

# 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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with promptitude, and in the best possible manner.

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### The Honorables at Dinner.

A few days since several members of the Legislature representing some of the interior counties of this State were at a boarding house in this city, when at the table they displayed what was deemed by some of the other boarders an anti-democratic fondness for honorary titles. In addressing each other the style would be:

"Will the honorable member from Chataque hand me the butter?"

"Will the honorable member from Onsego be kind enough to pass me the vinegar?"

"Certainly, sir, we may expect something sharp from the honorable member from Chenango!"

A Down East Clerk, becoming uneasy under this display of empty honor, called out in a loud sarcastic tone to the black waiter:

"Will the Honorable gentleman from Africa be kind enough to pass the bread?"

The laughter that ensued may be imagined. The honorables were henceforth silent.—N. Y. Paper.

**THE KNOWLEDGE OF CARD PLAYING APPLIED TO NAUTICAL PURPOSES.**—Captain R. Long and favorable known as master and owner in the Havre trade, tells the following anecdote:

At the port of New York, in consequence of the scarcity of sailors, he had to take green hands or landmen. Finding it impossible to learn them the ropes of his ship, and fearing a storm, he adopted the following plan for their instruction. Calling his crew to the quarter-deck, he asked them if they could play cards, and received an affirmative answer from them; he immediately took a pack of cards and placed them on the principle ropes—the ace on one, the king on another, &c.—When the blow came he gave orders to haul "taut" on the jack of diamonds, over-haul the ace of spades let go the ten of clubs, cast off the duke of hearts, &c. &c., and in three days he asserts that he had as good a working crew as any captain need wish for.

**SHORT OF A BIBLE.**—Here is a laughable instance of a man short of a Bible.

A reverend gentleman, while visiting a parishioner, had occasion, in the course of conversation, to refer to the Bible, and on asking for the article the master of the house ran to bring it, and came back with only two leaves of the book in his hand.—I declare, says he, 'this is all we've got in the house. I'd no idea we were so near out!'—Knickerbocker.

There is nothing in the world that will break up a prayer Meeting, half so quick, among the Yankees, as a regular Dog Fight.

## POETRY.

### I've Something Sweet to Tell You.

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

I've something sweet to tell you,  
But the secret you must keep,  
And, remember, if it's not night,  
I am "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,  
When I think your love is mine;  
And I know they are but seeming,  
All the hopes that round me shine.

So, remember, when I tell you  
What I can no longer keep,  
We are none of us responsible  
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!  
Oh, listen with your heart,  
And you shall hear it humming  
So close, 'twill make you start.

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,  
Or mine will wildly weep;  
I love you! I adore you! but—  
"I am not talking in my sleep."

### THOSE WE LOVE.

Those we love are passing from us—  
Passing like the summer flowers  
Soon our dearest heart-companions  
Death shall gather to his bowers.

Vainly shall we list for voices,  
Made by absence doubly dear,  
And remote will sternerly question,  
"Did'st thou cherish them when here?"

Oh! in sorrow—in vexation—  
In all its trials, let us prove  
By the purest, tenderest duties,  
How undying is our love.

Thus life's parting pang's a solace,  
In sweet retrospect shall know,  
Add the griefed and wounded spirit  
Rise, unburthened from its woe.

## Communication.

For the Plymouth Pilot.

### Education No. 3.

MR. EDITOR.—Having in my two former articles adverted to the general advantages of education, and to some of those difficulties which exist in our school system; I propose in this article, to address my remarks principally to the youth. Here is an important field for effort. I feel deeply my inadequacy to the task.—Still the hope that my imperfect remarks will not be altogether unprofitable, has induced me to take up my pen on this subject.

Let me call upon my young friends without distinction of sex, to reflect on that position which they will soon occupy in society. All that we see around us, will soon belong to the youth of our land. Our farms, our manufactures, our commerce, our internal improvements, our institutions of learning, our laws, our offices, our religious operations, and in short every thing that characterizes us as a nation; all these will soon pass into their hands. Certainly then, the position of our youth, is not only an important, but a responsible one. On that course of conduct which they pursue, momentous consequences are pending. The happiness of parents and friends, their own welfare, the welfare of communities around them, and the general welfare of our country, all these matters are here involved. All these blessings above mentioned, will be realized in our future history, if the youth pursue a proper course of conduct. All these blessings will be lost if they pursue a contrary course of conduct.

It is unnecessary to show that the rising generation in our midst have an interest in this matter. You, my young friends every one of you, have a part to act; and too escape responsibility is impossible. You have minds to improve, characters to form, an influence to exert, and duties to discharge. We hope that none are regardless of their responsibilities. We hope that none of you will say, I care not what my influence is; whether good, bad or indifferent. Such groveling views do not become beings for whom our Creator has done so much. An ardent desire for usefulness should fill your hearts, and sway your actions. To become ornaments to society and add blessings to the world an irreproachable character is indispensable. The most shining talents will avail nothing when character is wanting. Our own observation is conclusive on this point;

it is unnecessary to prove that those who would be eminently useful, must possess an unblemished reputation.

