

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

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

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THE BANNER

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BY WM. J. BURNS.

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DIRECTORY.

CHARLES PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.
NELS McLAUGHLIN Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, one door west of the corner in the old Plymouth Hotel.
BOOKER & EVANS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready made Clothing; corner Laporte & Mich. streets.
J. BROWNLEE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.
D. T. A. LEMON, Practising Physician, and Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.
N. DOMICK, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.
W. L. PIATT, Chair & Cabinet maker, and Undertaker, Furniture room in north room of the old Plymouth Hotel.
J. McDANIEL, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots & Shoes, and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.
O. M. BARNARD, Saddle & Harness manufacturer, west side of Michigan street.
S. CLEVELAND Wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Hardware, and Hardware generally, west side Michigan street.
N. H. OGLESBEE & Co. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery & in the Brick Store.
ROBERT RUSK, Dealer in Family Groceries, Provisions and Tinware. Bakery attached, east side Michigan street.
ICE CREAM SALOON, M. H. Tibbits proprietor, up stairs in Rusk's building.
F. RIMPLEY, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Clothing and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, in Rusk's building.
WESTERVELT & HEWITT, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing &c.
H. B. PERSHING Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Glassware, Groceries, & ginger wine.
BROWN & BAXTER Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and dealers in Shoes—sign of Tin shop & Store.
C. H. REEVE, Att'y. at Law. Collections, &c. punctually attended to. Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.
M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.
MRS. BAKER, Milliner & Mantua Maker, and Dealer in all kinds of Millinery Goods. Gano street, west of Michigan st.
D. R. SAMPL, Bigginsbotham, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.
JOHN COUGLE, Keeps a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Gano & Mich. sts.
D. J. D. GRAY, Electric Physician, will attend to call day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.
ELLIOTT & Co. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturer, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.
D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth street.
L. A. JOSEPH, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.
D. R. CHAS. WEST, Electric Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.
CHAS. KLINE, Clock and Watchmaker, and Silversmithing generally. Up stairs in the old Plymouth Hotel.
EDWARDS' HOTEL, Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.
P. C. TURNER, House Carpenter & Joiner, Shop on Washington street, east of Michigan street.
A. K. BRIGGS, Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south east of Edwards' Hotel.
AMERICAN HOUSE, E. P. Cherry & Son Proprietors, South Plymouth.
A. BALDWIN, manufactures and keeps on hand custom made Boots & Shoes; east side Michigan street.
JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door south of Dr. Higginbotham's office.
JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.
J. W. GILSON Cabinet Maker, Wheel Right, and Chair Maker, North Plymouth.
J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerrotypy, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.
M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c, South Plymouth.

Song of the Summer Flowers.

BY EMELINE S. SMITH.
We come with smiles of gladness,
Thou' we're followed by decay;
And we claim a kindly welcome,
For we have not long to stay.
Grant us a gleam of sunshine,
A kiss from summer's breeze,
A few of heaven's dew-drops—
We ask no more than these.
Then in your daily pathways,
So cheerfully we'll bloom,
And 'round your pleasant dwellings
We'll lavish rich perfume,
Your hours of toil we'll sweeten,
We'll smile away your care;
And we'll ever bid your sorrows
A holy aspect wear.
There are many human blossoms
Which nature like our own,
Whose bloom from earth's fair bowers,
May be a quick-gone.
Such, pure pale buds of beauty,
Are the angels of life's way,
Oh, cherish them with kindness,
While in your homes they stay!
Give them plenty of Love's sunshine,
With piety's gentle dew;
And let the breath of tenderness
Their every step pursue.
Then, while they dwell among you,
They'll brighten all your hours;
And when they pass to heaven,
They'll go gently, like the flowers.

A Race for Life.

The family of John Lewis were the first settlers of Augusta, in the state of Virginia, and consisted of himself, his wife and four sons, Thomas, William, Andrew and Charles. Of these, the first three were born in Ireland, from whence the family came, and the last was a native of Virginia.
Lewis was a man of wealth and station in the old country, and the cause of his emigration to America was an attempt, on the part of a man of whom he hired some property, to eject him therefrom, which led to an affray in which the noble landlord lost his life. Fearing from the high standing of his antagonist, the desperate character of his surviving assailant, and the want of evidence to substantiate his case, that his life would be in danger if he staid, Lewis fled the country, accompanied by part of his tenants, and settled in the then western wilds of Virginia.

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From the Blackwoods Magazine. The Reformed Criminal.

A great number of persons who knew the celebrated Dr. B., a professor in the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:
One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key to the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed-room.
During the evening Dr. B. wrote and read as usual, previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once, a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.
Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing! The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor appeared rather nervous on remarking this, and he was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when in his horror and amazement he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner.
Poor Dr. B.—at this unexpected apparition became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him; whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.
The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a hasty retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his horror. He retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and stillness of the night, seemed to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness.

