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POETRY.

HYMN ON THE CITY.

Not in the solitude Alone, may man commune with Heaven, or see Only in the savage wood And sunny vale, the present Deity; Or only hear His voice Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Miscellaneous.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING. A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the country, from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass. On one side in this inlet is a beautiful dark grove, and on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size.

day, and a retreat for all the owls in the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partially covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tad pole, the bull frog, and the water snake, and the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotten, looking like aligators sleeping in the mire.

long before one of your white-faced race put 'oo upon the soil.' 'And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?' said Tom. 'O, I go by various names. I am Wild Huntzman in some countries, the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the grand patron and promoter of slave dealers, and the grand master of Salem witches.'

man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen that very evening coming out of the same carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph. 'The most curious and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and the property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During the long summer's afternoon, he searched about the gloomy places, but no wife was to be found. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew by, or the bull frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool.

Boston. His reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was so particularly scarce. It was a time for paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; banks had been established; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, for building cities in the wilderness; land-jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and El Dorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculative fever which breaks out now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of sudden fortunes for nothing.

'You have made so much money out of me,' said the speculator. Tom lost his prudence and his piety. 'The Devil take me,' said he, 'if I have made a farthing.' Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door, he stepped out to see who was there. A black man was there holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience. 'Tom, you're come for,' said the black fellow gruffly. He shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible in his coat pocket, and the big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose. Never was a sinner more taken unawares. Like a child the black man whisked him astride the horse, and away he galloped in the midst of the thunder storm. With their pens behind their ears, the clerks stared after him from the window. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, and his steed striking fire out of the pavements at every bound. When the clerks turned to look at the black man he had disappeared.

Battle of Otila. The London Times give the following further particulars of the battle of Otila, from a private letter:— On Friday, the 6th of January, the Turkish troops under the orders of Ismail Pacha and Ahmed Pacha, marched to attack the Russians who had fortified themselves in the village of Otila, which is about 5 hours march from Kalesat. The force of the Ismail Pacha was composed of three regiments of regular cavalry and one regiment of Bashi-Buzuks, with six guns Ahmed Pacha was stationed at some distance from the village, with some reserve troops, consisting of five battalions, and six guns. The Russian force in the village consisted of three battalions of infantry, commanded by Colonel Bonnagard, three squadrons of hussars, and two squadrons of Cossacks, with six guns. The Turkish troops were, as will be seen, superior in number; but the position of the Russians, who were distributed in all the houses of the village, which is of great extent, and which is surrounded by a double ditch, rendered the attack extremely perilous, as the enemy, well sheltered, were enabled to direct a murderous fire upon the Turks without the latter being able to reply to it. In spite of this evident disadvantage, Ismail Pacha gave orders for the attack, and threw himself into the village under a shower of balls fired from all the windows. At first the Turks received very serious injury; but, although this circumstance somewhat disorganized their attack, their impetuosity was by no means checked. The greater portion of the soldiers, who had never before been exposed to musketry, nevertheless displayed indomitable courage. After a desperate struggle they attacked the house, and fought hand to hand with sword and bayonet. The massacre was frightful. The Russians in vain begged for quarter. In the fever of the fight the Turks listened to nothing, and slaughtered, without pity, all who fell under their hands. The Mussulmans of the Crimea, incorporated with the Russian army, in vain appealed to their Mussulmans. No quarter was given. Gutters of blood ran down the streets from this wholesale human slaughter. To add to the horrors of the scene, it may be said that a number of pigs which had been let loose were seen eating the dead bodies. While the battle was thus going on in the village, twelve battalions of infantry of the Russian army, and a squadron of cavalry, with sixteen pieces of cannon, were brought to the assistance of the besieged, and attempted to place the Turks between two fires. Information of this was given to Ahmed Pacha, who directed his soldiers to the point, in order to prevent the junction with the besieged troops. For this movement he made use of three of his reserved battalions. The advantage of the position was now on the side of the Turks, who were on ground which sloped towards the Russians; but the latter were in three times greater number than the Turks. In spite of this inequality, however, the Russians were entirely beaten, and fled in the greatest disorder. They were completely routed, a fact constituting a feat of arms on the part of the Turks which does great honor to them, and establishes another important truth—that the Russians cannot cope with Turkish troops in equal numbers to themselves in open field, and that they can only hope, or any success when they have a much more powerful force than their enemy. Their losses in these two simultaneous affairs amount to nearly 4,000 men, among whom are included 30 superior officers. The Turks had about 300 killed and 396 wounded, who were sent to the hospitals at Widjina, and of whom it is hoped the greater part may be saved.