

The

Indiana

American.

BY C. F. CLARKSON.

BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1853.

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From the Forest City.

The editor of the Canton Transcript copies our announcement of the decease of the Patriarch of the Zoarites, and writes thus of that singular people.—

The sketch is graphical and truthful:

"The Patriarch of Zoar now sleeps in the tomb. The history of this community is of interest, as exhibiting the moral force of a single individual—as well as a practical demonstration of the efficacy of their principles."

We have also been impressed with the idea that this copy, (originally consisting of about two hundred individuals,) left Wurttemberg, in Germany, on account of religious persecution.

They are in religion what is termed Separatists, because they separate from Luther and others; or rather, they are disciples of Jacob Behmen, who flourished some two hundred years since.

"They embarked for the New World from Germany in the spring of 1817, and landed in Philadelphia in August of the same year. When they landed on our shores they were poor in purse and ignorant of the manners and customs of the Americans. The Quakers of Philadelphia received them with open arms, and one Quaker sold them 5,500 acres of land, which formerly had been military land, at a very moderate price and upon a long credit. This land was situated in the vicinity of what was known as Fort Lawrence, in Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

"Subject to all manner of privations and toil incident to settling in a new country, yet undismayed and with cheerful hearts did this community toil on, surmounting difficulties and obstacles which would have appalled less hardy pioneers. For all their toil, privations, and inconveniences, they left themselves repaid in the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, without the meddling priest to interfere, or tyrant to oppress."

"This community or association presents to us the corroboration of some great truths. They commenced in abject poverty steeped in indebtedness, with no guarantee to pay their indebtedness, except their own proverbial economy, and their own brawny and muscular arms. In little more than a quarter of a century, by rigid application of maxims learned in Fatherland, they have by their industry accumulated property which is worth more than half a million of dollars.

"They have adhered to certain fixed principles, and have held them sacredly in view, and in the evening of their day are enjoying the abundant harvest of their early labor.

But their Patriarch is with them no more. He has fulfilled his destiny, and his mission is apparent to every one who has arrived at that point in philosophy which furnishes us with an insight into the motives of mankind. The man who was born from the womb of a female, by two men by the names of Henry Davis and Franklin Kerlin. The facts in connection with this brutal assault, we obtained from the testimony adduced at the criminal examination of Davis, before Capt. Snodgrass.

The man testified that he and his husband were going from their former home to the neighborhood of the Nazarene, when the neighbor who had given him his discipline, "One who loves another," are fundamental principles of society; a perversion of those doctrines are fraught with all the evils daily witnessed in society. Yet the Zoarites believe not in the mission of the Nazarene.

Many entertain fears that the community will now be dissolved. We venture to predict that so long as any of those hardy pioneers who have borne the burden of the heat and labor for one-third of a century, exist, the community will not be dissolved. If it were dissolved, ere twelve months it would again be formed. The ties, the trials, the associations, the labors, the sufferings of a lifetime are not dissolved in a moment.

The Pioneers are too old to learn the ways of the world in the evening of their life. The prisoner who after thirty years of toil, has been liberated, after enjoying his liberty two days, required to be sent back to prison—it was his home, and he desired no other.

The Zoar community is not a monarchy, but an elective system in which members enjoyed an equal right with the males.

Poetical and Practical.

On a recent visit to Catskill, an artist was standing on the main highway back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, carefully noticing the changing and intermingling hues.—

Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him exclaimed with enthusiasm:—

"How art thou a magnificent picture you have!"

"Wherabouts?" was the indignant reply.

"Look all around; these mountains, the heavens, the setting sun, what picture can surpass such a view?"

This was spoken with a spic of vexation and disappointment at the stranger's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could raise money enough to set up a cabin and beer staves here, it wouldn't be hard to earn a living from travel in this neighborhood."

Our friend then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned eagerly towards him, in prospect of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

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How to make a CISTERN.—For a citizen to hold 25 bbls. of water, procure one bbl. of water lime, (hydrazine cement,) and three bbls. of clear coarse sand. If your soil is clay or any kind of compact earth, dig a hole as near the shape of an egg, end down, as far as you can; and your cistern a little at a time, and place the direction of the earth.

