Plymouth Advertiser.

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

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE. PLYMOUTH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1854. VOLUME II. NO. 4.

Select Poetry.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MRS. SOUTON.

Hark! Through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Finally the winds are sighing—
'Summer's gone!
There when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There in our green bowers
Long ago,
Our path thro' the tangled flowers
Trending slow—
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We watch'd in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
This art gone,
Summer's gone!

Still on my work-chest pl-yeth
Thy restless breeze;
Still in its freshness stayeth
Between the trees,
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rushetb—
Still, the calm silence hushetb
The heart's disease;
But who shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain!
Summer's gone!

Selected Miscellany.

THE 11th COMMANDMENT.

T. S. ARTHUR tells a good story about allowing couple in New Jersey, who belong to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district; and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cake, chickens, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood pile, a plain looking, modestly dressed, but quite-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very graciously, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this unfortunately intrusion, the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a threadbare, but neatly patched coat. At length one gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire he asked for some little refreshment ere he set out for a cold walk to the town beyond.—Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat.—It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D——?"

"I do," said Mr. W. coldly; "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man.—You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The particular form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered put it out of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and hear what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor while the supper table stood, covered with snow white cloth, and displayed his wife's set of blue sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?"—asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night?"

"Indeed, we'll do no such thing? We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come?"

"No, indeed!"

"But, really I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D——

"He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here, as he did, till it got dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and its no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least; and doesn't look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been at Guinea before he came here?" said Mrs. W. fretfully.—The disappointment the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or a reluctant spirit.—You know what the Bible says about entertaining strangers unawares."

"Angels! Did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to call an answering smile from Mrs. W. and a better feeling at her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but little expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after the farmer's wife, flying up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warmed short cake and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do not to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to set down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy six years old at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of life, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say. "Come Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new Methodist hymn, that was just shen very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments, Charley," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

"Eleven!" replied the child.

"Eleven!" said her husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are?—How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child." "Right. There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments."

"Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressing the stranger.

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—

"Could any one believe it? such ignorance of the Bible?"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room, where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There!" he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error.—"There! look for yourself."

The man came round from his side of the table, and looked over the stranger's shoulder.

"There! ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten there?" inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want?—Can't you believe the Bible?"

"O yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive appearance. His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared and behaved with the propriety of family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and parting, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house, not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not yet arrived.

"Where is Mr. N——?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking on either side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old grey overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You mustn't sit here. Come down, and I will show you a seat," he said, in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice, "it's very comfortable here." And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W., feeling embarrassed, went down intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice was thrilled to the finger ends of brother W., as in a distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning—

"Help me to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had sung the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he blushed and tried it again, but he stumbled on short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled, and the minister—for no one doubted his real character—addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence.—The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded, in which the stranger was followed throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face looked like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might have been heard. Then, the fine, emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room:

"*And a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*"

Brother W. had been forward to listen, but now he had sunk back in his seat.—This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the fine brother and sister, of whose hospitality he had partaken, but he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they had treated the Presiding Elder of the district after such a fashion was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know that it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he linger-ed and held back.

"Where is brother W?" he at length heard asked; it was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

"The preacher advanced, and catching his hand, said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you; and where is sister W?"

Sister W. was brought forward, and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

He could still embarrassed brother and sister could make reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late. You were expected last night. And where is brother R?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened that I was very much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

The explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the Presiding Elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of joke, and given to relating good stories.

A Distressing Occurrence—Probable Murder.

We were informed last evening by Mr. Henry Foulick, Jr., of Dayton, of the following particulars of a distressing occurrence which took place a few miles from Osborne on the railroad between Dayton and Springfield, on Thursday evening last. It appears that about three years since a family by the name of Wm. Ricketts left his family to seek his fortune in the gold mine of California. About seven months since Mrs. R. received information from a person representing himself as coming direct from San Francisco that her husband died of an apoplectic fit. The wife believed the story and manifested distress of mind upon the receipt of the intelligence. His informant, whose name is W. T. Gaylord, manifested much sympathy for Mrs. R. in her bereavement, and frequently visited her house to console with her in her affliction. The unsuspecting wife, appreciating the kindness of Gaylord, ten fold him the hospitalities of her home and board. Gaylord, with an apparent indifference, declined the offer, but finally proposed to accept the same on condition of marriage. The astonished Mrs. R. at first declined, but afterwards agreed to let the matter stand open until Gaylord should call again. In the interim, Gaylord abstracted from the post office all letters directed to Mrs. Ricketts: and one from her husband he opened, perused and then destroyed it. The letter stated that he did not intend to return home for three years, but was very anxious to see his wife. Gaylord again called upon Mrs. Ricketts, and insisted upon an answer to his proposition. Mrs. R. after a moments' reflection, consented to the union, and the time for the marriage was set. The day came and they were married, and by their marriage Mr. Gaylord came into possession of a farm valued at several thousand dollars. Soon after marriage, Mr. Gaylord proposed to his wife to sell out and move to Kansas, and there locate for life.

The wife consented, and the farm was advertised for sale at auction. The advertisement appeared in Dayton and Cincinnati papers, and much was said in regard to the sale of the "Rickett's estate." The advertisement, as it appeared in one of our Dollar Weeklies, was seen by Mr. Doesticks, of San Francisco. Enraged and chagrined, Mr. R. took the first steamer and arrived in Osborne on Wednesday evening last. Mr. R. made diligent inquiries, and learned the facts as above stated. He procured a knife and a brace of pistols, he went to the house about ten o'clock at night. All was quiet. Rickets rapped at the door several times. In was finally opened by Mr. Gaylord, and Ricketts entered. Mrs. G. threw on her dress, and lighting the candle, turned to look upon the stranger who had come at such an unseasonable hour of the night. A shriek, and the expression of "Great God! Ricketts; is that you!" followed, and the astonished and affrighted wife fell insensible to the floor. Gaylord, who was in bed in an a joining room, rushed out to see what had happened.—Ricketts immediately seized him by the throat and plunged the knife into his side, and then went to where his unfortunate wife was lying, cut her on the shoulder and neck, then left the premises, and had not since been heard from. The wife, recovering, informed the neighbors of what had transpired, and immediate search was made for Ricketts. Gaylord was lying very low when Mr. Foulick last heard from him, and the probability is that he must die. Ricketts has undoubtedly made a successful escape.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Doesticks.

Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. (perfect brick?) is the latest humorous writer of the day and his crude and unpolished letters to a Detroit paper are going the rounds. They sparkle with wit and are brim full of fun. Philander has been "running wid de mashees," and tells some funny things about fire. There is a bit of satire in the following:

"Oh gentleman from the country; much excited; wanted to help, but did'nt exactly know how; he rushed into a fashionable bedroom; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing-table after it; shized a coal-scuttle; hurriedly put in the poker, boot-jack and a pair of worn-out slippers, carried them down stairs, and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away; came back on a run into the parlor; took up the door-mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the back yard; noticed a bandbox, and kept at work; by dint of heroic exertions, he at various times deposited, by piece, the entire kitchen cooking-stove in the next street, uninjured; and at last, after knocking the plaster to pieces with the axe, in order to save the lock, and filling his pockets with the sofa castors, he was seen to make his final exit from the back yard, with a length of stove-pipe in each hand, the roasting fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large sized frying pan."

