

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.

Volume 1.

Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana, Wednesday, July 9, 1851.

Number 25.

THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

Is published every Wednesday, by
JOHN Q. HOWELL.
At Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, (or within two months after subscribing,) - - - - - \$1.50.
If paid within six months, - - - - - \$2.00.
If delayed after that time, - - - - - \$2.50.
The above terms will be strictly adhered to—positively.
Town subscribers, who have their paper left by the Carrier, will be charged Fifty cents in addition to the subscription price.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted in the "Plymouth Pilot," at the following prices, viz:
For 1 square (of 10 lines) 3 insertions \$1.00
Each additional insertion, 25c
Anything less than a square, will be considered a square.
Advertisers must be particular to mark the number of insertions on the face of the advertisements, or they will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
A liberal discount will be made where advertising is done by the year.
All Communications from a distance should be addressed Post-Paid to the Publisher.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, Publishers may continue to send them till all charges are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and discontinue them.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the Publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

JOB PRINTING.

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.

Table Talk.

Some of the Representatives to the Legislature are occasionally the cause of a joke, probably from their inquisitive disposition. At the table of one of our Hot Is on Washington street, one of the wisdom 'who was in the habit of asking those around him, instead of the waiter to wait on him, and one day asked Mac the gentleman opposite.

"Can you reach them pertaters, sir?"
Mac extended his arm toward the dish and satisfied himself that he could reach the pertaters, and answered,
"Yes, sir."

"And will you stick my fork into one of 'em?" asked the Rep.

"O' certainly," said Mac, as he took the fork, carefully stabbing it into the potato, where he left it.

At this the Rep. was somewhat vexed, and asked rather tartly—

"Will you pass my fork?"

"Ah!—your fork!—yes—oh, yes, sir!" and taking hold of the fork, he drew it from the potato, and passed it back to Rep., whose nerves seemed not a little shocked.

"Waiter!—waiter! I say!"—cried the Rep., "will you pass me a pertater?—I've been tryin' for a half an hour to get one, and if you don't pass 'em along purty sune I'll vacate my seat and report your conduct to my insulted constituents!"—Ex.

We think bad spellers will have a little difficulty in understanding the following sign which was taken from a store door in a commercial town in California.—California Courier.

PHOR SAIL HEAR

Boots & Shooz, Melassez, Winnegar, pork, & Beans, candels, pipes, tin kittles, orsturs, clams bare skins, sider, brandy, wood, tobakker, hats, capps, nutmegs, pertaters, & other tin wear; besides a lot of other things which aint menshind here

PHED

phor sail hear in enny qwontity by the qwort.

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations or its colors will deceive us.

An honest Irishman fresh from Hibernia, caught an humblebee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming bird.—"Och," he exclaimed, devil bura me! how hot his little fut is!"

Some professor at Turin has discovered a detonating sugar that goes off like gunpowder. The discovery is very ancient, however; sugar that goes off was discovered long ago by paren is with a small and numerous progeny.

POETRY.

For the Pilot.

To Lora.

Sweet friend—may sorrow never,
O'ercloud thy sunny brow,
But may thy heart be ever,
As free from grief as now.

May the blue heavens o'er thee,
Be ever bright and fair,
Nor in the path before thee,
One cloud of anxious care.

Could I dispel the sadness,
That comes with future years;
Thy life, should all be gladness,
Thine eyes undimmed with tears.

Then gentle friend—whatever,
Thy future lot may be;
Though fate may bid us sever,
O still! remember me.

CONSTANCE.

June 28, 1851.

For the Pilot.

To J. W.

The sun is bright, its golden rays
Gild mountain top and flower;
O'er rock and wave and vale it plays
From morn till evening hour.

But ah! no beauty in its leaves
My weary heart can see;
While rocks, vales and glancing streams
Keep me away from thee.

The waves to others wear a light
More glorious than the sky.
For me earth's hues are only bright,
Reflected from thine eye.

The world may deem me dull and sad,
I care not how that be.
I never can nor will be glad,
My love away from thee.

FAITHFUL.

Miscellaneous.

The Robber Outwitted.

