



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

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 46

Plymouth Lodge No. 33, meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
B. VINSON, Secy. G. T. MYERS, N. G.

MASONIC LODGE
The Regular communication of this Lodge, are every Monday Evening before the full moon.
B. F. DAY, W. M.
J. W. MCLAUGHLIN, N. G.
D. BAUGHMAN, Sec'y.

VIRGINIA IRON WORKS,
GILL, KELLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Nails & spikes,
Wholesale and Retail.
P. J. DENKER, N. G. DENKER,
Importers, Manufacturers of
Furnishing Goods, Tailors' Trimmings,
CLOTHS AND CLOTHING.

No. 76 Superior-st., CLEVELAND, O.
P. J. DENKER & SONS
good inducements to country merchants as can be done in New York or any of the Eastern cities.
sep20ly

A. G. ROBINSON, J. M. BUSHFIELD,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WRAPPING & ROOFING PAPER, BONNET
BOARDS, etc.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 217 LIVERY-STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHOICE GROCERIES.
Persons in want of a good article of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, &c., will find the article by calling at store of
June 16 CUYKENDALL & Co.

Dry Goods at Wholesale.
W. WARREN, H. G. TULLER,
No. 105 SUPERIOR-STREET, WELLS
HOUSE, CLEVELAND, O.

We have received our Fall Stock and are now prepared to sell goods at the lowest New York prices. We invite dealers to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
sep20

LAURENCE HOTEL,
(Formerly Railroad Hotel).
P. MCGINIS, Proprietor,
Opposite the Ohio and Pennsylvania Rail Road Station, on Federal-street, Allegheny
Sep-18 Fare \$1 per day. sep21ly

JOHN C. WRIGHT,
MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF
Pen, Pocket and Table cutlery,
Surgical & Dental Instruments, Shears
Razors, Guns, Pistols, Colts' and
OTHER REVOLVERS,
Lightning Rods, Points, &c.,
No. 86 WOOD-STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Particular attention paid to the manufacturing of Tinware, Supporters, &c., by 17-18m

STOVES! STOVES!
POWERS & KINNEY,
Have received their fall and winter stock of
Cooking and Parlor Stoves, for
WOOD OR COAL,
of every variety and size, which they offer for sale at
The Lowest Kind of Prices.
Also, a large assortment of TIN WARE, which will be sold cheap. Call and see. n3
ETNA IRON AND STEEL WAREHOUSE.
SPANG & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS of all sizes and descriptions of Juniata Iron, Nails, Wrought and Cut Spike, Billet, Plough and Spring Steel, &c., Boiler Iron, Rivets, Fire-bleed, Sheet and Bar Iron, of any size and thickness, made to order and cut to pattern if required. Also WINDOW GLASS and PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURES generally.
Cleveland Warehouse, corner of Light-house and River street, near the C. & R. R. Depot. Pittsburgh Warehouse, No. 38 and 39 Water street. sep20

J. M. FRISBIE, Daguerrean Artist,
Reber's Block, nearly opposite Vandell Hotel, entrance between Porter and Lytle's stores, Water-st., SANDUSKY, O.

PICTURES taken either singly or in groups in the best style of the art, in either clear or cloudy weather, put up in every variety of cases. His rooms are fitted up with both sky and side lights. Strangers visiting Sandusky are invited to call and examine specimens.
June 10-24-ly

ROBINSON & LOCKE,
INSURANCE AGENTS
Advertiser Office, Plymouth, O.
Being agents for several of the best companies in the country, including the Merchants' Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Washington Union of Cleveland, and Summit County Mutual, we will insure either Village or Farm Property, against loss by Fire. Apply as above.

PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.
B. VINSON,
Prepared to furnish at all times his marble factory, MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, MANTLES, &c., of the best style and finish, of either Italian or American Marble, at prices unequalled in this western country. He has now on hand, and is constantly in receipt of the most splendid specimens of Marble, of all sizes and kinds suitable for Table-tops, Mantle-Pieces, &c.
Plymouth, Oct. 15, 1853.

Elliott & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Agricultural and Horticultural SEEDS & IMPLEMENTS,
Fruit and Ornamental Trees,
South side Court House Square, Cleveland, Ohio.