Doesticks gives an amusing account of his own adventures:

"During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless, undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to their mother, she, amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other had the Michigan itch. Fire in a boarding school—dashed up a ladder, tumbled through a window; entered a bedroom; pounced on the chamber maid I espied caught up in my arms a feminine specimen in a long night-gown; got back to the window, tried to go down; ladder broke under me; stuck adhesively to the young lady; and almost accomplished wonders, delivered her safely in the best house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element, the only child of the *black cook.* Fire in a store-house—went on the roof; explosion: found myself in Cincinnati, with one leg in a soap barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my denuded pantaloons. Fire in a liquor store—hose burst; brandy "lying round loose;" gin "convaynient," and old Monongahela absolutely begging to be protected from further dilution; Croton water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shutter.

His last is descriptive of the wonderful virtues of a patent medicine which he has invented:

Emulons of the deathly notoriety which has been acquired by the medicinal worthies just mentioned, I also resolved to achieve a name and fortune in the same reputable and honest manner. Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of "Doesticks' Patent, Self-Acting, Four-Horse Power Balsam," designed to cure all diseases of mind, body or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, books to the bare-foot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the knownothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, politically and religiously, totally, and is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side-show.

Here is a letter from an Oregon farmer, certifying to some of the virtues of the wonderful *Balsam:*

Dear Sir—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman couldn't get his living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but bearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared—a neat stone wall enclosed the field, and the rails were split into ovenwood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. Put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and potatoes, and had a crop of peach trees in full bloom through the middle.—As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would state that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter—drew my youngest boy out of the mill-pond—drew a load of potatoes four miles to market and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the State lottery.

Other "certificates" of extensive significence are introduced; but, as best indicative of its truly practical virtues, we must quote from Doesticks' own experience. He says:

I caused some to be applied to the Washtenaw Bank after its failure, and while the Balsam lasted, the Bank redeemed its specie. The cork of one of the bottles dropped upon the head of a childless widow, and in six weeks she had a young and blooming husband. Administered some to a hard driver in a glass of gin and sugar, and that day he swindled but seven people, and only gave two of them bad money in change. Gave a few drops gratis to a poor woman who was earning a precarious subsistence by making calico shirts with a one eyed needle, and the next day she was discovered to be heir to a large fortune. The Know Nothing candidate for Mayor of the city sent for a bottle, and it has entirely cured him of a violent partial diarrhoea. Gave some to an opera-tenor, and that night he said 'damnel, only twenty-one times. One of the daily papers got the next dose, and in the next edition but one there were but four editorial falsehoods, seven indecent advertisements, and two columns and a half of home-made "Foreign Correspondence."

[There is some talk of having a "baby show" in California, upon which Mr Spoons, O. G. writes as follows for the San Francisco *Sun*:]

OUR BABY.

At our house, at home, we've a sweet little baby,
As fat as a coon in the fall:
And for mischief, fun, music, or whatever it may be,
Of brats, he's the general of all!
With cheeks like two roses,
The prettiest of noses,
By every fond tie:
In fair old foul weather,
He serves as a tether,
To bind us together—
My Betsey and I.

From morning full blossomed, till night draws the curtain,
His means for employment ne'er fail;
And though hushed be his gabble, of music we're certain,
When he drags the old cat by the tail.
Now calling, and bawling,
And falling and sprawling,
And mauling, and spanking,
At work and at play:
In the dish-water paddling,
Or Jowler pack-saddling,
Or about fiddle-faddling,
He passes the day.

Tho' his third year is ended this present September,
He's equal to any at five;
At two, he could "put out" as well, I remember,
At the best "shoulder striker" alive;
In consideration
Of his qualifications,
I'm in contemplation
Of placing him where
All the Mrs. Duncans,
And all Mrs. Flunkins
Will say he's "some pumpkins"—
And that is—"THE FAIR."

There's naught can escape his minutest inspection.
Displayed on the toy seller's boards:
And he helps himself, too, without fear of detection,
To the best the pantry affords,—
He's just in condition
To meet competition
At the grand exhibition,
The rogue, with *two eyes!*—
There's one thing depend on't;
To make a quick end on't,
If he can lay hand on't—
He sure takes the prize.

SPOONS, O. G.

☞ A lawyer of Poughkeepsie was applied to during his lifetime, by an intelligent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law in which the interest of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice and charged the poor fellow three dollars for it.

"There is the money," said the client "it is all I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork."

"Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor never will," the countryman rejoined, "so long as she has such a great hog as you."

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of his repartee that he forgave the poor fellow and returned the money.

We believe all but the last part.

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," says the speaker, "I was with the American army. One day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before any court of justice that it was a log and nothing else. You see I had never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it if I had."

"Well," he continued, "between me and the log, (as I took it to be) was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No."

"What could it have been?" said a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

The Great Plague.

In Dicken's Child's History of England, volume two, we find the following, respecting the Great Plague that prevailed in the seventeenth century in the city of London:

"For this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of 1664, it had been whispered about that some people had died here and there of disease called the Plague in some of the unwholesome suburbs of London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumors and some people disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1665, being to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out in St. Giles, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads of London were choked up by people endeavoring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which people were, and to cut them off from the living. Every one of those houses were marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words 'Lord have mercy on us!' The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and those were the wheels of the death carts, attended by men with veiled faces, and holding clothes to their mouth, who rang doleful bells, and cried in a loud and solemn voice—'Bring out your dead.' The corpses put into these carts were buried by torch light in great pits, no service being performed over them all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the bank of the ghastly graves. In the general fever, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children.

Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses who robbed them of all their money and stole the very bed on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from their windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy, threw themselves into the river.

Those were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in taverns, singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they sat, and went out and died. The fearful and supernatural sights—burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts went round and shrieked in the dismal pits. One madman, naked and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying that he was a prophet commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another also went to and fro, exclaiming:—'Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!' A third awoke the echoes of the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice:—'Oh the great and the dreadful God!'

Through the months of July, August, and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Grass was now lighted in the streets, in hope of stopping the infection; but there was a Plague of rain, too, and that beat the fires out. At last the wind that usually rise at that time called the equinox, when the day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow and purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open and look pale, frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London, it had killed one hundred thousand people."

HORRIBLE CASES OF INFANTICIDE.—AN INFANT BURNT TO ASHES.—On Saturday last, an anonymous note was received at the Mayor's office, giving information that a woman living in Nicetown, near the old race course, in the twenty-first ward, had murdered her newly born infant. Officers, Reed and Clark were immediately put upon the track of the murderess, and after diligent search during Saturday night and part of Sunday, a woman, whose real name is Francisca Evens, but who gave the name of Snyder, was arrested at the house of her uncle, Thomas Snyder, on Nicetown lane, east of the old race course. She was taken in charge and conveyed to the Mayor's Office. The woman was quite ill when brought in, it only being about five days since the birth of her last child. When confronted by the Mayor, she at once commenced a confession of her horrible misdeed. She stated that she had been the mother of six children, all of which had been made away with by herself except one, which had died and was buried by her uncle, its father. The woman had been attended during her confinement by a female who had been brought in into the hog pen where she was seen up! The infants were all illegitimate.

