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THE NIGHTS.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
While the sweet winds lead her
With garlands of color,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!
But the autumn night
Has a piercing light,
And a step both strong and free,
And a voice of wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.
And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she sings a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm spring cometh
When she dies in a dream of rain!
O the night, the night
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.
It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

A Tale of my Landlady.

Mrs. Buffles, my landlady, is a widow in the prime of life—judging according to the well known taste of his lamented Majesty George the Fourth. She is rather florid than otherwise, though her widow's cap (for she is a widow, and would not think of leaving off the cap for the world) tones down the exuberance of her color. I call her stout. Mrs. Buffles admits that she is of full habit; and certainly (if I may be allowed to make a bad man) her habits look very full indeed when she is in them. The man on the second floor, who is rather coarse, pronounces her the "crummiest old girl he ever reared up." Mrs. Buffles is decidedly stout.

She has a strong partiality for single gentlemen. Not that I mean to breathe the slightest whisper of scandal against the fair fame of my landlady—shades of Lucretia and St. Ursula forbid!—I merely mean that she is very fond of single gentlemen as lodgers. As she very correctly observes, they are so easily done for; while double gentlemen—married men, I mean—are under the special guardianship of their better halves, and want a deal of "doing for." But this taste of Mrs. Buffles for unprotected males has lately received a check, which accounts for the admission of myself and incumbrances into the bosom of her family, namely, her first floor apartments.

When Mrs. Buffles has any rooms to let, a little ticket to that effect appears in her parlor window. On these occasions, should any gentleman chance to knock at the door, and inquire what are the apartments vacant, he is first answered, "I'll call Missus," by the excited-looking servant girl, who opens the door in a black net cap, a dirty apron, and with two streaks of soot on her face, and remarkably red elbows. Before she can call "Missus," that lady, who has been listening behind the parlor door, appears in all the gravity of her widow's cap, and observes:

"They are for a single gentleman, sir. Should the unfortunate applicant chance to be a married man, and still more should he happen to possess a small family, he forthwith feels ashamed of himself in that august presence of charity, and slinks away, muttering—'Oh—thank you—ah!' and with a melancholy attempt at a smile on his countenance. But should he actually be a bachelor, he announces the fact as if he had reason to be proud of it, and a smile appears on the landlady's face.

On a recent occasion, a gentleman appeared at Mrs. Buffles' door, and made such an announcement. He was requested to follow Mrs. Buffles to the first floor. She threw open the door, and waited the effect of what she denominates the "Cottage deal," for she is proud of the first floor front. The room has a remarkably gay looking druggist, in imitation of a genuine Brussels. There are several pieces of crocheted and netting on the chairs and sofa, a showy looking glass over the mantelpiece, and very white curtains in the window, so that the ensemble is striking to a weak-minded bachelor.

"Very good," said the gentleman, who wore a brown wig and green spectacles, a low-crowned hat, and buff gaiters; and was altogether peculiar in his style and costume.

"Would you like to see—where—the sleeping apartments?" asked Mrs. Buffles with a blush; at least, it was quite evident from the tone in which Mrs. Buffles spoke, that she meant to blush, though

her complexion being rather florid (as before observed) the blush was unable to make itself specially visible.

"I'll take a look," said the gentleman. "Jane, show the room," said the landlady to the red-elbowed girl, who did as she was ordered; for if you suppose that Mrs. Buffles would go into a bedroom with any gentleman in the world, with or without green spectacles and a brown wig, you have formed a very wrong estimate of Mrs. Buffles' character for extreme propriety.

"They'll answer," said the gentleman, as he returned from his survey; "what's the rent?" This was a question Mrs. Buffles never answered directly. She had a dozen little remarks to make first—about plate (albatra), linen (calico), and attendance (red-elbowed girl); besides firing (a shilling a day), and boot cleaning (boot smearing, properly) &c. Finally, the items had to be reckoned up, and she came to about twenty-five shillings a week, besides the fires.

"That'll do," said the gentleman; "I'll take 'em."

Here Mrs. Buffles cleared her throat and smiled, and insinuated something about always wanting references.

"I never give any," says the gentleman; "won't this do?"—and he pulled out several bank notes and a little heap of gold, and told her to help herself to a couple of months in advance.

Who could want references from such a gentleman as that? Mrs. Buffles was perfectly satisfied.

