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POETRY.

THE NAMELESS BEAUTY.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

I never met a form so fair,
A brow so pearly white as thine,
And the soft gleaming of thy hair,
Round which fresh, glowing roses
bud twine,
So draw my wandering gaze to thee
That I no other's charms can see,
And yet my heart is calm and free.

Thine eyes are like the fair gazelle's
That ne'er a shade of sadness
knew.

Or like two limpid, sparkling wells,
With gems beneath them flashing
through;

And the dark lashes veil their beams
Or let them through in transient
gleams,
Till gazing, I am lost in dreams.

And when all other boons were
given,
Methinks some angel left his rest,
And poured the melting strains of
heaven

Into thy fair and guileless breast;
And when thou speakest, soft and
clear,
We deem some voice from starry
sphere,

Or some lost seraph wanders here.

I ask not of thy birth or name,
Nor seek to know if wealth be
thine,

And silently I mark the flame
That glows upon the hidden
shrine.

I dare not hope to light my way
With beauty's own resplendent ray,
But ask its smile to crown my lay.

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair.
She's clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russet,
And ragged and seedy at that;
His coats are all out at the elbow—
He wears a most shocking bad hat.
He's hoarding and saving his pence,
So carefully day by day,
While she, on her beaux and poodles
Is throwing it all away.

She lies a bed in the morning
Till nearly an hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and
snarling,
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled in paint—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before the intended to faint.

The last question started
is—"Whether a man suffering under
extreme weakness could be
cured by power of attorney?"

THE Rebel of Cevennes.

BY S. G. G.

[CONCLUDED.]

Cavalier's plans had been wisely
laid. He was aware, that a blow
must be immediately struck, to re-
vive the drooping spirits of the in-
surgents. He knew that reinforce-
ments for Montrevel's party were
on the march, and would probably
arrive the next day; and that no
time was to be lost. Before mid-
night, the storm commenced, as if
in league with the oppressed; it
was accompanied by a violent wind
and, in the midst of its fury, his
followers, divided into parties, ap-
proached the camp of Montrevel
unperceived, from three quarters,
and burst upon the bewildered sol-
diers, while the thunder roared
over their heads, and the hurricane
whirled their light tents into the
air. Flushed with success, the as-
sailants piked their victims without
mercy, and pursued them into the
outskirts of the town.

Cavalier alone was cool in the
midst of the general confusion;
and his ear was the first to catch
the sound of drums beating to arms
within the town. He divined the
truth instantly. Seeing the ap-
proach of the tempest, the officer
sent to the aid of Montrevel had
hurried forward, and had quartered
his troops among the inhabitants,
not two hours before the attack of
the Camisards; and now it required
the utmost powers of the young
leader to bring together his scat-
tered and raging adherents, and
draw them off in good order to the
mountains. He succeeded, how-
ever; and by turning occasionally
to face his antagonists, then flying
as if in consternation, tempted
them on from the plains, into the
broken soil at the base of the moun-
tains. Before this was accomplish-
ed, the brief fury of the tempest
had spent itself; the clouds were
breaking away; and the moon,
nearly full, looked out at times,
from her quiet chambers in the
sky, on the scene with unwonted
brilliance. Encouraged by this
circumstance, the hot-headed young
officer who commanded the fresh
troops of the royalists, suffered him-
self to be lured among the hills;
and then, soon finding his error,
endeavored to fight his way back
with a bravery worthy of the sons
of freedom themselves. The slaug-
ter among his followers was great;
and they might perhaps have been
utterly cut to pieces, had Cavalier
retained the same presence of mind
which had marked him throughout
the night. But, while he was en-
gaged in superintending the mo-
tions of his troops, he suddenly per-
ceived a conflict going on upon the
very edge of a cliff at no great dis-
tance, which made his blood run
cold. It was a boy, sword in hand,
fighting most gallantly with a young
royalist officer. His cap was off,
the moon shone full on his face,
it was Philip! Cavalier sprang

towards him, but at the same mo-
ment he was himself set upon by
two soldiers, and compelled to fight
for his own life. Still he glanced
continually at the rock beyond; he
saw that Philip was unaware of the
precipice behind, that his antago-
nist gained upon him, that the boy
was yielding, retreating, but still
parrying the thrusts aimed at his
body; Cavalier uttered a warning
cry, but it was unheard, and in an
instant more, as Philip again step-
ped back to avoid the desperate
lunge of his foe, he disappeared! A
mist came over the eyes of Cavalier;
he fought like a blind man; and
had not some of his own
friends come to his rescue, that
night would have seen two of the
boldest spirits of the Cevennes for-
ever extinguished. As it was, his
faculties seemed benumbed; and,
deprived of his wise command, the
mountainers suffered the soldiers
to extricate themselves from their
perilous position, and march back
with some show of order to their
quarters, under the gray dawn.

