

# 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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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.

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A liberal discount will be made where advertising is done by the year.  
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### 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.

## JOE 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.

### A Noble Soul.

The following anecdote, relating to the husband of Flora McDonald, shows that he was possessed of qualities no less heroic than those ascribed by Scott to Flora.

After the failure of the attempt of Charles Edward, Alexander McDonald, of Kingsburg, who zealously supported his cause, was taken prisoner. As he had been prominent among the rebels, he was heavily ironed and carefully guarded. It was determined to make him atone for his rebellion on the scaffold.

President Forbes wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, urging the impolicy of executing a man so generally beloved, and who had taken up arms solely in obedience to a mistaken though conscientious loyalty.

It was even feared, such was his popularity, that his execution would excite a new rebellion.

He had, however, engaged so zealously in the outbreak, and was so deeply involved in the escape of the Pretender. He was brought to Fort Augustus, where he was kept a close prisoner.

At length an order came to the officer on guard to release certain prisoners in the fort. Among others, the officers called the name of Alexander McDonald.

"I am he," answered McDonald.  
"You are discharged from further confinement," said the officer.

"I suspect there is some mistake in the matter," said McDonald.  
"What mistake can there be? Is not your name McDonald?"

"That is my name, but I cannot think it was designed I should be released. You had better be sure about it."

"I know my duty; there is no mistake. A friend advised McDonald instantly to leave the fort, and repair to a place of security."

"No, said he, 'I must wait at the opposite ale-house till I see whether the officer gets into a scrape.'"

He waited about two hours, when an officer came with a party of soldiers, and arrested the officer on guard, for having set at liberty so dangerous a rebel.

McDonald, learning what had taken place, ran across the street and surrendered himself, saying to the officer, "I told you there was a mistake."

This heroic act probably aided Forbes in his efforts to save his life. It is a matter of joy to know that they were ultimately successful.

On the 15th of April last, 2,548 emigrants arrived in New York.

## POETRY.

For the Plymouth Pilot.

To E. D.

You bid me strike the lyre, and wake  
The poet's tuneful song,  
Touch the mute strings, and raise to life,  
The voice that hath been silent long.  
Oh! fain would I in glorious verse,  
Portray to thee some glowing theme,  
Some high and lofty deed rehearse,  
Or image forth some happy dream.  
My soul in upward flight would soar,  
Through fair and boundless realms above,  
Sweet Nature's charms I would explore,  
On which is written, "God is Love."

The human heart I would divine,  
That deep, mysterious thing—  
Its countless hopes, undying loves,  
Its many noisless, hidden springs.  
Yes, Heaven and earth, sea, air and sky,  
The deathless mind, the human face,  
A myriad glorious themes supply,  
Teeming with Beauty, Truth and Grace,  
But all unskilled my feeble pen,  
To trace the thoughts that fire my brain,  
And make life's current swifter flow,  
Through every joyous, throbbing vein.  
I can but tell of wishes kind,  
Which I shall ever breathe for thee.  
Who, though unknown, and faraway,  
Bestowed a friendly thought on me.

LIZZIE.

## Communications.

For the Plymouth Pilot.

Mr. Editor:—I have wished to address you for some time upon a subject which is intimately connected with the prosperity, health, and happiness of many of my fellow-creatures, namely, that of using tobacco.

That any one can learn to follow the debasing, and degrading custom of chewing tobacco, is a matter of speculation and surprise. It is nauseous to the last degree, and every young beginner can testify, and that it is perfectly revolting to the palate, is a matter of fact also. And sir, that it is a deadly poison no one will attempt to deny. A few facts upon this point may not be uninteresting. It has been proven to a demonstration, that one drop of the distilled oil of tobacco, placed on the tongue of a dog, will produce vomiting and convulsions, and death in less than five minutes. The quantity so small as to be placed on the point of a pin, and placed in an incision in a pigeon's leg, will produce the symptoms as above, and death in less than two minutes,—which proves it is more deadly in its influence on the system, than the bite of the most deadly serpent, or the poison of the Coya of the South. Now sir, that this poison should be introduced into the stomach continually, should not only be a matter of surprise, but disgust. And it is as uncleanly as it is revolting, to see a man with the saliva running down the corners of his mouth, is unsightly in the extreme. And then the sudden ejections which takes place, smearing every thing with which it comes in contact. And where is the house-keeper that cannot add her testimony, and show written in legible characters upon her floor, carpets, and sometimes even upon her own apparel, the worst accusations against the tobacco user.