But to address the youth on mental improvement is my principal object, and to this point I will now turn my attention. All who desire a good education need not fall short of their object. The history of numbers, who are now so distinguished for their literary attainments, is full of instruction and encouragement. Their advantages in early life were extremely limited. They passed through great difficulties in attaining an education, which difficulties were conquered by their inflexible perseverance. Your circumstances my young friends, for acquiring knowledge, (many of you at least) may not be as favorable as could be desired, but recollect that scores and hundreds that are now eminent for their learning, were in early life more unfavorably situated in this respect than yourselves. Patience and perseverance will overcome every obstacle.

Let me bring up for your consideration a few matters which are indispensable to rapid improvement. First a taste for the acquisition of useful knowledge.—There is a vast difference in persons in this respect, some seem naturally to take great delight in their books, some take delight in other things. Books are neglected. But a taste for knowledge, as observation, and perhaps experience will show us, may be improved. The more we apply ourselves to literary pursuits the more delight we will find in this employment.

2d. Proper improvement of time. Numbers fall deplorably in this point, their leisure moments are thrown away in useless, and worse than useless pursuits. But few realize how much leisure time they have, how much they lose by squandering it; how much they might gain by wisely improving it. Our leisure moments if gathered up will soon amount to days, and weeks, and months. How much better to spend these fragments of time in improving the mind than to spend them in foolish conversation and foolish amusements.

3d. Close application to study. Man and are so constituted that a valuable improvement in the mind cannot be attained without labor, some are more gifted than others; but none however, splendid their natural abilities may be can become eminent for learning and talents without a patient and laborious exercise of their mental powers. Good books, good school houses, and good teachers cannot supply the place of hard study.—Our thinking powers must be called into active exercise. To improve rapidly without this is an absolute impossibility.

4th. The perusal of books which are calculated to exert a good influence upon the mind. One great evil of the age is a taste for light trashy literature. Some have contracted so strong a taste for novels and romances, that they have no relish at all for anything solid and substantial. That kind of reading which imparts valuable information, which improves the mind and inculcates virtuous principles, such reading appears to them dull and insipid. A taste like this, is deeply injurious in its tendency. Those who cultivate such a taste, are not likely to acquire much knowledge that is really useful and valuable.

Much more might be written upon this subject. Other important matters might be noticed. But my article has already extended to considerable length, and I will close; hoping that others better qualified than myself will write upon the subject of education in our paper. To the youth I would say in conclusion, now is the time for improvement, the best season for improvement that you will ever enjoy. Be diligent. Act worthy of your station and responsibilities. My best wishes for your happiness and prosperity. AN INDIANIAN.

June 16, 1851.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, why are orphans the happiest children on earth? "They are not—why do you ask? 'Because they have no mother's to speak them.'"

Among the curiosities we saw at Albany was a man whose nose was so long that he has holes bored in it, and uses it for a clarinet.

### Who Told the Bell and Run away with the Parson's Horse.

BY WILLIAM STANLEY.

Do you see that church, a little to the right of those trees yonder, with its antiquated spires, pointing up to Heaven? Silent but eloquent monitors, directing us to the way we should turn our thoughts? But how little do we heed their admonition. The sight of the old church recalls vividly to mind a scene which I witnessed there when I was but a thoughtless careless boy; ere the sands of time had silvered my once flaxen hair.

But I was speaking of the old church, and of one of the thousand associations which cluster around that ancient and hallowed edifice. Next to it, on the same side of the way, is a large house of more modern style, it was occupied at the time of which I am speaking, by a worthy man named Blake, who had two boys Hiram and John, both as perfect scamps, as ever escaped the halter; and if there was any mischief to be done in the town, they were sure to have a hand in it.

Hiram was noted in the village for his courage; nothing could daunt him in the least—he would go anywhere, and at any time, night or day. Not so with John; he was known to be as great a coward as the other was a hero, but notwithstanding this, he would follow him in all that he did, believing himself perfectly safe when under his protection. It so happened that the boys procured a copy of the "Three Spaniards," and were determined to stay at home on Sunday from meeting for the purpose of reading it, but all in vain, go they must and go they did, but not without making up their minds to be revenged.