The gentleman in the green spectacles, brown wig, low crowned hat and buff gaiters, came to his newly engaged rooms that very evening. He gave his name simply "Dr. Dobbs." He brought no luggage except a small carpet-bag, and he did not wait at Mrs. Buffles' table (quite an elegant dinner from a neighboring tavern, including two dozen of wine from the same place, for all of which he paid immediately with some of the satisfactory in addition for the waiter himself. Mrs. Buffles saw that she had obtained a perfect jewel of a lodger, and only lamented that she had not asked thirty shillings in stead of twenty-five for her rooms.

The new lodger was of acceptable habit. He never went out until night time, though in other respect he appeared to enjoy life greatly. He ate and drank the best of every thing that could be procured, and perhaps he occasionally imbibed rather more than was perfectly good for his health. His favorite beverage was rum and water, very hot and very strong. "Must we relate how Mrs. Buffles became acquainted with this fool? As it is important to our tale, we fear we must."

Mrs. Buffles was a lone widow, and Mr. Dobbs a solitary bachelor. No one ever called to see him, and he told the landlady that he never let anybody know where he lived. It naturally occurred that Mrs. Buffles had sometimes to see her lodger on domestic matters; whenever she did so, Mr. Dobbs always requested her to take a seat, and made himself so agreeable, that Mrs. Buffles used to be terribly surprised at the length of time she had allowed to pass away in the pleasing converse.

On one occasion, Mrs. Buffles entered her lodger's room in the evening. He had his green spectacles on as usual; indeed, the red-elbowed girl believed that she slept in them, and was positive he washed his face in them. He had a bottle of rum on the table, and a kettle of boiling water on the fire.

"Take a seat, Mrs. Buffles," said the lodger; and with a little hesitation she did so.

"Take a glass of rum and water Mrs. Buffles," said the gentleman; Mrs. Buffles could not think of such a thing; she never touched anything stronger than tea; and had never since the death of poor B——, meaning the departed Mr. Buffles.

"Long dead, ma'am, the old B——, I mean Mr. Buffles?" asked the lodger.

"Six years," said Mrs. Buffles, with a sigh that actually made the hairs of Mr. Dobbs' brown wig flutter.

"You shouldn't wear weeds now, Mrs. Buffles—for six years," said Mr. Dobbs, in an exhortatory tone.

"Oh! I couldn't think of leaving 'em off," replied the widow, with a grave shake of the head.

"So unbecoming," said the gentleman; "not that they spoil your looks, Mrs. Buffles, because that would not be so easily done but they don't give them a fair chance, you see."

Mrs. Buffles smiled and blushed, and thought what a very nice man Mr. Dobbs was; and she never noticed at all that he was mixing a glass of rum and water for her, and she never was more surprised than when she found it passed over to her.

"Now, Mr. Dobbs, I'm sure I couldn't drink it!" she exclaimed, but very faintly, after all.

"Oh, yes! you can—only try, just to oblige me," replied Dobbs, insinuatingly; and he looked so that Mrs. Buffles cast

down her eyes, and thought him really a delightful man.

Looked at—by what had become of the green spectacles? Mr. Dobbs had actually taken them off while talking to Mrs. Buffles, and displayed a pair of remarkably brilliant, tranquil, grey eyes.—What a pity he wore those heavy iron spectacles! thought Mrs. Buffles—and with such handsome eyes, too!

The landlady sipped the rum and water, and straight as it was, and hot, she never winked as she swallowed it, which was remarkable in a lady who never drank anything stronger than tea. The rum and water was excellent, and Mrs. Buffles confessed it.

"It's the best drink in the world—nothing like it, ma'am. I've drunk it three thirty years, at home and in the West Indies."

"Have you been in foreign parts, sir?" asked Mrs. Buffles, who thought a man who had been in the West Indies something of a lion.

"My estates are in Jamaica," replied Dobbs. "I was born there."

Mrs. Buffles was more than ever delighted with her lodger—he had estates; and there's something very imposing in that word, especially when it's uttered by an Irish gentleman, with an O' before his name, or a West Indian with no liver.

"You lead a lonely life, Mrs. Buffles," said Mr. Dobbs, after a pause, in a tone of deep sympathy.

The landlady let off another sigh, that nearly blew the candles out. When a very stout lady does sigh, it's remarkably like a momentary hurricane.

"So do I," observed Mr. Dobbs; and he tried a sigh too, but it was a weak one, after the landlady's. Mrs. Buffles looked pityingly toward him. Mr. Dobbs' grey eyes twinkled with a thousand fires. Mrs. Buffles looked down and thought him a charming man.

