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Selected Poetry.

Passing the Icebergs.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

A fearless shape of bold device
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice—
Those navies of the northern main;
Those Arctic ventures, blindly hurried,
The proofs of nature's ilden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its sky-like course.
These are the Buckaniers that fight
The middle sea with dreams of wreck,
And freeze the south winds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf Stream to their deck.
At every dragon prow and helm
There stands some Viking, as of yore
Grim heroes from the Boreal realm
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.
And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falcons glow;
While, like storm-tossed wind, the Rune
Comes chafing through some beard of snow.
And when the far North flashes up
With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
Is brimming to the absent bold.
Up, signal there! and let us hail
You looming phantoms as we pass;
Note all her fashion, hull and sail,
Within the compass of your glass?

See at her the stedfast glow
Of that one star of Odin's throne;
Up with your flag, and let us show
The constellation of our own!

And speak her well, for she might say,
From her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay
Or the remotest Esquimaux.

Might tell of channels, yet untold,
That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold
A mighty people, yet to be.

Of Wonders which alone prevailed
Where day and darkness dimly meet;
Of all which spreads the Arctic sail;
Of Franklin and his venturesous fleet.

How happily, at some glorious goal,
His anchor holds, his sails are furled;
That Fame has named him on her scroll,
"Columbus of the Polar World."

Or how his ploughing bark wedges on,
Through splintering fields with batt'd shars
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears.

Or how o'er-sentent black few
The last of shivered masts and spars;
He sits amid his frozen crew,
In council with the horland stars.

No answer, but the sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

Elder, will you have a drink of cider?
inquired a farmer of an old temperance
man, who was spending the evening at his
house.

No, thank ye,' said the old man, 'I
never drink liquor of any kind, specially
cider, but if you call it the apple juice. I
don't care if I do take a little.'

Beautiful Sentiments Eloquently Expressed.

The Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, a former U. S. Senator from Indiana, but now of St. Louis, lately defended a young mulatto boy of the name of Smith, upon the charge of murdering his wife. The defense was insanity, caused by his wife's infidelity with another. The defense was overruled and the prisoner convicted. Mr. Hannegan made however a very able speech, which is published in the St. Louis papers, in behalf of his unfortunate client.

On the infamy of the crime of seduction, Mr. Hannegan thus speaks:

There is no offense upon the face of the earth which causes such deep, overwhelming, heart-bruising grief and sorrow as does this one single crime of Seduction, whether it be of a man's wife or daughter. To penetrate a family with the foalest designs in the heart, is an offense which the laws have never yet devised an appropriate punishment for, for it never can; and it is a strange fact that where the sorrow and agony which is caused by an act of that kind, is most pressing, most potent, where the wreck and ruin that follows is most irretrievable, that there the world looks on it most carelessly. The field often, too often turns from the sad page of grief and bitterness with scorn, where the occurrence is in the poor man's family, the poor, humble and obscure, and yet you well know, every man within the sound of my voice, that upon them it falls with heaviest.

The high and wealthy man—the wealthy are always called the high—I cannot understand why? I know it is very far from being the case. The wealthy man, I am sorry to say it is not always the high man. My definition of a high man is the high in heart and elevated in sentiment, the noble in feeling, the gentle in action, and I look for him and recognize him as much in the ditch, where, with a shirt upon his back, he dies, as though he lived in a prince's palace. But speaking after the fashion of the world, the high and wealthy from injustice like this can turn at once and console themselves with enjoyment and pleasure.

The rich man can make for himself a home anywhere, and he can command unbounded visitors and attendants. At his new home he can call to his sumptuous board, troops of friends—the rich always have friends; the poor man rarely has any; and these friends come to him with their faces all glad with smiles, or wreathed in sadness, just as the occasion stirs, be it what it may—of grief or of joy—the voices and graces of the throng are always ready. If grief press at the rich man's heart, the sullen voice of the parasite distils into his ear the well prepared music to sooth him. If, for a wrong like this for which Smith struck, a rich man should strike with the avenging arm at the betrayer of his honor and his peace, the public voice cries out at once the dead was righteous, the death was merited, he has but acted in obedience to the dictates of his own nature, sustaining his own sacred rights. A trial for him is but a form. He comes before the tribunal with a proud and lofty bearing, which proclaims his feeling of security, and he at length goes forth with the plaudits of the world ringing in his ears, he goes forth to plunge into that ease or pleasure which lies strewn in bacchanal profusion before him. His wife, she never had, perhaps undivided possession of his affections; the gay world always, perhaps, divided it with her. He has one attraction less now, and it is one as soon supplied by one with fresher lips and brighter eyes.