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Without you, without your generous assistance, I should never have lived to enjoy happiness. Generous man! henceforth consider my house, my fortune and myself as wholly yours.

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings which was soon shared by the merchant's family who came to join them.

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A Lawyer Nonplused.

The following anecdote, which is said to be literally true and of an eminent New Bedford lawyer, recently deceased, was contributed some years since to the Knickerbocker. As, however, all the details were not given, and an assumed name given to the chief actors, we will relate it more fully.

The lawyer in question who was then quite young, was retained as an advocate to a case on which, not feeling himself sufficiently prepared to plead, he was very desirous of obtaining a postponement. As however the court had already protracted its session beyond the usual period, in consequence of an unusual amount of business, of course the jury were getting impatient to be released from their duties, he was well aware that it would be impossible to procure such a postponement unless he could allege some extraordinary cause.

Fortunately, as the result proved, he had a lively imagination, and had quickly formed a plan which he was very sure would be successful.

Rising with handkerchief to his eyes, he addressed the court in great apparent emotion:

"May it please the court I have just heard of the dangerous illness of my venerable mother, who is lying at the point of death. Under such circumstances, much as I regret protracting an already lengthened session, I must request that this case be postponed. My feelings are so powerfully agitated that I should be unable to do justice to the cause feeling as I do that my proper place is at the bedside of my mother."

The pathetic appeal was completely successful. A feeling of earnest sympathy for the afflicted counsel pervaded all hearts, and the jurors though anxious to return to their families, were not sufficiently hard of heart, to wish to have business of the Court proceed at such a sacrifice of personal feeling.

The Judge who was a tender hearted man had risen, and was about to grant a postponement, when a shrill voice, which proceeded from a lady in a Quaker bonnet who was bending over the railing of the gallery. It was the mother of the eloquent counsel, who, so far from being at the point of death, had come without her son's knowledge to hear him plead.

"Timothy! Timothy!" she exclaimed in a voice which could be heard all over the house. "Timothy, Timothy! how often have I chided thee for lying!"

It is needless to say that the Court room fairly shook with laughter; and the eloquent counsel—the late Timothy Coffin, as perhaps our readers have conjectured—sat down completely nonplused. The case wasn't completely nonplused.

Overtasking the Young Brain
Dr. Robertson says, minds of children ought to be little, if at all, tasked, till the brain's developments are nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years.—And will those years be wasted? or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental power and capacity than one who is differently treated? Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is open to the infant's and the child's prying investigation; and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have been published. But even supposing those years to have been absolutely lost, which is anything but the case, will the child be eventually a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not. Task the mind during the earlier years, and you only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain—not only it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of brain, that may one day end in insanity—but you debilitate its bodily powers, and by so doing, to all intents and purposes, the mind will be a loser in its powers and capabilities.

A Newly Invented Horse Shoe.—A patent has recently been granted to a mechanic of Philadelphia for an improvement in the method of fastening horse-shoes. The invention consists in the construction of flanges or lips rising from the front and sides of the hoof, against which they are made to bear, and fastened by sliding into a recess in the side of the shoe, and secured by means of a screw, thus entirely dispensing with the use of nails, and avoiding any liability to injury by pricking.

Lord Stanhope was a printer, Franklin was a printer. Béranger, the great French poet, was a printer, Blackstone, the English law Commentator, was a printer. Thiers, the great French historian, was a printer.

—"If a brilliant star Were stricken from the dome of night, A Printer's Press, it plighted here, Would fill the vacuum to a hair, And give, perhaps, a better light."

A writer from St. Petersburg says that the Emperor Alexander "has repeated or very soon will repeat, plainly, the offer made by his father to our government.—He will give the United States all of Russian America, for the privilege of buying and fitting out steamships and privateers in our ports."

Distinguished Drunkards.

"Shut up the low groceries," say many; "prevent the sale of bad rum, preserve the poor and ignorant from intemperance, and we are with you; regard for their own character is sufficient to protect them." Strange delusion! Inexplicable blindness of every day! Without referring to books, memory unassisted, supplies us with a catalogue of well known names, the bare mention of which refutes the plea we have quoted.

Alexander the Great, one of the brightest spirits of antiquity, one of the three greatest generals in the world, whose tutor was Aristotle, who sleeps with the posone of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world and died of a drunken debauch in the thirty-third year of his age.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its emperors, as human nature was eternally dishonored by the enormities committed by them in drunken fury.