☞ They use war-hoops for securing whiskey barrels out West.

Bank Panic in Cincinnati.

Wednesday last was an exciting day in the Queen City. The *Times*, of Thursday, gives some interesting incidents, a few which we copy:

At the noon hour, a man hurriedly approaching one of the suspended Banks attracted our attention. He was no coat, the sleeves of his check shirt were rolled up to the elbows, his face was covered with iron dust, and he bore every appearance of being one of those very busy toiling mechanics, whose every cent is earned by the sweat of the brow. As he approaching the Bank door he was stopped by a policeman—"Can I not get in?" he asked.—"No, sir—the Bank is closed," was the reply. "Closed!" he exclaimed, while his heart throbbed with heavy beats.—"Gentlemen, this is too bad. For twenty years have I been toiling hard to get me a home, but the harder I work, the further I am from accomplishing my desire.—The savings of five years I was swindled out of by a pretended friend, and now the savings of fifteen years is lost in this d—d concern. Can a working-man be protected in any way?"

A young man named J. P. Dorsey, during the run on T. S. Goodman & Co.'s Bank, drew out of the side Bank $1600. While standing in the crowd listening to what was being said in regard to monetary affairs, and boasting of being successful in drawing his money, some member of the tight fingered gentry robbed his of his roll of money, leaving him worse off than he was before.

"Don't block up my door, gentlemen," said a brother to the crowd listening to the above.

"Block up your door?" continued the young man. "It would be better for the people, if all shaving shops like yours were blocked up, so that no one could enter." (Laughter all around.)

A person, known for his miserly propensities, drew hundreds out of the Union Bank. Some wags persuaded him that the notes he had obtained were not safe—that they were completely bogus—and already rumors were current that the banks which had issued them were about suspending. He was further told that some well known pick pockets had been watching him, and that he had better look out or he would be knocked down and robbed. As may be supposed, this news harrassed him very much, and after sauntering about an hour or two, with the money tightly clutched in both hands, he again deposited it in the Bank.

The *Times* has the following particulars: Ellis & Sturges have made an assignment to Vachel Wentington, Esq., Attorney at Law. The house of T. S. Goodman and Co., have also made assignment to the same person. The Messrs. Goodman paid out during yesterday's run about $75,000 and could have met some $125,000 more of checks, had not their friends and counsellors deemed it advisable for them to suspend. J. R. Morton & Co., resumed their regular business to day. Hatch and Landon, of the Central Bank, sustained the run yesterday until near the banking hours, when it sensibly slackened; and the running had altogether ceased. Mr. Dreihler, Cashier of the Clinton Bank of Columbus, has been in this city, prepared to take up the circulation of his notes; though where he has placed funds for the exchange we are unable this morning to ascertain. The banks and bankers are taking the Clinton Banks, we understand, to day as usual. All the branches of the Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana State banks are recognised as par at present, together with the substantial Eastern, Virginia, and Missouri notes.

☞ NEW YORK ELECTION.—The latest news of the Gubernatorial election in New York will be found under its appropriate head.

There are some curious statements made in relation to this election. The New York Express, says:

The Bronson people have swollen. Ullman's vote in all quarters where they have strength, in order to prevent the re-election of Seymour. Party men, singular to say, have on all sides, more or less, voted against their own nominal candidates.—There never was before such curious and extraordinary voting.

The Albany Argus also says:

More than half the Whig vote of this city went over to Seymour on the liquor issue, whilst nearly the entire Democratic vote, we are obliged to state, was thrown for Ullman, a small portion only going for Seymour on the liquor question.

One of the most remarkable incidents of the day was the large number of German votes polled for Ullman. In every district in the city, Irish adopted citizens did the same thing, to the utter astonishment of all beholders. The Ullman vote in this city is not more than three-fourths native born. It is clear that the Whigs made nothing by representing Ullman as a refugee.

☞ THE following dispatch from Jefferson city, Mo., dated Nov. 1, is published in the St. Louis papers;

The Irish hands on the Railroad from Tipperary county, working on the tunnel and four miles below, turned out about 200 strong, and started for Jefferson City, to kill and destroy all the property of the Corkonians in Jefferson City, and rim them away from the railroads; they came in sight of Jefferson City, and on perceiving the citizens ready to receive them, they halted. Capt. Parsons being informed some time before, ordered out the Metropolitan Guards and citizens, which order was promptly obeyed, and a company of about 125 or 150 were ready with cannon loaded. Squire Harrison and the Catholic Priest went to them to read the law, and they promised to go home. They did not go at the appointed time, and Captain Parsons' company advanced with the cannon loaded with chain, which put them all to flight, without any firing; they followed them a mile or so, and overtook some; they all promised to be quiet. The cannon are still loaded, and ready at a moments' warning. The Tipperary men were all well armed with rifles and knives. The town is quiet. The fuse has been going on for some time. Yesterday the Corkonians went to the tunnel to whip the Tipperary men away from the tunnel, but found them too strong. They made excuses and come back.

A man in the sight of God, what his national and cherished wishes are.

The Plymouth Advertiser

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

At Plymouth, Ohio.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines or less, 2 weeks or less,	$1 00	One square 1 year,	8 00
Every subsequent insertion,	50	1-4 column, 1 year,	12 00
One square 3 months	3 00	1-2 do do	20 00
One square 6 months	5 00	1-3 do do	16 00
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☞ BLANKS of all kinds for sale at this office.

☞ BOOK AND JOB WORK neatly and promptly executed, as cheap as can be done East or West.

PLYMOUTH, FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1854.

☞ The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the *Advertiser*:

Rome,	T. J. NORTH,
Ganges,	Dr. M. C. CUYKENDALL,
Salem Station,	THOS. BOORMAN,
North Fairfield,	A. C. ALLEN,
Greenfield,	BARNET ROE,
New Haven,	C. A. KNIGHT,
Ripley,	Dr. E. AUSTIN,
DeKalb,	Rev. J. CROUSE,
Tyro,	D. C. MORROW,
Centreton,	McWHORTER & REED,
Havana,	W. H. RUST.

The Slave Trade.

All the scoundrels in the world are not hung yet. A recent trial in New York, has dug out a batch of them that richly merit the offices of Jack Ketch, and who, if there was any such thing as impartial justice in this country, would "shuffle off this mortal coil," at the end of hemp. One Capt. James Smith, a native of Hanover, purchased, in January last, in Boston, a small brig named Julia Moulton. She was taken to New York, and freighted and fitted out to carry slaves. When she cleared at the Custom House, Capt. Smith made oath that he was an American citizen, and the sole owner of the vessel. He put to sea, sailed for the coast of Africa, took in a cargo of six hundred and seventy-five negroes, and sailed for Cuba. After landing the negroes (those that had survived the horrors of the voyage) the vessel was burned, and the Captain and crew returned to the United States. Fortunately, the Captain and Mate quarreled about the division of their ill-gotten spoils, and the matter leaked out. The Captain was tried and found guilty.

