

THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

"THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHOWERED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR."—JACKSON.

A Family Newspaper devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

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THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

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TERMS.

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OF every description, executed at the office of the
"PLYMOUTH PILOT"
with promptitude, and in the best possible manner.
BOOKS, CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CARDS, AND POSTERS,
Printed on the most accommodating terms, and in a style not to be surpassed by any other establishment in Northern Indiana.
DEEDS, SUMMONS, EXECUTIONS,
MORTGAGES, SUBPOENAS, BLANK NOTES,
and all kinds of JUSTICES' and CONSTABLES' BLANKS, are kept constantly on hand at this office, or printed to order.

Scene in Court.

The Hartford Times vouches for the truth of the following story:
Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweeney. I have the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honor will give me a respite.
We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called upon a second time for your fine.
But your honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a respite.
What do you want to do with it.
If your honor will write one and give it to me, I'll tell ye.
Well there is your receipt. Now what do you want to do with it?
I'll tell your honor. You see one these days I'll be after dying and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say, who's there? and I'll say, it's Pat Malone, and he will say, what do you want? and I'll say I want to come in, then he'll say, did you behave yourself like a decent boy in the other world, and pay all your fines and such thing? and then he'll want to see the respite, and I'll put my hand into my pocket and get out my respite, and I'll not have to be plodding all over hell to find your honor to get one."

Patriotism.

A Yankee gentleman conveying a British gentleman around to view the many different objects of attraction in the city of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said: "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters: "Did it hurt him much?"
The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen fourths of July in his countenance.
"Hurt him," said he, "he was killed sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer: well I should think he would have been hurt, to fall so far.
The native tore his hair, but it gave him a good opportunity to enlarge upon the glorious events connected with the hill, and the benefits therefrom flowing for our somewhat extensive country, and soon talked himself into good humor.—Carpet Bag.

Why do ladies who grow up together become wicked?
Because they learn to hook each other's dress.

POETRY.

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

BY REV. J. G. LYONS, L. L. D.

"Consider the lilies of the field."
The welcome flowers are blossoming,
In jovous troops reveal'd
They lift their dewy buds and bells
In garden, mead, and field;
They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf,
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind,
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees,
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain side,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure sweet flowers of God.

They come with genial airs and skies,
In summer's golden prime,
And to the stricken world give back
Lost Eden's blissful clime.
Outshining Solomon they come:
And go full soon away,
But yet, like him, they meekly breathe
True wisdom while they stay.

"O God," they whisper, "smiles on us,
And bids us bloom and shine,
Does He not mark, oh faithless man!
Each wish and want of thine?
Think, too, what joys await in Heaven
The blest of human birth,
When rapture, such as woe's thee now,
Can reach the bad on earth!"

Redeemer of a fallen race!
Most merciful of kings!
Thy hallowed words have clothed with power
Those frail and beauteous things.
All taught by Thee, they yearly speak
Their message of deep love,
Bidding us fix, for life and death,
Our hearts and hopes above.

Communication.

For the Pilot.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION
At Hopewell, Greene Township, Marshall County.

The 75th Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated at this place by the members and friends of Sabbath Schools in this place and vicinity. At 11 o'clock, an assembly of about 300 persons were convened in a beautiful shady bower prepared for the purpose in front of the north school-house, near which waved in the breeze the stars and stripes of our country suspended from a pole near 80 feet in height, an emblem of liberty.

The exercises of the day were opened by beautiful and appropriate music by the choir, conducted by John A. McCoy; prayer by Rev. Mr. Richmond; and reading of the Declaration by D. W. Butler. After which, Rev. N. L. Lord entertained the audience with an eloquent and interesting address, happily suited to the occasion, and which was listened to with marked attention and doubtless with profit. At the close of the discourse and music by the choir, the teachers and scholars with other youth assembled to the number of about 200 marched in procession; and on their return were with the whole company richly entertained with a repast of the bountiful luxuries prepared by the ladies in a style characteristic of their noble hospitality on all such occasions. When the young people had amused themselves during a short recess, all were again seated. After singing, Rev. Mr. Richmond succeeded in an able and thrilling address in his usual home-thrust style well calculated to instruct and profit. During his remarks, good attention was paid and through all the exercises the scholars of the various schools considering the meeting as their own, for their benefit showed a cheerful and respectful interest in all that was done. Singing and prayer followed and the assembly dismissed.

