

Plymouth Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1854.

VOLUME II. NO. 6

Select Poetry.

The Past.

How wild and dim this life appears,
One long, deep, heavy sigh,
When o'er our eyes, half-closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly gliding by!
And still forgotten while they go,
As, on the sea-beach, wave on wave
Dissolve at once in snow.
The amber clouds one moment lie,
Then like a dream are gone!
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the sun intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-air and the harp-strings dwell,
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never plays!
Dreams follow dreams through the long
Night hours.
Each lovelier than the last;
But ere the breath of morning flows,
That gorgeous world flies past,
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and fondness speak,
Glide by us on this earth,
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we love so well,
In sadness or in sorrow.

Selected Miscellany.

A Pretty Man.

Reader, did you ever watch the motions of a pretty man—that is, one who had a good opinion of his own personal appearance? If not, allow us to give you a few of his peculiarities. We would not say that being pretty or good-looking is a great fault, or that men should be indifferent to such an establishment, but we do insist that vanity should not be one of its accompaniments. The ladies, when pretty, seem to have some excuse for being vain; for so long as men are foolish enough to worship them as angels, their weakness and vanity will be exhibited. The pretty man, when he walks the streets, is sure to hold his head well up, and if he has whiskers or a moustache, to keep them well oiled and brushed. His arms, when walking, are not allowed to swing and to frolic pendulums, nor does it become him to allow his legs to carry him at a break-neck pace—this might baffle his countenance, or take the starch out of his extensive and well-starched collar! His neck-tie is perfect, and his pants set without a wrinkle. If he wears an eye-glass—almost of them are near-sighted—it is occasionally gently and gracefully raised to his eyes, that he may be the better enabled to look at the fair beings passing to and fro. But the pretty man appears to the best advantage after dinner, at a fashionable hotel, when he gently seats himself in an arm-chair, in front of all the company, with a cigar in his mouth, and his heels gracefully resting upon a railing some feet higher than his head, leaving the passer-by in doubt whether there is a body attached to the legs, or that the pantaloons have been thus stretched to dry.

In the company of ladies he shines pre-eminently. He generally endeavors to seat himself opposite the pier-glass, where his well-developed proportions and combinations of art and nature can be faithfully portrayed, much to his own gratification and the amusement of those less good-looking. But though he may, if sensible, smile upon the faces of those who see him, he looks it not, because he is sure it is the smile of envy, and not of ridicule. Happy mortals, so pretty men, are the darlings of all sentimental ladies, and the envy of all brainless young men who feel that beauty is the rarest of all earthly qualifications.

FARMERS.—Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall, commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, Job, the honest, just and patient, was a farmer; and his endurance has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal education. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox to the use of man. Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at the plow, and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and presented to the world a spectacle of human greatness. To those may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, and the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, and the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles, in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

TO MAKE BEEF TENDER.—Those who have worn down their teeth, in masticating poor old tough cow beef, will be glad to learn that common carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut your steak the day before using into slices about two inches thick, rub over a small quantity of soda, wash it off next morning, cut into suitable thickness and cook to notion. The same process will answer fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it all who love delicious tender dishes of meat.

The Detroit Advertiser, pathetically remarks as follows: "Talk of 'indifference to pain.' We have a few debtors who manifest the most extreme and wonderful indifference to *payin'*." They are none the worse off for it, either. Lots of them in this country.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

No man who may have any enjoyment in rich humor will begrudge the space occupied by the report of the following trial. We think that Mr. Allington should leave the toll gate of the Mungaup, Forestburgh, and Port Jervis Plank Road to take care of itself, and turn his attention to law. He is certainly something in a law fight, as well as handling "dornicks." This amusing case was tried at the recent term of the Orange County Court, and we find it reported in the Newburg Telegraph:

"The People agt. James Allington." "District-Attorney, for People; Prisoner in Prison." "This was one of the most amusing trials ever witnessed by bench or jury in this country. The prisoner was indicted for an assault and battery upon a man by the name of Dodder. It seems that a plank road had just been laid in the town of Miniskin, running through the land of said Dodder. The other facts appear in evidence.