An astounding fact was brought to light during the trial. There is at the present time in New York City, an association made up of the "best men" of the city, men of wealth and standing, merchants, lawyers, and Railroad Presidents, whose sole object is the prosecution of the slave trade. Truly, villainy is at home in rich mansions, and sits down naturally in well-furnished offices. That class of society which claims all the respectability, seems to keep constantly on hand a general and very comprehensive assortment of ready-made scoundrels. Schuyler opposed the running of trains on the Sabbath, from conscientious scruples, and stole some hundreds of thousands; Manchester, the Cincinnati Banker, paid $300 per annum for a church pew, and swindled hundreds of seamstresses and laborers out of their earnings; Meigs, the San Francisco defaulter was a pious and examplary member of church, and, to crown all, the respectability and integrity of New York are engaged in the barbarous, bloody, healthenish traffic in human flesh and blood.

What makes a 'good man' now-a-days?

☞ ALL ABOUT LIQUORS.—Champagne drinkers have had their eyes opened as to the genuineness of the frothy, head-ache-y liquid, denominated champagne. A wine merchant named Max Ballin, was arrested some time since, on a charge of counterfeiting the labels of the Schrieder brandies of champagne, putting them on bottles filled with an inferior wine, and then underselling the importer of the original article. During the trial, some interesting facts were elicited. It was discovered that it has been the constant practice of liquor dealers to collect old bottles from the hotels, fill them with disguised Jersey stuff, and sell to green ones at two dollars per bottle. A man advertises in the Baltimore papers that he will, for $1, forward directions for preparing twenty-five of the most choice liquors, in quantities of five gallons, for hotels and private use. These directions, he will warrant, will insure a saving of from forty to two hundred per cent., and the best judges will fail to detect the genuine from the imitation! The "very best article of Brandy" will, probably, now be sold for $1 per gallon. Good! The ancient, burnt-up suckers will soon succumb to such poison, and the rising generation will be too wise to touch it. Cheap liquors do considerable towards banishing intemperance.

—Letters from Rochelle and Cognac, dated October 18th, say that as the vintage will scarcely be sufficient for home consumption, there will be no brandy made this year for export. Will there be a corresponding scarcity here?

☞ H. S. BELDEN, of Fairfield, continues to manufacture those excellent brooms. We have never seen any that equals them in point of beauty or durability, and it is not at all singular that they meet with a ready sale. Most of the merchants have their.

Financial.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* of Tuesday says:

The Exchange Bank of Buffalo, Farmers' Bank of Chicago, and Woodbury Bank of Ct., have been discredited.

The Urbana and Champaign County Bank of Urbana, at Urbana, closed on Friday.

Gold is selling here at five per cent. premium. The notes of the Bank of Kanawha sold to-day at 25 per cent discount. Bank of Circleville at 50; Kentucky Trust Co. at 70, and Newport Safety Fund at 80. There few sellers of Circleville, however. There is a good deal of confidence in the Bank. The notes of the Clinton Bank of Columbus were again refused, to-day. Indiana Stock notes are selling at 25 to 30c discount, but a list of 50 of them will be better in a few days.

The notes of the Clinton Bank of Columbus, will be taken hereafter by the Trust Company.

Thompson's Reporter says—The Woodbury Bank, Connecticut, was thrown out by the New York Banks od Thursday.

The house of P. S. Marsh, of Buffalo, reported suspended, is still paying a large amount of acceptances, on property which has come forward, and all bona fide creditors will be fully paid, Over $20,000 worth of paper was paid on presentation on Saturday, and $15,000 to-day.

The Farmers' Joint Stock Bank is not redeemed at its agency here, and Bank shut, Tuesday. There was much excitement, but the impression was that the notes would be redeemed fully.

Merchants' and Mechanic's Bank of Chicago, is closed. The Napierville Bank and Bank of Elgin are refused in that city. The City Bank of Chicago closed Nov. 14. The private banking house of Geo. Milne & Co., Cincinnati, stopped payment; Tuesday. Merchants' Bank of Lafayette, Indiana, Trans-Allegheny Bank, Va., and the Farmers' Bank, Half-Moon, N. Y., all broke. The Dayton papers contradict the report that the Miami Bank of Dayton, has failed.

The Mechanic's and Traders' Bank of Cincinnati failed, Wednesday morning. It being a branch of the State Bank, the notes will not be sacrificed.

A crowd of persons incensed by the failure of the Champaign Insurance Co., mobbed the house of the President, Mr. John H. James, in Urbana, on Tuesday night. Mr. J. was largely concerned in the Merchants' and Traders' Bank, Cincinnati. From the Sandusky *Register* of Thursday, we clip the following:

CINCINNATI, Nov. 14.

The closing of the Meachants' & Traders' Bank has increased the excitement already prevailing, and financial matters are now worse than ever. Confidence is decidedly weak; but we are happy to state we have no mercantile failures to report.

Gold is 8 per cent premium, and there is a large amount of money offering outside, in small parcels, by those who are afraid to hold it. More relief is experienced in this way, than when the funds are in the hands of the brokers.

The principal banking houses having failed, we are now near the end of our difficulties. It is hoped the three heavy banks that remain, are above suspicion, and these, with the Trust Co., are receiving all the business, and the deposites are very large. All that is required to make money easier is confidence.

In the general markets, very little business is being transacted.

The notes of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank are received on deposit, the other branches of the State Bank being bound for their redemption.

On Tuesday, the Sheriff of Cuyahoga Co., forced the vault of the Canal Bank of Cleveland, to secure the special deposits. Dr. H. A. Ackley, one of the Trustees of the Lunatic Asylum at Newburgh, placed in the Canal Bank some $9,000 of the State Funds, as a special deposit, to be checked out as the wants of the institution might require. When the Bank failed, he called to remove the moneys, but was told by the Cashier that the amount was included in the general assignment. The upshot of the matter was, an attachment was issued, and, upon the Bank's refusing to deliver up the deposits, the vault was forced, and contents taken possession of by the Sheriff. A compromise was effected, afterwards—the Bank protesting against the whole proceedings.

The Free Banks of Indiana are rapidly redeeming their circulation. From Monday morning to Wednesday night, last, $76,000 of their notes were returned to the Auditor's office and cancelled—the parties receiving back an equal amount of the Stock Securities. The circulation is now reduced to $5,000,000, and is being redeemed at the rate of $50,000 every day.

☞ A SAD SIGHT.—A London paper states that since the battle of Alma, the inquiries at the hospital depots of London, in Pall Mall, Charing Cross, Picadilly and Knightsbridge have been thronged with old men, women and children, seeking news of their brothers, sons, husbands and fathers in the Crimea. Many a heart rending scene follows, as the announcement 'dead or wounded' is given by the clerk in charge.