You have no need of brick work. If there is any considerable cavity in the sides of the pit, fill with clay mortar, and thus save your cement. When the first coat is dry, put on the second, and perhaps a third, though much thinner than the first. Cover the top with a large flat stone, if procurable, having a man-hole and place for a pump broken through the centre. A cistern eight feet in diameter and nine feet deep will hold a hundred barrels.—N. Y. Plow.

The Navajo Indians in New Mexico, have one field of corn fifteen miles square.

Governor Gorman and his Indian

Large and bitter complaints are made of General Gorman's new Governor of Minnesota (Gorman,) and there is much excitement to his course in the Territory, which opened the way for settlement and civilization in the heart of the Territory, and for its advance in the rank of a State in a very short time. Large amounts were stipulated to be paid to the Indians to induce them to give up their lands, the old Governor and Indian Commissioner was superseded by a new one, Col. Gorman, sent out to take his place. He, too, has been making Indian treaties, but instead of new acquisitions of territory to prove the Indians' treacherousness, G. G. Gorman has concluded a treaty, by which a large portion of the land acquired last year has been set apart for the occupation and use of one of the most worthless tribes of Indians in the North-west. By this, the Indians have been induced to leave the northwestern part of the whites, and placed for residence near the heart of the Territory, in a favorable position to prosecute their thievish broods into the settlements, provoking disturbances, brawls and skirmishes. This is quite natural, as the Indian Commissioner has taken a course and we presume that G. G. Gorman has acted without authority, and that the treaty will be rejected at Washington.—C. H. G.

Marker at Ft. Wayne.

One night last week three Germans met at a beer-house in Ft. Wayne, drank beer until they were drunk, then on the road home, quarreled, and in the fight that ensued two were killed. The people of Ft. Wayne are aroused and are determined to clear the city of all such plague-spots as liquor and beer-shops, or, as they are called there, "sweat-holes."

A correspondent of the "Times," which has taken a decided stand in favor of Temperance, says:

"Let us have laws strong and intelligible enough and officers virtuous and sober enough to administer them, and the days of rum-drinking will be numbered."

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The Pioneers are too old to learn the ways of the world in the evening of their life. The prisoner who after thirty years of toil, has been liberated, after enjoying his liberty two days, required to be sent back to prison—it was his home, and he desired no other.

The Zoar community is not a monarchy, but an elective system in which members enjoyed an equal right with the males.

At Cambridge, Ind.

On Monday night, the 12th instant, an inhuman act was committed in the heart of our city, upon the person of a female, by two men by the names of Henry Davis and Franklin Kerlin. The facts in connection with this brutal assault, we obtained from the testimony adduced at the criminal examination of Davis, before Capt. Snodgrass.

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The Man and the Vine.

In one of the early years after the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"A vine!" replied the man.

"What is the fruit of this vine?"

"Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to taste, from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I will help thee plant this vine."

The father remained for a few moments with his children, and then left the room, the sight of the dead bird, and their sad little faces, was more than he could bear without too great a pressure on his feelings. "Yes, it was a cruel act! said he to himself; "but I will not again lift my hand against the life of an innocent bird."

And he has kept his word.—Arthur Gazebo.

The Bible.

Roman! spare that book, Keep off thy bloody hand!

Ther's danger in thy look, And all is thy destruction,

Take not thy bloody page, There's hatred in thy eye,

Alas, Roman! cease thy rage, I'll keep that book, or die!

That good old book I love! I'll hide my sorrow cease;

Will he come? Will he come? Will he come to hear the parting sigh, And that pale young sufferer's last good-bye?

And now she sleeps, And her deathbed is above her, Her tears call not her to life again; She has passed for eys to the cloudless shore Of paradise.

Where her gentle eyes May never grow dim with tears any more,

How bright was the blight, Which withered the rose in early bloom,

And quenched the light Of other young and trusting hearts in gloom.

Alas, there are gods as guile less as she, Who shrink from the poison breath of the still vine."

Then after the violent death of his wife, he sold his house and land, and left the city.

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