

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

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

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

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THE BANNER.

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THE RED RIBAND.

BY H. J. BEVERLE, M. D.

A warm day in August was approaching its end. The highest peaks of the Harz Mountains were already gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, while upon the smaller hills and in the valleys, the trees and shrubs cast long shadows upon the ground.

Along a narrow path, meandering between gigantic trunks of gloomy oaks, three young men were talking, whose exterior testified that they were disbanded soldiers. They wore gray pantaloons, short skirted blue coats, yellow buttons, red collars, and round caps with stripes of the same color, and each carried a traveling bundle, arranged in the form of a ring, which lay upon the right shoulder, and hung down over the left hip.

Suddenly the first became thinner, the trees on both sides disappeared, and the travelers stood upon the bare ridge of a mountain, at the foot of which expanded a romantic valley. The mist of the evening had spread a pellucid veil over the lowlands, so that the houses of a village, which hung on the hill-side like swallows' nests, presented the appearance of a painting formed by the reflected rays of light. The gilded ball on the top of the white church steeple, projecting far above the plain of mist, glowed like a meteor in the rays of the setting sun, and the long and narrow windows of the church glistened like plates of polished steel. A dark range of hills formed the nearest background of the beautiful landscape, and the brilliant peak of the gigantic Brocken, the most distant prospect, gave the picture more than earthly appearance.

As if one and the same thought struck the young men, they stood still and looked into their native vale. Their sun-burnt faces reflected in silent joy, for not one was willing to betray his emotion to the other, and in the eyes of one, whose more regular features distinguished him from the rest, a few tears began to glitter, which, as he continued to look at the village, rolled upon the long auburn eyelashes, whence they were wiped away by the hand.

"This is our home!" exclaimed the liveliest, as he glanced smiling over the valley.
"God be praised!" cried a second, "no war has raged here, it still presents the old physiognomy!—prosperity to our home!"

"Prosperity to our home!" cried his two companions, with emotion.
"Is it not so, Conrad?" said the first again, "our Harz Mountains present a more pleasing prospect than the plains of Balaclava, which we have half and half preserved to Germany. If we could have got the mischievous Danes within our aim, where they are not backed by their ships, I think their desire for German soil would be gratified forever."

"Let the war alone," said Conrad, and rubbed his eyes as if he desired to have a clearer view—"at least, the war from which we return. Here is our home, the picture of peace, do not disturb the charming prospects by such recollections as are detected in my inmost soul."

"Conrad," replied the third, laughingly, "and you have charged the rough-haired red-coats with the butt end of your musket like a lion, as if you would drive them all from the German soil with one stroke. Does the medal, which you carry in your coat-pocket afford you no pleasure?"

"I entreat you to be still," replied Conrad, in a sad tone of voice; "had I not received it for saving the life of my major, the Count Rudolph, I believe I would not have accepted it. The Count thinks as I do, therefore he left the service when the amnesty was concluded, and returned to his castle, which looks so pleasantly over the tops of yonder forest trees."

"Do you really believe that it was aversion to the war that has induced him to

withdraw from the army?" said the first speaker. "Conrad, you stand in an intimate and confidential relation with the Count, and do you not know the true reasons why he withdrew? I will state it to you."

"Well," inquired two voices simultaneously.

"Not aversion, but love, has brought him back to his estates."

"Yes, the love of his cousin, Emma von Linden, who has lived for several years—since she is an orphan—at the mansion of old Baron von H—," added the third; "I might have thought of this, as they talked about it before we joined our regiment."

"Miss Emma is said to possess a valuable estate—this would come very handy to our count, as his affairs are not in the best condition."

"Well," said Conrad, "I don't know a nobleman in the country, who is more deserving of the hand of the beautiful Emma and her large estate, I wish him happiness in this marriage. But let us on," he continued, "the summit of the Brocken is already purple, and daylight disappears in the valley—come."

With these words he adjusted his bundle, and vigorously walked on, his companions following.

"See," whispered one to the other, "how Conrad runs. One might think he had made no more than an hour's journey to-day, instead of having travelled many miles."

"Look forward, and you will behold the magnet which attracts him—it becomes visible just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder where the smoke curls up from the white chimney."

"Is not that where *la belle* Mary lives?"

"Yes, the handsomest girl in the village," Conrad is in love with her."