This was but one of a thousand
conflicts, which those unhappy re-
gions beheld. But, whether in de-
feat or victory, from that night the
private and profound sorrows of
Cavalier found no utterance. The
gravity of premature manhood was
on his brow; and having but one
object for which to live, his ener-
gies were wholly absorbed in the
cause of freedom. The uneducated
son of a peasant, he had naturally
imbibed those superstitions, which
had led him to yield all deference
to the claims of the maniac proph-
etess; and many a time, in the
dead watches of the night, did he
groan in spirit as he remembered
her murder; many a time did the
tears gush from his eyes in those
solitary hours, as he recollected
the heroic boy, the darling of his
heart, whom he had seen dashed in
pieces, as it were, before his face.
The fortunes of the fight had led
him far from the dreadful spot be-
fore daylight; and no funeral rites
had honored the object of such fond
affection; but his early virtue, his
precious courage, and sad fate,
were treasured in the bosom of his
brother.

For weeks and months the weary
contest went on. The valor and
cool judgment of Cavalier had ex-
alted him to supremacy above the
other leaders of the Camisards;
his fame had spread far and wide;
and, when he had succeeded in cut-
ting off a large detachment of the
royal troops near Martinargue,
Montrevel was recalled; and a
general of no less reputation than
Marshal Villars was sent against
the once despised rebels of the Ce-
vennes. In a few months more
Villars himself came to the conclu-
sion, that the warfare must be in-
terminable; it was possible to har-
rass and distress, but not to con-
quer. So indomitable was the spirit
of the enemy, so impregnable the
fastnesses of their mountains, that
all hope of putting an end to the
war by force of arms was abandoned

by this able leader. And in the
heart of Cavalier, who beheld the
incessant sufferings of the peasantry
from fatigue and famine, there
also arose a secret longing for the
return of peace to their valleys.
Fearful was this conscientious
young man, however, lest the voice
of inclination should drown the
commands of duty; he scarcely
dared trust his own judgment; and
it was not till he ascertained, that
ten thousand rebels would lay down
their arms if fitting conditions
should be offered, that he consented
to hold an amicable parley with
the enemy.

An interview first took place be-
tween Cavalier and Lalande, an
officer of high rank under Marshal
Villars. Lalande surveyed the
worn garments and pale cheeks of
the young hero, whose deeds had
reached the ear and troubled the
mind of Louis the Fourteenth, in
the midst of his mighty foreign
wars; he looked upon the bold
guard of the rebel chief, and saw
there, too, signs of poverty and ex-
treme physical suffering; and be-
lieved that he understood how to
deal with men in such a condition.
After a few words of courtesy, he
drew forth a large and heavy purse
of gold, and extended it towards
Cavalier. The mild eye of the
youth rested on it a moment with
surprise; he looked in the officer's
face, as if unable to comprehend
his meaning; then, composedly
folding his arms and stepping back,
he shook his head, with an expres-
sion of countenance so cold, reso-
lute, and dignified, that Lalande
blushed at his own proffer. Glanc-
ing at the poor fellows who stood
behind Cavalier, with ready ad-
dress he intimated that the sum
was but intended for a free gift to
relieve their distress, and scattered
the glittering coin on the turf before
them. Their eyes rested on it
wistfully, as they thought of their
half-finished wives and children;
but, so perfect was the subordina-
tion into which they had been
brought by their extraordinary
chief, that not a man stirred hand
or foot, till, after a brief confer-
ence, Cavalier signified his pleasure
that they should accept the dona-
tive. That was not till he had
made satisfactory preliminary ar-
rangements with Lalande, and a
final interview had been appointed
between Lalande and himself.

It was on the 6th of May, 1704,
that the renowned French marshal,
the antagonist of Marlborough,
descended into the Garden of the
Recollets, at St. Cesaire, near
Nismes, to discuss peace and war
with the son of a mountain peas-
ant. He first reached the appoint-
ed spot; a grass plot surrounded
by formal gravel walks and trim
hedges, bright with the verdure of
spring. He stood musing by a
fountain, careless of the songs of a
thousand birds; for the interests of
his master were at his heart; and
he was eager to terminate a contest,
most annoying in the present crisis
of the monarch's affairs. Cavalier

