double chin of no contemptible appearance; the ragged gaiters gave place to a boot of exquisite form and polish, the heavy grey overcoat, and faded green breeches disappeared, and in their place were seen a complete suit of full black, such as a lord of the treasury might appear in; finally the crooked claws of the old man became transformed into hands as white and plump as those of a prelate, and Oswald observed on the ring finger of his left hand a solitaire of the first water worth at least six thousand Prussian thalers.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Oswald completely overwhelmed, "I have fallen into the hands of the devil."

"Come now!" replied his companion with a smile of exquisite good humor, "if my young friend do you imagine that the devil would trouble himself about a poor student?"

"He assured, my dear Oswald, the devil and I are two very different personages, and I am rather the better of the two.—The devil is a poor wretch, he always goes on foot and is scarcely ever found but in the books of poets and other poor devils."

"The devil is a sort of imaginary being, for my own part I possess an indisputable reality. I practice several honorable professions—I am at one time a commercial character, at another a lawyer, often a diplomatist, and often an independent country gentleman; I sit in the Aulic Council, kings consult me, demagogues cringe to me, fathers who have daughters to marry oft consult me with reference to the dowry they should allow them, men about to marry ill favored and vicious heiresses on account of their wealth before hand demand my advice. Pardon me, my young friend, for having presented myself to you in such sordid attire, but I am in the habit of appearing so when I go abroad on foot, to avoid the annoyance of being entreated for alms."

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams," continued the old man, "yet others of our most passionate wishes are sometimes more than dreams."

"The Hounded Hound,"

"Oh!" exclaimed Oswald, "who then are you?"

"My dear," replied the ex old man, for he was now no longer an old man, but a man squarely in his prime, well clad, and apparently well bred—"my dear friend I shall not tell you just now my name—I shall tell you to know that I foresaw the secret of the letter forth in a maxim, infinitely more wise than any of those of the great philosopher the Duke de Tarascheffendorf: 'Make use of every body and serve none.'"

"I use it to your advantage, and, while I decline mentioning any further particulars with regard to myself, I would recommend you to arrange your toilet a little before that glass opposite to you, that you may appear in a little more becoming manner to your people."

"My people!" exclaimed Oswald astonished.

"Unquestionably, we are at the door of your mansion."

"My own mansion?"

"Eh! by all that is fortunate, yes, your mansion in Berlin near the palace of the King whose favorite poet you have become."

Oswald uttered a cry of surprise, his mysterious guide lowered the carriage shades, and the student for the first time perceived that they rolled over the pavement of a great city—of Berlin the capital of the kingdom of Prussia. They had accomplished fifty leagues in a few minutes.

The carriage drove up in the court yard of a sumptuous mansion. At the foot of the great stairway were drawn up in respectful order two ranks of servants in splendid livery who advanced to receive their new master.

Oswald fancied himself in a dream, he looked at himself in the coach window, and perceived that his eyes were actually open, and observed at the same time that the poor student's garb had given place to a magnificent costume. As to his companion he was already out of the carriage and lowering the steps as he uttered:

"Will my lord desire to lean upon the shoulder of his unworthy steward and descend from his carriage?"

"Oswald got out."

"My lord's dinner is served," added the steward.

Oswald followed him proceeded by his servants, he entered a vestibule flagged with marble, crossed several rooms where in art and opulence had united to realize the wildest dreams of the student, and entered the dining hall.

A table arranged with every luxury and with the most refined elegance supported but a single cover. Oswald placed himself at the table, the steward suddenly clung in a gorgeous livery held himself in readiness with a napkin on his left arm in the most respectful attitudes, pouring in to a cup of Bismarck crystal most wonderfully wrought, wine of the reign of Henry 4th.

Oswald whose lips had never touched liquor more treacherous than the cherry brandy of Rose, did not long resist the fumes of this celebrated vintage, he fell asleep over the table, and slept as one sleeps at the age of twenty-three in the good city of Heidelberg.

When the student awoke, he was in bed in a small but exquisitely elegant chamber shaded with rich and heavy curtains.

A solitary sunbeam played upon his pillow, a clear bright fire blazed in the chimney-place, and before the hearth lay extended one of those magnificent hounds whose virtues have been sung by every poet from Ronsard to Sir Walter Scott.

Oswald was apparently accustomed to all this luxury, for he extended carelessly his hand towards the golden tassel of a bell and jerked it imperiously.

The extraordinary looking steward appeared.

"Does my lord desire his valet de chambre?" he demanded.

"Certainly," said Oswald.

Immediately the valet de chambre appeared. He held in his right hand a silver gilt; upon this waiter were several letters, which doubtless, had arrived while Oswald was asleep.

He took up one—its superscription was:

"To Seigneur Comte Oswald, poet laureate of his Majesty the King of Prussia."

Oswald felt his heart swell with pride; he opened it and read.

"His majesty the King will receive Comte Oswald this evening at two o'clock, in private audience."

The letter was signed by a secretary.

The other letters bore the same superscription: Oswald ran his eyes over their contents rapidly, in one of them a book seller offered him an enormous sum for his last volume of poetry; in another a countess proposed to him a private interview.

All in fact contained that fierce and voluptuous impulse to vanity which rises so naturally in the brain of ambition.