"Remember, I heard people talk of it. I would like to know why he keeps the matter so secret. He has never once spoken of it."

"Conrads!" now cried Conrad, who had gained a start of a hundred paces, and stood at a turn of the road, "why do you linger? Forward! In ten minutes we are at the mill; I already hear the roaring of the water, and the rattling of the wheels."

The two broke off their conversation and redoubled their steps. The way now led through a small birch wood. In a few minutes they emerged from it upon a fragrant meadow. The twinkling stars began to appear and a white veil of mist extended over the earth.

Not a word disturbed the silence of the evening. Silently the young men looked at the village, as one window after another began to be lighted up. The meadow was soon passed, and now the wanderers stood under a large linden, whose gigantic branches covered a sedge roof, beneath which was heard the monotonous rattling of a mill.

"Good night, friends!" said one. "I have reached home. Here dwells my old mother, who still fancies her son on the sea-coast, or perhaps under the earth. I will enter the house softly. Good night!"

"Good night, Philip," whispered the others. He noiselessly opened the meal-covered door, and disappeared.

When Conrad and his companion passed the gable-end of the mill, they heard through the small open window the loud sob of a woman. Philip held his old mother in his arms.

At the church Conrad's fellow-traveler left him. The young man continued on alone, toward the opposite end of the town, where the houses clung to the very hill-side.

Suddenly he halted before a white-washed cottage, whose windows were lighted up just as he came there. "Here Mary lives," he whispered to himself. "I wonder whether I shall give her as pleasant a surprise as Philip did his mother? No," he added, after a little reflection, "she lives by herself upon her little farm, her father having died five years ago. I will give the jealous people no material for their slandering tongues; my sister Rosa shall call her to our house, as if she had a secret to impart. Good night Mary."

In ten minutes he was welcomed by the shouts of his sister, who was eating supper with her servants when he entered the neat apartment.

But while Conrad thus anticipated unalloyed happiness, fate was filling for him, even at this moment, a cup full of woe.

The nearest neighbor of Mary was Valentine, the newly appointed magistrate, who had formerly been schoolmaster. He was pompous and penurious, but had always borne a good character; and on the death of Mary's father, became guardian of the village heiress.

This magistrate had a wild, spendthrift nephew, who held the office of district forester to count Rudolph. From the consequences of more than one folly, the uncle had saved the young man. Only the last week he had paid a fine to prevent Eberhard's being punished, and had

angrily vowed it should be the last. After many reproaches from the uncle, the nephew had said that his excesses were, in part, the result of loving unsuccessfully.

"You in love?" cried the magistrate, staring at Eberhard through his spectacles.

"Yes! why not? Is it with your ward, Mary?"

When the first surprise of the magistrate had passed, he grew all at once strangely lenient to his nephew. He knew that, beside the farm she inherited, Mary would receive a dowry of three thousand dollars, on her wedding day, from Count Rudolph, who was her foster-brother. "Hem," he said at last, "you are not the fool I took you to be. But why don't you press your suit?"

"She gives me no encouragement. Yet perhaps," added Eberhard, "if you would speak for me, I might hope."

"Not badly said, boy," replied the magistrate, pompously, "I am her guardian; she will listen to me. Strike while the iron's hot says the old proverb, so if you are ready, we'll visit her at once."

Accordingly the magistrate, taking his cane, and followed by his nephew, had gone to see Mary; and was with her at the very moment Conrad passed. But the guardian failed in his negotiation. Mary, however, was compelled to acknowledge her love for Conrad; and Eberhard went away vowing revenge.

His disappointment was greater, indeed, than even his uncle supposed. Eberhard had become acquainted with a fellow forester, belonging to another district, who was as much older in vice as he was in years, and who led the young man to gamble beyond his means. Eberhard was even now in fear of a prison, in consequence of being unable to pay a sum of money, that would soon be due, but which he could not discharge, in consequence of having lost so much at play.

Though Mary had always looked coldly on him, he had hoped that time, and his uncle's influence, would induce her to alter her mind; but this expectation was now over; and all future prospect of her relenting likewise was cut off, for she loved Conrad, who she had heard that very day, was soon to return from the war covered with honor.

The next day, which was Sunday, Eberhard, gloomy and sullen, was in the forest when unexpectedly he met his elder comrade, Graff. The latter, noticing Eberhard's troubled face insisted on knowing the reason; and finally the young man told him all.

