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POETRY.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Thou lingering star with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
O Mary! dear departed shade!

Miscellaneous.

The Czar and the Sultan.

Every summer a series of military
manuvers is executed in Russia, which
as nearly as possible resembles actual
warfare. The Czar takes command of
an army of twenty thousand men, and
the Grand Duke Alexander of another
army of equal size. They fight mimic
battles—the losing party (which is al-
ways the Grand Duke's) retreats—

no pomp, no parade; a single attendant
and a plain traveling carriage drawn by
four post-horses. The personal supervision
of the troops, the fatigues of the march
and the camp, constitute his summer pas-
time. His mode of living is always sim-
ple; his dress, on ordinary occasions, is
plain military uniform, his equipage,
when in town, a one horse drosky. He
is accessible to his subjects and constantly
appears in public unattended. His
delight is, like the fabled Haroun Al-
Raschid, to visit his subjects in disguise,
and learn their sentiments and feelings. When
ambassadors were first introduced in St.
Petersburg, they were voted vulgar, and
were left to mope (serfs.) To check
this feeling, the Czar rode in one himself,
and they at once became the rage. It is
said that one night in returning from an
opera, he took a hack drosky, and drove
to the public entrance of the Winter Pa-
lace. He told the driver to wait and he
would send him down the fare 'o, a ser-
vant. "That won't do," said the fellow,
"that's what all the officers tell me, and
I may wait all night and lose my money."
"Can you point out any that have served
you thus?" said the Emperor. "To be
sure I can," was the reply. Nicholas
threw him his cloak in pledge, and the
servant that brought him the money, or-
dered him to appear before the Czar the
next day. The trembling serf obeyed,
and those whom he pointed out were se-
verely punished for their dishonesty.

On another occasion an istovselik
(hack drosky driver) told him a he thanked
God he did not belong to the Emperor,
for in the part of the country he came
from, a murrain had destroyed the cattle,
and the crown serfs in the neighborhood
had suffered great hardships in conse-
quence; but his master had sent to a dis-
tance, purchased new herds, and supplied
all his own serfs. Nicholas (for that is the
name which we translate into Nicholas)
asked his owner's name, and that night
the nobleman was aroused from his bed
and summoned before the Emperor.
"Alas, sire," cried he, "what have I done
to merit your displeasure?" To his as-
tonishment, he was told he had been sent
for to assume one of the chief offices of
the empire, that of manager of the crown
lands. The Czar told him the account
he had heard, and saying, "I treat my
serfs as you have treated your own,"
dismissed him to the enjoyment of his
new dignity.

The Emperor is worshipped by the
middle and lower classes, and dreaded by
the nobility. If one will study for a mo-
ment the condition of Russia, he cannot
but admire the tact and wisdom of the
man that controls that vast empire. A
French author calls the Russian form of
government "a despotism tempered by
assassination." Her ruler is surrounded
by fierce and haughty nobles, feudal
princes, that have never hesitated nor
would hesitate to use the poison or the
knife, when it might further their ambi-
tious aims. The people are corrupt from
top to bottom. Bribery is open even in
the courts of justice. All, from the high-
est noble who receives costly presents to
wink at fraud, to the lowest policeman,
who opens his palms and shuts his eyes,
when the thief thrusts a few kopecks into
his hand, are dishonest. Are not the
Czar's predilections for absolute monar-
chy not alone sincere, but correct, when
applied to a people like his? Are such
men fit to govern themselves?

The past of Russia is but a day in the
history of Europe. It is less than two
centuries since Peter the Great ascended
the throne. He made the Russians Euro-
peans, or Philip made the Macedonians
Crecks. His success was due, not to his
extension of the Russian dominions, but
to his concentration of the powers of
government. He reduced the overgrown
powers of the Boards; he disbanded the
Strelitzes, those Janissaries of Europe. He
founded St. Petersburg, he built ships,
and armed and equipped a powerful na-
vy, making Russia for the first time a
maritime country; he raised an effec-
tive standing army; and more than all,
he encouraged science, and introduced
mechanic arts among an almost barbarous
people. 1721, he was crowned Emperor
and was the first who bore the imposing
title of "Emperor of all the Russias."