Willie Balie was a household name about a hundred years ago, in the upper part of Oyldeedale. Men, women and children had heard of Willie, and the greater portion had seen him. Few, in his time, could excel Willie in dexterity in his profession, which consisted in abstracting money from people's pockets, and other predatory feats. He frequented the fairs all around the district, and no man's purse was safe if Willie happened to be in market. The beautiful village of Moffat, in Annandale, was one of his frequent places of resort when any of its fairs happened to be held, and here, among the honest farmers, he was invariably successful; and to show his professional skill on such occasions, he has been known to rob a man and return his purse to him two or three times in the same day; but this he did only with his intimate friends, who were kind to him in providing lodgings, when plying his nominal occupation of tinker from one farm-house to another; in the case of others it was, of course, different. His wife abetted him in all his thieving exploits, and generally sat in a place, in the outskirts of the town, that had been previously fixed on, and there received in silence, whatever spoils her husband might throw incidentally into her lap, in the shape of her fairing. But Willie was a privileged free-booter, was generous withal, and well liked by the people in the neighborhood, on whom he rarely committed any acts of plunder, and any one might have trusted what he called his "honor."

Willie's character was well known to high and low, and he became renowned for a heroism which few who esteem respectability would now covet. The estimation in which he was held as an adept in his profession induced a Scotch nobleman to lay a high bet, with an Englishman of some rank, that Willie would actually rob and despoil a certain noted robber on the southern side of the border, who was considered one of the most daring and dexterous that frequented the highways in those dubious times, and one whose exploits the gentleman was in the habit of extolling. The Scottish nobleman conferred with Willie, and informed him of the project, a circumstance which mightily pleased our hero, and into which he entered with all enthusiasm. The interest which Willie took in the matter was to the nobleman a guarantee of ultimate success; and having given him all the marks of the robber, and directed him to the particular place of the road where he was sure to meet him, he left it to Willie himself to arrange the subsequent mode of procedure.

Willie's ingenuity was instantly at work, and he concocted a scheme which fairly carried him through the enterprise. He got an old frail looking pony partially lame, and of long shaggy hair. He filled a bag of considerable dimensions with a

great quantity of old buttons, and useless pieces of jingling metal. He next arrayed himself in beggarly habiliments, with clouted shoes, tattered under garments, a cloak mended in a hundred places, and a soiled broad-brimmed bonnet on his head. The money bag he tied firmly behind the saddle; he placed a pair of pistols under his coat, and a short dagger close by his side. Thus accoutered he wended his way slowly towards the border, both he and the animal apparently in the last stage of helplessness and decrepitude. The bag behind was carefully covered by the cloak, which spread its duddy folds over the hinder parts of the poor lean beast that carried him. Sitting in a crouching posture on the saddle, with a long beard and an assumed palsied shaking of the hand, nobody would have conceived that Willie was a man in the prime of life, of a well built, athletic frame, with more power in his arm than three ordinary men, and of an intrepid and adventurous spirit, that feared nothing and dared everything. In this plight our worthy went dodging over the border, and entered the neighboring kingdom, where every person that met him regarded him as a poor, doited, half insane body, fit only to lie down at the hedge and die unheeded by the crazy steed. In this way he escaped without suspicion, and advanced without adventure to the outskirts of the wood where he expected to encounter his professional brother.

When Willie entered the road that led through the dark and suspicious forest, he was on the alert for the highwayman. Every rustling among the trees and bushes arrested his attention, not knowing but a whizzing ball might in a moment issue therefrom, or that the redoubted freebooter himself might spring upon him like a tiger. Neither of these however occurred; but a man on horseback was seen advancing slowly and cautiously before him. This might be he or it might not; but Willie now recollected every particular mark given of the man with whom he expected to encounter, and he was prepared for the most vigilant observation. As the horseman advanced, Willie was fully convinced that he had met with his man, and this was the critical moment for here was the identical highwayman.

"How, now, old fellow!" exclaimed the robber; "what seek you in these parts? Where are you bound for with this magnificent equipage of yours?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am e'en a puir honest man frae Scotland, gaen a wee bit farther south on business of some consequence, and I am glad to have met a gentleman like you, and I fain put myself under your protection in this dreary wood, as I am a stranger, and wadna like any mischance to befall, considering the errand I'm on."

The robber eyed Willie with a sort of leer, thinking he had fallen in with an old drivelling fool, at whose expense he might amuse himself with impunity, and play a little on his simplicity.