She sipped the rum and water, and there was silence for a few seconds.—The landlady's mind rested on the table; something touched it; she did not move; Mrs. Buffles' back bombazine heaved up and down automatically above the waist.

"Dear Mrs. Buffles," whispered Dobbs. "Mrs. Buffles thought she should have sunk through the floor, as she afterward declared it."

"Dear Mrs. Buffles, continued her lodger, in the softest tones, "can you not be induced to throw aside those weeds?—Could you not for my sake? How lovely you would be in a bright costume!"

The landlady trembled with emotion, muttered something about fainting, and gave a lurch to one side as if she had determined on falling out of her chair.—Dobbs sprang forward and caught her in his arms—how could he do less? But he did a great deal more too, which I need not hint at, farther than to mention that little sounds might have been heard, like those which young ladies employ to get a puppy or a canary.

Mrs. Buffles did not faint—but she did consent to smile upon the suit of Mr. Dobbs. When she left his room that evening, she could not for her life recollect precisely what had taken her there.—She dreamt of Dobbs all night, forgot all about her departed B——, burnt her widow's cap the very next morning, and felt herself a happy woman.

About twelve o'clock the next day, two men called and asked to see the landlady. Mrs. Buffles begged them to walk into the parlor.

"I believe you've got an old gent lodger here?" said one of the men.

The landlady was rather indignant at her intended husband being denominated an old gent; and replied "that a middle-aged gentleman lodged on her first floor; and what did they please to want with him?"

"Only to have a look at him—we're old friends—it's all right," said the man who had spoken, and who tried to look agreeable.

"But Mr. Dobbs never receives visitors," replied the landlady, who recollected that her lodger had declared that he never let his friends know where he lived; and she had just the least fear in the world that the visit might possibly bode ill to her own prospects.

"We really must see him," said the men, and we'd rather do it quietly; but it must be done one way or another." And he spoke in such a mysteriously authoritative tone, that the landlady was completely overawed, and afraid to offer any further opposition.

She led the way to the drawing room, and threw open the door. Mr. Dobbs was seated in the easy chair, with the newspaper in his hands. When he saw the two men closely following the landlady, he dropped the paper and remained motionless.

"Ah!" cried one of the newcomers, in a quiet, pleasant and facetious tone.—"Ah! so there you are, eh? We've found you at last—couldn't get on without you, now." And he grinned and chuckled with evident delight; while the landlady felt greatly relieved, and began to smirk and smile.

Mr. Dobbs sat still; his green 'specs'

covered his eyes, but his mouth twitched unpleasantly, and it with a terrible effort he grunted out, "Who are you, sir?"

"Oh! bless his heart; he don't know us!" cried the facetious man, grinning again.

"That'll do, Tom," cried his companion; "John's in the room; we must go to business."

"Certainly," replied Tom; and stepping gravely up to Mr. Dobbs he made him a bow, and saying, "Allow me, sir," he whipped off Mr. Dobbs' spectacles with one hand, and his brown wig with the other.

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Dobbs, trying to look vigorously indignant, but failing grievously; while Mrs. Buffles stared in amazement at seeing, instead of the bald head she expected to behold beneath the wig, a capital head of black curly hair.

"Come, come, Mr. Simmons, alias Slippery Bob, alias Mr. Dobbs," said the grave man—"No row, if you please, or I'll just clap on these here. We understand each other; and he produced from his pocket a pair of hand cuffs. You're my prisoner, Mr. Simmons, tapping him gently on the back.

"What authority?" began Dobbs faintly, while the landlady commenced the usual preparation for hysterics.

"Oh, here's my warrant, all right enough," replied the man, producing a piece of parchment, while the facetious companion quietly whispered to the landlady that she'd better put them things, (hysterics, to wit), off a little, as they didn't do time just then to see her through 'em all properly." Mrs. Buffles looked at the warrant, while Mr. Dobbs sat down again and began to blubber like a school-boy.

"What does it all mean?" cried the landlady, adopting the facetious man's advice of putting off the hysterics.

"Smugglin' was the short reply.

"Has Long Key preached?" inquired Mr. Dobbs.

"He has," replied the grave man.

"Then my goose is cooked."

"Not a doubt about it," was the consolatory answer.

"I'm afraid! Slippery Bob has been and I don't you, ma'am," whispered the facetious man, with an air of mock sympathy.