The great instrument of Russian civil-
ization was Catharine the Great. Both
learned and warlike, she drew savans to
her court, used every effort to advance
the diffusion of knowledge in her domi-
on, and improved the machinery of gov-
ernment; while she quelled insurrec-
tions, and by conquest added 210,000
square miles of fertile land to her terri-
tory. Now, Nicholas is pursuing the
course that Peter the Great marked out.
He has been as vigorous in government
as he was anxious to civilize his people.
We condemn his oppression of the
Poles, and his interference in the Hun-
garian war. But while the true-hearted
American sees with grief these two great
nations reduced to slavery, must he not
own that if he occupied the Emperor's
position he must have taken the same
course? The law of self preservation is
the highest human law. In obedience to

another of corn, his only provisions,
whose only furniture was a wooden plat-
form, he couch the earth, and his canopy a
horse-hair tent, we see how nearly pomp
is allied with weakness, and simplicity
with strength.

The sun of the Ottoman empire rose
in splendor, when, in 1300, the robber
Emir Osman ravaged Asia Minor, and
proclaimed himself Sultan; reached its
meridian, when, in 1453, Mohammed the
Second crossed the Bosphorus and estab-
lished his capital in Stamboul; and now
when Abdul Megid turns piously for
aid against the invader to the Sovereign
of a distant isle in the Northern Ocean, it
seems about to sink below the horizon.

Whatever may be our sympathies with
the Sultan, who sheltered the flying Hun-
garians, we cannot forget that the Greeks
have been for centuries the bitterest ene-
mies of Christendom, and for more gallant
than Austrian tyranny, that the Musso-
man who embraces Christianity is doomed
to Jex h, and that this very Sultan is even
now the oppressor of millions of Christian
subjects.

The Frank who has had stones cast at
him in the streets, and tongues thrust out
at him in derision as the "Christian dog,"
who, as seen the worse than anarchy of
the Turkish empire, who has been driven
with contempt, as an infidel, from the
mosque of St. Sophia, once a temple of
the true faith, will never regret to see the
scepter torn from the hands of the desec-
tator of the Caliphs, and the last of the
Ottomans driven from the territory wrested
from Europeans by ruthless conquest,
and forced to seek refuge in the desert
plains of his Turkoman ancestors.

A SEA CAPTAIN "DOWN EAST" relates the
subjoined as one of his many fishing expe-
riences:

Once with a friend he went out to catch
halibut. His comrade prided himself on
his skill in the business, and a rivalry
arose between the two friends as to who
should capture the first fish. Having
dropped anchor and lines, they waited
with fisherman's patience for a bite; but
for a long time none came. At length
the countenance of the captain's com-
panion began to brighten up, and he called
out:

"I've got one!" He commenced haul-
ing in with great vigor. "It must be a
large one," said he, "a hundred pound
fellow at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell
you."

It was indeed evident that a big fellow
was at the other end of the line; and it
was soon discovered that it was no easy
matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and
tire him out."

Accordingly, he gave him line, which
was rapidly carried off. Soon the excited
fisherman began to haul in again, making
the size of his victim this time.

"Stand by captain!" said he, "with
the hook and hook him in the gills
when he comes up. Get well braced, for
he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced him-
self for a tug, boat hook in hand, and
waited impatiently for the moment of
capture. His excited comrade was yet
pulling carefully and slowly at the line,
and he should be broken, and eagerly watch-
ing the first appearance of the prize,
when suddenly a "sea-change" came
over his features, and dropping the line
he exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! Captain, it's the anchor!"

The captain went down in a shower
of laughter; and it was a long day before
the fisherman heard the last of catching
an anchor, "paying it out," and "letting
it run until it got tired."

Meekness is the grace at all times at-
tractive, but we have seldom seen so im-
pressed by its exhibition as in the recent
capture of our friend Christian S., to some
complimentary remark of ours.

"No," said he, "I am no better than
other men; I used to have a very good
opinion of myself, but since I have looked
around and found so many 'excellent peo-
ple,' far better than myself, who are in-
ferior scoundrels, it makes me feel very
humble."

The great law of nature is "eat and be
eaten." The sparrow-eater swallows the
worm, the shark swallows the sparrow-eat-
er; the chicken eats the grasshopper, the
hawk pounces on the chicken, the eagle
ruffles feed on honest men, pettifoggers,
rogues, and the devil on pettifoggers.
Queer arrangement this, but who will say
that it is all for the best? Let us turn
over and reflect.

"Fanny, I fear you are forgetting me,"
said a bright eyed girl to her lover, the
other day.

"Yes, Lucy, I have been for getting
you these two years."