Well, what of it? There must be a certain amount of glory manufactured each year, for the especial benefit of a dozen or two kings, princes, and heroes, and these 'heart-rending scenes' are important ingredients in the compound. Two thousand homes in England, are desolated by this 'glorious victory.'

☞ Judge McLean has decided that the Tax Law of 1852, so far as it applies to Banks, is unconstitutional and void. Under this decision, taxes already paid by Banks, under protest, must be refunded to them by the County Treasurers.

The Elections.

New York.—Seymour is elected Governor, by a small majority. Clark, temperance-whig, comes next, Ullmann, K. N., next, while Bronson, the Hard candidate is very far in the rear, receiving only 13,389 votes. Congressional Delegation stands as follows: Whigs, 25; K. N.'s 2; Softs 3; Anti-Nebraska Independents, 3. Mike Walsh is defeated by Kelly. Out of the 33 members elect, only three are Nebraska. Fernando Wood, Soft, is elected Mayor of New York City, over Barker, K. N., by 4,000.

Clark ought to have been elected. The whole Rum interest was concentrated upon Seymour, and the temperance party should have concentrated likewise. This question was the only real issue, and we regret that the temperance party, really largely in the majority, should have allowed themselves to be beaten.

Massachusetts.—The K. N.'s have carried the Bay State, by heavy majorities. Their candidate for Governor, Gardner, a majority of their Congressmen, their candidates for the Legislature, are elected. In fact, the old parties were completely swallowed up in the new organization. Great enthusiasm was manifested, the K. N.'s having torch-light processions, glorifications, speeches &c., *ad libitum*.

Delaware has also been swept by the Know Nothings. Their State and Congressional tickets are elected.

The Know-Nothings threaten to contest the Mayoralty of New York. Ten thousand of the order assembled in the Park, on the evening of the 14th, and charged the friends of Wood with using the grossest frauds to secure his election. A committee was appointed to receive funds to contest the election. Resolutions were passed, calling upon the Chief of Police to discharge every foreigner from the police department.

The elections have resulted rather queerly, and not at all to the liking of those very patriotic and devoted old fogys who cling to the old, worm-eaten organizations. The authors and supporters of the Nebraska bill have received a terrible rebuke, and one which will teach them a wholesome lesson, viz: Never again to attempt to force the people to swallow so bitter a pill as the Nebraska bill, with so thin sugar-coating as 'squatter sovreignty.' The people took the late elections in their own hands—gave the old leaders the go—and they seem to be very well satisfied with the result. So mote it be.

☞ PLYMOUTH UNION SCHOOL.—The Fall and Winter Term of this School commenced on Monday, the 12th inst. 170 scholars were enrolled, and the number is increasing daily. Classes have been formed in all the common branches, also in Analysis, Algebra, Chemistry etc.

The school never was in a more prosperous condition, and our citizens may well be proud of it. The Board of Education have been fortunate in their selections of teachers, and merit the thanks of the public for their unceasing efforts to advance the interests of the school. The following Teachers have been engaged for the present term:

Mr. J. MARKHAM, Superintendent and Principal.

Mrs. C. E. MARKHAM, Teacher in Primary Department.

MIRS MARY UNDERWOOD, Teacher in Secondary Department.

Miss SUSAN SEYMOUR, (temporarily) Teacher in the High School.

Mrs. MARKHAM, Teacher of Penmanship. All of the above are well qualified for the duties assigned them, and under their auspices the School must rank among the best.

☞ Whoop! There is a chance for Uncle Sam to get into an European War after all, and with no less a sovereign than Louis Napoleon! Pierre Soule, the U. S. Minister to Spain, while on his way from England to Madrid, was stopped at Calais, by French officials, sent back to Dover, and forbidden to enter the country again. Messrs. Mason and Buchanan addressed a note to the French Government, asking explanations for this high-handed outrage and insult, but the answers were rude and repulsive. There are but two ways for the French Government to get out of this difficulty—apologize or fight, that is, if Uncle Sam has the back-bone to insist upon it. The general impression is that serious difficulty will grow out of it. That it was a premeditated insult to the American Minister, there can be no doubt.

☞ A Grand Republican Convention will be called, it is said, at Columbus, on the 23d of February, next, with a view to a permanent organization of all the opponents of the present National and State Administrations, and to put in nomination a ticket to be supported at the next State election.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune of last Friday published a statement charging Barker, the K. N. candidate for Mayor, with setting fire to a dry goods store in which he had an interest, for the sake of getting the insurance money. Mr. Barker promptly entered suit against Greeley.

☞ John S. King, the dishonest guard of the Ohio Pennitentiary, has been examined and held to bail in the sum of $1,500

Foreign News.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

The Collins Steamer Atlantic, arrived here, unannounced, owing to a dense fog at Sandy-Hook, this evening. She left Liverpool at nine and a half o'clock, Wednesday morning, October 31st. She brings upwards of one hundred passengers.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Canadian Steamer Canadian, arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 20th ult. Taking out from Quebec the intelligence of the narrative of Capt. Luce, relative to the ill-fated Arctic.

The Cunard Steamer Canada, due on the 18th ult., did not arrive at Liverpool, having been much delayed on account of dense fog.

The advices by the Atlantic throw no new light upon the fate of the missing boats or passengers of the Arctic.

The Liverpool and Philadelphia Steamship Company announce that they have purchased the Steamship Kangaroo, of 1874 tons, and that their new steamship City of Baltimore, 2,500 tons, on the following June.

THE LATEST.—This morning's (Wednesday) mail brings nothing more definite. The Czars two sons had arrived in the Crimea.

Nothing from the Baltic.

The Russians descent on Dobrudscha seems to be a mere manoeuver to draw the Turks from the Danube. The reported defeat of the Russians in Asia, is confirmed.

The Queen Mother of Baravia is dead.

The London Times comments upon Mr. Soules affairs.

The French Government forbids distillation from grain.

The siege of Sebastopol is progressing favorably, and two outworks silenced.—The Russians, in a sortie, spiked twelve French guns and captured Lord Dunkellen.

Prussia has sent a strong note to the Czar, requiring his acceptance of the last proposition of the Powers.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Breadstuffs Prices are considerably low. Flour declined 1s6d@2s. Wheat 6d@1s decline. Buyers holding back for lower prices. Corn declined 1s@2s.

Provisions—Prices unchanged and limited business doing.

Flour—Western Canal 45@44s. White Wheat 12s6d for Ohio.

From California.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14.

The Steamship Northern Light arrived with California dates to October 24th, about 450 passengers and $504,545 in specie, the passage was made in 20 days 12 hours—the quickest one on record.

Nothing of interest has transpired in California since the sailing of the last steamer. Better prices were being obtained for general goods and trade was getting to a more healthy tone.

Wm. Walker, Ex-President of Sonora, is on trial for fillibustering.

Considerable excitement still in regard to the Meigs fraud, and the apprehension of Smith Clark, the late Mayor's clerk who was charged with having unlawfully detained, in his hands, large sums—amounting to upwards of $300,000. The latter was in custody and examinations had taken place without any satisfactory explanation as to much of the missing funds.

