



JAS. G. ROBINSON AND D. R. LOCKE.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ETC.

Volume 1.

Plymouth, Ohio, Saturday Morning, April 1, 1854.

Number 24.

POETRY.

SOULS, NOT STATION.

What shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress?...

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever swelling out of stone, There are purple buds and golden...

Man upraised above his fellow, Oft forgets his fellow then; Masters--rulers--lords--remember...

There are form-embroidered oceans; There are little wood-elad hills; There are little inch-high saplings...

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth and fame; Titled laziness is pensioned...

But truth and justice are eternal, Born with loveless and light, And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper...

Miscellaneous.

The Wrecker--A Cornish Legend.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather...

od of storms as more congenial not only to the gloomy temper of his soul, but to his interest. At length he saw with a smile of savage satisfaction...

"Now's the time," ejaculated the old man, his wife; "go thy way upon the cliffs; there's death in the wind..."

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous, in whose ears such sounds were melody...

"Never better," rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his hellish stratagem...

A Business Street at Evening.

All the day long, under our windows the din and turmoil of the working population of our City is painfully audible...

Then if we put our head out of the window, what a stirring sight the business street presents! Sharp-faced men with plethoric pocket-books and slight abdominal development...

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous, in whose ears such sounds were melody...

"Give me the light, Mary," said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring...

Age of Progress--Sketch from Life.

Look into yonder window; what do you see? nothing new, surely--nothing but what the angels have looked smilingly down upon since the morning stars first sang together...

A mother's hope never dies--she clasps him closer to her breast, and gazes upwards; food, and sleep, and rest are forgotten, so that that little flickering taper die not out...

Flowers.

A great many pretty things have been said of pretty women and pretty flowers, but the real uses of both are often overlooked...

We have always a thrill when we see flowers in a window, and we like to see a man who wears a pink or a rose in his button-hole...

Gem of Foreign Literature.

The following from the Bizare, in the language of Gery Von Knipperhauser, the Dutch critic, "ish goot."

From the German of Heinrich Klubbhammer. THE NIGHT SIDE OF LOVE. Midnight veiled the heavens with infinite blackness as Hans von Rosenbaum stepped from the arched halls of the Hinkel Lager Hans Zum Sausund Braus...

Still wanders in dark midnight the spectral form of Hans Von Rosenbaum around that dwelling, still rings from the window the doleful cry of "nix-komm heraus!"

Fashionable Follies.

Countless instances of the reckless extravagance of "our best society" might readily be adduced. We will take the single article of dress. We are given to understand by those familiar with the subject that a lady's dress--lace and jewelry included--such as are worn at our balls, is thought quite common unless it cost a thousand dollars!

Punch thus humorously defines genders, without the aid of Lindley Murray;

"The sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and in finding her he writhes to shine away, as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep up a family of stars besides...

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.--When you see a young lady so very delicate that she can't make her bed or put a couple of plates upon the table, and yet trots all over town daily, with the speed of a race horse...

Large Stories.

We have heard of fish stories, and it is generally understood that they are rather difficult to swallow; there are some, however, who have acquired such a facility in manufacturing them, they that deem it derogatory if they allow themselves to be surpassed in telling them.

"I do not know," said Joe, "it sounds like pigeons." "So I got my old musket, and charged it up pretty well, and pointing it up the chimney, I found there was a screech and a crashing noise, and a dozen as plump pigeons as you could wish to see fell upon the hearth..."

"Ahem!" commenced Joe, "that's pretty fair luck, but it isn't a circumstance to what happened to me once. I'll tell it if you haven't got no objections."

"Go ahead, Joe, we are all anxious to hear you." "Well, I'd been out hunting one afternoon--had dreadful luck--fired all my shot, and hadn't brought down anything yet..."

The Raw Material.

A green 'un gives the New York Spirit of the Times, the following as his experience in the oyster line:

"I never seen any of the animals till I went down to New Orleans." "One night a friend of mine said to me, 'are you fond of oysters?'"

Putty soon a fellow with his shirt tail hanging down before, set down a plateful of nasty, slimy looking things, that made me gag to look at 'em. I assented any word, for fear of being found out; but if I didn't imbibe the brandy to keep them oysters in their places, it's a pity--I was in for it, as Jonah said when he swallowed the whale he had nothing to do but to swallow and gag...

The health of Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forrester) is still rapidly declining, and no hopes are entertained of her recovery.

A Sly Dash at the Critter.

One of our subscribers, says the Rhode Island Republican, who happened to be in Newport last summer, got down in a barroom at a very early hour when there was nobody but a boy in attendance, when lo! who should come in, but a tall, well-dressed Quaker gentleman who had been attracted thither by the yearly conference. The Friend looked about for a moment, and turning to the boy, inquired: "Boy, dost thee ever make any lemonade?"

"Certainly sir--a great deal every day." "Well, make me a glass. Take that largest sized tumbler." [Boy mixes ingredients, and pours in water about half full.]

The quickest run ever made by steam from Alexandria, Egypt, to Southampton, England, was recently performed by the monster screw steamer Himalaya. She made the passage in twelve days, and her greatest run in twenty-four hours was four hundred miles.

Father Gavazzi has been lecturing at Sheffield, England, where he defended American slavery as better than English servitude, and denounced Uncle Tom's Cabin as a mere romance.

To cure a wart, scrape a carrot fine and mix it with salt, and apply it as a poultice five or six nights.

Education says Edward Everett, is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

It is rumored that one of the Smith family is about to get married. We do not wish appear inquisitive, but we would like to know which Smith it is.

Five hundred million of people, or half of the population of the whole world, are bibbers of tea--the beverage that cheers but never inebriates.

It is the hope of heaven which relieves despair. Short as are our conceptions, there are moments when ether perhaps every mind when glimpses shoot in of a bright, and joyous, and happy existence. They may be instantaneous in their coming, and momentary in their stay; yet they leave a sense of happiness in store for the righteous.

PRUNING GRAPES should be done this month, otherwise they are apt to bleed when cut. Remember that the fruit is produced on side shoots of last year's growth, hence in large vines old wood should be cut away, where it can be done without reducing the amount of young wood to much--also slender shoots of last year's wood, only leaving strong healthy shoots, as many as the age and size of the vine will sustain, and as the space will warrant. These shoots should be shortened to within 4 or 6 buds of their base, according to their strength and their number, except where it is desired to train the vine to a greater height or distance, in which case the shoot may be left nearly their whole length, only shortening them back to a good short bud.

Johnny, one bright evening, was standing by the window, gazing at the moon and stars; and after looking for some time very intently, he turned and said to his mother who was sitting beside him: "Mamma! what are those bright little things in the sky?--are they the moon's little babies?"

Affection like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground; and the heart which seeks but for another heaven to make it happy, will never seek in vain.