That night at twelve o'clock, Hiram took a ball of twine, got into one of the church windows, and proceeded to the belfry, then made a slipnoose around the tongue of the bell, so that he could remove it at pleasure. This accomplished he threw down the ball, and then descended, leaving the church by the same way he entered it; he then passed it to John, who was waiting to receive it.—This done he proceeded to his own room and then the music began: ding dong, ding, went the old bell, in rapid succession, for about three minutes, then all was still for the same period of time. Then followed a long succession of rings. By this time Deacon Davis, who lived on the opposite side of the way, was up looking out of the window to ascertain the cause of the trouble, but all was quiet; so after listening a few moments he closed his window and retired again to bed.

Now the deacon was one of those men who would sometimes, (if not always) take the best side of a bargain, and it had been hinted in the village, that he had rather over-reached, one widow Wiggins, in the purchase of a lot of land, which she had, in her faith in his piety trusted him to survey; but it fell short one sixth of a former measurement; but he was a church member and must be right, and none dared to dispute it; so the deacon paid the widow two hundred and fifty dollars and put the other fifty in his pocket.

But to return, the deacon had scarcely got into a dose, before the bell played the same old tune, this brought him to his stumps again, by this time several of the neighbors had got up, and were gathered around the church to ascertain the cause of this unusual tolling of the bell; at this juncture, one of the bravest of the party attempted to open the door, but it was locked.

This was soon overcome, however, by the timely arrival of the deacon with the keys; the door was unlocked, and on entering the porch, the bell rope was found hanging motionless, yet the bell continued to strike in rapid succession. This was unaccountable; soon a superstitious awe fell on all present, and no one could be found with sufficient courage to ascend to the belfry. At this crisis Blake who was present volunteered to have his boy go up; to this all readily agreed, knowing the boy's daring. Hiram was soon called, and soon on the spot, when the deacon in a sanctified manner, asked him if he would take the bible and go up into the belfry and see what the matter was. The boy replied that he was willing to go, but he did not want to take the book; so he was permitted to go without it. A few minutes he returned in great haste.

"Well, Hiram," said the deacon, "what is the matter?"  
"Oh sir," he replied, "the old chap with horns is sitting down on a stool, with a blue light, tolling the bell!"

This information sent a thrill of horror through the company.

"Did he say anything to you?" interrogated the deacon.

"Yes, sir," he asked me if Deacon Davis was down stairs; I said he was; he then requested me to go down and say that he was tolling the bell for him, and that he should do so two nights more, and then come for him, if he did not pay widow

Wiggins the fifty dollars which he had cheated her out of on the land."

This capped the climax; the deacon made no reply, but they all adjourned to the road side, where a debate arose as to what course should be pursued, this was at length decided by sending one of the company, with the deacon's horse, for parson, who lived some two miles distant; in the meantime Hiram received permission to go home and go to bed, which he apparently gladly accepted.

On reaching the room he found John industriously pulling away at the bell cord, which he continued to do until the arrival of the parson with the messenger who had been dispatched for him. They alighted a short distance from the church and fastening their horses to the fence; they soon entered the porch, and after a few words of conversation, the worthy divine offered up a prayer, and then taking the arm of the trembling deacon, they commenced ascending the stairs with the rest of the company, amounting in all to five persons. At this moment the boys slipped the string from the bell tongue, drew it into their window, and descended as soon as possible to the road, and unhitched the horses, they mounted, and were off at a rapid pace. By this time our exploring party had reached the haunted spot, but all was still and quiet; so after talking over and trying to explain the mysterious affair, in vain, they descended and prepared to leave for their respective homes; but what was their consternation to find their horses gone! For an hour they endeavored to find the missing animals, but to no purpose; and the parson was compelled to walk home. The remainder of that night his dreams were disturbed by imaginary bells tolling, but judge of his astonishment, on arising in the morning, to find his horse tied to the knocker of the front door. That day the heart of the widow was made glad, by the receipt of fifty dollars from an unknown source, and the deacon was never troubled afterwards by the midnight tolling of the bell.—Star Spangled Banner.

### A Love letter.

The following sweet Moriceau, which originally appeared in the New York Union is reported to have been picked up in the park. We assert it as a model worthy the imitation of the court-sick swain, whose situation may be such as to compel him to conduct his courtship in writing.

"Dear sweet—Oh, my love of loves, clarified honey and oil of citrons, white loaf sugar of my hopes, and melasses of my expectations! you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark as midday—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy step is the music of the spheres and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in the time of early flowers. I kissed you when last we met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness. One of your curls touched me on the nose, and that organ was transmitted into loaf sugar.—Oh, spiece of spieces, garden of delights, send a lock of your hair—send me anything that your finger bath touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy. One look from thy bright eye would transport me incontinently into the third heaven.—your lips are red roses gathered from the garden of Eden by the hand of Gabriel. Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth. My heart bleazes at the thought of the. My brain is an everlasting fire. The blood burns and scalds my veins and vitals as it passes through them. Oh come, most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with your seraphic breath. When you do come, be sure and bring that two shillings you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some Tobacco. A. T."

