

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

"HERE LET THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBOUGHT BY GAIN."

VOLUME 2—NEW SERIES.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1862.

NUMBER 49—WHOLE No. 101

Poetical.

THE PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sun were clear;
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing Spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kiss'd the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bold boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
The seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I saw the spring
And read the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky child, in sun of sun
Before her come and go.

There happily with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun wood wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill.
And still the May-bells flowers make sweet
The woods of Follyhill.

The lilac blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pine trees will be filled,
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
That fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours.
That other hand with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green.
Its fringing violet blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The vines so sweet with birch and fern
A sweetest memory blow;
And there is spring the queries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and o'er me!

Bohemian Superstitions.

On this curious subject we find a highly amusing article by Baron Ernout, in the 'Revue Contemporaine.' According to the Bohemian creed, the festivals of the Virgin Mary used to be held sacred even by animals; and birds, for instance, took particular pains not to work at their nests on those days. The cuckoo having infringed that custom, was cursed, and obliged to wander perpetually without ever having a nest of its own. The following Pagan custom has survived in Bohemia in some localities of the circle of Budweis: When a marriage takes place during carnival time, a cock is sacrificed with great ceremony. The victim is selected and fattened with the utmost care at least a fortnight beforehand. On the day prescribed for the sacrifice, the cock is subjected to a regular criminal trial; they dress it up in a pair of trousers, a grey mantel, and a red cap; two of the persons present are the prosecutors; a third, with a big book in his hand, plays the part of a judge, and pronounces sentence on the culprit, amid the applause of the bystanders. The cock is then carried in great pomp, preceded by music, to the public square, where a platform has been erected, with his executioner by his side, dressed in red, with his cutlass in his hand. Before the execution, all the bystanders solemnly ask the cock's pardon; then the executioner performs his office; the dead body of the victim is carried home processional, its head is given to the two accusers, and the rest is roasted and eaten. Another similar custom is observed in the village of Chobek, where, on Shrove Tuesday, the young girls of the place get up before daybreak, go and sit, distaff in hand, upon a dog-kennel, and there spin for a few minutes, thinking thereby to secure to themselves a good year's work. In order to render this ceremony fully efficacious, it is absolutely requisite that it should be performed at that peculiar costume under which painters represent Mother Eve; night, however, fortunately casts a discreet veil over the scene.

A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer, who was in Virginia skirmishing. Coming in pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked, Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I am going to shoot, and blazing away down comes secess.

A good story is told of a hard-shell missionary in Medina, who had become mixed up in land speculation in Minnesota. On entering his pulpit, recently, he announced to his congregation that his text might be found in St. Paul's epistle to the Minnesota, section 4, range 3, west.

Questions for the Abolitionists.

In his well known pamphlet entitled 'Conscience and the Constitution,' with remarks on the speech of Hon. Daniel Webster in the United States Senate on the subject of slavery, the late Prof. Stewart, of Andover, asks the abolitionists some hard questions which it is high time they were prepared to answer. He said:

What shall we do? It is a fair question, and I would to God I could answer it, to my own or your satisfaction. It is immeasurably the most difficult problem ever before this great nation. Universal and immediate emancipation would be little short of insanity. The blacks themselves would be the first and most miserable victims. Stealing, robbery, rapine, and other evils would inevitably follow in the train of liberation, and thousands of ignorant and starving men would seek their sustenance in preying upon their former masters and upon the community. They could not all be hired at the prices which they would demand.

I am, I think, pretty fully aware of the great difficulties that lie in the way. Suppose the black population were made free; then what is to be done with them after this, especially in those States where they are more numerous than whites; how are they to live and prosper? They have no money to buy land; and if they could buy it, or have it given to them, most of them are too ignorant or shiftless, and adverse to labor, to manage land with any success. Few of them are artificers; and but few such could find employment. What, then, I ask the Abolitionists, (and I insist upon some plain and direct answer)—what is to be done with such a population? If you say: 'Let their masters pay them for past labor, and furnish them with means of living,' I ask again: How long would these wages (more or less) last them? As a body, they would never do any more work, until this sun was expended. Then what next? Their masters have been, in the cases supposed already impoverished by dividing among them their property. Summerfield had known in New York, and to whom he had made the remark we have quoted, in which the man was addressed as brother. The evidence was conclusive—he had killed the brother of his friends, and the remark he had made in jest had a melancholy fulfillment. We are assured this narrative is literally true. Summerfield now wears the coat, and our informant states, is not a little impressed with the singularity of the coincidence.

A Singular Incident.