There ought to be a law prosecuting those gents who smoke in the street. Why, sir! one cannot turn a corner of the street, without having a cigar puffed in his face, cannot enter a shop without inhaling the smoke of that obnoxious weed. And all this is extremely disagreeable to those who do not use tobacco. It costs some men in this town no less a sum than twenty dollars a year for tobacco chewing and smoking, and cigars. This is so much unnecessary tax upon them, for no equivalent at all. Why, sir, give me the money that will be used for tobacco, for the next fifteen years and the interest thereon, and I will build a school-house in every district in the county, place a teacher in every house, a church in every place needed, place a minister in every pulpit, buy libraries, support lecturers and have money enough left to pay the doctors and support the Printers.

Sir, there is no animal under heaven, with two exceptions, but man, that will degrade itself by using the weed, and that is a goat of the Rocky mountains, and a worm which the tobacco stalk itself produces, which it seems would save man's making a beast of himself, if it could.  
And, finally, let me advise every young man, who has any pride of character at all, who respects himself and his relations, who would confer a great debt upon his posterity, and be the means of ameliorating, in a great measure the miseries of the human family, who has any respect for the laws of God and Nature, to handle not, touch not, taste not, the unclean thing.  
A YOUNG 'UN.

### A NEGLECTED SCRATCH.

An Indiana clergyman lately told a story about a man with whom he boarded when a college boy. The man was at work one frosty morning and happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal in a day or two. It was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder, and back were seized with pain; and now all was alarm and confusion. Physicians were soon in attendance to consult upon the case. The question was, whether the cutting off the limb would save the man's life; and it was decided to be too late! The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it. A vicious little habit—an indulgent little sin—a neglected duty—how easily they are taken care of, if we are in time with them, but how stubborn they become when let alone!

### THE FIRST WEDDING.

The late Major Noah thus pleasantly and philosophically discoursed upon the "first wedding."

"We like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Md'le Eve, and she, without any flirtations or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes, in a poetical mood, have wished that we were the man 'what did it.' But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's—and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in the garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was a private wedding!—held in a garden. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.  
"One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us, in spite of its scripture truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagacious speculations of the theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience—without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden."

ORIGIN OF THE WOYD "YANKEE."  
—Yankee is the Indian corruption of the word English—Yenglees, Yanglees, Yankes, and finally Yankee. It came into general use, as a term of reproach, in this manner:

About the year 1774, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer near Cambridge, Massachusetts, used the word Yankee, as a cant word for excellence, as a Yankee (good) horse, Yankee cider, &c. The students then at the college having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him use the word on all occasions when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him Yankee Jonathan. It soon became a cant phrase among the collegians, to designate a simple awkward person. From College it spread over the country, till, from its currency in New England, it was taken up and applied to the New Englanders as a term of reproach.

Love is as natural to a woman as fragrance is to a rose. You may lock a girl up in a convent—you may confine her in a cell—you may cause her to change her religion, or forswear her parents—these things are possible—but never hope to make the sex forego their heart worship, or give up their reverence for casimere.

DRY FEET.—Moisture generally penetrates the soles of boots—the upper leather is not easily wet and is easily dried. To render the sole impervious to water, order your boot-maker to cut pieces of canvass in proper shape, dip them in melted pitch or tar, and lay them on the inner soles, before putting on the outer soles of the boots. This simple process, it is said, will insure dry feet without making the boots clumsy.—Mich. Adv.

## Miscellaneous.

The Lent Paper.

"John, what has become of the last week's paper?" inquired Mrs. C., of her husband.

"Surely, wife, I cannot tell; it was brought from the office, I think."

"Yes; James brought it home on Saturday evening; but neighbor N.—and his wife being here, he laid it on the table."

"Oh, N.—has got the paper; I remember now of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that; I think you do very wrong, husband, in lending the papers before we have read them. He who takes a paper and pays for it, ought to have the first perusal of it."

"Yes, but N.—asked me to lend it to him and how could I refuse so kind a neighbor?"

"I am sure he would lend me his, if he took one, and I should want to borrow." "Don't N.—take the paper?" inquired Mrs. C., with surprise.

"No." "Why not? He is as he says, always very fond of reading?" "Yes; but he thinks himself unable to pay for one."

"Unable! He is certainly as able as we are. He pays a much larger tax, and he is almost always bragging of his superior cattle, and—"

"Hush, wife! It is wrong to speak of our neighbors' faults behind their back. He promised to return the paper to-day."

"I hope he will. It contains an excellent article that I desire much to read."

Mrs. C., was an excellent lady, and, probably, possessed as liberal feelings as her peace loving husband; but she could not believe it to be her duty to furnish a free paper for their more wealthy, yet covetous neighbor.