A Kiss for a Blow.—George, in a moment of passion, struck his sister.—Instead of flying into a fit of anger, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, saying, "O, brother, how could you do so?"

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not stand before the generous affection of his sister. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

No wonder, it was enough to make any body weep.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck? Not he. But, by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a kiss for a blow, love for anger, and this is what is meant by overcoming evil with good.

A case of assault and battery with intent to kick came off at Lockport, Carroll county, a day or two since.

### Closet Affair—Effects of Snuff.

Mrs. Sophronia Devallenger is a mulatto lady who reads all the French novels and the Home Journals, and so cultivates a taste for those European refinements in social intercourse which some of our traveled gentlemen wish to introduce into this country. Mrs. D.'s husband is a shade darker than herself in complexion; he is a tobaccoist by trade, and a very worthy industrious and unsuspicious fellow. Mrs. D. has formed a Platonic intimacy with a light lemon-colored D'Orsy who calls himself Monsieur Berrington. While Mr. Devallenger is making cigars and an honest living at his shop, Mrs. D., at home is making tea and toast for chevalier Berrington. But last night, Devallenger being taking with an ominous pain in the head, came home two hours sooner than usual, and interrupted TETE A TETE with Madame and Le Chevalier. No lady who has read a French novel can be embarrassed in such a case a closet or a cupboard is the obvious resource. The only recess of this kind in the apartment was a place under the stairs where Devallenger kept his unseasoned tobacco, extra pots of snuff, and various tools and materials for which there was no room in the shop. Into this "low-borrowed vault," by Madame's directions, the Chevalier crept on his hands and knees, and was snugly shut up by the adroit lady, at the very moment Devallenger entered. The honest tobaccoist complained of his aching head, without assigning a cause for it, not imagining (poor fellow!) what an oppressive his OS FROXTIS had to sustain.—Meanwhile Chevalier Berrington, in the closet, was fearful that his breathing might be overheard, to prevent which he rammed his face into a large jar, which stood on the floor conveniently. This jar contained snuff of a highly volatile nature; and as soon as Berrington drew his first breath inside of the vessel, a column of the titillating dust ascended into each nostril, and produced such a tempestuous sneezing as might have been mistaken for those rapidly successive detonations which are incident to an explosion of saltpetre. The astounded Devallenger looked at his wife for an explanation. Mrs. D. seeing that a denouement could no longer be avoided, shrieked "robbers!" and "murders!" Devallenger seized a shovel, threw open the caddy door, and went regularly to work on the carcass of the chevalier, who still continued to sneeze in answer to each blow, though the whacks he received on his rear were certainly "nothing to be sneezed at." The shovel was actually demolished in the furious attack. Chevalier Berrington attempted to offer no explanation or justification, either to the husband or before the mayor. In answer to the queries proposed by the latter, he magnanimously exclaimed, "Send me to jail for a thief if you choose. I'd better suffer than live THE REPUTATION OF THE FAIR SEX!"—He was committed accordingly.—[Pennsylvanian.]

### The Deluded and the Deluder.

It used to be thought that certain persons had peculiar facilities for curing diseases, while in many instances charms were used for the same purpose. Dr. Armstrong relates a curious anecdote in connection with the latter superstition. It seems chief justice Holt, an English jurist, when a young man, went to a tavern in a country town with some friends to have a frolic, and that they did not recollect the fact of their having no money until they had run up along score.—In this dilemma, Holt was called upon to get them out of the scrape, and observing that the landlord's daughter was suffering from an ague fit, he at once collected several plants; mixed them a great deal mock ceremony, rolled them up into a ball and tied them around the girl's neck, scrawling first, however, grotesque letters upon the piece of parchment in which the plants were wrapped. Much to the surprise of the conjurer and his friends, the ague departed and the girl seemed quite well. The landlord was so grateful for the cure that he gladly made Holt a present of the bill himself and friends had run up, and even offered to pay something handsome. Now, the strangest part of the story is yet to be told. Some years after, when Holt was prompted to the bench, a woman was brought before him for witchcraft, (the last ever tried for that offence in England.) and strange as it may seem, she made no defence, but simply stated that she had effected certain cures by means of a ball, which she produced. This very ball proved to be the identical one which the Judoo had made in his youthful days.

A Stump orator, addressing a mass meeting in South Carolina, and becoming warm by his own glowing description of the zeal which should animate the bosom of patriots in the possible conflict with the General Government, said:—Yes, fellow citizens, when the first note of war is heard rebounding over our cotton-fields, I, for one, shall exclaim with General Washington, at the battle of Waterloo—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"