Wm. Hamilton Bowen, late City Treasurer, had also been arrested, charged with having fraudulently taken the books, paper and money, belonging to the Treasury in particular. The sum of $303,600 of city warrants unaccounted for by him. The defense was that the newly elected City Treasurer has not complied with the requisition of the law—hence the withholding. The case had not been decided.

Additional forgeries by Meigs have been discovered. Further inquiries have much reduced the actual cash taken away—it probably did not exceed $15,000.

The Indians yield to the satisfaction of the miners.

There are numerous accounts of murders, &c.; the most brutal of which occurred where four Americans and three Mexicans, after having plundered and burnt the house of a colored man, murdered his father, wife, children and a Frenchman.

Several shocks of an earthquake were felt at San Francisco on the 21st of October.

The 23d of November had been appointed for Thanksgiving day.

Efforts had been made by divers to recover the treasure from the Yankee Blade, but without success. The hull had dragged off shore, leaving the engines where the ship sunk in about eleven fathoms of water.

A meeting of the passengers from the ill-fated steamer had been held, at which resolutions were adopted that sheer negligence was the cause of the wreck, censuring Capt. Randall for neglect, and also the agents of the line for not forwarding the passengers to New York. A committee was appointed for securing subscriptions for presenting a gold watch to Mr. Gwin, the officer who was the last man to leave the ship, as an evidence of their appreciation of his manly conduct.

The rainy season had commenced in California.

The Northern Light connected with the Sierra Nevada at San Juan on Monday the 7th.

In Central America matters remain the same as last dates. Chomoros still maintained his hold in Grenada.

STRAWBERRIES AND GIRLS.—At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was, which is the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members going for the strawberries, and the young one for the girls.

MAINE LAW IN CONNECTICT.—This law is commending itself to many who at first opposed it on the ground that it could not be enforced.—The law is strictly carried out, without fear or favor, and men who had not sufficient moral strength to resist the temptation to rum drinking are now steady and industrious, providing for the comfort of their families, as they have not done for years. The result is that many are rapidly recovering from the "land of steady habits."

DECREASE OF CITIES.—The *Examiner*, of Norwich, Ct., states that the New London jail shows a very considerable diminution of crime, since the new prohibitory law went into operation.—There are now 12 prisoners in the jail; last year at this time there were forty.

Committals for August and Sept. 1853.....32
Committals for June and July, 1854.....25
Committals for August and Sept. 1854.....12

The *Examiner* further remarks, that the law has saved one hundred persons from crime and consequent arrest and imprisonment, during the first two months of its operation.

Loss of the New Era.

LONG BRANCH, Nov. 12.

The ship New Era, belonging to Bath, Maine, from Bremen, with 130 passengers, went ashore last night, in a dense fog, off de Long, on the Jersey shore. She will probably be a total wreck.

It is said that about one half of the passengers of the New Era are drowned.

SECOND DISPATCH.—The New Era had 350 passengers, only about twenty of them with the Captain, have reached shore!—The remainder are still aboard, and the vessel is fast breaking up. Half of those on board have been drowned. Every effort is making to rescue the survivors.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—The ship remains in same position as before reported. The sea runs mountains high, and renders it impossible for the tug-boats to give any assistance. Before dark we could see every available space in the riggings filled with some 200 persons; no less than 75 have probable already been washed overboard, and from present indications a great many will be washed into the sea before any effectual assistance can be rendered. All the balls at the Station were shot over the ship without being able to send a line on board from the shore, except in one case, when a line shot was immediately sent out to the wreck, and Capt. Henry and eight or ten others got into it, but it was instantly capsized. The Captain and four others clung to the boat, and succeeded in reaching the shore. The cable from the shore to the ship gave way, and there was no other remedy but to send to another Station and procure more balls for the purpose of throwing another line over the wreck, and not an instant was lost in sending to the nearest Life-Boat Station.

The ship is a perfect wreck, and there is not the least hope of saving anything.

Should a heavy sea continue during the night, it is scarcely possible that a very few of the passengers now holding on to the rigging can be saved, and it is not at all improbable that every soul will be washed overboard before daylight.

All the passengers are Dutch or Germans, and, as there is no one here who understands their language, we are unable to obtain from those who have reached the shore any information in regard to the condition of things on board, which is undoubtedly bad enough.

Capt. Henry is active and energetic in efforts to extend relief to his suffering passengers, and crew.

The ship struck at 9 P. M. in a dense fog.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13—9 P. M.

The steamship New Era will be a total loss. Captain Henry and some 20 passengers were saved. The New-Era sailed from Bremen on the 28th of September.—The sea is high and weather foggy. The ship is breaking to pieces, and every exertion to save more passengers is being made.

Telegraphic Item.

New York, Nov. 10.—California papers bring intelligence of a battle upon the Pacific. The allied fleets attacked Petropaulska, Kamschatka on the 30th August, a formidable fortress of 120 guns and 1800 men. The attack was made by six vessels, Forte, Eurydice, Obligada, Pique, President, and Virago. Three ports were destroyed by the Russians after a fierce cannonade from 240 guns. Next day another fort was deserted, but the allies in landing to take possession fell into an ambuscade and fled after the loss of 150 killed and wounded.

The allies took another redoubt, spiked the guns and captured 43 Russian prisoners. Two Russian frigates in the harbor were much damaged. After defeat the allies abandoned further attack.

Admiral Pierce, of the English Squadron, shot himself with a pistol before the action, it is supposed accidentally. After leaving, the allies captured two vessels, one the Sitka with provisions and arms, and the other a schooner, which was burned.

More than 30 lives were lost by the wreck of the Yankee Blade.

Fort Clark, TEXAS, Oct. 18.—We have just in an express from Gen. Smith, who was on the 9th inst., at the Limpia, the place selected by him as a post to be occupied by the 8th Infantry.

Capt. Walker, with a party of the regiment of the Mounted Rifles, who went as an escort to the General, had a fight with the Indians, killed ten of them and lost one man, besides Lieut. Carr receiving an arrow wound in his stomach.

The chiefs in this battle drove off all the animals from the camp on Live Oak Creek, temporarily occupied by one company of the 1st Infantry under command of Capt. Arthur. The soldiers killed two Indians.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 13.—There was a row yesterday, in the German Catholic Church, growing out of a difficulty between the priest and the St. Joseph Society, concerning a banner. Legal measures have been resorted to, resulting in favor of the latter. The priest stated yesterday there were thieves and liars present; therefore, he would not proceed with the services of the church until they left. He then withdrew, and a fight among the congregation ensued. Four of the parties were arrested and held to bail.

Charlestown, Nov. 15.—The Steamer Gov. Dudley, has arrived with Havanna dates to the 11th. The American schooners, with arms and ammunition, had been seized and the Spanish impressment of Gen. Musiro, second in command, on the Island, left Havanna on the 19th to investigate the affair.

It is reported that a popular outbreak had occurred: No particulars known.

Fresh dates to the 14th inst. had parties had been pardoned by Gen. Pusuel, who were arrested for being engaged in the landing of arms.