"Come," said Graff, when Eberhard had done, "the affair will not be as bad as you imagine. Let us strike into this path toward the tavern; we'll take a drink together, and perhaps the wine will give us some good advice."

Arm in arm they followed the foot-path, which in ten minutes, led them to a clearing, on which stood a small house. It was inhabited by an old hunter, who, in summer-time, offered drinks and eatables for sale.

The two entered this little tavern, and calling for the best wine, sat down in a room whose windows faced the forest. Graff related anecdotes, at which Eberhard, whose head by and by began to feel the effects of the wine, laughed from his very heart, and soon forgot debts and marriage.

Evening had in the meantime, completely set in. In the west, a thunder-storm was rising; but in the east shone the moon; lighting with her melancholy rays, the silent and fragrant forest.

The conversation of the two hunters had now come to an end, and Eberhard's heavy head lay on the table; he had evidently drunk too much. Graff contemplated in silence the evening landscape through the open window. The room was dark, and in the other parts of the solitary house all was quiet; for the two hunters were the only guests this evening.

Suddenly Graff heard a conversation in the forest. He listened. It seemed to come from persons advancing on the road from the village, which was about half an hour's walk distant. After a few minutes two persons emerged from the wood into the dimly lighted open place; they walked slowly, arm-in-arm, gaily conversing. Graff, retreating into the shadow of the room, listened.

"Had not we better stop here, Conrad?" said the female voice, "the thunder-storm will overtake us before we can regain the village."

"Just as you say, my Mary," replied the voice of a man. "Let us sit down upon the bench under the window, and wait until my sister Rosa comes. I hope she will hurry, when she looks at the dark Heavens."

"In Rosa's place I would have gone to my aunt some other day," said Mary, again; "it would have been better if we had remained together to-day, and celebrated your arrival by making a party to the Hlsenstein."

"You are right, dear Mary, but aunt is an old woman, who is much concerned on my account, and would have thought

very hard of it, if we had delayed, even for a day, the information of my arrival. Besides, she has some important business to attend to."

"Business?"

"That concerns you and me."

"I understand," whispered the girl, blushing, "her consent?"

"Yes, Mary, and to-morrow I shall go over myself, personally to entreat her for it."

"Oh, Conrad, if the war with the Danes should break out again?"

"Let it break out," said the young man vehemently, "I move no hand, but stay with my Mary and attend to the farm."

"But if they compel you?"

"They will not compel me, my dear, for ere the leaves fall from the trees I am your husband, and when I show that the management of the farm depends entirely upon me, nobody can compel me to take part in this contemptible war."

"You looked much better too, after you threw off the soldiers' uniform and had your ordinary clothing on again."

"And how will I look," replied Conrad, "when the bridegroom's red riband flutters on my hat?"

"This we shall soon see," exclaimed Mary, as she took the hat from the head of the young man.

"What do you want with the hat?"

"Look, Conrad!"

With a light movement of the hand, Mary took a red riband from her black bodice, which had formed a large loop upon her breast, and wound it around the hat, as she held the latter upon her knees.

"Thus," she pleasantly exclaimed, and again placed the hat upon his head, "thus, pretty much, looks the hat of a bridegroom—it is a pity that the riband has not a larger loop."

"Mary," cried the enraptured Conrad, "this riband I will never return to you."

"Well, then keep it, dearest; its red color is a symbol of my love for you!"

"And this kiss may tell you that my love is greater than yours!"

"This is not so!"

"Oh, yes!"

"O, no!"

Conrad locked the girl in his arms, and settled the little quarrel by a glowing kiss. The happy pair were not sensible of the listener at the window. The moon had now come forth.

Suddenly footsteps were heard in the forest. "Do you hear?" exclaimed Mary, "Rosa is coming. I will scold her for making us wait so long."

And like a chamois she ran over the grass-plot toward the forest path, whence the steps were heard. But she had scarcely entered the thicket, when the form of a man stood before her. With a shriek she started back, and ran toward Conrad, who had hastened after her.

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"Look at that figure—it comes nearer! Let us fly, it may be a robber!"

"Fly!?" exclaimed Conrad, and advanced toward the man, who had now reached the grass-plot.