"This cause was duly opened by the District Attorney, when his Honor the Judge, noticed the defendant, sitting within the bar, with pencil in hand, ready to take down evidence without concealment. 'Have you no counsel, Mr. Allington?' inquired the Judge. 'No, sir.' 'There are plenty of gentlemen around you who would be willing to assist you.' 'Well, your Honor, I have fed one and engaged another, and they both turn up missing, and, therefore, I have concluded to try the case myself.' 'Very well, sir.' The District Attorney, after stating the case to the jury, called the complainant, Mr. Dodder, upon the stand, who testified as follows:

"I know the defendant; he is a neighbor of mine. I was driving his cows off my land when he came out upon the road and stoned me. He sent as many as a dozen at me, and the last one struck me upon the back of the neck. It hurt me considerably; my hat hung down, and it and the coat collar prevented.

"You can examine him Mr. Allington." Allevies were now turned upon the defendant. There he sat, busily engaged in taking notes, a little short, red headed Yankee, with his feet resting on the lower round of the chair, and his body bent forward at an angle of 45 degrees. At that remark he snatched his head back like the blade to a jack-knife, his eyes twinkled, and in a shrill, loud voice he commenced: 'Have you been on good terms with the defendant?—I mean me, Mr. Dodder.' Dodder hesitated. 'Come Mr. Dodder, have we been on good terms?' 'I can't say,' replied Dodder. 'Well, recollect Mr. Dodder, that you must say.'

'Say yes or no,' interposed his honor. 'Yes or no,' responded the defendant. 'I can't say that we are on speaking terms,' answered Dodder. 'Well, Mr. Dodder, you say that I struck you with a stone. Will you please to state to the jury whether it was the first stone that struck you?' 'No, sir.' 'Did it not go fifteen feet to the right?' 'About that.'

'Was there anything else to use, sir?' 'No, sir.' 'Who built the house?' 'The Plank Road Company.' 'How came you to say the house was yours, when the company have it in possession and built it?' 'Another burst of laughter followed this question, and poor Dodder looked as if he was sitting upon a hickel. Dodder gave no reply.

'Now, Mr. Dodder, have you not been trying to get me out of the house, that you might get your son in my place? And have you not been to the Directors? and have you not told them things derogatory to my character?' 'None of your long preambles, Mr. Dodder; you know it is so; and I am going to prove it, too. Yes or no?' 'I can't answer. I must explain.' 'No explanation, sir—Yes or No?' 'No.' 'Did you not go to three of the Directors?' 'Yes.'

'Did you not order a window to be put in the cellar of the house, when building, and say you wanted it there for your son's accommodation?' 'I might have done it.' 'Did you not get a warrant out for me before I was bound over to appear here?' 'Yes.' 'Did you not then swear that I had only assaulted you by throwing stones, but did not hit you?' 'Dodder was completely staggered again—he changed all manner of colors, and moved about very uneasily in his chair. 'Come, Mr. Dodder, answer,' exclaimed the defendant. 'I can't remember.'

'You do—come, think—did you then swear I had hit you at all, sir?' 'I might not.'

'How come it that you remember it now—three months after—and could not then?' 'This was too much for poor Dodder.—He looked appealing around for relief.—Nothing met his gaze but a room convulsive with laughter. His legs seemed to be under magnetic influence, and in great desire to try their power of locomotion. At last the defendant told him to go. 'That will do Mr. Dodder.—I guess we are through with you for the present.'

And off he shot as if death was behind him; while the whole bar fairly screamed as he made availing strides down the aisle, and the court burst into laughter. His legs seemed to be under magnetic influence, and in great desire to try their power of locomotion. At last the defendant told him to go. 'That will do Mr. Dodder.—I guess we are through with you for the present.'

'Whose house do I live in, Mr. Dodder. I consider it mine.' 'Did you not serve a notice on me not to use the rooms, the garret or the cellar, when I was moving in it?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Was there anything else to use, sir.' 'No, sir.' 'Who built the house?' 'The Plank Road Company.'

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Sam Smith's Soliloquy.

By the beard of the Prophet! what a thing it is to be a bachelor! I wonder when this table was dusted last! I wonder how long since that mattress was turned, or that carpet swept, or what was the primeval color of that ever and wash basin.

