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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 olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course.
These are the Bucklanders that fright
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 falcions glow;
White, like storm-torn 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 mast the steadfast 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,
If from her heart the words could thaw,
Great news from some far frozen bay
Or the remotest Esquimaux.
Might tell of channels, yet untried,
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 ventures 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 shares
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mark that mocking darkness wears.
Or how o'er-embosomed black fow
The last of shivered masts and spars;
He sits amid his frozen crew,
In council with the horrid stars.
No answer, but the sullen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;
An agony 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, especially 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 foulest 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 fiend 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 heaviness.

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 silken voice of the parasite distills 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 deed 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 a divided 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.

Not so with the poor man. His home is the center of all his enjoyment—it is his earthly paradise. The wife who resides there is queen of all his thoughts and affections. He comes home at even-tide, and tells over the earnings of the day or week, upon which they are to rely hereafter for their support, and they count over the prospect of laying by a little day by day or week by week to provide for days of sorrow. He sits there and looks around the humble dwelling, and feels no sorrow, no care, no wish to wander out in pursuit of noxious pleasures. He is at ease in his body and mind. She is by him: he silently thanks his God for such sweet and precious gifts as those that are around him, and, above all, he thanks Him for the dear, dear wife that met him when he came back, with the bright, smiling eye, and the warm welcoming kiss. How many thousands such homes as this I have described are spread around us. Do not suppose that I am going to limit this to the homes of the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." No! It is as much a picture of the home of the professional man, the poor lawyer, the penniless minister of God, as it is of the poor tinker—as it was of this poor mulatto, William Smith.

Would you take this home away from him who has it? Would you take it away? Would you fill his very dish with loathsome putrefaction? Would you make his home a den of hissing serpents, to coil upon his hearthstone, or nestle in his bed? Would you plunge your knife into the heart of her he loves when he was yet away, and place her discolored head all gory, on his plate to meet him when he next came back—would you? You had better, ten thousand times better do this, than do as the villain does who steals into another's house, and makes his home a brothel, and his wife a prostitute, to greet him when he

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—no 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:

Imagine 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 pated 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 fullness 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 flaming, they fill the whole region with wildest commotion. Then gathering strength, and exulting in power; resistless, they hasten and rush to the verge of that awful gulf.

Down, 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 there 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 sure 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."

Agnes ago, the Omnipotent 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 Omnipotent 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 rift, 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.

Agnes ago, 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 trowser."

Double Execution.

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

The Pitsburg '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 submit. 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 said:

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 beg them 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 destitute 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 me, that he was too poor to support me, and that he was compelled to leave and go and hunt work. 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 Columbus, 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.

A southern gentleman owned a slave, a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist. 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 scoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet a little, warm it a little in his hands, and squeeze it to the right shape, and den lean it up against the fence to dry—

"Top dere!" said our Universalist darkey, "You say dat at de fustes eber made!"

"Sarten!" said the preacher.

"Den," said the other, "just tell a feller whar dat at fence come from!"

Hush! said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spoil all de theology 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 icy 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 splinted 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.

Astonishing Performance.

On the 13th of January, at Windsor (Eng), Mr. J. S. Rarey, from the United States of America, had the honor of exhibiting before Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the royal family and suite, in the riding-house, his miraculous power over the horse. Several animals were selected as subjects of his experiments. He commenced with a wild colt eighteen months old, belonging to the Prince Consort, which was brought from the Shaw Farm, and which had never been handled, except by halter, and had been chosen by Colonel Hood for the occasion. After being alone with the animal for about an hour and a half, the royal party entered, and found Mr. Rarey sitting on its back, without holding the rein, the horse perfectly quiet. Mr. Rarey then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal; a drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Rarey, which he beat with fury whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear. The royal party afterwards withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down; and Mr. Rarey knocking its hind legs together, one of which he put against its face.