"What makes you afraid of this wood?" said the robber.

"Why, I was told that it was infested with highwaymen; and to tell you the truth, as I take you to be an honest man and a gentleman, I have something in this bag that I wad na like to lose, for two reasons—bath because it was intrusted to my care."

"What have you got, pray, that you seem so anxious to preserve? I cannot conceive that any thing of great value can be entrusted to your care. Why I would not give a crown piece for the half of it, for the whole equipage."

"That's just the very thing. You see I am not what I appear to be. I have ta'en this dress and this odd slovenly pony, for the purpose of avoiding suspicion in these precarious places. I have behind me a bag full of gold—you may hear it by the jingling of the pieces when I strike here with my hand. Now I am entrusted with all this treasure to convey it to a certain nobleman's residence in the south; and I say again, that I am glad to have met with you, to convey me safely through this forest."

At this the robber was highly amused, and could scarcely believe that a simplicity so extreme, and bordering on insanity, could exist; and yet there was an archness in the old man's look, and a willingness in his manner, that hardly comported with his external appearance. He said that he had gold with him—he affirmed that he was not exactly what he appeared to be—not so poor as his tattered garments would indicate, and withal trustworthy, having so large a sum entrusted to his care. It might be that there was not a word of truth in his story; he might be some cunning adventurer from the border, plying a certain vocation on his own account, not altogether of a reputable cast; but, whatever the case might be, the silly old man was completely in his power, and if he had gold in his possession, it must be seized on, and no time was to be lost.

"I'll tell you," said the highwayman, wheeling his horse, suddenly round in

front of Willie's pony, "I tell you, old man, that I am that same robber of whom you seem to be afraid, and I demand an instant surrender of the gold!"

"Hoot, toot!" exclaimed Willie, "gae wae! gae wae! You a robber! You are a honest man and you only want to joke me."

"I tell you distinctly that I am the robber, and hold you in my power."

"And I say as distinctly," persisted Willie, "that you are a true man. That face of yours is no robber's face—there's not a bit o' a robber about ye, as sae ye maun e'en guard me through the wood, and gie me the word o' a leel-hearted Englishman that ye'll not see any ill come ower me."

"No humbug," vociferated the highwayman, in real earnest; "dismount and deliver me that bag immediately, else I will make a riddle of your brainless skull in a trice."

Willie saw that it was in vain to parley, for the highwayman had his hand on the pommel of his pistol, and an unscrupulous act would lay him dead at his feet. Now was the time for the wary Scot to put his plan into execution. All things had happened as he wished and he hoped the rest would follow.

"Weel, weel," said Willie, "since it can be, it maun be. I shall dismount and deliver you the treasure, for life is sweet—sweeter far than e'en gold to the miser. I wanted to act an honest part, but as we say on the other side of the border, 'Might makes right,' and sae, as I said, it e'en maun be."

Willie, then, with some apparent difficulty, as an old, stiff-limbed man, lifted himself from the pony, and stood staggering about on the ground.

"Now," said he, laying his hand heavily on the money bag, "I have a request or two to make, and all is yours. When I return to Scotland, I must have some marks about my person to show that I have been really robbed and that I have not purloined the money to my own purposes. I will place my bonnet here on the side of the road, and then you will shoot a ball through it; and then there is this old cloak, you must a ball exactly through here, so that I can show, when I return, what a fray I have been in, and how narrowly I have escaped."

To this the robber consented, and, having alighted from his steed made two decided perforations in the way he was desired. This was with Willie a great point gained, for the robber's pistols were now empty and restored to their place.

"I have yet another requisit," said Willie, "and then the matter will be completed. You must permit me to cut the straps that tie the bag to the saddle, and to throw it over this hedge and then go and lift it yourself, that I may be able to swear that in the struggle, I did what I could to conceal the money, and that you discovered the place where I had hid it, and seized it; and thus I will stand acquitted on all points."

To this, also the highwayman consented. Willie accordingly threw the heavy bag over the hedge, and obsequiously offered to hold the robber's high-spirited steed till he should return with the treasure. The bandit, suspecting nothing on the part of the drivelling old man, readily committed his horse to his care, while he eagerly made his way through the hedge to secure his prize. In the meantime, however, Willie was no less agile, for having thrown off his ragged and cumbersome cloak, he vaulted upon the steed of the highwayman with as much coolness as if he had been at his own door. When the robber had pushed his way back through the hedge, he was confounded on seeing his saddle occupied by the simpleton whose gold he had so easily come by. But he was no longer a simpleton—no longer a wayfaring man in beggar's weeds, but a tall burly man, arrayed in decent garb, and prepared to dispute his part with the best.