The Lynchburg Republican of the 26th ult. publishes the following incident, remarkable alike for its singularity as well as for its melancholy fulfillment to the brother of one of the parties concerned: Just before the war broke out, and before Lincoln's proclamation was issued, a young Virginian named Summerfield was visiting the city of New York, where he made the acquaintance of two Misses Holmes, from Waterbury, Vt. He became somewhat intimate with the young ladies, and the intercourse seemed to be mutually agreeable. The proclamation was issued, and the whole North was thrown into a blaze of excitement. Upon visiting the ladies one evening, and at the hour of parting they remarked to Summerfield that their present meeting would probably be the last; they must hurry home to aid in making up the overcoats and clothing for the volunteers from their town. Summerfield expressed his regret that they must leave, but at the same time especially requested them to see that the overcoats were well made, as it was his intention, if he ever met a Vermont regiment in battle, to kill one of them and take his coat. Now for the sequel: Virginia seceded. The 2d Vermont regiment, portion of which was from the town of Waterbury, was sent to Virginia. The battle of Manassas was fought, in which they were engaged, and so was Summerfield. During the battle S. marked his man, not knowing to what State he belonged; the fatal ball sped on its errand of death; the victim fell at the flash of the gun, and upon rushing up to secure the dead man's arms Summerfield observed that he had a fine new overcoat strapped to his back, which he determined to appropriate to his own use. The fight was over, and Summerfield had time to examine his prize, when, remarkable as it may appear, the coat was marked in the lining with the name of Thomas Holmes, and in the pockets were found letters, signed with the names of the sisters whom Summerfield had known in New York, and to whom he had made the remark we have quoted, in which the man was addressed as brother. The evidence was conclusive—he had killed the brother of his friends, and the remark he had made in jest had a melancholy fulfillment. We are assured this narrative is literally true. Summerfield now wears the coat, and our informant states, is not a little impressed with the singularity of the coincidence.

What's the Matter?

A RECENTLY.

James Rodpath, formerly the Kansas correspondent of the New York Tribune and St. Louis Democrat, and a man known as belonging to the most progressive school of Abolition philosophers—man who has been charged with having done as much as almost any other to foment discord between the different States of the Union—now comes out in a public acknowledgment of past errors, repudiating the mischievous doctrines disseminated in former days, and announces his retirement as a political editor until such time as he shall have attained a clearer and more human and Christian view of the duties of the free-man to the enslaved. Here is Mr. Rodpath's card, published in the *Pine and Palm*, a newspaper devoted to the promotion of Haytian colonization:

'A Preparatory Word.—Having become sincerely convinced that many of the political doctrines that I have advocated in my writings are dangerous and abhorrent to the higher insight; the murderous policy, for example, of inciting the slaves to insurrection; which I have urged repeatedly and with terribly mistaken zeal—I wish to announce here that I shall retire from any participation in the political management of this journal, excepting for the purpose of retracting past errors, and then we cooly wonder why they are so concerned about them. Is this prudence, it is justice, it is kindness, is it loving our neighbor as ourselves.'

Wartlike Preparations in Canada

Continue with great activity. The Toronto *Globe*, of Monday, has its usual column of military announcements. On

Saturday evening last, a movement to inaugurate a Toronto Mechanic's Corps,

1,000 strong, was initiated with much spirit. The *Globe* says:

The work on the fortifications now in progress at the garrison is being pushed forward with the greatest dispatch. Already three of the large guns have been mounted, and three more will be placed in position to-day. It is reported that several large guns are at present on their way from Quebec. A strong picket fence to enclose both the old and new works is now in course of construction.

No one is allowed to approach the works, and any person wishing to visit the garrison must be provided with a 'pass' signed by the Post Adjutant. It is stated that between two and three thousand of the forces ordered from England will be stationed at Toronto, and every place suitable for barracks will be taken by the military authorities for that purpose. There is also a rumor that tents for the accommodation of two thousand soldiers will be fitted up during the present winter. The camp will be between the old and new fort.

A good story is told of a hard-shell missionary in Medina, who had become mixed up in land speculation in Minnesota. On entering his pulpit, recently, he announced to his congregation that his text might be found in St. Paul's epistle to the Minnesota, section 4, range 3, west.

The Walton-Jeffords Murder.

The evidence on the trial of Charles Jeffords for the murder in New York is startling. The detective commissioned to watch Jeffords, and who was his constant companion for weeks previous to his last arrest, testifies that Jeffords fully confessed to him that he shot both Walton and Mathews, and detailed all the particulars of the crime. He goes further, and says that Jeffords not only boasted of having shot John Walton for a consideration of \$2,000 to be paid by his mother, but that for \$10,000 more, promised by that lady, he was ready to perform the same amiable office for Mr. Wm. T. Walton. He even proposed to the detective to be his accomplice in this murder, promising him \$5,000 for his share; and went so far as to draw his pistol on Wm. Walton early in the evening, in his own office, where he would have shot him if he had not been prevented. Then, as the testimony goes, this professional assassin concluded not to shoot Walton for the present; but, as he considered his mother rather poor pay—he not having liquidated her liabilities for the first murder—he offered to transfer his securities to Wm. Walton, and give certain desirable testimony on the settlement of John Walton's estate for the bagatelle of \$10,000 cash down. Becoming familiar, next, in the detective's presence, disclosed to Walton how he shot his brother, and Capt. Thorne, of the Fourth Ward police, happening to be under the window just at that time, heard his avowal that he had committed the murder. The confession is thus established by three witnesses. It remains to be seen what the defense will offer to rebut these remarkable disclosures. Mrs. Walton's testimony for the defense, taken on Saturday, was listened to with breathless interest by a room filled with ladies and gentlemen. She denied all the allegations brought against her. Her appearance is described as lady-like and prepossessing. The prisoner is described as perfectly assured, and even defiant.

Too Good to Keep.

There are many amusing jokes that happen in an army of twenty or thirty thousand men, and some are rich and spicy. We have one that is too good to keep on General Rains, or 'Mr. Rains,' as most of his men style him, who by the way, is one of the most free and independent officers in the army, and can enjoy a good joke with the gayest of the gay. It seems that some of his men were jested as being the 'Blackberry Cavalry' last summer; while Gen. Harrel's men were styled the 'Hazelnut Charger.' Gen. Parsons' men the 'Hickorynut Crackers,' Gen. Steens' men the 'Turnip Skimmers,' and General Clark's men being particularly fond of 'Mud Larks,' alias swine.

It so happened, on the march from Lexington, that Gen. Clark's command encamped in a pasture adjacent to General Rains' residence, and, as usual, a squad

repaired to the house to purchase whatever

edibles could be obtained, ignorant, however, of whose premises they were approaching.

They were kindly and courteously re-

ceived by Mrs. R., and 'without money and without price,' loaded with whatever

she could contribute to their sustenance or comfort.

While about taking their departure, Mrs. R. told them to partake of

anything on the place they needed, but to

please not burn any rails.

You need not fear on that score,' said

the grateful Orderly, doffing the remains

of what was once a respectable 'Kossuth.'

'We belong to Gen. Clark's division;

but look out for Rains' men, who are behind.

If they camp here they will steal all your

chickens and burn all your rails, and will

not pay you even in script for them!'

This was too good a joke for Mrs. R. on

her husband, and she laughingly informed

the young man that he was then encamped

on Gen. Rains' farm, and upon the arrival

of his forces she could manage to curb the

chicken-loving propensities of his unruly

rebels.

I shall confine myself exclusively to the

editing of the outside pages of the paper.

The name of the acting editor will be duly

announced. The articles signed with an asterisk (*) were mine; of these I will retract many; my associates who indicate

their respective writings by the initial L, and by the marks f, t, and g, are alone

responsible for their thoughts thus labeled.

I repudiate my war doctrines utterly

and forever.

JAMES RODPATH.

By six qualities may a fool be known—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to distinguish a friend from a foe.

Jones has discovered the respective

natures of a distinction and a difference.

He says that a little difference frequently

makes many enemies, while a little dis-

tinguished a friend from the one whom it is conferred.

Late from Port Royal—The Sinking of the Stone Fleet.

Correspondence of the New York World.

PORT ROYAL, Dec. 21.

A part of the mission of the stone fleet has been performed, and successfully. Sixteen of the hulls with their heavy cargoes are sunk in the entrance to Charleston harbor in such a manner that the port is effectually and perhaps forever blockaded against any craft that can be available for any extended commercial purpose. The effect of this movement upon the sentiment of South Carolinians, as I learn from negroes who occasionally arrive, in a great degree of a desirable nature. Most are really desponding of their cause, and many are ready to give it up and submit to the Federal authority. They have realized in the burning of a large portion of their city what they fear will be the fate of the remainder before many more weeks pass. Others, however, are only made more desperate, and it is evident that they can only be cured of their lunacy when our troops meet them.

Tybee Island was yesterday reinforced

by seven companies of Col. Terry's regiment, the Seventh Connecticut.

A large amount of stores for the commissary and

military departments, consisting mostly of

provisions and ammunition, was also sent

down by the transport Marion, in charge

of Gen. Wright and half a dozen members

of his staff.

Previous to his arrival here, had

not seen him in five or six years, assisted

at the reception. It is probably known

that Gen. Scott and his wife, on account of

of a mutually acknowledged incompatibility

of temper,