N.—had formerly taken a paper; but thinking it too expensive, to the no small discomfiture of his wife and children, he had ordered its discontinuance. He, however, dearly loved to read, and had, for a year or more, been in the habit of sending "little Joe" on the disagreeable errand of borrowing old newspapers of his neighbors.

Mrs. C.—waited patiently during the day, expecting soon to see little Joe coming with the paper; but the day passed, as likewise did the evening, and no paper came.

The next morning, after breakfast, she was heard to say—

"Well, John, the paper has not returned yet."

"Ah, indeed; I guess neighbor N.—has either forgotten his promise, or is absent from home," replied Mr. C.

"I think," she continued, "we had better send James down after it."

"Would it not be best, wife, to wait till afternoon? N.—may return it before that time."

"As you think best," was the submissive reply.

They waited until nearly dark, but no paper made its appearance. James a smart lad of ten years, was now instructed to proceed to neighbor N.'s and get the paper. He soon arrived, and made known his errand. He was politely informed that it was lent to R., the blacksmith, who lived about half a mile further on. James unwilling to return home without it, resolved, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, to continue on to the blacksmith's shop.

"It was quite dark when he arrived, but he soon made his business known, and was informed by Mr. R. that 'little sis' had got hold of the paper and tore it all up."

"I'll take the fragments said James, who was for having nothing lost."

"The fragments Jim!" exclaimed Mr. R. "Old Dunk, the peddler, come along here to-day and I sold 'em with the paper rags."

James somewhat dispirited by his unsuccessful mission, and not being very courageous in the dark, silently beat a hasty retreat for home, where, in due season, he arrived, and reported the result of his errand.

"Ah, very composedly remarked Mr. C., 'I suppose R. asked neighbor N. to lend his paper, and he did not like to deny him. We cannot, I think, justly accuse either of doing intentional wrong; and one paper,' 'is of little value.'"

"You may argue N.'s case as you like," replied Mrs. C., "but be assured of one thing."

"What is that?" asked Mr. C., with evident fear.

"Nothing, only neighbor N. will not long be at the inconvenience of troubling people for old papers."

In about three weeks after this conversation, N. was informed by the Postmaster, that he had a paper in the office. He was highly pleased at this announcement, but he could not think who was so very kind as to send him the paper. After many conjectures, however, he came to the conclusion that it was some friend whom he had assisted in former years.

One year passed; the paper continued to come, and N. was still ignorant from

whence they came; but being one day at 'hauling,' he informed his neighbors of his good fortune, and expressed some fear that he would have to do without a paper soon.

"No, you won't," said James C., in a loud tone of voice; "for mother sent on two dollars more for you last week."

"Well done, Jim!" shouted a dozen voices, while a simultaneous roar of laughter rang along the line of teamsters.

N., who had previous to this announcement been remarkably cheerful and talkative, became suddenly silent, while a deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled his brow.

This was a good lesson to N. Early the next morning, he went and paid Mrs. C. the four dollars, acknowledged his error, and was never after known to take less than two weekly papers.—Maine Farmer.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

He had the Documents!—Picaune Kendall in a Tight Place.

Things that are doubtful, are generally 'onsartin,' says some dead, gone, and extinguished philosopher, and hence we have always looked upon betting: upon uncertainties, rather risky, and betting upon certainties—rather a mean way of raising the wind.

But people will bet, do bet, and have betted, from the days of laying the corner stones of the Pyramids, to the time—yesterday—that a country Jake bet 'our Jeemes' two cents that he couldn't spell pot, without saying tea pot; Jeemes very onthwartingly—as Aunt Partington observed—baited he could, and he couldn't—so in course, the two entire cents were good as lost.

A dozen fractious gentlemen, once upon a time, not long ago, [P. S.—reader don't be alarmed, we ain't going to describe any mysterious horseman or horsemen, sun set in autumn, or splendoriferous gondolas gliding up the Rhine,] in the 'smoking' room of the Tremont House were cracking jokes, and saying over funny things, to kill time, and amuse themselves generally, and somebody said something about a very considerable sell 'Acorn' had submitted to, once upon a time when the vast and interminable stock of a certain old and well known dealer in second hand matter and things, was betted to contain everything and the rest of manufacturers—extant.

"Bet five dollars" said 'Acorn,' 'he ain't got a second hand pulpit?' George Roberts took the bet—they went to the old man's Ark, and the pulpit was about the first thing they saw.

'Acorn' acknowledged the corn, and observed, upon the present occasion, 'Wouldn't catch me with that load of poles again!'