Our collection has been made up with great care, and by personal attendance and examination of the articles. All Orders promptly executed.
Our stock of Trees, especially Dwarf Pears, is very fine. april13-14

R. WATSON,
139 COR. LIBERTY & WAYNE STS., PITTSBURGH.
DEALER in Bacon Lard and Groceries of every description, Old Rye Whisky, Cogniac Brandy, Holland Gin, Jamaica Spices, Wines and Cordials, Cherry Brandy, Ginger Brandy, Blandly.
The attention of dealers in the above articles is respectfully solicited, as we confidence in saying that we can furnish them in quality and price, equal to any establishment East of Work. Orders promptly attended to. sep21

Select Poetry.

BABY BELL.
Have you not heard the Post tell
How came the dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out of Paradise:
She rode this planet, like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even-
Its ridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged seraphs go
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven:
She touched a bridge of flowers--those feet,
So light they did not send the bells
Of the celestial asphodels:
They fell like dew upon the flowers!
And all the air grew strongly sweet!
And thus came dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours!

She came and brought delicious May:
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like swallows in and out the leaves,
The robins sang the liveliest lay;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Scented the air with its veins of wine:
O, earth! was full of pleasant smell,
When came the dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours!

O baby, dainty baby Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman nature filled her eyes!
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of mourning pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those open gates of Paradise!
And we loved baby more and more;
O'er us in our hearts she lay,
Such holy love was born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen--
The world of deathless men!
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth--
The mother's being ceased on earth
When baby came from Paradise!
For love of him who smoo'd our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We loved her best, and our hearts beat
Like violas after rain!

And now the orchards which were once
All white and rosy in their bloom--
Filling the crystal of their eyes
With gentle pulses of perfume--
Were thick with yellow juicy fruit:
The plums were globes of honey rare,
The grapes were purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In baby's beauty:
Her rosy cheeks more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves her mother's face;
Her angel nature opened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
As baby's hand took away the seal
Which held the portals of her speech!
She never was a child to us;
We never held her being's key:
We could not teach her holy things:
The angels lacked her purity!

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His Messenger for baby Bell!
We loved and loved her evermore,
And all our thoughts ran into tears:
And all our hopes were changed to fears--
The sunshine into dismal rain!
Aloud we cried in our belief:
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bear and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief!"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her little heart was eased in ours--
They're broken caskets--baby Bell!

At last she came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands:
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We laid some buds upon her brow--
Doubt's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

He had half consented to allow the extirpation of that portion of his subjects who professed the simplest faith of Luther, to the manifold observances, and debasing superstitions of the "Holy Catholic Church," then in its most degraded state. The Huguenots were numerous and powerful, numbering in their ranks, numbers of the nobility, aye Royalty even and Pope Gregory XIII fearing his growing influence in France, sought to check their progress, lest in the event of Charles decessing they might gain the ascendancy, and then farewell to one of the jewels of his tiara. His emissaries had concocted a plan, to destroy the Huguenots by a simultaneous movement, and thus uproot Protestantism at one fell blow, and only needed the sanction of Charles to carry it into effect. He, however, though weak and vacillating, feared, though he wished to give the word. Coligny had just returned, having conquered Florida from the Spaniards, covered with laurels, and his power over the masses was great, though himself a leader of the new faith. "Prove to me," said the King, "they plot against my life, and St. Luke, they shall perish, dogs that they are!"

Adrienne de Lorme, was the niece, and ward, of Francis de Lorme, a count and general, and a friend of the elder Coligny. Her father falling on the field of battle while she was a mere child, left her, with his large estates, to the care of Francis. She had never known another father and loved him with all the affection of a daughter. Although a Huguenot, he had, at brother's request, brought up Adrienne in the bosom of the church, never interfering with her religious convictions, and allowing Father Ignacius, confessor to the King, to be her spiritual guide.

The priest had obtained information of secret meetings of the leaders among the Protestants at the house of De Lorme, and eagerly desired to obtain access, when he thought of his penitent, and we find him laying his hands.

"I tell thee, daughter, no harm shall befall thy uncle, and thou must obey me; fall in this, and on thy head will fall the heaviest curses of our church."

A low moan and a sob, was the only response as the maiden quailed beneath these threats.

"To-night they meet in this house; I must be where I can see, unseen, hear and not be suspected."

"But my uncle--"

"Shall be held inviolate though their object be the life of the King himself. Nay, start not, I do not suspect this; but designs against our church are arie, and we must be forewarned. You know we are very merciful to the repentant sinner."