New York Nov. 15.—By the arrival o the Steamer Orizaba, we have dates from Mexico to the 4th inst.

The bark Avalanch, foundered at sea about 15 miles from Vera Cruz. The Captain and crew saved.

A battle had taken place near Camapo du Guerro between the Government forces and the Revolutionists: latter routed with loss of 200 men. Santa Anna's health is restored.

New York, Nov. 15.—We have dates from Bermuda of the 8th inst.

The Bermudian states that the line-of-battle ship Boscowan, of 70 guns, sailed for Greytown on the 4th, the editor says the British Government is collecting a powerful fleet in the West Indies, under the belief that serious difficulties with the United States Government may grow out of the destruction of Greytown.

☞ The Cleveland *Leader* says that eighty-five of the principle retail Liquor dealers of that city, were arrested on Saturday the 4th inst., charged with violating the new Liquor law. "The battle," says that paper, is between the "Carson League" and the retail Liquor sellers.

When Machaon, the Greek Physician was slain, Homer tells us that, "a good Physician is worth as much as a whole army." Then a good medicine like *Ayer's Cathartic Pills*, is worth a great deal more, because it cures as well, works wider, and lasts longer. The circle of the best Physician's labor must be narrow, while such a remedy is available to all.—can be had by every body, and is worth having.

ANOTHER LETTER.—In consequence of some recent Government acts in the Central American Republic of Honduras, the Pope of Rome excommunicated Gen. Barrundia, the President. When the bill was released in Honduras, the General summoned an immense concourse to people, marching the chief magistrate, civil and military, and after reading the document to them, rammed it into a cannon with his own hand, pointed the piece eastward, and fired it off.

MARRIED.

In Ripley, on the 9th inst., by Rev. T. Barkdull, Mr. JOSEPH J. JONES and Miss J. A. GLEASON, both of Huron Count , Ohio.

☞ NOTICE.—There will be a Donation held at the late residence of Mr. Myers, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 22nd, 1854, for the benefit of the Rev. J. Crouse. All who feel interested are respectfully invited.

MANY FRIENDS.

Plymouth, Nov. 10, 1854.

Independent or Free Banking.

THE subscribers having entire confidence in the soundness of the Free Stock Banks of Ohio, wishes it understood that he will take the bills of any of them, at par, for anything he has to sell, or any debts coming to him, for the next 30 days, no matter whether they fail or not. D. HOORNBEEK.

Nov. 16th, 1854.

Town Lot!

A GOOD one, in trade for Canal Bank Cleveland, City Bank of Columbus, Miami Valley, or any other "*Darne*" broken bank paper, enquire at the Farmers' Store, of

WM. W. DRENNAN.

100 Bushels of Lime, Wanted, by D. HOORNBEEK.

Indiana Money

WANTED at the Farmers Store, by D. HOORNBEEK.

BUGGY Matts for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

FLOUR, best Southern, Michigan, Virginia and Plymouth Mills, for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

SALT by the barrel and sack, for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

WATER Lime of the best quality for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

ENGINE Packing for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

2 SETS of New Harness by D. HOORNBEEK.

VERY Large and cheap Looking Glasses, for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

200 Cords of Woods for sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

TIMOTHY SEED—Bought by D. HOORNBEEK.

Nov. 16.

IRON-FRAME CLOCKS—For sale by D. HOORNBEEK.

Nov. 16.

A CARD—DR. CALVIN M. FITCH, of New York, would announce to the citizens of Western Pennsylvania and Northern Ohio, that he is at present delivering a COURSE OF LECTURES at OIL CITY HIGH, where he will remain till December 18th, during which period he may be consulted daily, at his rooms at the City Hotel, corner of Wood and Smithfield-sts., for PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, FEMALE DISEASES, and all other diseases connected with or predisposing to Consumption, in the treatment of which his ample experience and unrivalled opportunity for observation have given him the most marked success.

Dr. Fitch desires to see his patients personally, in every instance, where it is possible; where it is not, a careful statement of the case may be sent by letter, to which a prompt reply will be returned, giving his opinion of the case, and when he is willing to undertake the treatment; will state the expense of the remedies requisite. nov17:2w

The Jews completely Routed!

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

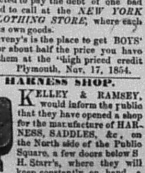
Bill Deveny has come to town!

And he is "laying them all" in the way of selling Cheap Clothing—"Small Profits and plenty of Customers" is his motto.

It has become necessary, owing to the failure of the crops, and the consequent scarcity of money, to bring down the prices of all kinds merchandise. I am determined therefore to reduce the prices of all kinds of clothing, and make the Old Hunkers tremble on account of the Clothing Business now making at BILL DEVENY'S, in the way of good and substantial goods at prices *far below anything ever offered in this place*, for which the whole country, to the latest generation will be thankful, and blessings large and abundant will be on the BITTER WORTS OF HAPPY CLOTHING STORE. It is a matter of astonishment to all to see such crowds filing in platoons and depleting to make room for others, at the popular establishment where has just opened with an entire new stock of all kinds of GENTLEMEN'S GOODS, from a pair of shilling Hose to a $20 Coat, and all done without *Puffs* or the *General*. High sounding words are of no use, but facts and figures will stand the test. These we have to get more for fifty cents, *for ready pay*, than one dollar, will buy at a credit establishment where two good customers are expected to pay half a dollar each, one, are invited to call at the *NEW YORK "SHEAP" CLOTHING STORE*, where each will pay for his own goods.

☞ Bill Deveny's is the place to get BOYS' CLOTHING for about half the price you have been getting them at the high priced credit stores.' Plymouth, Oct. 17, 1854.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.



KELLEY & RAMSEY, would inform the public that they have opened a shop for the manufacture of HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., on the North side of the Public Square, in the house formerly H. Starr's, where they will keep constantly on hand, a large assortment of everything in their line. They have now ready for inspection, an assortment of Fancy and Common Draught Harness, which will sell at the lowest possible prices. All work warranted to prove as represented. Farmers and others are invited to call.

Plymouth, Oct. 27, 1854.

Dress Making and Millinery.

IN THE ODD-FELLOWS BUILDINGS, 2ND STORY. MRS. E. KIRCHEMEYER, would respectfully inform the ladies of Plymouth, and the vicinity, that she is prepared to execute to any orders that may be left with her in the Dress Making and Millinery line. Her long experience in the above business, is a sufficient guaranty of her ability to do work in a satisfactory manner, and in the latest style. Her shop has been removed to the building over John Dewey, Jr's. Store, in the Odd Fellows Building.

Plymouth, Nov. 17, 1854.

☞ The Cleveland *Leader* says that eighty-five of the principle retail Liquor dealers of that city, were arrested on Saturday the 4th inst., charged with violating the new Liquor law. "The battle," says that paper, is between the "Carson League" and the retail Liquor sellers.

Omnibus.

☞ Now that the season for "massingers and slap-jacks," as Capt. Suggs says, is approaching, the following "song" is peculiarly appropriate:

MEDICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT KENTUCKY SOUTHERN REMEDY.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Sarsaparilla!

