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THE BANNER

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By C. H. KELLY, Editor.

POETRY.

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

Behind a market stall, installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with at the Bay.
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn-up nose,
And lovely red hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till
night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples' too,
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the live-long day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat by the way.
She changes off her stock for change
Attending to each call;
And when she has but one beet left,
She says, "Now that beat's all."
[Golden Era.]

To MY MOTHER.

Oh, do not nightly mourn, mother,
The absence of thy eldest son;
We gain shall see and greet each
other,
And live and love as we have done.

But, distance, mother, shall not sev-
er
The tender chords which bind our
souls;
I think of thee—O! yes, forever,
Though I might wander to the
poles.

Yes, every morn, and every even,
My thoughts to thee do fondly
 roam:
There are no thoughts this side of
heaven,
So sweet to me as those of home.

I love the woodbine which is cling-
ing
Upon the trellis round the door;
And that tall grape, too, which is
flinging
Its cooling shadow down before.

Aye, each green leaf and each sweet
flower
That grows within the pale of time
Is far more dear than ought from
bower,
In classic Greece or ancient Rome.

God bless the now—my heart is
swelling
To tread on Carolina's shore,
And greet thee in our pleasant
dwelling,
To leave my happy home no more.
[Pass-Christan Times.]

[From the Messenger.]

**ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH HIM,
AND BE AT PEACE.**—Job. 21, 22:
Acquaint thyself with God,
If thou wilt read aright,
The book of nature, ever spread,
Before day and night:
If thou wilt fully learn
The wonders there displayed,
Ephraim's Author in thy heart,
And see what he hath made.

So shall the warbling grove,
Thy surge with mountain swell,
The banyan on the Indian sands,
The lilly in its dell.
Yes, every winged seed,
That quickened 'neath the sod,
Teach heavenly wisdom, if thy soul
Acquaint thyself with God.

PLYMOUTH BANNER.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

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There are who gather wealth
From many a storied page,
That tendeth but to wringing eye,
Nor warms the frost of age!
Yet thou with lowly mind,
Intent on sacred lore,
Acquaint thyself with God, and be
At peace for evermore.

A GUESSING SCHOOL.

Old Capt. Kinney, who, a long
time before his death, was a very
popular Captain on the Tenbigbee
river, once related to us the following
modus operandi of a guessing
school that he was connected with.

He said that being in the upper
part of the State, he and a friend
once found themselves minus "the
one thing needful," *i. e.*, "reins,"
whereupon they concluded to start
a guessing school, which they did.

They stated that they could teach
any one how to guess correctly by
giving one lesson and if the pupils
were not satisfied with that, they
would give any quantity free of
charge.

They rented a large hall with a
door at each end; in the hall they
had a large picture representing a
youth peeping under the curtain of
futility; the hall also contained a
large board with a small hole in it.

Having collected a dollar a head
from the pupils, they proceeded to
begin their first lesson in guessing, thus:

"Eyes upon the picture.—Finger
in the board.—Eyes upon the pic-
ture.—Take your finger out.—Smell.
—What is it?"
"A fiddle!"
"You guessed right—pass on."
The scholars were all satisfied
with one lesson.

Horace Walpole, in conversa-
tion with a lady, thus discoursed
respecting music, and the impor-
tance of cultivating in children a
taste for harmony:

"Had I children, my utmost en-
deavors should be to breed them mu-
sicians. Considering I have no ear,
nor ever thought of music, the pre-
ference seems odd, and yet it is
enjoyed on frequent reflection.
In short, madam, my aim would be
to make them happy. I think it
the most probable method. It is a
resource which will last them their
lives, unless they grow deaf; it de-
pends upon themselves, not on
others; always amuses and soothes,
if not consoles; and of all fashion-
able pleasures it is the cheapest. It
is capable of fame, without the dan-
ger of criticism; is susceptible of
enthusiasm without being priest riden-
ness; and, unlike other mortal pas-
sions, is sure of being gratified in
Heaven."

A few years ago the fol-
lowing sign was upon one of our
mercantile houses:—

A. Bull & Co., Importers.

A wag one night took paint
and brush and in one minute made
it read thus—

A. Bull & Co. Imported.

Numbers of persons called the
next day to take a look at the im-
ported cattle.

"**IS HE RICH?**"—Many a sigh is
heard—many a heart is broken—
many a life is rendered miserable by
the terrible infatuation which
parents often manifest in choosing a
life companion for their daughters.
How is it possible for happiness to
result from the union of two prin-
ples so diametrically opposed to each
other in point, as much as virtue is
to vice? How often is the first
question which is asked respect-
ing the suitor of the daughter, this—
"is he rich?"

"**Is he rich?**"—yes, he abounds
in wealth; but he does not afford an
evidence that he will make a kind
and affectionate husband.

"**Is he rich?**"—yes, his clothes
are purple and fine linen, and he
fares sumptuously ever day; but
can you infer from this that he is
virtuous?"