The exercises of the day passed off most harmoniously and pleasantly, and left the impression that whatever other ways of celebrating the Fourth there may be, the method adopted in this instance was a suitable and profitable one. How beautiful the sight! Hundreds of children and youth; and in some places, we presume, thousands might be collected in orderly procession, with their banners of peace and good will, assembling where they can have the privilege of taking some active part in celebrating this day of jubilee, and early learn to appreciate, in common with us all the great blessings and privileges we here enjoy as a people and as a nation.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

For the Pilot.

LAPORTE, July 12, 1851.

Mr. Editor:—
I cannot think of leaving your pleasant village without expressing the pleasure afforded me by a visit to the school in your place. Its order and general arrangement are so much superior to what we generally see and the interest manifested by the scholars is so much greater that it is, alike worthy of public commendation and of lasting patronage. Patronage not only of dollars and cents, but what is far more valuable to the faithful teacher as well as to the scholar, patronage of interest, and that shown by a deep concern in everything pertaining to the prosperity of the school.

A practiced eye soon discovers here the effective labors of teachers who try to perform their duties faithfully—no labor earnestly and perseveringly in the great work of Education; and from such, success is rarely withheld, if employers give their reasonable support.

I was highly pleased on visiting the school in the afternoon to find a few of the parents present to witness the exercises. And how some little hearts beat more happily that day, and some eyes grew brighter at the thought—an anxious mother sees me now, or perchance a father dear! How glisten the tears of joy! but, methinks, other tears were shed that day—other bitter tears of conscious neglect. When that little bright-eyed girl recited so well the long studied piece in which she had taken so much interest for many days, and looking around, saw not the encouraging smile of a father and mother—when she felt that they took not enough interest in her progress to induce them to leave for an hour their business or their pleasure—what wonder if tears should flow, if her little heart should sink discouraged within her bosom! What wonder if she should lose her interest in advancement, when she sees those whom she loves best taking none! What wonder if the teacher, already worn with care, should be doubly taxed to keep her interested in the toils of study. Oh, that parents could but see how such neglect crushes, withers the growing intellect of their child! that they could but see how it blasts the interests of the school! The faithful teacher may toil—yet his toils are unheeded, his labors unknown. He may strive to make the school-room a desirable retreat, but his efforts are not seconded. He may talk to his scholars of the importance of improving the mind, of the value of education, yet the indifference of parents destroys his counsel and weakens his influence.

Men may talk to me of the deep interest they feel in the cause of education and in schools, but give me before it, a thousand times the interest manifested by that mother who occasionally takes time to visit the school-room.
If parents could but look at what is really to their interest here—if they would but know that a proper education is truly more valuable to their child than all the wealth that can possibly be hoarded by the miser's care—then we should see the dawn of a brighter day—then would parent and teacher labor harmoniously together—then would a good school grow up in every neighborhood, and the youthful mind quickly receive a crown of beauty and strength.

D. WITTER.

THE MOON DAGUEROTYPES.—The Boston Journal says that Mr. J. L. Whipple, the distinguished daguerrotypist, has succeeded, with the aid of Mr. Bond, the Cambridge astronomer, in taking views of the surface of the moon, as it appears through the great Telescope at the Observatory. The Journal has seen two daguerrotypes representing the moon as it appeared on Monday and Thursday nights of last week. The mountains and valleys of the moon are very distinctly defined on the plate, and it is believed that by the aid of these representations, taken at different phases of the moon, their height and depth may be determined. The importance of these experiments will be duly appreciated by the astronomer.

Deacon Wm. Thayer aged seventy-four years, was married to Miss. Dolly Simpson, aged fifty-four years, at East Randolph, Mass., recently, after a long and interesting courtship of one hour and twenty minutes.

From the St. Louis Union.

WHAT WOULD FOLLOW FROM DIS-SOLUTION?
The time was, and it is yet fresh in the memory of us all, when to utter a prediction of the ultimate dissolution of the Union, or to breathe the sentiment of disloyalty to the Constitution, would have been regarded with as much honor and scorn as a calumnious imputation upon the virtue and patriotism of WASHINGTON. The brands of infamy would have blistered the lips of the man who should have dared to give expression to the treason, and he would have been shunned as a political leper, as stricken with a loathsome and infectious plague. Never, amidst the utmost rage of political strife, and sectional violence, animosity and exasperation, had such an idea been dreamt of from the frozen hills of Maine to the orange groves of Florida.