"What, ho! scoundrel! Do you intend to run away with my horse? Dismount, instantly, or I will blow out your brain!"

"The better you may," replied Willie. "Your pistols are empty, and your broadsword is a reed; advance but a single step nearer and I will send a whizzing bullet through your beating heart. As to the bag, you can retain its contents, and sell the buttons for what they will bring. In the meantime, farewell—and should you happen to visit my district across the border, I shall be happy to lend you a true Scottish hospitality."

On this, Willie applied whip and spur to the fleet steed, and in a few minutes was out of the wood, and entirely beyond the reach of the highwayman. When Willie had time to consider the matter, he found a valise behind the saddle, which he had no doubt, was crammed with the spoils of robbery; nor was he mistaken, for, on examination, it contained a great quantity of gold and other precious articles. The highwayman, on opening Willie's bag, found it filled with old buttons and other trash. His indignation knew no bounds; he swore and vociferated, and stamped with his feet,

but all to no purpose; he had been outwitted by the wily Scot, and artful as he himself was, he had met with one more artful still.

The Scottish nobleman gained the bet, and the affair made a great noise for many a long year. Daring men of every description were found in every part of the kingdom, frequenting the dark woods, the thick hedges and the ruinous buildings by the wayside; and what is more remarkable, these desperadoes were conventionally held in high repute and were deemed heroes. In the time of Charles II. when the English thoroughfares were so infested with such adventurers, we find that one Claude Duval, while he was a terror to all men, was at the same time a true gallant in the esteem of the ladies. He was a popular and renowned as the greatest chieftains of the age; and when at length apprehended "dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; and after his execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of 'scutcheons, wax light, black hangings, and mutes.' The order of society in the times to which we refer was vastly different from what it is now. Men's habits and moral sentiments were then of the lowest grade; but thanks to the clearer light and better teachings of Christianity, the condition of all classes is vastly elevated. The gospel has effected in this community infinitely more than all law and social regulations otherwise could have accomplished.—Household Words.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

Every one has heard of the language of flowers, in which lack-a-daisical young ladies might talk sweet stuff by the flower-pot full for hours together; but a more dangerous nuisance has lately sprung up in the facilities given by the young men in music shops and their fair purchasers:

The following is a specimen not only of what might happen, but what, no doubt, does happen very frequently in some of our musical circulating libraries:

SCENE.—A Shop. A young Man discovered sorting Music behind a counter.

Enter young Lady with a roll of Music.

Young Lady (softly). Oh! I've come to return 'Love's Whisper.'

Young Man. Allow me to offer you 'The Heart Bow'd Down.' I'm sure it will please you.

Young Lady. Be good enough to change 'The Heart Bow'd Down' for a 'Happy Heart,' and then I'll take it. I left it behind me the last time I was here.

Young Man. If I had known you had left it behind you, I would have looked out 'The Manly Heart' to go back with it. Shall I send it by Parole's Delivery?

Young Lady. No; I'll take that and 'The Manly Heart' home with me together. Have you any thing else very pretty to tell me of?

Young Man. (Looking over the stock of Music with a pleasing expression.) 'I love her. I love her!' She shines before me like a star.

Young Lady. (Also turning over Music, 'Will you love me then as now?')

Young Man. 'Dearest, then I'll love thee more.'

Young Lady. 'Then you'll remember me.' 'Now, can I depend on all these?'

Young Man. Certainly; and may I be allowed to add 'My last thoughts of thee?'

Young Lady. That's strange. I was going to say, 'Why do I weep for thee? But perhaps we had better say both.'

Young Man. I will put them both together.

Young Lady. Do. I will go over both when I get home, and as soon as I can make up my mind I will let you know my choice. Good morning.—Exit.

Young Man. Good morning. (Looking over music as she leaves the shop.) 'She's gone from my gaze.'

Exit to parlor behind shop to dinner.

Punch.