"I'll oblige me!—gracious goodness how?" asked the widow.

"Something here," said the man, placing his hand on the left side of his waistcoat, and turning up his eyes like a Bill the Bellied Preacher in the fifteenth head of his discourse.

"Get along with your impudence!" cried Mrs. Buffles.

"Had capital grog, no doubt," said the man, "prime rum as never paid duty— and plenty of it, eh?"

Mrs. Buffles thought of last night, sighed, and cried, "Who'd have thought it!" and left the room—wishing she hadn't burnt the widow's cap.

But why go on? Mr. Dobbs, alias Slippery Bob, alias Mr. Simmons, was a notorious smuggler, and had lately carried on the game so extensively that a reward had been offered for his apprehension. In spite of his many disguises he was taken at last, and Mrs. Buffles alone mourned his fate.

She bought a new widow's cap—became shy of single gentlemen, and by taking me in, let slip into print this "Tale of my Landlady."

IRISH ANECDOTE.—Some years ago, when the beautiful painting of Adam and Eve was exhibited in Ireland, it became the chief topic of conversation. Finally, a poor, illiterate peasant went to see it. The light was so arranged as to reflect on the picture, and to leave the spectator in darkness.

The peasant, as he entered the room to see his first parents, was struck with so much astonishment, that he remained speechless for some moments. He stood like a statue, and as though his feet were incorporated with the oaken floor of the room. At last, with an effort he turned round to his acquaintance and said:

"Barney, I'll never say another word against Adam in all me life, for if I had been in the garden I would have ate ivy apple in it for the sake of such a lovely crater as Eve!"

"Oh, my dear sir, how are you? How is your health? Folks well to home?—Why you look smart as a youngster—you enjoy excellent health, eh?"

"Why, tolerable good sir, but I beg pardon, you have the advantage of me."

"How so?"

"Why really sir, I don't know you."

"Nor I you. So where's the advantage?"

No Sabbath.—A journeyman printer of Scotland recently wrote an essay on the Sabbath, to which was awarded a prize. We make the following extracts from it:

"Yoke fellow I think now how thrab' execution of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom ye are identified. Think of labor going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—the limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the lungs forever scolding, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would of face, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the stout strength that it would tame; of the resources of nature it would exhaust; of the aspirations that it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extort; of the lives it would immolate; and the cheerless graves that it would promiscuously dig! See them, toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and howling, reaping and mowing, weaving and spinning, sewing and gathering, rearing and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the shop, on the mountain and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth, in the days of brightness and gloom. What a sad picture the world would present, if we had no Sabbath!"

The New-Papers.—In promotion of so desirable an object as the union of the intellectual with the useful, the newspaper is an important auxiliary. It is more, it is typical of the community in which it circulates and is encouraged. It tells its character, as well as its condition, its tastes, as well as its necessities, the moral, as well as the physical, stamina of population and soil. It is the map whereon are traced our tendencies and destinies—its chart to direct our traveller and settler to safe and pleasant harborage, or to divert them from the shoals and quicksands of social degradation. At home, it brings to our firesides, it imparts to our household, it impresses on our children, its sentiments of propriety or its tone of condemnation. Abroad, it is regarded as our oracle, and speaks volumes for or against us. In its business features may be discerned the indications of our prosperity or otherwise, in a worldly sense; but in its general complexion will be discovered our moral and spiritual healthfulness or disease. It is the portraiture of our imperfections, as well as the chronicle of our advancement.

USCLE SAM is the largest land holder in the world. He has had several thousand acres for some years in the region of country southeast of us; and having determined to get rid of it, he offered it for sale at a mere nominal price, and it has gone off like "hot corn." In the short space of two weeks he has sold 32,000 acres, and that for the sum of \$2,750.—Sciota Gaz.

The Chantauque Democrat tells a pretty good story concerning the Post Office in the town of Westfield:

A letter was put into the box, the appearance of which denoted that the writer was unused to the use of stamps, and had failed to make one stick at all. He had tried and vainly tried, but the inveterate portrait of Franklin would curl up. At last, in despair he pinned it to the envelope, and wrote just under it—PAID, if the d—d thing sticks!

The lady who did not think it respectable to bring up her children to work has lately heard from two sons. One of them is steward on a flat-boat and the other is steward of a brick-yard.

"Look here," said a tipsy individual who was hanging by a lamp post, "Look here, didn't you know you'd no right to go by in that way?"