Oswald then observed upon the silver two other letters written upon common paper.

He opened disdainfully the first and read:

"My Love—I have written to you several times without your having condescended to reply to me but the bitterness of misfortune which pursues my aged mother and myself has tempted me once more to request your assistance."

Oswald trembled, glanced down hurriedly for the signature and read the name of Rose.

He then remembered that he had purchased his wealth and his celebrity at the price of his love, and throwing aside the letter, he opened the second.

"My Dear Son:—When this, my last letter reaches you I shall have ceased to exist. Vainly have I called you to my bed of death vainly have I prayed and implored God, asking the supreme favor of embracing my son before my last farewell to this world of sorrow, it appears that the grandeur and magnificence which surrounds you has closed your heart to every cry and tie of nature."

"My father!" exclaimed Oswald with a cry of bitter anguish.

He observed again the date of the letter and thought he had been mistaken in it.—The letter was dated in the month of March 1850. Now, the day on which Oswald had quitted his study room, was the 16th of February 1853.

He turned toward his steward aghast.

"My lord is the victim of a mistake, Franz his valet de chambre, has brought him some old letters instead of presenting those of the day."

"How!" exclaimed Oswald, "these letters—"

"Are three years old. It is ten years since my lord was a student in the university of Heidelberg, and three since his father the burghmaster died. We are now in the year 1853. My lord has been rudely shocked it is true by the intelligence of this cruel loss, but death is the law of nature and must be submitted to. But on the other hand, my lord is, after all, the favorite of fortune he has an income of a million thalers, he stands first in His Majesty's favor it is even rumored that he is to be sent to England."

"My father! Rose!" murmured Oswald, "how does it happen that I have received nothing learned nothing?"

"Pardon me," observed the steward respectfully, "my lord forgets that I was his steward, and that my particular care was that his perfect felicity should not be disturbed by anything, and my lord knows that it is always more painful to learn, just as one is starting for a ball that one's father is dead,—at the moment when one is about to fulfill an engagement with some fair one that one's first and true love is plunged in almost irretrievable misery."

"But who then are you?" exclaimed Oswald with a shudder.

"I am my lord's steward."

"But your name? your name?"

"Ah!" said the singular steward, "you wish to learn my name? Listen then."

And then, indeed another metamorphosis took place; the fat well clad steward disappeared and Oswald perceived in an arm chair, in a corner of the fireplace with his legs crossed and smiling the most ironical of smiles, the little old man with the heavy grey over coat, blue spectacles, threadbare and ragged gaiters crooked nails who had years ago, appeared in his study chamber.

"Well, but," said he with his little dry and grating laugh, "my name is well known, my lord, I am the most influential personage of our age, it is I who change brass into gold and obscurity into renown."

"Men call me Egotism."

Oswald uttered a cry of bitter grief.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "what is fortune and celebrity when compared with happiness? And who will bring me back Rose my dark eyed laughing love, and my old father, seated upon his door bench smoking his long cherry pipe and offering me his wise counsels?"

Scarcely had Oswald pronounced these words when a tremendous noise arose around him; the little old man vanished like a shadow, the walls of the sumptuous chamber appeared to fall, and Oswald receiving a violent shock, found himself again in his old arm chair of tattered Utrecht velvet, in a corner of the first floor of his study. The weather was still dark and lowering, the Nekar agitated by north wind, the rain continued to pelt dismally against the window panes, and Oswald was no more the opulent favorite of the King—but beside him was Rose who pressed tenderly his hands; near Rose, sat his father, the old burghmaster, smoking calmly his long pipe and saying with a smile:

"Since you love Rose, and she loves you, what more do you want, happiness, fortune, celebrity,—it is love!"

And as was the sky and naked and cheerless as was the modest chamber of the student, both the one and the other appeared to him magnificent, for he was

still twenty-three years of age, and was surrounded by that sun of suns which men call youth!

It was Rose, the wife of Oswald, who related to me this fact, in the month of July last in Heidelberg.

Oswald had slept and dreamed.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.
However dreary June, or sad,
The world to some may seem,
There's much to cheer and make us glad,
Though life be but a dream.

The fragrant flowers to all impart
Their variegated bloom,
And yields alike to every least,
The same enriched perfume.

And thrilling sweet, the birds of spring
Are warbling every where
A cheerful song, on outward wing
They joy in tidings bear.

There's joy derived, gazing on
A calm and cloudless sky,
Whose frame-work seems to rest upon
Immensity on high.

What a lot pencil can portray
A glorious setting sun
When the golden hours of night and day
Are melting into one.

But oh! for me an honest friend,
Whose words are kind and true,
An open heart a hand extended,
When other friends are few.

With Nature's scenes around us still
And "sweet friends of worth,"
Their cheering influence ever will
Make beautiful the earth.

Doctor Norman Eddy

Was nominated by acclamation, by the Democratic convention at Plymouth, last Thursday, as the Democratic candidate for Congress in this Congressional District. This was due to Dr. Eddy as a testimonial of the high appreciation by the Democracy of his course in Congress.

He has shown himself an unwavering and faithful representative, and the unanimous and enthusiastic vote for his re-nomination was an indication not to be mistaken that he will receive a cheerful, energetic and successful support at the ballot box.