"Conrad," said the stranger, "is it you?"

"What, count, and alone in the forest?"

"I was in search of you. I must speak to you."

"To me?" asked Conrad, in astonishment. "I have come for that purpose. But who is that lady?"

"It is Mary, my bride. Ah! how she will rejoice when she sees you again—I will call her."

"Not if you love me. I must not be known, even by Mary."

"For heaven's sake, dear count, what ails you? You are so agitated—your face is pale—what has occurred?"

"You shall know all, but first send Mary inside a while."

Without replying a word Conrad hurried to his bride, who stood trembling at the door of the tavern.

"Mary," he said, softly, "go into old Caspar for a few moments, I will soon return, and then we shall go on home."

"Who is the stranger?" anxiously asked the trembling girl.

"I cannot tell you now; but fear nothing; the conference which he requests of me can be only to our advantage—come into the house."

Conrad took Mary's arm, and gently drew her along with him, attempting to allay her fears by a few pleasant words. After he had assigned her to the care of old Caspar, he returned to the count.

The count had taken a seat on the bench under the window, his head buried in his hands.

But in the meantime, and while the count and Conrad had been talking, Graff had taken Conrad's hat with the red riband from the bench, reaching out of the window for that purpose. Then he roused his companion.

"Eberhard," he softly exclaimed, "awake!"

"What is the matter?" groaned the half-drunken man.

"Look at this hat!"

"Why at the hat?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"The riband around it is from Mary, the heiress, Mary I say."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Conrad, your rival; but be still; some one is approaching the bench before the house."

At this moment, and whilst Eberhard angrily trampled the hat under his feet, the count drew nigh and sat upon the bench. In another moment Conrad appeared. Neither suspected the listening hunters.

"Dear count," began Conrad, "why do you trouble yourself to come to me, instead of sending for me to come to the castle?"

"Conrad!" said the count, deeply moved as he grasped the hands of the former, "you are very happy, very happy, because you can marry the girl you love."

"Yes dear count," whispered the young man, joyfully, "ere autumn, Mary will be my wife. In the course of this week I had intended to ask for your consent, and you would not have refused it?"

"Did I not tell you friend Conrad, when we lay at the watch-fire two weeks ago, and spoke about home, that we should go before the altar on the same day?"

"Oh! I remember it—the other day we stood at the outposts—"

"When I would have been cut down by the insidious Danes, the count quickly added, 'if you had not rescued me at the risk of your own life.'"

"I had not intended to say that, dear count—what I have done, anyone would have done for his major."

"Conrad," exclaimed the count, in a tone of despair, "Conrad, I wish the Danish bayonets had pierced me, that I would never again have seen these mountains!"

"My God, what has happened? You had intended to tell me—"

"Hear me," said the count, with a sigh, and judge for yourself whether my wish is a just one; they have robbed me of my Emma!"

"How?" exclaimed Conrad, the young countess, of whom you spoke with so much affection? And whom I had intended to lead to the altar on my return. During my absence they have disposed of her hand; the family have concluded that she must marry the old Baron von H—."

"Incredible!" exclaimed Conrad.

"And nevertheless true!" sighed the count.

"The baron is at least twice as old as you, dear count. The young Countess Emma cannot love the old man!"

"She loves only one, I know it; but her family desire it, and the poor girl must obey. I am told that in a few days the betrothment is to take place."

"In a few days!"

"The whole is the work of the baron, therefore I have written to him, and sent him a challenge."

"Dear count, what have you done?"

"What my honor requires! This evening, at nine o'clock, the duel will take place, at the ruins near the abbey."

Graff, who had attentively listened at the window, whispered to his colleague.

"The place is well selected, for it is peculiarly calculated to break one's neck."

"But have you considered everything?" objected Conrad, who doubted the abilities of the count: "did you consider that even your letter is sufficient to impeach and convict you?"

"I defy everything," replied the young count, sullenly, "as the thought of the future brings me to despair."

"And suppose that the baron does not appear, and accuses you of having threatened his life?"

"He will come, for he has courage."

"And undoubtedly coolness too, whilst you are in the greatest agitation, Oh! my God, if he should kill you!"

"No, no; fear nothing; I can depend upon my arm."

"And if you kill or wound the baron?"

"In this case, which I almost take as granted, I count upon you. Listen," continued the count hastily, "you know the residence of my friend, the upper forester G—?"