The difference between the school-
master and the engine-driver is, that while
one trains the mind, the other minds the
train.

The Rock of Solfa.

Upon the shores of the Mediterranean,
not far from the city of Nice, lay the rock
of Solfa. Rising far on high its lofty
fortress crowned summit, and almost pre-
cipitous sides presented insuperable ob-
stacles to all attacking foe. About its
summit the eagles had made their nests,
at its base the waves of the sea dashed,
breaking with the noise of thunder and
casting his snow white foam wrathfully
upwards.

There is the fortress and rock of Sol-
fia? said the old Count Hildebrand de
Clous Noir, to the young knight Bertram
de Morelli, as from the upper battie-
ments of his castle he pointed to the tow-
ering precipices.

"Solfa!—That, then, is the great rob-
ber, hold of which I have heard so much?"

"It is."

"And the Tiger, as he calls himself,
cannot be dislodged."

"Who? the robber chief—The Tiger?
No, never. From the lofty summit of
his rock he hurls defiance down on me and
all other surrounding nobles. All our ef-
forts to dislodge him are entirely vain."

"Can you not overpower him by num-
bers?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"How can numbers avail, when the nar-
row path which leads to the summit is so
exposed that rocks from above could crush
every man before he could arrive half
way up?"

"It is so dangerous?"

"It is. Three or four men could pre-
vent an army from ascending."

"Then my prospects are not encourag-
ing."

"No, my young friend; but you know
faint heart never won fair lady."

"And I must lead the Tiger to the feet
of the lovely Matilda."

"Such are the conditions."

"A hundred knights have thought so.
They hoped to win my daughter and my
brood estates by a handsome figure. No,
no. She, as well I would scorn the man
who cannot earn her by bravery."

"Not for your broad lands, Count Hil-
debrand, but for your daughter do I un-
dertake this."

"I believe you."

"You will find me resolved to win her
or die."

"For that resolution, I respect you."

"Have you in your vaults rich wines,
Count Hildebrand?"

"As much as army might need."

"Can you spare me seven asses' loads
of the wine?"

"Seven asses' loads! Of course; but
in the name of the Holy Saints what do
you want of so much?"

"It is necessary for my purpose."

"Ah ha! You are rather inclined to
seek after the vinous influence, are you?
Well, that is a laudable thing; but, by the
kiss of St. Peter, seven asses' loads would
kill the Spanish giant Mistolano."

"They are necessary to my purpose.
If you will order them to be taken at the
foot of the hill behind those trees, I shall
be forever grateful."

"It shall be done."

"Let the wine, noble Count, be of the
strongest and oldest in your cellars."

"Yes, it shall be, I promise you. Con-
rad, Jacques, Jean, ho! Load seven as-
ses with fourteen flasks of the oldest
vintage, and take them to the foot of the
hill."

The servants ran to obey his orders.

"Count Hildebrand, be ready with all
your retainers early to-morrow morning.
Go to the foot of the rock. Be there sure-
ly—at dawn. If you see my banner fly-
ing there, hurry up. If not, then esteem
me dead."

Old Hildebrand started in surprise.

"You are determined to finish your
business soon. But I will do what you
wish."

And they left the battlement terrace.

Towards the close of the same day,
seven asses laden with flasks of wine,
walked slowly along the path, which led
to the rock of Solfia. A man who, by his
long robes and bent form, might have
been taken for a person of great age, led
them on their way. He was arrayed in
monkish garments, a long white beard
flowing down his girdle. The cowl of
his cloak was pulled so as almost entirely
to conceal his face. At times he cried out
in a feeble voice to his animals.

Suddenly as he led them towards a sharp
projecting rock, a loud shout was heard
when six or eight men, armed complete,
rushed from behind it, and stood before
him.

"Monk, where are you taking these ani-
mals?"

"Oh, your lordship! Oh, your lordships,
I'm—"

"None of your lamentations! Where
are you going?"

"To the monastery of Saint Simon."

"To the monastery, and pray what may
the monks want of so much wine?"

"For the Holy—"

"Bah! Ho! indeed! I think the free-
soldiers of the Tiger—the men of Solfia
—are in greater need of wine than all the

Agricultural.

Successful Mode of Grafting the Peach.
To successfully graft the peach tree,
has been universally considered next to
an impossibility; but in consequence of
the ease and success of budding, this con-
cession has seemed of but little practical
importance. Yet every one, of the least
experience in matter, knows that many
trees whose budding had been neglected
or unsuccessfully performed, might be
saved and rendered valuable if grafting
could be performed with success.