"**Is he rich?**"—yes, he has
thousands floating on every ocean;
but do not riches take to themselves
wings and fly away? Will you
consent that your daughter should
marry a man that has nothing to re-
commend him but his wealth? Ah,
beware, the gilded bait sometimes
covers the barbed hook. Ask not,
then, is he rich? but "Is he virtu-
ous?" Ask not if he has wealth,
but if he has honor—and do not
sacrifice your daughter's happiness
for money.

A SHREWD MINISTER

A MINISTER had traveled far
to preach to a congregation.
After the sermon, he had waited
very patiently expecting some of
the brethren to invite him home to
dinner. In this he was disappoint-
ed. One and another departed,
until the house was almost empty.
Summoning resolution, however,
he walked up to an elderly-looking
gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home with me to
dinner to-day, brother?"
"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."
"No," said the man, coloring,
"but you must go home with me to
dinner."

"Thank you; I will, cheerfully."
After that time the minister was
no more troubled about his dinner.

AN OLD CHICKEN.

In attempt-
ing to carve a fowl one day, a gen-
tleman found considerable difficulty
in separating its joints, and ex-
claimed against the man who sold
him an old hen for a young chicken.
"My dear," said the enraged man's
wife, "don't talk so much about the
aged and respectable Mr. B—he
planted the first hill of corn that
was planted in our town." "I know
that," said the husband, "and I be-
lieve this hen scratched it up."

The Sunday Atlas in a fit of rev-
olutionary enthusiasm, says: "Hur-
rah for the girls of '76!"

Thunder cries a New Jersey
Whig that's too d—d old. No no;
hurrah for the girls of '17."

Girls help that man along. He'll
do to tie to.

To square a circle—settle up
your wife's bill for hoops at the
dry goods store; and m'inner's.

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man! after the duties of
the day are over, how do you spend
your evenings? When business is
dull, and leaves at your disposal
many unoccupied hours, what dispo-
sition do you make of them? I
have known and now know many
young men, who, if they devoted to
any scientific or professional pur-
suits the time they spend in games
of chance, and lounging in bed,
might rise to any eminence. You
have all read of the sexton's son
who became a fine astronomer, by
spending a short time every even-
ing in gazing at the stars after ring-
ing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir
William Phipps, who at the age of
forty-five had obtained the order of
knighthood, and the office of high
Sheriff of New-England, and Gov-
ernor of Massachusetts, learned to
read and write after his eighteenth
year of a ship carpenter in Boston
William Gifford, the great editor of
the Quarterly, was an apprentice to
a shoe-maker, and spent his leisure
hours in study. And because he
had neither pen or paper, slate or
pencil, he wrought out his problems
on smooth leather with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American
Astronomer, when a plough boy was
observed to have covered his plough
and fences with figures and calcu-
lating tables.

James Ferguson, the great
by himself, and mastered to read
ments of Astronomy while a sel-
herd's boy in the fields by night.—
And perhaps it is not too much to
say that if the hours wasted in idle
company, in conversation at the ta-
vern, were only spent in the pursuit
of knowledge, the dullest appren-
tice at any of our shops might be-
come an intelligent member of so-
ciety, and a fit person for most of
our civil offices. By such a course,
the rough covering of many a youth
is laid aside; and their ideas, in-
stead of being confined to local
subjects and technicalities, might
range the wide fields of creation;
and other stars from among the
young men of this city might be
added to the list of worthies that are
gilding our country with bright yet
mellow light.—[Rev. Dr. Murray.]

RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.

Those who will carefully adopt our
method of curing beef and pork,
will be enabled to enjoy as fine hams,
tongues, and rounds, as the Em-
peror of all Russia can command, al-
ways providing that the meat cured
is of the best quality. It is this:

To one gallon of water—take 1½
lbs. of salt, ½ lb. of sugar, ½ oz. of
saltpetre, ½ oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be in-
creased to any quantity desired.—
Let these be boiled together, until
all the dirt from the sugar, (which
will be not a little,) rises to the top,
and is skimmed off. Then throw it
into a tub to cool, and when cold,
pour it over your beef or pork, to
remain the usual time, say four to
six weeks. The meat must be well
covered with pickle, and should not
be put down for at least two days
after killing, during which time it
should be slightly sprinkled with
powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omit-
ted the boiling of the pickle, and
found it to answer equally as well.
It will not, however, answer quite
so well. By boiling the pickle it is
purified—for the amount of dirt that
is thrown off by the operation, from
the salt and sugar, would surprise
one not acquainted with the fact.
Germantown Telegraph.

AMOUNT OF OILY PRODUCT FROM DIFFERENT SOURCES.