'Boys,' says the Ex-Santa Fe prisoner, 'your curiosity shop man may be all very well in his way, but I'll bet the sham for this interesting party, that I'll stick the old rooster.'

Some of the gentlemen present, who carried the necessary weights, 'guessed not,' and finally, knowing their man, took George up.

'Dead open and shut,' said George; 'Boys, you're stuck—order John Olmstead to have the basket opened—the bottles in the coolers—'

'Oh! stop, old Santy,' interrupted the crowd—'don't be so cocked sure—keep your power dry. What do you bet that old—has not got?' 'Saddles,' says George—'I want to buy thirty second hand saddles and holsters!'

The boys kind of felt shaky—saddles and holsters in a Bay State second-hand shop was a doubtful matter, and so George, the Ex-Santa Fe, and two of the party, started for Congress street, and the curiosity shop.

'How do you know I havn't?' says the man of the Ark.

'Have you got thirty second-hand dragon saddles and holsters?' says Ex-Santa Fe, with confidence—and his friends without a speck of it.

'Walk right up stairs—I've got 'em!' echoes the old man, and up stairs they went—the saddles and fixins were there.

A few weeks previous there had been a sale of condemned harness, U. S. saddles, &c, the old furniture man bought them up for a song—never expecting any d—d fool would ever ask for 'em however,' he observed to the boys.

Ex-Santa Fe paid his bill at the Tremont, and sailed right off for Europe, and hasn't shown himself in this 'bottom' since.

Mr. Goodrich, well known as Peter Parley, has received the appointment of Consul to Paris.

Vegetation this Spring in the Connecticut River valley, is said to be more advanced than was ever before known.

Simeon Souther, a wealthy citizen of Hanover county, Virginia, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years, for whipping one of his slaves to death.

## CLIPPINGS.

Seven railway engines will compete for the prize offered by the Austrian Government.

Philip Hone, once mayor of New York, and a most distinguished citizen, died lately in New York City.

Florida has a population of less than 100,000—and yet she has two senators and a representative in Congress.

A writer in Sartain's Magazine, states that tobacco costs the world more, yearly, than all its wars and systems of education.

Mrs. Partington thinks it a curious provision in nature, that hens lay but seldom when eggs are dear but lay freely when they are cheap.

The law in California allows Justices of the Peace five dollars for marrying a couple.

The wealthiest man in Iowa is said to be a miner. He dug for a long time, with poor success, but has at length discovered a lead mine, said to be the richest in the Union.

Chickens are selling in Sacramento, (Cal.) for four dollars each—and scarce at that.

Nearly 2,500 persons signed the temperance pledge, under the labors of Mr. Gough, at Zanesville, Ohio.

It estimated that there are over 12,000 Sunday School teachers in Ohio.

Forty-five thousand dollars are annually paid in the city of New York for licenses to sell liquor.

It has been ascertained that intelligence may be transmitted by telegraph at the rate of 13,000 miles per second.

John Cook, formerly State Librarian of Indiana, is now a member of the California Legislature.

The Medical professors in Harvard University, are in favor of admitting women to the study of medicine and surgery.

Hon. David Daggett, Chief Justice of Connecticut, died on the 10th ult.

The Madison and Indianapolis railroad Company invite proposals for building a Depot at Franklin.

The competition among the steamers from New York to California, has reduced the passage very low, in comparison to last year's charges.

Power's statue of Eve has been sold to the Prince Demidoff, of Russia, for £800.

There are eighty-one women in the United States, who hold the office of Postmaster.

It is said that Jenny Lind will give concerts in this country, on "her own hook," after she completes her engagement with Barnum.

Hon. Orville Hungerford, late a member of Congress from the Jefferson county district, N. Y., died on the 6th inst.

There are 448 newspapers published in the city of New York.

Charles Allen, Free Soiler, has been elected to Congress from the Worcester district, Mass.

Wm. King, Postmaster at Brownington, Butler co., Pa., has been arrested for robbing the mail.

The Democratic ticket succeeded at the late charter election in Albany, N. Y., an event unknown there for a number of years.

A strong effort is now being made, to make Peoria the seat of government for Illinois.

It is stated upon good authority, that the expense of keeping up the U. S. ship Ohio, would support four large universities.

The Keokuck Register says, that the Usury law in Iowa, has been abolished by the Legislature, and parties are now left to make their own contracts for the use of money.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has sent a requisition to the Governor of Maryland for a citizen of the last mentioned State, who is charged with kidnapping. The Governor of Maryland refuses to surrender him, and a long correspondence on the subject has taken place.