approached him with a brow equally
perturbed; for, though the suffer-
ings of his countrymen had made
him resolve on peace, if it could be
honorably obtained, yet the forms
of his departed friend and brother
had haunted his dreams through
the past night. His own wrongs
swelled in his bosom; and he felt,
that Peace, with her test
smiles, could not bring back the
murdered to cheer the loneliness of
his lot. Sad, therefore, were the
tones of his voice, and melancholy
the aspect of his countenance, as
the conference opened between him
and his noble adversary; and Vil-
lars looked on him with a deep ad-
miration and sympathy. He knew,
from common report, what had
been the keenest trials Cavalier
had ever experienced; and judged
rightly, that, as the season of the
year returned, which had been
marked by events of pain, the joy-
cund voices of spring could bring
no gayety to a heart so full of bit-
ter associations. For a time, he
spoke of the objects for which they
had met, but with a military frank-
ness, calculated to place the un-
courtierlike Cavalier at his ease,
questioned him of himself and his
career; and gave just praises to the
troops he had formed from raw
mountainers. At last the feelings
uppermost in the heart of Cavalier
could no longer be suppressed, and
he broke forth: "My countrymen
are born free and fearless, and
from their tenderest years can de-
fend themselves against oppression.
I had a brother, General—"

He could not go on, but Villars
did not wait. "I know you had;
a hero of fifteen; the tale of that
gallant boy's fate has reached me
since I came into these parts. You
might well be proud of him."

Cavalier's eyes were swimming
in tears, as he repeated, in a stifled
voice, "Proud of him! I prized
him while he was mine, and, when
he was gone, I thought I had never
prized him enough,—noble, loving,
beloved Philip!"

"Were you satisfied, perfectly
satisfied, that he perished in the pass
of Montluc?"

"Alas! he disappeared; I saw
him pressed over the brink of a
precipice; I knew it was not possi-
ble for flesh and bones to be dashed
on the rocks below without destruc-
tion."

"Yet, if you remember, torrents
of rain had fallen scarce an hour
before; at least, so they tell me;
and a deep basin of water had been
formed under the cliff whence he
fell."

Cavalier looked wildly in the
Marshal's face, but spoke not.
"If," continued Villars, "he should
have escaped death, should have
fallen into the hands of our troops
what ransom would you pay for
such a prisoner?"

"Myself,—my liberty,—my life!
I have naught else!" cried the
young man.

Villars turned away, a benevo-
lent smile lighting up his war-worn
features, and raised his sword; the

party of soldiers, who were drawn
up a little distance in a hollow
square, opened, and there stood
the slender stripling, Philip; in
another moment, he had bounded
like a mountain deer into the arms
of his astonished brother, whisper-
ing, as he clung round his neck,
"Will you forgive me, Louis?"

"He is yours," resumed the Mar-
shal, dashing the tears from his
eyes; "we demand no ransom for
those that wear no beards, even
though taken sword in hand, as
this young goose was, ten minutes
after he came dripping and dizzy
out of the water. The swords of
our dead Frenchmen were scattered
too plentifully about him. Carry
him off, or I shall steal him; and
teach him loyalty, I pray you; for
five years hence he will match us
all. And now for business."

Briskly indeed the business went
on. The cloud had vanished from
the brow of Cavalier, the load had
been lifted from his heart, and,
both parties having the same object
honorably in view, a friendly ar-
rangement was speedily concluded,
in which the interest of the mon-
arch and of the long oppressed sub-
ject were alike consulted.

It was not till many years after,
that the Governor of Jersey—the
veteran of Almanza—the trusted
servant of the English crown—qui-
etly departed this life of shadows
in the ordinary course of nature,
leaving behind a high and unblem-
ished reputation. That honored
officer was Louis Cavalier, once the
rebel peasant of the Cevennes.

"A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN!"
—The following eloquent passage
is from the pen of Rev. Albert Bar-
nes, of Philadelphia:

"A whole family in heaven—who
can describe their everlasting joy!
No one is absent. Nor farther nor
mother, nor son nor daughter, are
away. In the world below they are
united in faith, and love, and peace
and joy. In the morning of the
resurrection they ascended together,
in united adoration. On the banks
of the river of life they walked hand
in hand, and as a family, they have
commenced a career of glory which
shall be everlasting. There is
hereafter to be no separation in
that family. No one is to lie down
on a bed of pain. No one to wan-
der away into temptation. No one
to sink into the arms of death.
Never in Heaven is that family to
move along in the slow procession,
clad in the habiliments of woe, to con-
sign one of its members to the tomb.
God grant in his infinite mercy
that every family may be thus
united."

Wanted—a contented and lov-
ing wife—one who will not wish to
live in a style beyond her husband's
income, just because her next door
neighbor does,—one who can be
happy in the love of her husband,
her home, and its duties, without
asking the world for its smiles or
its favor.—This advertisement was
inserted in a paper the beginning
of last century. No response yet.
Queer, isn't it? Cynic says, no;
and asks, "Can oil mix with water?"
Don't know what he means.

A Yankee paper states that some
parties in New York contemplate
starting India-rubber omnibuses.
Guess this is a little bit of a stretch!