The oily substances of vegetation, are prin-
cipally accumulated in the fruit, and
particularly in the seed. In herba-
ceous plants they are less abundant
although existing in considerable
proportion in the straw and stalks
of the grain. The proportion of
oil in different substances, by the
most recent determinations, is as
follows:—In Indian corn, 9 per
cent; oats, 3.3; fine wheat flower,
1; bran from the same, 4.65; rice,
1; dry hay, 3 to 4; straw of wheat,
3.2; oat straw, 5.1; olive seeds, 54;
linseed, 22; white mustard, 36;
black mustard, 18; almonds, 46;
Cocoanut, 47; walnuts, 50; yolk
of eggs, 28.75; cow's milk, 3.13
per cent. They are obtained by me-
chanical pressure; as in linseed oil
by the agency of heat as in the an-
imal oils, by distillation and by so-
lution in ether.

[Youman's Chemistry.]

"Ma, didn't the minister
upwards today that the sparks fly
"Yes, my dear,
think of that?"

"Because, yesterday I saw cousin
Sally's spark staggering along the
street, and falling downwards."

"Bridget, put this child to bed—
she must be sleepy."

Why are kisses like the creation?
Because they are made out of noth-
ing and are very good.

"Your husband seems to be a
great favorite among the ladies,"
said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Bitterwood
the other day.

"Yes," said Mrs. B.; "but for the
life of me I don't see where they
find anything to like; I never could!"

FROM THE LADY'S KEPPSAKE.

A Tale of the Heart.

"Oh, life to come, if in thy sphere,
Love, woman's love, our heaven
could be,

Who would not then forego it here
To taste it there eternally?"
Moore's Alciphon.

One of the strongest passions
which sway the human breast is
Love. All must experience it. It
is a destiny from which none are
exempt, in however humble or ex-
alted a sphere fate may have placed
them. The object of rags, wretch-
edness and deformity, as well as the
inherent of splendor and magnifi-
cence, will once acknowledge its
gentle sway, or remain the monu-
ments of its blasting disappoint-
ments. It has been confined to no
one age or people. It is as old as
the world itself. Ancient mythol-
ogy has said there was a time when
primeval chaos and Love, eldest of
the immortals, moved in solitude

over the tenantless Earth. It pre-
sided over the first creation; and
the earliest of the human race felt
its divine, its conquering influence.
They entailed it upon their heirs
forever; for where is there one of
their vast descendants who has
bounded into the flowery and intox-
icating scenes of youth and manhood
whose garden of happiness is com-
plete without some fairest Eve to
adorn it with beauty, sweetness, and
love.

Poetry and song has pronounced
it a heaven-born passion, over which
the gods exercise especial sway.—
Yet would we ask—

"Ye sacred powers which rule on high,
If love's a heaven born passion, tell
me why
Do mortals love and heaven so oft
deny?"

Why is it that hearts which have
met and mingled together should,
so often, be blighted with disap-
pointments? Our people, engaged
in the acquisition of wealth, pre-
sent on every side the most busy,
bustling and animating scenes of
business; yet how many noble na-
tures, how many glorious hopes,
how much of the seraph's intellect
have been crushed and blasted for-
ever? Occasionally we see one,
not steeled to the selfishness of the
world, with the frosts of misery, not
of years, predominating over the
bright locks of boyhood; a lonely
wanderer in the thoroughfare of
being, whose affections are unshared,
buried in his own bosom in eternal
solitude.

How oft remembrance recalls
those blest and hallowed scenes of
life's young morn, when, in pleas-
ure's fairy bowers, we roved with
the fair haired girl of our early love,
or in sportive mirth danced the merr-
y round, when all was light and
joy, and each young heart felt free
and happy? How often, as we
stand amid the ruins of our affec-
tions and the overthrow of our hopes,
do we pant for the days of our
bounding boyhood, when the varied
emotions of our hearts were unde-
veloped? How joyously did the
sun then take its first step into the
fragments of our first and blash-
ing love—shattered
rejoiced in the radiant beauty
presence. Our young pleasures
came on golden pinions, and ever
spoke in voices of melody; for the
hand of time had not yet moulder-
ed them to decay. Well do I re-
member a scene of my college days
—the unhappy fate—the torturing
desolation of heart which fell to the
lot of a companion and classmate.
He was one of the brightest orna-
ments of our institution. The bril-
liant dawn of his intellect, his gen-
tlemanly deportment enhanced the
esteem of all; and at once intro-
duced and rendered him a welcome
visitant among the polished circles
for which the town of our temporal
residence was so highly eminent.

An intimacy was contracted with
the beautiful and intellectual daugh-
ter of the reverend Dr. —. That
intimacy ripened into the most ar-
dent affection—they loved. All my
friend's visions of happiness and
distinction, every ambitious aspira-
tion was painted for her. She was
the rose which gave a fragrance to
every surrounding object. She ob-
truded herself, with all her facina-
tions, upon the tedious page, the
lovely landscape, and in the dreamy
visions of midnight. She was his
being—life and soul.

The novitiate of our studies was
at length completed. The period
had already arrived when another
band of youths were to bid farewell
to their alma mater—the associa-
tions and companions of their youth
precious to disbanding, my friend
proceeded to consult the father of