Christopher Columbus! how the frost curtains the windows! how dirge-like the wind moans; how like a great, white pall the snow covers the ground. Five times I've rung that bell for coal, for this rickety old grate, but I caught as well damn for admittance at the gate of Paradise.

And speaking of Paradise—Sam Smith, you must be married; you haven't a button to your shirt, nor a shirt to your buttons either. Wonder if women are such obstinate little monkeys? Wonder if they must be bribed with a new bonnet every day, to keep the peace? Wonder if you bring home a friend unexpectedly to dinner, if they always take to their bed with the sick headache? Wish there was any way of finding out, but by experience. Well Sam, you are a Napoleonic looking fellow; if you can't manage a woman, who can?

How I shall pet the clipper. I'll marry a blue-eyed woman; they are the most affectionate. She must not be too tall; a man's wife shouldn't look down upon him. She must not know too much; the Furies take your part, catamount-y, scribbling women, with a repertoire always rolled up under their tongues. She mustn't be over seventeen; but now to find that out, Sam, is the question; it is about as easy as to make an editor tell you the truth about his subscription list. She must be handsome—no she mustn't either. I should be as jealous as Blue Beard: All the cork-crews, pantalooned, perfumed popinjays would be ogling her. But then, again, there's three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and three times a day I must sit opposite that comical face, at the table. What's to be done? Yes, she must be handsome; that is as certain as that Louis Napoleon has a Jewish horror of Ham.

Wonder if wives are expensive articles? Wonder if their "little hands were ever made to scratch out husband's eyes?" Wonder if Candler lectures are "all in your eye," or—occasionally in your ear? Wonder if babies invariably prefer the night-time to day? To marry or not to marry, Sam?—Whether 'tis better to go luttonless, and to shiver, or marry and always be in hot water? There's Tom Hillot. Tom's married.—I was his groomsmen. I would have given a small fortune to have been in his white satin vest—what with the music, and the roses, and the pretty little bridesmaid! Didn't the bride look bewitching, with the rosebush on her cheek and the tear on her eyelash? And how provokingly happy Tom looked, when he whirled off with her in the carriage to their new home, and what a pretty little home it was, to be sure. It is just a year to-day since they were married. I dined there yesterday. It strikes me that Tom doesn't joke as much as he used in his bachelor days; and then he has a way, too, of leaving his sentences unfinished. And I noticed that his wife often touched his foot with her slipper under the table. What do you suppose she did that for? Just as I was buttoning up my coat to come away, I asked Tom if he would go up to Tammany Hall with me. He looked at his wife, and she said, "Oh—go by all means, Mr. Hillot;" when Tom immediately declined. I don't understand matrimonial tactics; but it seems to me he ought to have obliged her.

Do you know John Jones and his wife? (peculiar name that,—"Jones?") Well they are another happy couple. It is enough to make bachelor eyes turn green to see them. Mrs. Jones has been four times a widow, when she married John. She knows the value of husbands. Before he goes to the office in the morning, she pops her head out the window to see if the weathercock indicates a surtout, spencer, cloak, or Tom and Jerry; this point settled, she follows him to the door, and calls him back to close his thorax button "for fear of quinsy." Does a shower come in the forenoon? She immediately sends him clogs, India-rubbers, an extra flannel shirt, and an oilcloth overall, and proposes the question of boiling ginger tea to administer on his arrival, to prevent the damp from "striking in." If he helps himself to a second bit of turkey, she immediately removes it from his plate, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes, asks him "if he has the heart to make her for the fifth time a widow?" You can see, with half an eye, that John must be the happiest dog alive. I'd like to see the miscreant who dares to say he is not! Certainly—matrimony is an invention of —. Well, no matter who invented it. I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright, brass buttons? The woman has yet to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and necktie, too; may I be shot if I don't offer them both to the little widow Partridge. 'Partridge! Phoebe! what a name for such a rose-bud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll have me, of course. She wants a husband, and I want a wife; there's one point upon which we perfectly agree. I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to begin with the anatomy alphabet. Say, widow! I suppose you can skip the rudiments. Say, what you've got to say in a fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan if they think you are afraid of them. Do I look as if I were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers. The Beard-lady couldn't hold a candle to them (though I wonder she don't to her own). 'Afraid? h-m-m! I feel as if I could con-

quer Asia. What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so; there that'll do; that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself couldn't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Partridge for giving her a quit claim. I'll make her as happy as a little robin. Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue eye? Do you think I'd sit after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantle, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her blessed little side, to dangle round oyster-saloons and theatres? Do I look like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane after night, trying to see me red up street? NO! Mr. and Mrs. Adam were not more beautified in their nuptial bow, than I shall be with the Widow Partridge.

Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well; there's one comfort; nobody will ever believe it. She is not so very pretty, after all; her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-ry; not so very ready either, confound the gipsy. What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares? 'If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be?' Ten to one, she'd have set up that wretch of a Partridge for my model. Who wants to be Partridge 2d? I'm glad she didn't have her! I mean—I'm glad I didn't have her!

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Out of employment! The exclamation, says the Albany Knickerbocker, is almost as common as the notices of "to let" on new houses. Why out of employment? Has ingenuity reached its end, that flesh and blood must waste as the flower wilts when plucked from the stem? Energy may be seen any day in a week, at a street corner sharpening knives. Apple stan is yield prof enough to pay for an upper room and something approaching to comfort. Matches industriously offered, have purchased a house and land. Trip and sandwich-meat, enable the dealer to keep cool in warm weather, and more than pay for coal and expenses when frost prevails. An Ethiopian swill collector has qualified himself to exercise the elective franchise by pursuing his sloppy vocation with vigour. Out of employment! Who can know who or what you are if you stand at the corner moping and wondering why a stranger does not step forward and extend a helping hand? Never hope to jump at once into prosperity, for the chasm between industry and idleness is of frightful width. Never allow pride to bring a blush to your cheek because your business is humble. Pride is not reliable in all cases. If you labor you produce, and producers are certain of reward in some form. If you are cheated of your money, an honest man may hear of your calamity, and with generous heart offer you a position. Never say "out of employment!" because no reasonable excuse can be offered therefor. The world is wide; the people daily find rest in the cemeteries, and places must be supplied. There's work enough for all, while integrity and sincerity are characteristics. Try again.

A "WINNING WAY."—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left the bed and board which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself in, whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret, dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds.

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will ye come back?" "No, Margaret, I won't come back." "An' won't ye come back for the love of the childer?" "Not for the childer, Margaret." "Will ye come back for the love of me-sill?" "Never at all. Away wid' ye." "An' Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?" "No, nor the love of the church, Margaret." Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whisky from her pocket, and holding it up for her truant husband, she said: "Will ye come for the drop of whisky?" "Ah, me darling," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yerself that'll always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wid' ye, I'll come home, Margaret."

Margaret declares that Patrick was "reclaimed by moral suasion?" "Benevolent old Lady"—"Sakes alive child, what do you want of two pairs of cold victuals for? You had but one, yesterday." "Little Girl"—"Yes, ma'am; but mother's taken more boarders since."

There are two hundred Russian prisoners of war, with their wives and families, in one of the Devonshire prisons. They cost about as much as a company of infantry would at war. Nevertheless they cannot be got rid of.

There is a wood-sawyer in Boston, whose interest income is \$800 per year. He still follows his business.

The Japanese are said to be a nation of Atheists, having lately discarded the belief in a Supreme Being.

A Nice Country for Errors.—A man hot an Editor in Texas, and was fined by Court of Justice—*one cent!*

POST OFFICE ROBBERY.—Wm. H. Martin, who has been the principal distributing clerk in the post office of Baltimore for the last twenty years, has been detected in robbing the letters passing through his hands of the money they contained.—He was detected through the agency of a decoy letter, and on his house being searched the letter and the money it contained were found. His salary was a thousand dollars per annum, and his house being furnished in the most extravagant way and his living in the manner and style in which he did, has excited the suspicion that these depredations most probably have been going on for several years past.

SNOW IN CANADA.—Persons from Quebec report that there has been excellent sleighing in that vicinity since the first of the present month. At the latest dates there was every indication that the usual five months' sleighing would be enjoyed the present season by the residents of the lower part of Canada East.

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