"But my uncle--"

"He is but my assistant," said the friar, "and he is not doing anything."

"Industriously she accompanied him to the top of the house, and entering a large chamber, showed them at one end a curtain, through which could be seen the rays of light."

"They are assembled in the adjoining room; but my uncle will be safe."

"I have promised, girl; return in an hour; now leave me."

Taking the light, she left them in the dark.

"What think you of Adrienne, sire? Is she not fair?"

"Fair! gods, she's divine! Now, by my salvation, I'll pawn down my crown to call her mine! Tell me, priest, how can I possess her?"

"By one way, my liege. She has a lover--her father favors him; say but the word--they are both heretics--and they die. Thence an orphan, and of our faith, she becomes a ward to the crown. But they have commenced."

Applying his eye to the curtain, leaving the king wrapped in thought, he discovered one hundred men, most of whose faces were familiar to him. At the end of the room was a plain altar, and they were engaged in devotions.

Cursing the fortune that had brought him but to witness a church service, he was about to leave, when they concluded, and prepared for the legitimate business of the evening.

One of their number had turned traitor, and after betraying many secrets, had attempted the life of Coligny; it was to decide on his fate they had met.

Soon the vote was taken, and each in turn, rising gave his verdict aloud; nearly all were death. Seizing the king, the priest hurried to the opening.

"Now, your majesty, my words are proved--hear for yourself: 'tis of your fate they vote!"

Francis with rage, Charles would have doubtless betrayed them, had not the door opened and given admission to Adrienne, a woman, with an infant in her arms, clad in her night robes, fell at the feet of the priest, beseeching mercy. As well might she have asked the vulture to leave its prey--he turned away with a cold sneer upon his lips, and a drunken soldier who followed, came up, and with one blow of his halberd, stretched her bleeding on the ground; then seizing the child, he dashed out its brains on the curbstone, shouting: "Death to the Huguenots!"

Our heroine, already half-paralyzed with fear, at this horrid sight, swooned. She was forced into the carriage--the windows were drawn up, and away it sped towards the Royal Palace. She was taken out borne to the chambers of the King, where were assembled Catherine de Medicis, Charles, and one or two attendants with loaded guns. "Water," cried the priest, as he laid her upon a couch, "we have been too rough with her--she has fainted."

Under the care of the attendants she soon recovered. In the meantime Charles was looking out of the window into the courtyard. It was a horrible scene--large fires were burning, making the spacious yard as light as day. Armed men were hurrying hither and thither, killing, indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, all who wore not the white cross. Hundreds of the Protestants, hoping to find shelter in the palace, made

their way to the gate, only to find a speedy death. Among the slain was De Lorme, whose body lay in full sight of the window. At this moment, a young man, bleeding from many wounds, with sword in hand, attired in a rich suit of white velvet, was seen cutting his way through the crowd. The guards fell back before his impetuous arm.

"Who is this brave boy?" said the King, as with a motion of his hand, he waved back the soldier. "I'll spare his life for his gallantry."

"Will you?" said the priest, "he is Adrienne's lover, and the boldest of the heretics!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the king fiercely, "bring the girl hither--up to the window--so that he may see her, quick!" and he grasped an apoplexy, coughed it, and glared hastily at the priest.

The priest obeyed. The terrified girl was dragged to the window, the curtain was torn from the window, and Adrienne was held up by the priest, so that all in the court yard must see her.

"Remont!" cried the King.

The young man hearing his name pronounced, looked up. His eye caught Adrienne's. "Fly, Armand! fly!" she shrieked, "save yourself from--"

"The priest's hand fell heavily upon her mouth. Remont heard her--he grasped his sword with a closer grip, and sprang toward the entrance.

"Quick!" said the priest, still holding the struggling girl. Charles rested his piece upon the window sill, he ran his eye along the glittering tube, and fired. Remont sprang into the air and fell upon the pavement a corpse. The ball had pierced his brain.

Adrienne looked once at the prostrate bodies of her father and lover, and drew back from the window. There was no trace of tears upon her livid cheeks--a mingled expression of despair and suppressed rage overspread her face. She turned toward the three assassins, the priest, Charles, and Catherine. Catherine and Charles quailed before her steady gaze. "You have slain my father, you have murdered Remont--finish your heinous work; let me hear their company!"

