



J. 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 I.

Plymouth, Ohio, Saturday Morning, May 6, 1854.

Number 29.

POETRY.

SPRING.

Spring is coming--Spring is coming! With her sunshine and her shower; Heaven is ringing with the singing...

Spring is coming--Spring is coming! With her mornings fresh and light; With her noon of chequered glory...

Still on thee my thoughts are dwelling, Whate'er thy name may be; Beautiful, beyond words telling...

Everywhere and every minute I feel I near thee, lovely one; In the lark and in the linnet...

And to EARLY RISING.--Our friend Abram has invented a machine intended to benefit those who wish to rise early...

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S LAST.--Isaac read in the Transcript, the Legislature authorized the Government to appoint commissioners...

When Dr. S. came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done...

The barber came. The head of Mr. H. was shaved, and Dr. S. applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput...

Parson Browlow gave notice the other day in his paper, that he should, on the following Sabbath, preach a sermon on 'Human Depravity,' and should prove it in two ways--first by the bible, and second by the people of Knoxville...

Miscellaneous.

Physician's Story--Treating a Case Actively.

I was sent for in great haste to attend a gentleman of respectability, who had been found lying senseless on the floor. On arriving at the house I found Mrs. H. in great distress of mind.

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and was now lying on the bed. Scarcely enough his face was purple, and breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy.

"Hada't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife. "I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

Mrs. H. looked anxiously into my face. I delicately hinted that it might possibly have been from drinking too much brandy, but to this she indignantly objected.

By this time, several relatives and friends who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some active means of restoring the sick man to consciousness.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H.

When Dr. S. came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it.

I looked into the face of Dr. S. with surprise: it was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of that mode of treatment would do; but he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but take away the predisposition thereto.

An orator began his speech with promising that he should divide his subject into thirteen heads. The audience was heard to murmur, and protest against this formidable announcement.

Dr. S. the result. After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves.

Just then the eyes of H. opened, and he looked with half-stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded his bed.

Mr. H. sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hands to his head and felt it tenderly all over.

He closed his eyes again; and his lips moved. These nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued very strangely in a church, or to ears polite or refined.

"Sarah," he said, "why in the name of goodness did you permit the doctors to butcher me up in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

With a gesture of impatience, H. shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low voice, "too bad! too bad!"

He plunged into the water, despite his raging throes and the sharp cold, striking out for the boat, which he could scarcely see, being guided only by the cries of the unfortunate wretches about to perish.

The torrent sped on with terrible velocity, the bridge was within a hundred yards and they were carried down upon it to encounter certain death if they touched it. They would be sucked under the water's edge.

He kept quiet on the subject and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again.

He felt near his hand, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, for he heard scarcely a sound.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!--It is better far To rule by love than fear-- Speak gently--let no harsh word mar The good we might do here!

Speak gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear-- Pass through life as best they may, 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the care-worn heart, The sands of life are nearly run, Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor, Let no harsh word be heard, They have enough they must endure, Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the crying--know They may have tilled in vain; Perchance unkindness made them so; Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life To mend man's stubborn will, When elements were fierce with strife, Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!--'tis a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy which it may bring, Eternity shall tell.

The Boatman of Montereau.

Mathieu Boisdox was born in a town called Montereau, and got his living as a boatman on the rivers Seine and Yonne. Sober, industrious and unweary in his assiduity for labor, he supported with his earnings his aged mother, and the orphan children of his brother.

It was on the first day of November, 1840, and the coche from Auxerre was late. Night had come on, and still the boat had not arrived.

It was indeed Boisdox at his accustomed post. It was his habit to pass the night apart near the rivers on such nights when his impetidity and skill might suddenly be called for.

heroic boatman was almost fainting. The boat, flat-bottomed and heavy, was a perfect mill-stone to drag with his mouth. But presently a loud shout of joy and triumph proclaimed his victory, as he sank insensible into the arms of the mayor of the town, who embraced him before the whole crowd, and proclaimed him once again the savior of three men's lives.

The reputation of Mathieu Boisdox was now at its height. He had two medals and a small annual pension from the municipality of his ancient city. He was able to support his mother and his nephews and nieces in comfort. And yet Mathieu Boisdox was not happy, so imperfect is human nature.