Afterwards a restive horse, from Mr. Anderson's stables, in London, which Mr. Rarey had before handled, was placed at one end of the riding-house alone. Mr. Rarey went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him. He then made the horse lie down in the presence of the Queen, when Mr. Rarey crawled between his hind legs, and over him in various ways. Mr. Rarey then rolled the horse on his back. The horse was afterwards placed in various positions, in which it stood without holding, and without a bridle.

A third horse selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding master, as a very nervous animal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Rarey to do all which had been done by the other horses. At the conclusion of this exhibition of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over the horse, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort expressed to Mr. Rarey his gratification and thanks. The secret has been entrusted to Major General Airey, in confidence of who has pronounced that there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of. The secret will be made known when a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained.

The Useful and Beautiful.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler shakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palaces of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar and gold, the ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of Deity Himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another, but the pool Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but Aquila Caladia still pours into Rome the limpid stream. The temple of the Sun at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freshly in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brick work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity, it will probably be the name who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-man rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all other, and shines with undying luster from generation to its immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary moments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.—Edinburgh Review.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

Committee of the United States Agriculture Society, which recently met at Washington, made a report upon the subject of the Chinese Sugar Cane, of which the following is a synopsis.

1. The soil and geographical range of the Chinese Sugar Cane correspond nearly with those of Indian corn. It produces the best crop on dry uplands, but the most luxuriantly on rich bottoms of moist loams. 2. It endures cold much better than corn and experiences no injury from the autumnal frosts. It will also withstand excessive droughts. Ripens its seeds in September in dry and warm soils in many parts of the New England States; at the extreme South it may be planted as late as the 20th June.

3. Its cost and culture about the same as Indian corn.

4. Height of plant when fully grown varies from six to eighteen feet, and stalks vary from half an inch to two inches in diameter. The weight of the entire crop when full grown, taken before drying, is from ten to forty tons. Of seed the

amount reported from fifteen to sixty bushels.

5. During the early stages of its growth it makes but little progress, so slow, indeed, as to have discouraged many cultivators; but the approach of warm weather imparts to it a wonderful rapidity. The period of growth varies from 90 to 120 days.

6. The yield of juice was about 53 per cent. The number of gallons required to make a gallon of syrup varies from 5 to 10; in New Brunswick, 20 to 7; in Indiana and Illinois, 7 to 2; and in Maryland and Virginia, 5 to 1. The yield of syrup varies from 140 to 400 gallons. The amount of pure alcohol ranged from 5 to 8 per cent.—Rice came grown on a warm, light soil, gives eleven per cent, of well defined crystallized sugar.

7. A palatable bread was made from the flour ground from the seed.

8. By accounts from all parts of the country this plant is universally admitted to be wholesome nutritious and economical food for animals; all parts of it being greedily devoured in a green or dried state by horses, cattle, and swine, without injurious effect; the latter, especially, fattening upon it as well as upon corn.

9. Paper of various qualities has been manufactured from the fibrous parts of the stalk, some of which appears to be peculiarly fitted for special use.

Man's Destiny.

The appearance of a man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation; the operations of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and reposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged rewarder of all who diligently seek Him. And in looking along the long line of being—over rising in the scale from higher to get higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations than all that ever went before him should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of the present troubles, a state into which he never is to enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with his humble creatures—who gives even the bee and the dove, the winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation and chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs—solitary church-yards among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good, nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished race frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us, that while their burial yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.—Hugh Miller.

"I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into an attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them, after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much imitation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate yourself to his insanity."—Jane Eyre.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.—Not many months before the death of the late Judge Davis, on the occasion of a dinner party at his house, at which Mr. Justice Story and other eminent jurists and lawyers were present, the conversation turned on the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Some thought that the seasons of youth and manhood were fullest of enjoyment, and others gave the preference, for solid satisfaction, to the period of age. Judge Davis did not state his opinion until he was invited to do so; and then, in that calm and benignant manner for which he was remarkable, he said; "In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look at some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, and the gentle ply of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with an indissoluble pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only screens before my eyes; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond."

The Chicago Press estimates the population of that City at 130,000.