The priest was the first to break silence. "Sire," said he to the king, "I have brought you your prize; will you relinquish her?" and he advanced toward her. "No! by heaven!" said his hand upon her shoulder. Adrienne started as though an adder had stung her. A poniard hung at his girdle--she seized it, and ere his hand could intercept to avert the blow she buried it in his bosom. "And you!" she cried, as with another blow the gory weapon pierced the heart of the priest, "and you!" and Catherine de Medicis fell. "Remont! Father! I have avenged your blood! I come to join you! Holy Mother receive me!" and the poniard descended. Dropping the sanguined blade she staggered to the window--one look she gave the cold corpses of the murdered loved ones in the court yard, and with a prayer upon her lips, she sank back dead.

Why don't you Advertise?

To those who are complaining of the scarcity of the times, we address this inquiry: why don't you advertise? It is just the thing to help you out of your difficulties--to relieve you from existing embarrassments--to save you. There is no mistake about it; and the demonstrations which have been made within your own observation, within the last seven years, by those who advertised extensively, prove the fact that advertising is the sure road to fortune. Do you say you have not the means to meet the expense, and cannot afford to do it? You cannot afford not to do it. There is the difficulty. If you do not, the means make haste to get them--send a lot of wretched goods to auction--try your credit. Your increased sales and additional profits will enable you not only to pay your advertising bills, but save you from destruction, and inspire confidence in your creditors and the public--But should this expectation not be fully realized, you can hardly be worse off than you are now. "Nothing risk nothing win." You know that large fortunes have been made by advertising, and you also know that no man ever advertised extensively and thoroughly who did not succeed--"Those who are doing business must advertise or fail! It is true that advertising may not save all who are embarrassed; for there are some which even advertising, however potent, cannot now save; but it will save many--all who are not hopelessly insolvent--it will save hundreds who are doomed to certain failure without it--There is no sense in standing idle--no sense in brooding over existing ills--The true way is to commence a war upon them and do it through the means and agency of the Press, which is truly and emphatically the mighty lever of the business world, and you know it. Advertising is the grand remedy. "Cast your bread upon the waters, and in a short time it shall return to you again. We ask no man to advertise for the sake of the Press, but for his own sake--to save himself from bankruptcy, and his family from penury and want--" The Philadelphia merchants and manufacturers are advertising vastly more than ours are, and the consequence is, their trade is better than ours. Many of our business men appear to be paralyzed; they are panic struck and trembling in their shoes. They are wondering what is to become of them, instead of laying hold of the lever which alone can save them--ruin stares them in the face! To all such we say, advertise--advertise at once; let it be the first thing you do. If you are too far gone, may not save you. It is, in fact, the only thing you can do, and no one can weather the storm. Then, be about it! The experiment is worth trying--is it not? It is the last chance of the business men who are in distress for more and better customers. Why should any one hesitate to resort to it?--N. Y. Tribune.

How to Succeed.

A correspondent out West thus writes of a character he has met. The lesson indicated by the history of the man is one which commends itself to every one who would succeed in life. Read it:

On a small Mississippi steamer, I met a very different character. He was a native of an Eastern State, but had gone West to make his fortune. While his boat was tied to the bank for an hour, he gave me an account of the course he followed, and the difficulties he has contended with. He started out west with a small sum of money and the blacksmith trade. He reached St. Louis, thence up the Illinois till his money ran out. He stopped and worked to get his purse recruited to reach a friend's house. There he worked for a month to pay a man for bringing his chest from the Illinois river. Finally he reached Chicago, got a contract on the Illinois and Wisconsin Canal, was getting rich when Illinois set up a man who poorer than when he began. Then the illness and fever laid him up for a year. Let this suffice as a specimen. At length he returned to Chicago, bought enough boards on credit to make a backsmith shop by sticking the ends in the ground and bringing the tops together. From that time he has gone steadily forward until his ear-factories cover the principal part of two squares in the city, which he purchased one for fifteen hundred and the other for six thousand dollars. The city is far beyond him and by the rise of property alone, he is rich; while his factories are bringing him a fine revenue.

He had accomplished his object, but concluded his narrative by saying that had he life to begin again he would know that by enduring all that he had endured he could attain the same wealth rather than undergo the hardships, he would sacrifice the prospective wealth and be content with a mechanic's day wages."