Thoughts crowd upon my brain; they jostle each other, and no one gets fit utterance. "My Father," thought I, "worketh hitherto," and save He worketh here, But no more truly here than everywhere. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the sea is His, and He made it; and His hands prepared the dry land."

As ago, the Otañic word went forth, and deep down upon the ocean's bed, forth with the grains and particles of which the rocks are made, came trooping, and in order moved, each to its appropriate place. So each layer was formed. The layers themselves are but the records of successive ages.

In his own time, the same Omnic word, from the broad bosom of the deep, upheaves to view, His finished work; and lo! an island or a continent is born. He moulds and shapes the mountains; He scoops out the valleys; He opens His fountains, and from copious stores, forth gush the waters; and from many a hill side and from many a rill, the sparkling streamlet and the babbling brook begin their glad career.

Mightiest rivers, ministers of His, go forth to do his pleasure; and in their ceaseless flow, are but the messengers of His love and power.

Agos on ages, since the flight of years began, when men were not, the stars looked down on those pouring floods as they do now. Generations shall come and go; ages on ages more shall pass away; still, on they come; and pouring still with unabated strength. When will their pouring cease? When will those waters rest! Lo! God is here, and in symbols mete proclaims His own eternity, not less than His Omnipotence.

SPECTATOR.

Somebody describes the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka in this wise: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

comes back with lewd display and blazon harlotry.

Smith saw it—felt. No more a home, no warm welcome again—no fond endearments, no cheerful evening fireside—form to love and no heart to beat responsive to his own. Pressed as with a heavy bolt, the crushed spirit of man rose at once to fury and madness, and his heart and brain on fire, he bathes his hands in the blood of all that came within his reach, and first of all in that of her who had murdered his peace and his reason.

Niagara Falls.

A contributor has furnished us with the following sketch of Niagara Falls:

Imagining yourself in the region of the great falls. Survey them from above, from below, and from either side. In the midst of that magnificent panorama stands Goat Island, anchored to earth's center, and from age to age presents its calm and patient brow to the down-coming floods; and, with apparent ease, sends their strong, furious, rushing waters—these toward the American, and those toward the Canadian shores. Upon its edge, just where the parted waters, sweeping inward, rush toward the trembling precipice's brink, there stands a Tower.

From that lone, trembling tower, look southward; thence come the waters in their might, as if a sea, in some far off region, beyond ken, (whose fountains who shall tell?) had suddenly burst its barrier, and from its fulness and exhaustless stores, poured down those ceaseless floods. Rejoicing in freedom, on they come; and, heaving and surging, and rolling and tumbling, and leaping and dashing, and tossing and splashing, for miles in extent, raging and foaming, they fill the whole region with wildest commotion. Then gathering strength, and exulting in power; resistless, they hasten and rush to the verge of the awfully.

own, down, they plunge, through mist, and foam, with deafening roar, into the abyss below. The secrets of that dread unfathomable gulf, no tongue can tell, no pen describe. Clustering beneath that whelming tide, their glories or their terrors are forever veiled from our too curious eyes.

The scene is grand beyond description. Language cannot compass it. Word pictures here were impotent. Here, an Irving, a Scott, or even a Byron, must needs fail. It were equally vain to attempt to set forth one's emotions; but blessed is the man, or woman either, who sees what I saw, hears what I heard, or feels what I have felt—standing amidst the rush and roar, and foam, and mist, with rainbows crowned in the majestic and awful presence of the mighty Niagara—may I not say in the immediate presence—nay, face to face with the Omnipotent? The ground on which you tread, the rock, the earth itself, seems to tremble in awe of Him, as if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was near.

The contemplation of the sublime and moving spectacle—forever changing, yet the same forever—calls forth a corresponding depth and strength and fervor of emotions. Transported with the view, we are lost in wonder, admiration, reverence, devotion, love. From admiration of the visible, we easily pass to the worship of the Invisible—the Great, the Good, the forming, moving, controlling spirit—God.