"Why not, my friend?" asked the person addressed, who recognised in the "tigh' un" an old acquaintance.

"Because—hic—it's agin the law."

"Against the law?"

"Why you used to know Bill Nelson, when was a—hic—highly different individual to what he now is; and there's a big law against passing an altered Bill!"

A visitor going lately into a free school in New England during the half-yearly examination, noticed two fine looking boys, one of whom had taken the first prize and the other the second.—"Those are two fine looking fellows," said he to the teacher, "I suppose they belong to the higher class of society." "That is not the way we class our boys," the teacher said; "we follow the old maxim of 'handsome is as handsome does.'" The boy who took the first prize is the son of a man who saws my wood; the boy who took the second prize is a son of the Vice President of the United States."

The Millerites have now fixed upon the 19th of May, 1855, as the day when the world will positively come to an end.

SUSAN MARIA.—I am determined that Susan Maria shall have more advantages than I enjoyed when I was a young girl," said Mrs. Brown as she finished scrubbing the kitchen floor, then hurried away to darn her daughter's stockings, and, finally after washing the dinner dishes, and frying, and stew pans, sat down to spend the afternoon in reading, that she might earn a few more pence to add to the "pile."

The daughter, Susan Maria, decorated herself with rings and jewelry, and craps shawls, and plumed hat, with French style dresses. She played the piano, spoke German and Italian, danced and waltzed, sang sweetly, and wrote beautiful poetry. She had finished her education at one of the fashionable seminaries, she had spent two or three years captivating the beaux in various ways, for she was one of the "attractive girls," a very accomplished young lady.

Finally she married a dissolute young lawyer, who was all that a man needed to be to make a wife thoroughly miserable—He swindled her father out of a snug little property, and they soon used it up in silks, satins, cigars and liquors.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, when children were so bright in their youth, they are generally stupid and dull as they advance in years.

"What a very sensible boy you must have been sir, then," replied the child.

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of half a dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half a dime is as large in every body's eye as it is in yours? I think there would be no difficulty in getting it on about four times."

A GOLD ANECDOTE.—We heard the other day a good one of John Cheek, who always had his eyes cocked both ways for justice, and perhaps too for Sunday. It seems he had fined an Irishman, who having used a little too much of the crayther, was foolish enough to let the crayther use him. Pat on leaving the office met a friend to whom he held forth—

"By jehers, and I was fined, Martia?"

"Ah, who fined you now?"

"That's tellin' just. 'Twas a man in there who's either a justice of peace of justice—and I don't know which; and he's left handed in both eyes."

A FOX HUNT.—A scene occurred a few years since at a village near Newburgh, N. Y. The name of the village shall be nameless. Suffice it to say that the major part of its inhabitants consisted of that staid, pious sect of religionists called Quakers.

The excellent broad brimmed people were not without their delight, a huge, plain, unpainted meeting house, duly laid off within into two sections, the one were the benches for the Quakers, the other were those of the Quakers—and containing at the end farthest from the door, the usual raised seats for the elders, mrs and female.

On Saturday, some of the young scapegraces of the village caught a fox, and intent on sport, after the meeting house was opened the next morning, and before the prim unoffending Friends had gathered, they led Rynard along the street, trailed him into one door and out at the other, and all around the interior of the church, and so on.

Soon afterwards, the Friends began to gather. They had at a full hour, soberly looking into their laps and twirling their thumbs—the silence meanwhile having settled down like a northern winter—when the young scamps, who had a large pack of hounds, let them loose and put them upon the trail. Away they went, with a yelp—yelp—yelp, following the trail with their noses to the ground—and if there is anything that can get up a racket it is a pack of hounds in full cry. Away they went straight for the meeting house, and in they tumbled pell mell among the quiet, unoffending Quakers. Yelp, yelp—yelp—yelp resounded and echoed within the plain wall and among the unpainted benches, to the utter amazement of the broad brims, and the drab bonnets. Yelp—yelp—yelp away they went, following the trail up one aisle and down the other, and up on the raised seats, and over and under and among the legs of the astonished elders, through, in to and around the female part of the house and so out of the other door, their cries growing less and less distinct in the distance. It is needless to say that the meeting was frightened from its propriety, and adjourned with ill disguised indignation. The friend who tells us the story says that the leader of that hunting party was sent by his 'paternal' ancestor on a long sea voyage to amend his manners.

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