"I know it, a half an hour's journey beyond the village, at the edge of the forest—"

"Thither go, after you have accompanied your Mary home. You will tell the upper forester of my duel, and ask him for his horses and his carriage. Then drive to the crossway below this wood, and await me."

"How, dear count, shall I not stand at your side when you fight?"

"No my letter says that I come alone, and besides this I have no one to whom I could entrust my flight. If I am once beyond the boundaries, I take a ship for America."

"But have you money for your journey?"

"I have arranged everything; in my girde is a considerable sum in gold."

"And your splendid property, dear count with the lucrative forests?"

"I do not own any more—it is all mortgaged. But now hasten," said the count, rising, "for it is eight o'clock, and I must not let him wait. Be punctual and silent."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Conrad; "is there nothing that will change your resolution?"

"Nothing in the world!" answered the count firmly. "You tarry and consider—am I mistaken in you? Will you not do me this last service?"

"You desire it dear count, and so be it! I shall be with the horses and carriage at the crossway. Heaven grant that I must not wait too long for you!"

"Conrad, can I depend upon your silence? Even Mary must not know it, as she is much attached to me."

"My word for it!"

"Farewell!"

The count wrapped his cloak around his shoulders to conceal a pair of swords, and then disappeared in the woods. Conrad entered the tavern in great confusion, so that he did not think of his hat which he had left upon the bench under the window.

After a few minutes the young man came out of the house again; he led Mary by the arm, who stormed him with questions about the stranger. But Conrad kept his word; he gave evasive answers, and said nothing about the name of the count or his object. They soon reached the village. At the farm they parted; Mary with a sorrowing heart, although she knew the good character of her lover, and Conrad with a beating breast for the fate of the count—for he was thinking that he could not arrive soon enough at the crossway for his safety.

In the meantime Graff and Eberhard came out of the tavern. They wished old Caspar a loud good night, and disappeared in the forest. The old man locked the door of his little house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KOSSUTH.

The following proclamation was lately issued by Gov. Kossuth to his countrymen, from which it will be seen that he pronounces the proclamation issued at Milan a forgery.

TO THE HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN ITALY.

Gallant countrymen!—It is with indignation I learn on the occasion of the troubles of Feb. 6, at Milan, an appeal has been circulated there in my name, calling on you to join in that abortive movement.

Soldiers! That document was not genuine. I have not approved of an insurrection in Italy for the present moment. I issued no appeal calling on you to take a part in it.

Once the time will come (and come it shall) undoubtedly will I, in the name of our country, desire you, wherever you may then be, to side with the people around the banner of liberty. That is a sacred duty. Our enemy is the same everywhere, and the people's cause is one and the same like—as there is but one God! one honor! one liberty!

But this I only shall do at the right time. The present time was not the right one.

Of one thing you may rest assured, and that is, that I never shall play with your blood a wanton play.

Whenever I shall say to you, "Ye brave! the time is at hand!" I will tell you this neither from London, nor from any distant safe place, but from headquarters. In person I will lead you on, and claim the first share in your glorious dangers.

Never shall I invite you to risk any danger in which I myself did not share.

And as no one can be present in two places at once, should I for that reason not place myself at the head of your heroic ranks, because duty will call on me to do that in our own dear country, where I shall have to fight for freedom and right in Hungary, while you will be fighting for it in Italy, my appeal will reach you by the hand of a gallant Hungarian commander, whom I will charge to lead you on to the field of glory, fighting, forward, home, to join the banner which I shall hold there.

Of this you may rest assured. Until then be prepared, but wait. Don't play your blood wantonly.

The fatherland, the world is needing it. For freedom and fatherland!

L. KOSSUTH.
London, Feb. 15, 1853.

The New York Journal of Commerce has been enlarged by the addition of one column to each page, so that each number now contains forty-four columns, making it the largest daily paper in the world.

Drunkness and crime are greatly increased in Boston compared with last year, notwithstanding the operation of the Liquor law.

PLEASANT DREAMS.—An editor down east dreamt a dream a few nights since, and made a piece of poetry the next morning:

"We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still—
We dream'd we saw a host of folks
Pay up their printer's bill!"

It will be seen from this that the payment of printer's bills is a part of the stuff that dreams are made of.