THIS medicine is now used according to direction with cure without fail!

Scrofula or King's Evil, Cancer, Eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, tumors, chronic sore eyes, rheumatism, sore tetters, scald head, rheumatism, pains in the bones of joints, old sores and ulcers, swelling of the glands, syphilis, dyspepsia, salt rheum, disease of the kidneys, diseases arising from the use of Mercury, loss of appetite, pain in the side and shoulders, general debility, lim ness, cough, cold, consumption, jaundice, dryness, hoarseness, weakness or the chest, sore throat, pulmonary affections, and all other diseases tending to produce consumption, liver complaints in male or female, costiveness, low spirits, nervous and nervous headache, night sweats, exposures, or improprieties in life, chronic constitutional diseases and as a spring and summer drink, and general tonic for the system, and a gentle and pleasant purgative, it is superior to Blue Lick and Congress Water, salts or epsom Physic.

It is a remarkable fact that among the hundreds of eminent physicians who have examined the recipe by which Bull's Sarsaparilla is prepared not one has condemned it, but all approved it, and commend it in the highest terms. Many physicians have thus testified strongly in the belief that it is decidedly the best Sparsaparilla that has ever been placed before the public. Although there are many physicians who feel a reluctance to having their name appended to the recommendation of any particular remedy, nevertheless they are ready to bear testimony to the fact that there are cases in which a frank yet well their support in favor of a remedy which they know to be superior to all others, merit good in an afflicted community. As an evidence, read the following from old and respectable citizens of high standing in the community in which they live

Testimony

Testimony like the following from strangers superfluous all comments on the efficacy of Bull' Sarsaparilla. From Dr. L. P. Yandell, Professor of Materia Medica in Louisville Medical College— I have looked over the formulas of Sarsaparilla, and find it to be the best form of Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in saying that it is a valuable remedy in all cases in which Sarsaparilla is in chronic disease to which it is applicable.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1854. L. P. YANDELL, M. D.

What Dr. Price, physician by appointment to the Louisville Alms House, says of Bull's Sarsaparilla:

Louisville, Mercer St. 14.

I have examined the prescription for the preparation of John Bull's Sarsaparilla and I believe the combination to be a meritorious one, and well calculated to produce an alterative operation on the system. I have used it in both public and private practice, and think it the most efficient preparation of the kind.

M. PRICE, M. D.

Resident Physician Louisville Marine Hospital.

We earnestly invite all persons who have Scrofulous Humors of the skin to try Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Let Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla and get a copy of Bull's Family Book and read the testimony of persons who have been cured of long standing individual will not be found unwilling to give their testimony in favor of the Sarsaparilla, and in testifying at the same time that it is impossible for the friends of Sarsaparilla to publish the thousandth part of the cures of astounding cures performed on his own, and the testimony of intelligent and respectable citizens of Sarsaparilla, from well known and distinguished individuals, both in public and private life, has been perfectly satisfactory to the public.

☞ Principal Office—81 Barclay street, New York, and 131 Fulton street, Cincinnati.

☞ For particulars see free pamphlet. The following popular medicines have been established and are for sale by H. M. WOOSTER, Plymouth. sp16

Ayer's Pills.

A NEW and singularly successful remedy. For the cure of Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dysentery, Piles, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Humors, Nervousness, Irritability, Dropsy, Dizziness, Headache, Pain in the Side and Back, Colic, Female complaints, &c. &c. Indeed, very few are the diseases for which Purgatives are not in some measure, if not required, and some sickness and suffering would almost be entertained, if it should be found they were more freely used. No person can feel well while the system is clogged with the putrid humors which some purgatives cannot fail to expel, and which, if retained, are the fruitful source of a good sufferer. This is what free of calomel, or any other injurious substance, and may safely be used by those who prefer the first regulated pills, and are the result of long and extensive research and experience, and are offered to the public with the full confidence that they will prove a reliable family physic, and the first unpleasant effect which purgatives have been so long associated with, is so modified as to meet the demand. An extensive trial of the virtues of physicians, professors and private practitioners in their own practice, has fully established the fact of their superiority over any other cathartic. Cures have been effected beyond the ordinary credence, and cases of long standing and extreme position and character are cured that scarcely a month ago were pronounced incurable. Among the cures we are allowed to refer for further facts, are Prof. Valentine Mott, of New York City, who says of the Pills, "I have found them all I claimed of the Pill of Health, and I do not hesitate to say that they are the best cathartic I know of." Dr. Wm. Beaumont, of St. Louis, Mo., says, "Your Pills have surpassed all the U. S. Marine Hospital Physicians, Mobile, Ala., Dr. Jos. Jones, Professor of Chemistry, Medical College of Louisiana, from all parts where the Pills have been used, testimony of the highest character, and from the pens of those eminent people, are shown in their effect upon them.

Prepared and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cts. per Box, Five Boxes for $1.00.

Sold by Eckman & Blair, Pittsburgh; H. M. Wooster, Plymouth; G. A. Knight, New Haven; Dr. P. Gray, Norwalk; H. F. & T. S. Wooster, Norwalk. aug 12-ly

BOERHAVE'S

GENUINE HOLLAND BITTERS,

Prepared according to the Rules of Modern Medical and Pharmaceutical Science.

A PURELY VEGETABLE COMPOUND, prepared on strictly scientific principles after the manner of the celebrated Hollandic Professor Boerhave. Because of its great success in most of the European Hospitals, it has become the Medicine most universally used in the Hospitals of our Father Land, and is now fast growing into favor in the United States.

Many of the most distinguished Physicians of this country are now using it in their practice, and are giving testimony to the world of its wonderful medicine before its effects were known. Most remarkable cures have been made (the most trifling of my Pills and even more confident), in the treatment of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Fever and ague, more than required by their effects upon trial.

They operate by their powerful influence on the interior and exterior surfaces of the human frame, and are healthily action—free of the obstructions—the stomach, liver, bowels, and other organs of the system, resuming their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, all disorders arising from the first origin of disease.

Being sugar wrapped they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

For mingle directions, see the wrapper on the Pot.

PREPARED BY JAMES C. AYER, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

Price 25 cts. per Box, Five Boxes for $1.00.

Sold by Eckman & Blair, Pittsburgh; H. M. Wooster, Plymouth; G. A. Knight, New Haven; Dr. P. Gray, Norwalk; H. F. & T. S. Wooster, Norwalk. aug 12-ly

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

WARRANTED to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Breast, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Night Sweats, Loss of Appetite, Debility, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

Prepared and sold by Dr. Swayne & Son, No. 330 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Sold by Eckman & Blair, Pittsburgh; H. M. Wooster, Plymouth; G. A. Knight, New Haven; Dr. P. Gray, Norwalk; H. F. & T. S. Wooster, Norwalk. aug 12-ly

Dr. Swayne's Pills.

THESE PILLS are composed of the purest Vegetable Tonics, and are mild in their operation, and may be taken by the most delicate female with perfect safety. They are a sure remedy for Fever and Ague, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Jaundice, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague