

From the Michigan City Enterprise.

Summer.

By CORA HARPER.

'Tis Summer—bright Summer,
The song-bird has come,
And 'midst the dark foliage
Has built him a home—
Where early each morning
From the lofty green trees,
His song he pours forth
To the sweet and drowsy breeze.
'Tis Summer—bright Summer,
All Nature is gay—
The bright blooming flowers,
The sweet-scented hay;
The beautiful prospect
From valley and hill,
The contemplative mind
With rapture doth fill.
'Tis Summer—bright Summer,
In gladness again,
The brook wanders on,
Through meadow and glen,
O'er moss and o'er pebbles,
Through forest and glade,
Its music it murmurs,
In sunlight and shade.
I love thee, bright Summer,
For thy quiet and calm,
Bringing peace to my spirits,
To my bosom a balm.
Oh, if but forever
Would stay my sweet hours,
My life would I pass
Among the birds and the flowers.

Preserving the Purity of Elections.

In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the County of Ashtabula, there is a township, of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'undictated' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although their were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one Whig among them. There was the proof, a regular *straight-out* Whig ticket, and they did not cast it by. This caused great commotion; their election was dimmed; there was a Whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work, slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the 'Vig Dicket,' but their labors were unsuccessful. In the mean time another roll'd round, and the good 'peoples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the 'Vig Dicket,' and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Sturte, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along and demanded the cause of the commotion.

'Well, sir, was a voter who it was what voted the Vig dicket at the last election, said an old Dutchman.

'It was me,' Sam said, 'and it wa'n't no body else.'

'I thinks not,' said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads.

'I tell you it was though,' said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, 'and may I chawp up if I ain't goin' to do it again. I am going to vote that (holding out the ticket,) and vot it open, too. I'll let you know that I'm an *independent American Citizen*, and I'll vot just as I please, and you can't help it, by JEMIMA!'

So he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, calm as a summer morning; and true to his word, Sam hand'd over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said:

'Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket.'

'Well, put it in the box,' said Sam.

'Wat you say?' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in the box? I am going to vote it!'

'Oo! oo! oo! goot dat ish a Vig dicket,' said the old Dutch man shaking his head.

'Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket,' said Sam, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick, too.'

'No, no! oo! goot dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take 'em an' mire,' said the old judge, turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

Sam went on and caused till all was blue—said that he had com' there to vote, and he'd be flamborgated if he wern't goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So after coolin' off a little, he again went and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it, and looked over it, then turning to Sam in a manner and tone that was not to be misunderstood, said:

'I tells you dat ish a Vig dicket; it ish nix goot; and dat we not take 'em any more!'

Sam again retired cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them to the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

'Sam SPARRET: I tells you vat ish ish, if you will vot der Dimergat dicket, and leave de country, we gives you so much monies as dakes you were you own 'vrom.'

Sam scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come there to vote, and then went away without votin,' he guessed he'd do it.

Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking over it quickly, turned to Sam, and said:

'Yaw, dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergat dicket; and dropped it into the box.'

It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township, and that, at that election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

'That is what I call preserving the purity of elections.'

Sands of Gold.

If men did but know themselves more, they would be more humble.

Higer considerations have taught us 'hat the god Wiss is not the true God.'

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than that which neglects it.

A great step is gained, when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between hating a thing and doing it.

The covetous man lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.

OUR LITTLE JOKER.

What is a Divorce? Cutting for fresh partners.

Scolding, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the pepper of matrimony, and the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

An exchange paper tells of a little nigger who fell into a hoghead of molasses. Wonder if they licked him when they took him out.

Two Chicago ladies went to a ball, the other evening, in a furniture wagon; no ordinary carriage could contain the immense dresses they wore.

Dobster got married six months ago. He says that kissing has saved him fifty per cent in buying sugar.

If you have trouble, keep it to yourself. A jolly fellow can borrow a half eagle, where a dismal individual could not negotiate a loan for a ninepence.

A drunkard's nose is said to be a light-house warning us of the little water that passes underneath.

A young lady, who had been requested by an old bachelor to take a seat upon his knee, in a crowded sleigh, replied, 'No, I thank you; I am afraid such an old seat would break down.'

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles, has fallen back on sugar. A friend of ours wishes to know if he hurt himself by the fall.

The man who drives oxen without swearing, is soon to be exhibited in public.

'I've just made a present of a barrel of flour, to a poor woman,' said a friend of ours, the other day.

'Who was it?' asked his companion.

The strongest minded woman shrinks from being caught in her nightcap.

A treasure of a Husband—Carries the baby. A treasure of a Wife—Never asks for money. A treasure of a Son—Has money in the bank. A treasure of a Daughter—Looks the same age as her mother—if anything, a trifle older.

A treasure of a Cook—Not to go into hysterics whenever there is company to dinner.

A treasure of a Baby—Doesn't disturb its papa by crying in the night.

A treasure of a Subscriber: (Now please remember that)—

The man who pays us promptly, For the Marshall Democrat!

There is much satire in the following piece of ironical advice by a sharp writer:

Keep your eye on your neighbors; take care of them; don't let them stir without watching—they may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do any thing very bad, but it may be on your account that they did not; perhaps, if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore, don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself.

It is An Error

To suppose that a man belongs to himself No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society, in some form or other. It is for their special good and behalf that he lives and works; and by them he is kindly allowed a certain per centage of his gains to administer to his own wants. He has his body and that is all; and even for that he is responsible to society. In short, society is the master, and man is the servant; and he turns out a good or bad servant.

A Quaker had his broad brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a roguish looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him, 'Art thou a profane lad?'—The youngster replied that he did a little in that way. 'Then,' said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, 'thee may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents worth.'

How to SPOIL a DAUGHTER.—Be always telling her how pretty she is.

Instil into her mind a proper love for dress.

Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.

Allow her to read nothing but novels.

Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.

Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of house-keeping.

Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.

Strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid.

And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a moustached bachelor, who has a salary of but \$250 a year.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for his certificate of his marriage, barred his head and exhibited a huge scar which looked as though it had been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

Mother, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me.

'Why, my son?'—

'Cause you see, mother, I'm so small there wouldn't be room enough for the fever to turn.'

'I see,' said a young lady, 'that the printers adverse blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one.'

'Why?' asked the mother.

'Because, Ma, Mr. B—— is too modest to ask me marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration, he would sign it.'

A rather plain spoken clergyman once took for his text this passage in the Psalms: 'I said in my haste, all men are liars.' Looking up as if he saw the Psalmist stand immediately before him, he said: 'You said so in your haste, did you, David?' Well, if you were here, you might say it after mature reflection.'

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think.

Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself.

Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God.

Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution.

If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it.

The covetous man lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.

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