Thoughts crowd upon my brain; they jostle each other, and no one gets fit utterance. "My Father," thought I, "worketh hitherto," and save He worketh here, But no more truly here than everywhere. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the sea is His, and He made it; and His hands prepared the dry land."

A southern gentleman owned a slave, a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist. In one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner. A certain slave had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's stoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet a little, warm it a little in his hands, and squeezes it to right shape, and then lean it up against the fence to dry.

"Top derry!" said our Universalist darky, "You say dat or fusles ebber made!"

"Sarten!" said the preacher.

"Den' dat," said the other, "just tell a feller what ar fence come from?"

"Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spoil all de feology in de world!"

Accident and Fortitude.—Sometime during Thursday forenoon of the present week, an Irish lady, McDole, who is upwards of 60 years of age, was passing down the hill of spring street, with a basket, on her way to Norumbega market. A young lady was sliding on the ice side walk and struck her violently with the sled, knocking her down. Her arm was broken by the fall. She immediately got up, went down the hill, and proceeded to the house of Dr. Shell, on Harlow street, who set her arm and splintered it, so as to secure the splintered bones in their places. Mrs. McDole then took her basket on her sound arm, proceeded to market and made her purchases and took them home. An instance of fortitude and resolution is seldom seen.—

Bangor Union.

Double Execution.

Some time ago, Charlotte Jones, Henry Fife and Monroe Stewart were convicted at Pittsburgh of the murder of George Wilson and wife—the uncle and aunt of Charlotte. On Friday last, Charlotte and Fife were executed.

The Pittsburgh "Union" says:

On Friday afternoon, Henry Fife and Charlotte Jones, convicted of the murder of George Wilson and his sister, were executed in the jail-yard of the county. They each had written statements prepared, copies of which we subjoin. Fife read his statement from the scaffold, while the minister attending upon Charlotte, read her "dying declaration." The main feature in them is the re-affirmation of the innocence of Monroe Stewart.

The reporters of the city press were not admitted, and we have no disposition to detail contradictory and unsatisfactory second-hand statements.

In Fife's statement, he says:

In a few short moments of time, I shall have answered with my life for the terrible crime I have committed, and which I have already freely confessed. It must not be supposed from what has been published in the newspapers here from time to time, since my arrest, that I am indifferent or careless about the awful fate I am to suffer, nor must it be supposed that I have suffered no compunction of conscience for the deed that has brought me to a felon's death. Oh, no. I have already undergone more torture of soul than a thousand deaths; and oh! how often, how often I have wished I could restore George Wilson and his sister back to life. Vain thoughts!

Maddened with a thirst for gold, and stimulated by drink, I gave them the fatal blow that robbed them of life and sent their souls without warning to the bar of God.

My fervent prayer now is, and has long been, that they have been made happy by my wickedness, and their immortal souls are among the redeemed of Christ, and I pray Almighty God for His pardon, and that I may be permitted to hope that in the world of spirits, I may there, and then be to be forgiven.

Charlotte Jones' statement contains the following explanation of her motives:

I have now but a few moments to live, and I wish to make a statement of the truth. Since my arrest, I have been represented as a person hardened and desolate of feeling, and without penitence for the crime in which I have been engaged. Any statements that I was not sorry, are untrue, because I have suffered continually since the perpetration of that offense—more than tongue can tell; and if I had the power to retract my steps, and restore my uncle and aunt to life, there is nothing but what I would be willing to do to accomplish it.

The reason why I did this, was the great love I had for Henry Fife, and in order to get money to go to house-keeping with him. A short time before this crime was committed, Fife left me against my earnest wish—giving me, as a reason for leaving, that he was too poor to support me, and that he was compelled to leave and go hunting. He did leave me, and I was under some apprehensions whether he would return. During his absence, I suffered a great deal, and I would have done anything in the world to have been with him. When I next saw him, it was at Columbia, Washington county, Pa. I was not willing that he should leave again, and I went with him—he going to McKeesport and I to my uncle's. Then, when I was at my uncle's house, I first formed the idea of committing the crime, in order to get the money, so that I could live with Fife as I was afraid that he would again leave me.

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