I am aware that Dr. Page, of Washing-
ton, published and copyrighted about a
year ago, a method of grafting the peach,
for which he claimed success, equal to
that attending ordinary grafting. His plan
consisted in checking the growth of the
tree simultaneously with grafting, by
transplanting or root pruning.

The plan given below is more simple,
and from limited experience I should
think more successful.

It consists in grafting early, as for other
stone fruits, in the manner of the common
clef.

The side seams are to be waxed in the
usual manner when the preparation was
finished, and great had been the prepara-
tion. A large hall in the centre of the
orchard had been decorated; long tables
had been spread out and loaded with vi-
ands; massive jars filled with the new got-
ton wine were placed there, and seats for
all the men were arranged. No watch would
be kept that night. The robbers felt
secure.

The fugitives began. Twenty four—
the whole number of the brigands—sat
round the table. With laughter and
mockery they led in the monk and com-
pelled him to bless the feast. Then the
drinking began.

First they drank but little and contented
themselves with admiring the richness
of the wine, which exceeded all that they
had tasted in a long time.

"By the Holy sons of the Temple!"
cried the Tiger, "never has such wine as
this been tasted at Solfia before. Drink,
men—drink away! 'Twill be a long
time before you have such wine again."

The drinking increased. All drained
the huge goblets over and over again.

Then arose a wild confusion of tongues of
men disputing—of wild, discordant laugh-
ter, and fierce songs, expressing the joys
of a robber's life.

Amid the confusion, which increased
as it grew later, the Tiger alone seemed
to preserve his senses.

"Fools! fools! why are you fighting!
Be quiet, I beseech you, in a voice of haun-
der."

But the riotous and drunken robbers
heeded him not. Deeper and deeper they
drank, and wilder grew the uproar.—
Fights began, and bottles were flung about
the hall. The men attacked one another
and in their fierce struggles reeled about
and fell to the floor.

When, two hours before daylight, every
robber lay upon the floor motionless,
senseless, from the strong fumes of the
wine, the leader himself lay low as the
others.

All through the feast, the monk had
watched them narrowly. As the confu-
sion reached its height, he retired to es-
cape notice. Then, when all sounds had
ceased, he returned and saw his captives
all upon the floor. The monk loosened
his girdle, took off his gown, and
stepped out, dressed in complete armor.

"It was Sir Bertram de Morelli."

"Ha, ha!" he cried, laughingly. "What
can valor do against wit? ha, ha?"

He took down from the walls a large
number of fetters and chains which had
been hung there as ornaments by the rude
brigands. One by one he fastened them
on. He bound them strongly on the sense-
less enemies—he fastened them head and
foot. Then he drew them all to one edge
of the room and deposited them in a row,
side by side, all chained and secure.

Day dawned, and the Count Hildebrand,
with forty retainers, stood at the foot of
Solfia. All looked anxiously upwards.

"Ha!" cried the old count, as the flag
ascended on the fortress above him. "Can
it be? What device see you there?"

"A griffin azure, and a shaft in gold,"
said the old Castellan beside him.

"Good heavens! 'Tis the escutcheon
of De Morelli! Up, up, men! Solfia
is overthrown!"

A short time elapsed, while they ascen-
ded. The different barriers on the way
had been removed, and the gates on the
castle were wide open, and they rushed in.
De Morelli stood there waving his sword
in triumph. Old Hildebrand rushed into
his arms.

"How did you do this?"

"Another time—another time. Come
in and see my prisoners."

Before night the bodies of twenty-four
robbers swung from the summit of Solfia.
The news of Bertram's exploit spread far
and wide, and every neighboring noble
came to the castle of Clous-Noir when
Matilda was united to him; who there-
upon went by the title of 'THE BARON
DE SOLFIA.'

THE DUDLEY APPLE.—This is a Wil-
son seedling, and received the first prize
at the State Fair of 1852. It is described
in the Prairie Farmer as follows:

The fruit is one of great beauty being
a bright red running in stripes, and some-
times scattered in flakes over the surface,
with a greenish yellow intervening. The
skin is of little more than average thick-
ness. The size, large medium. The stem
is short and thick—the calyx short and
shallow basin. Flesh creamy in color,
crisp, spicy, and a brisk tart, showing
of delicate relationship to good English fruit,
whose flavor is sharper than ours.