Twenty years ago, the country numbered among its most gifted statesmen, a man whose wonderful powers of generalization, whose metaphysical acumen, whose impassioned oratory and strange faculty of influencing others, as by a species of political mesmerism; whose unblemished private character, and simplicity of life, united to a selfish, insatiable and unscrupulous ambition, will long render him one of the most noted characters in modern history. He had fixed his fiery, aspiring eye upon the highest honor in the gift of the people; and disappointed bitterly here, had concluded with the great author of pride and unhalloved ambition, that it "was better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven;" the dictatorship of South Carolina, arrayed in treasonable hostility against the country at large, would be more glorious than a peaceful and loyal, though perhaps inferior station in the Republic.

The nullification movement followed. He found a people admirably predisposed by an inwrought aristocracy of character, to take the ground which he indicated; and the first note of discord then for the first time disturbed the grand chorus of national harmony. The nerve and decision of General Jackson crushed the nascent revolt. But the heart which has once harbored treason, does not easily learn to beat true; and the mouth that has become familiar with the language of disloyalty, may indeed cease the vociferations, but not readily the whispers and low mutterings of sedition. The doctrine of State sovereignty is once again asserted, in bolder, bolder and more insistent tones than ever; and disunion which was before only contemplated as a possible consequence of resistance to the collection of the revenue, is now advocated by a whole convention as inevitable, imperious and sacredly incumbent.

We are not among those who apprehend any danger to the integrity of the Union from the present demonstration. There is no prospect whatever that any other southern State will make common cause with South Carolina, in her mad, hopeless and infamous designs; but on the contrary, there is the strongest moral certainty, that should matters reach a crisis, the States of the south will vie, with the States of the north, and the States of the east will struggle with a generous rivalry with the States of the west, in supporting the constitution and the laws, and in preserving intact and unmarred the symmetry and unity of the nation.

We will suppose, however, the accomplishment of the result which South Carolina has been so long laboring to produce—the south arrayed against the fratricidal strife. We have a country vast in extent, with few military fortifications, and where nature, as if to discourage the very idea of civil war, has made little provision for the protection of one section against invasion by another. Few mountain fastnesses offer their impervious shield against a hostile force. The boundaries of the several States are in most cases, purely conventional.—Our cities are constructed with no eye to defence against a besieging army from without, or against armed and sanguinary hosts within. Let once the dogs of intestine war be let loose, and scenes of horror would ensue, to which history can present no parallel, and which not even the wildest imagination could picture by anticipation. While belligerent expedition would issue from the south, and lay waste contiguous regions of the north a servile war would be raging at home; millions of semi-savages, powerless in the general peace and tranquillity, would be clothed with a frightful strength amidst the anarchy of civil war; knowing no mercy, respecting no scanty, recognizing no distinctions, and excepting no condition, as cruel and unsparring when in the ascendant, as they are meek and abject in their dependence upon a superior race.

Once lighted, the flames of civil discord would reach from one ocean to the other, expecting no region of our happy country. The fact of our social oneness that while sectional political, commercial and manufacturing interests alien-

ate us to some extent from each other, we recognize our unity amid the amenities of private life, would add a terrible feature to the contest like that we suppose. You may make the banks of the St. Croix the starting point, and measure the entire stretch of the Atlantic and Gulf seaboard until you stand on the shores of the Rio Grande, and you will find the blood of Texas commingled with the blood of Maine, and the sons of the Empire State bound by the strictest ties of consanguinity to the Carolinian and the Georgian; and pushing your journey to the utmost western limit, you will be told of fathers and brethren and friends closer than a brother that have been left behind in the abodes of well ordered life, on the coast of the distant Atlantic. A war between section and section or individual states, would be a war of fathers against son, and between the members of the same household. The scenes enacted in unhappy Jerusalem, when surrounded by the beleaguering hosts of Titus, as they are graphically described by Tacitus and Josephus, would be repeated and transcended all over the continent; and future historians would find the vocabulary of the English tongue too poor in epithets, too meagre in phrase, to set forth to their shuddering readers on the title of the horrors of war, begun to redress the fancied grievances, to console the wounded pride, and gratify the haughty and unrepentant spirit of a single State.