I believe him, as I looked at a man of thirty-eight as much as a worn and broken one as a man of fifty.

Rich Joke.

The Syracuse Standard tells a story of a resident of that city--a staid, middle-aged gentleman, the father of a large family of children--having got into a laughable scrape recently into this way: He had taken a letter from the office directed to his name, which being somewhat illegible, he took it home for his wife and daughters to decipher. It turned out to be a letter informing him that he had just become the father of a fine child, weighing nine pounds without its clothes; that its fond mother was much better than could be expected, and earnestly requested him to "come home," and bring a few yards of flannel, four diaper pins, and numerous other baby fixings. The old gentleman now always manages to decipher his letters before taking them home.

Select Miscellany.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE,
OR
The Fatal Nuptials.

"Mox ea lacula padre, mea la culpa, spare him, he is a father to me, spare him for Holy Mother's sake."

"Silence, daughter! profane not that blessed name by linking it with a base heretic; I will not listen to such blasphemy."

The speakers were a priest, in the robes of a Carmelite, and a young girl kneeling at his feet. She was as beautiful as the Madonna whose aid she invoked; scarce sixteen years, she was budding into womanhood, a perfect type of the "blonde," of medium height, her figure as lithe and graceful as a gazelle. Her features were purely Grecian, eyes of that deep trusting blue, nose cast down, half veiled by long, fringed like lashes upon a coral bed, and hair of the soft golden hue Ruffalo so loved paint, and which we find in the "Fornarina," was in wain bands gathered at the back of the head in a braided coronal, discomposing the tip of the ear as roseate and transparent as a delicate sea shell. She was attired in a simple robe of white girdled at the waist, which displayed the perfect contour of the form; it draped, while about a neck of ivory-like purity, hung a rosary of "our Lady of Dolores."

The Friar was a tall, thin, cadaverous looking person in the lines of whose crafty features not one vestige of that God-like trait, benevolence appeared. He seemed what he was: a stern, myriandling, bigoted Jesuit, who while advancing the interest of his own order, scrupled at no ends, and would push on the car, if it crushed half the world beneath its wheels. A fit tutor and guardian indeed for this weak and easily wounded girl.

It was in the year 1572, Charles IX was on the throne; a bigot himself and the easy tool of his designing mother, Catherine Medicis, and his confessor Father Ignacius

cealed--how fare our hopes? Yet stay, you are fatigued. Who waits there? A cup of wine?"

"No, daughter, herbs and spring water are my diet; nothing may pass my lips but these till France is free from her ice, and--"

"Thou art a Cardinal--oh, good Padre?"

As he started, with a deprecatory gesture to this sally of the Queen

"By all the saints I swear if we but succeed, thou shalt wear the purple, or the Pontiff himself shall tremble."

As he spoke this magnificent woman drew up her form to its full height, and with flashing eyes seemed the personification of royalty.

"All goes well your highness, to-night will decide for us, and our blessed patron Loyola must favor efforts made to exalt his order."

So spoke the impious wretch, ignoring the Deity entirely.

"But we are alone! Is no one within hearing?"

"We are," said she, "proceed."

He untold his nefarious schemes, and this she, who gloried in the prospect of a daughter betraying her father and lover; and being in turn given up to a heartless libertine. Fit pair, the serpent and the wolf; well were they matched. Dismissing the priest, Catherine promised to prepare the King himself, and all should be in readiness by night.

Charles, indolent to a degree, could not have been induced to attempt this midnight tour, had not the prospect of seeing the girl held out as an inducement.

"And this Adrienne de Lorme you picture to me, I faith she seems a dainty rose, and why has this stern old soldier kept her so secluded? Why has she not appeared to grace our court?"

"He has, doubtless, intended her for some gay cloak, your highness," said his mother, "and feared the gaiety of our palace."

"Zounds! 'twould suit me right well to rob him of his prize. I'll see her, at least, and these surly Huguenots, if they keep not beyond my claws, I'll scratch them yet."

Night came, and with it the priest; together they stole out by a private way, and sought the house of De Lorme. Dark forms, muffled in cloak were seen, singly, entering the garden gate.

"On quarry," said the king.

"As the knell of the curfew pealed out from Notre Dame, they stood in the boulevard of Adrienne, who awaited them.

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PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.
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Plymouth, Oct. 15, 1853.

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