

Poetry.

THE VILLAGE.

Oh, a pleasant spot is our village's scene,
By the side of yon peaceful stream,
Where the waters glide o'er the pebbles white,
Like thoughts through a peaceful dream;

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"Come, Pierre, you are not obliging," said Noiraud; "I ask you to assist me, and you only answer me by cracking jokes."

"Yes, godfather." "And you may board where you please." "Thank you, godfather."

"You don't say so," cried Noiraud, who began to think he had better request permission to stand behind his counter again.

found himself by this means considerably worse. He began by attributing his ill-success to Julian's opposition and therefore conceived a violent dislike for the young man; but being one of those soft, easy people with whom success always carries the day, and seeing the supposed credit of his former shop by gaining ground every day, he passed insensibly from hatred to admiration.

Emperor passed between to review himself they were to fire on him, and then give a salute to the rest of the review if they saw fit to attack them. A very simple plan of murder it was, without complication.

It was a trifle; it all happened in an instant, but it haunted us for days. It's me! Amid the jar of the pistol, those words fell upon the quick ear, and met a glad response.

Miscellaneous.

The Goldsmith's Apprentice.

Rascally Cardinal! thought Julian, I may thank him for all this mischief; but for him Master Rouillard would have lost his temper. I should still be his foreman, and perhaps one day I might become husband of my Jennie.

The Cardinal, startled by the unusual noise, stood with his pen in his hand, gazing at the sacred and unvaried stranger.

"What is that?" at length said he, a little surprised, and with the Italian accent he had never been able entirely to get rid of; "what do you want here?"

"Hullo! if yonder is not Noiraud!" Julian turned round sharply, and found himself facing Maitre Rouillard.

MY LAST PIP. All gone--all gone! Well may I say all gone, As I gaze on thee my last and my first pip.

Nicholas, Czar of Russia. The London Correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, describes Nicholas of Russia as a very extraordinary man, and relates a thrilling incident in his history, as illustrative of his character.

SWIFT TRAVELING.--In the South, when the trains get within ten miles of the station where dinner is to be served up, the passengers leave the train and walk to the station, so as to get through dinner, by time the car arrives.