The poor boatman had a heart and soul that would have done honor to any position in the social scale. One part of his duty was to take passengers from the shore to the old coche or passage boat of Auxerre.

The coche was owned, and had been from time immemorial, by one Bertrand, a man of substance and property, who still, however, himself directed the operations of the boat, and, in fact, almost lived on board.

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'Monsieur Bertrand, would any man be proud to call me a son?' 'Ahem! That depends--you are but a workman, and perhaps a bourgeois might.'

'Would you, Bertrand? I love your daughter; I have looked forward for six months with earnest hope to the hour when I might aspire to ask her hand--'

'What is the world come to?' exclaimed the old man sarcastically. 'Why, Mathieu, you must be mad. I have six thousand francs a year to leave my daughter, and do you think I would let her marry a workman, however good, however well respected.'

'I thought as much,' said the young man sadly, 'and yet, having Euphrasie's leave, I could but try. I thought that you yourself was a workman originally, you might hope that--'

'Might save yourself fifty years hard work and economy, by marrying a girl with a good fortune. Mathieu Boisdox, you are a very clever fellow, but the old man is not to be caught. Let us be good friends as ever; but my daughter, 'cat trop fort.'

Boisdox made no reply; he was choking, so he rose quietly and went away, and the old man never saw him again.

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window, followed, laid her in a safe place and re-entered the cabin. A fourth time he entered the close, and now mephitic cabin, half full of water.

'Speak!--Is there no one more here whom I can aid?' he said, in an agonized tone. He was thinking of Euphrasie.

No sound came. 'Speak, in the name of God!' he exclaimed, 'for I am choking.'

But no reply came. All was silent. 'No one!' murmured Boisdox, feeling about and clasping a man in his arms. 'Can I not save one more? Help!'

Boisdox made a desperate effort to reach the window, for he felt himself fainting from fatigue and the close vapors of the cabin. He saw by flashing lights that help had come.

This time all France applauded the heroism of the boatman of Montereau; the press gave columns to the narrative--even the sedate Moniteur, the king sent him the cross of the Legion of Honor, never more worthily earned; the Montyon prize was awarded him: men from all parts sent him tokens of their admiration; and best of all, when two years had elapsed, Euphrasie gave him her hand.

The boatman retired from his ordinary labors, but with the consent of his wife, he still devoted his whole time to the noble task he had allotted unto himself: and if ever she feels dread or alarm, she sends him forth eagerly, when, in a low and husky voice he breathes the name of the Coche of Auxerre.

Prox, the French author, having been taken by the night watchman in the streets of Paris, was carried on the following morning before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

'I am a poet, sir,' said Prox. 'Oh! Oh a poet, are you? said the magistrate, I have a brother who is a poet.'

The saying "that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice.

'How well he plays for one so young,' said Mrs. Partington, as an organ boy and his monkey performed near her door; 'and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure!'

When you happen to have no dinner, and no money to buy one, just sit down and read a cookery book. Capital feast of imagination, that.

On one of the Vermont Railroads, trains leave with a great deal of punctuality. They start as soon as the cars get full, and never a moment earlier. People who wish to mix certainty with their movements, will please notice.

'Bill, what brought you to prison?' 'A couple of constables, sir.' 'What brought them after you?' 'Their legs, I suppose.'

'And had liquor anything to do with it?' 'Yes, Eliza teased me so I had to tick her.'

The world is like a stubble-field--in which the greatest geese pick up the most of the golden grains.

A surgeon writes from the gold fields of Australia that he has now quite discarded the lancet, and opens the veins with a pick axe.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind who dined once on a shabby repast with a friend, fancied himself in his own house and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

Mrs. Partington was busy looking over the collection of music entitled 'The Dulcimer,' when Mr. Prim, a near neighbor, entered. 'La!' exclaims the kind old lady, raising up her large eyes beaming full of earnestness to meet his friendly glance. 'I'm so glad you've come. Now we can sing one of these duets. You can breathe the air,' and she fell to wiping her specs with the corner of her apron. Prim looked sober and bit his lips, while she commenced the 'terrible,' by pulling the kitten's extremity.

A tailor who in skating fell through the ice declared that he never again would leave a hot goose for a cold duck.