Of the sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth it is written, "She was completely brutified by strong liquor; from day to day she was almost always in a state of baccho-stacy; she could not bear to be dressed; in the morning her women loosely attached to her some robes which a few cuts of the scissors soon disengaged in the evening." And the passage gives a general idea of the condition of the Russian court for more than seventy years.

The present king of Prussia, whom Neibuher, instructed and praised, thanking God on his knees for giving Prussia so wise and noble a prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, the scoff of Europe.

The late king of the Sandwich Islands, upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a caricature of the kingly office to the last. The city of Washington, where the elite is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union. Champaign is one of the greatest powers of the country, a title relinquished to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are our best and wisest men.

Daniel Webster has been known to present himself before the people in a state of intoxication so advanced that he could talk little other than gibberish. We have seen a member of a Legislature of the States, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgraced the country by the most continuing and outrageous debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress enacting in favor of the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the house has been strewn with the honorable members.

The Tea room of this city, established for the convenience of the city's ragabonds, but of the city "fathers" and head men, was for many a disgraced year, a scene of drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder. Henry Coleridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all of his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet and a drunkard.

Edgar A. Poe, but why speak of him! The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people than the melancholy refrain of the "Raven."

Charles Lamb, the gentle, the kind, the tender beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensible drunkenness.

Douglas Jerrold is a devotee of gin.—For many years, it is said, he has been impairing his fine intellectual powers by habitual excess in drinking.

Byron, Burns, Steele, Hume, and a host of other names, eminent or illustrious, might be added to the list of distinguished drunkards. Burns, we are confident, had not died in the prime of life, a dejected, broken hearted man, his destiny all unaccomplished if he had not been addicted to convivial drinking.

In our colleges, is not the secret demijon one of the perpetual anxieties of president, professor and parent? At our fashionable parties, is champagne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the children of our leading citizens the most temperate of our youth? Is it poor women who buy brandy drops by the pound?

Talk no more of shutting up only the low groceries. All groceries are low, and all groggers pernicious, whether sipped by gentlemen, sucked by ladies, or swallowed by the dogs by the people.

Life Illustrated.

A Blessing to HER COUNTRY.—A lady now on a visit to Paris, Tennessee, has written to a friend here some particulars of a remarkable and most exemplary matron of that vicinity, which particulars have been communicated to us as worthy of a place in our columns. The matron in question is Mrs. D.—now eighty-seven years old. She has had twenty-three living children, and prayed the Lord to give her one more, to make the round and godly number of two dozen. Besides these she has raised fourteen orphan children. She has educated thirty children—her own and a portion of the orphans—and for many years sent nineteen children to school in Paris, and

their dinners with them. She is a member of the Methodist Church—a pattern of piety—and does more good than anybody else in the neighborhood. She says that none of these she has reared and educated have ever disgraced her or themselves. The girls have all married well, and are rich. The boys have all done well—one of her sons and one of her orphan prattles have been in Congress; several others in the State Legislature; there are sundry Colonels &c., among them, and all are highly respectable.

We fully agree with the friend who communicates these particulars to us, that they are worthy of publication. The General who leads the armies of the Republic to victory, scarcely deserves better of his country than such a matron.

Frankfort Commonwealth.

Abdication and Flight of Santa Anna.
This event, so long expected, has at length occurred. His ex-Serene Highness left the capital on the 9th instant, signed his abdication at Perote, on his route to the coast, and embarked at Vera Cruz for Havana on the 17th inst. The wonder is that he had not been arrested in his progress, to be presented as a proprietary sacrifice to the "coming man."

The Alvarez platform had been adopted, and a provisional government instituted. But it is doubtful whether the peace of the country will be speedily restored. The insurrectionary movement at the North, though directed against Santa Anna, contemplates other purposes than the repose of the country under a Federal Union; and it may be doubtful whether the forces there operating will be content to lay down their arms till they have achieved a dismemberment of the country, and erected a Northern Republic.

If Santa Anna, with the energy and prestige he possessed, could not maintain the authority of government over the nation, there is little prospect of a peaceful and prosperous administration of affairs under the conduct of any of his enemies, who have succeeded by combining against him the conflicting elements of opposition, which, now that he is removed, may no longer work in harmony, but promise rather to rekindle fresh the flames of civil discord and strife.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Further by the European Steamer.
HALIFAX, Aug. 29.
The steamer Canada arrived here at 4 Boston.

In regard to the bombardment of Sevastopol the French Admiral Pausel telegraphed on the 11th, that it was attended with success. An immense conflagration, lasted 45 hours, destroyed store-houses, magazines, the arsenal, &c., inflicting a terrible blow and an enormous loss on the Russians, while the Allied loss was wholly insignificant, not a man being killed. Admiral Dundas telegraphs rather a more moderate account, and subsequent advices are some what modified. The Allied squadron returned to Nargon after the bombardment.