Miss Susan Nipper gives a loud certificate in favor of some of the popular medicines of the day. She was suffering from general debility, sick headache, heart burn, indigestion, tape worms, consumption, rheumatism in the shoulders and hips, and besides these she didn't 'feel very well herself more than half the time.' At length she says:

'I was brought very low, so that my most impudent friends didn't expect me to live from one end to the other.'

'About this time a friend recommended, at the last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pictorial Oxidated Compound Sarsaparilla Extract of Wild Cherry Wine Bitters, satisfaction given or money refunded to be taken before shaken, destroy the table as soon as possible no pay no cure, beware of counterfeits—none genuine without the proprietor is on the wrapper. I took three bottles of this truly invaluable medicine, and it gave immediate relief in three months.'

Sweet Trick.

Two men tolerably well dressed stoped the other evening, between nine and ten o'clock, at the store of a grocer in Rue de Normandie, Paris. They were both laughing immoderately, and laughing in a loud tone of voice. 'I tell you yes,' said one. 'I bet you it isn't,' replied the other. 'Well, let us bet,' said the first.

And at these words they entered the store where the grocer was all alone behind the counter.

'Do you sell molasses?' asked one of the men.

'Yes, gentlemen.'

'Well, give me two pounds.'

'Have you a jug?' said the first.

'No, put it in my hat!'

'How? in your hat?'

'Yes, pour it in, don't be afraid, it is a bet.'

The grocer took the hat, put it in the scales, and poured into it, not without laughing, the two pounds of molasses as ordered.

'Very well,' said the singular customer, taking up his hat, 'pay yourself,' and he threw a five franc on the counter.

The grocer opened his drawer and began to count out the change.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the owner of the hat, interrupting him: 'but your molasses has a singular odor.'

'It is very good, I assure you,' said the grocer.

'No it smells badly; smell it yourself.'

The too confiding grocer reached over his head and put his nose down to smell; but the customer suddenly turned the hat over the grocer's head, and with a vigorous blow pushed it down over his eyes. His accomplice profiting by the opportunity, plunged his hand into the open drawer, drew out all the money, and the two fled, before the unfortunate grocer could either get the hat off his head or cry out.

Hoosier Courtship.

Scene—a log cabin boasting a single room, one half of which is occupied by two beds, one containing the 'old folks' and the 'baby,' the other, whose duty by day is to stand beneath the overhanging of its loftier mate, laden with five 'younger members.' (Ezekiel in a whisper)—'I sware tew gosh, Sara, I luv ye.' (Sara, in a higher key)—'Good! Zeke, I'm glad on't.' Zekeiel—'Will you hev me? that's what I want tew know.' (Sara, looking astonished)—'Hev ye? tew be sure I cal'iate tew.' Zekeiel—'when will we get spliced?' Sara—'Wall, hoss, that's what I've been thinkin' on; I telled tad-day, that if so be he'd go tew mill ter-morrow, we'd get jined nex day.' Zekeiel—'Yer did? Wall then swap a buss with me.' (Father, from the bed)—'There now, varmits, if you've got the business settled, dew quit fur tew-night; ye make sich a racket a feller might as well sleep in bedlam.'

Mrs. Margaret de Neal, aged 62, died at New York from an overdose of laudanum on Tuesday.

POOR, WEAK WOMAN.—Miss Susan Nipper, who lives in a small tenement, alone woman, was quite 'frustrated' the other morning, by an early call from a bachelor neighbor.

'What do you come here after?' said Miss Nipper.

'I came to borrow matches,' he meekly replied.

'Matches! That's a likely story. Why don't you make a match? I know what you came for,' cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into a corner.—'You came here to hug and kiss me almost to death! but you shan't—without you're the strongest, and the Lord knows you are!'

How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way at your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, 'Oh, that I were a rich man!' Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two. Take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, 'When shall I be buried here?' Sign a note for your friend and never forget your kindness, and every hour through the day whisper to yourself, 'I wonder if he will pay that note!' Think every body means to cheat you. Doubtly examine every bill you take, closely its being genuine, till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every dime passed to you is 'but a spence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you take it. Never accommodate, if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick and afflicted, and never give a cent to the poor. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that, at no distant day, you will come to want. Let the poor-house ever be in your mind, with all the horrors of poverty and distress. Then you will be miserable to your heart's content—if we may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with all the world.