But this is not all. We have no reason to assume that in case of such a contest, it would be a contest of the slaveholding States, as a united interest, against the free States as such. The doctrine of State sovereignty, as understood by South Carolina, would perhaps work more widely than she intended. It might divide regions along the entire Southern Atlantic seaboard, which are utterly alienated from each other by interests, habits, soil, climate, social character and social institutions. Let us once be cut up into thirty-six independent sovereignties, and what guaranty has South Carolina that the "up country," where there are few slaves, where the climate and soil encouraging white labor, where the people have little refinement and more political as well as social democracy than the inhabitants of the sandy region of the coast, what guaranty would South Carolina have of her own State integrity?

Why should not the hardy and industrious mountaineer commend the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to the lips of the indolent nabob of the rice-growing and cotton producing plains? There is nothing in all human probability more likely than, on the supposition of rational dismemberment, the whole "up country," from the Cape Fear to the Altamaha rivers, would declare their independence of the "low country." Unending divisions, dissensions, animosities, insurrections, broils and heart-burnings would be everywhere the result; until this glorious and self-governing people, whose moderation, political sobriety and respect for legitimate authority have been the admiration and the amazement of mankind, would be a "mixed anarchy," the sure precursor of that absolute power which in all such cases steps in to compose the chaotic confusion.

The hopes of the friends of civil liberty and republican institutions throughout the world would be quenched forever. The "orphans of the heart" would no longer turn to us and our example for refreshment, consolation and encouragement. The effete and exhausted old world would have no longer a place whereon it may undergo a rejuvenating process, and live its life over again under a more bracing sky and in another hemisphere. The shadow on the dial of human progress would go back by the space of a century. The highest and most enduring interests of mankind, those that survive the tomb and reach forward to an endless life; interests that are here flourishing under the protection and equal toleration of laws that show no sectarian preferences and partialities, and are rapidly throwing wide their branches and striking deep their roots in a fertile soil; these would be crippled, stunted and withered. And all for what? The question is more easily asked than answered.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT AN OLD DEBT.—One of the Boston papers tell a good story of a collector in that city, who had long been pestered by a person who owed the small sum of five dollars. He called again and again, but was again and again put off, until patience and shoe-leather failing, he hit upon an expedient to raise the money. Entering the man's counting-room suddenly, where several persons were sitting, he loudly stated that he must have his five dollars—his sister was very sick with the smallpox, he had been sitting up with her all night, and hardly had time to wash his hands! This was more than enough—the money was handed over immediately, and the collector was requested not to touch anything on his way out.

A full purse never lacks friends.

WHO IS THE TRUE LADY?

We once knew a "young lady" who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly. In all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich vein of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or discuss standard authors at pleasure. Of course she read novels—in fact a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by young men of taste. Yet, somehow, she never married. The "beaux" fluttered around her, like flies over a pot of honey, but they were careful not to get caught as those other insects are apt to do. Their attention was never so particular as to require "some friend of the family" to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was without in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead, "A Husband Wanted; for particulars inquire within."

But the husband never, to our knowledge came; and we believe at this day she is a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house.—She does the cooking, and the chamber work. From early dawn until late at night she is a slave. Well that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never sees her daughter's "cellars." If by accident she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would hasten out again, with em, embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes.

Now, take a walk with us. In the workshop, do you see that hard working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardening upon his face, and the gray hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head. He looks anxious and as though at his heart strings tagged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the father of our beautiful "young lady," and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter.

She moves in a circle above her parents and in short, is ashamed of them. They live in the kitchen, and she in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this; she despises them, and in fashionable gatherings, is among the first to cast her penny tips at "low mechanics"—provided she can do so safely. Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times No! We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such, just as we do a superb statue of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; nevertheless, it is insensate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing but to look at.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter, who nestles herself lovingly into the hearts of her parents—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heaviest burden upon herself—is the lady.—She may not have struck a note on a piano, yet her house is melodious with harmony such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble, but her interior life is clothed in the vestments of immortal beauty.

There are many "young ladies" whose whole character is on the surface.—Dress, manners, accomplishments, all are external. They are "outsiders." When the scorching fires of adversity burn beneath its surface, there is no protecting wall upreared within. The whole becomes but a heap of ashes, though it may contain the outward semblance of humanity.

The true lady cultivates the higher nature. She is religious, but not fanatical—courtous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arm of her Heavenly Father and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering; and her hand is ever open to relieve. She is beautiful at home beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, beautiful through life, and transcendentally and externally beautiful in Heaven.

This is the true lady.—Phil. Ledger.

JOHN DOUGLASS, ex-editor of the Indiana Journal, died in Indianapolis on the 2d inst.