

# 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 9, 1862.

NUMBER 50—WHOLE No. 102.

## Poetical.

### The Picket Guard.

A lonely spot. Dark forests dense,  
For weary miles outstretched around;  
And far the lonely path from hence  
That echoes back the wagon's sound.

How monarch-like, leaf-crowned their forms,  
Uplift those noble pine and oak—  
They know a hundred winter's storms,  
But not the axman's ringing stroke.

A dreary night, nor moon nor star,  
Scarce yield one ray to cheer the gloom;  
Away from camp and comrades far,  
The picket where may be his tomb!

The boughs o'erhead low bending grow,  
The moss beneath is old and green;  
Amid bushes crouching low  
He peers, death-still from forth between.

His rifle rests upon his knee,  
And on the stock two firm hands press;  
Ah! well he knows how cheerly  
It beats his finger's quick caress.

Three weary hours—or more—are gone;  
The midnight must be drawing nigh;  
The brooklet at his feet runs on,  
He hears its murmuring melody.

A soothing sound! He thinks of home,  
Of loved ones, left at duty's call;  
And flocking round him there they come,  
The same old faces, forms and all.

The gray-haired sire leans on his staff,  
The matron lives with God in Heaven—  
He hears his brother's ringing laugh,  
His sister's loving counsel given.

But there is yet another still,  
A girlish form of simple grace;  
How beats his heart, his pulses thrill,  
Still gazing on that trusting face.

Not long—a near, quick startling crash,  
And home, and friends, and all are lost,  
As, where he looked for foeman's flash,  
The prowling beast steals past his post.

The night wears on—a full hour more  
Creeps drearily and slow away;  
He knows to-night the storm King dread  
No common revelry will keep.

Long-echoed through those forest aisles,  
The snuffing wolf's warning baying,  
The answering cry from distant hills,  
The stealthy panther's haunty betrays.

The flitting night bird's shrilly scream,  
Defiant of the gatting blast,  
With hollow roar and fitful gleam,  
The storm around him bursts at last.

A fearful storm! The night is black,  
The torrent pours, the tree-top reel,  
And, as it were dark doomsday's wreck,  
Red lightnings flash and thunder peal.

The quivering leaves their showers distil,  
The swollen stream sweeps madly on,  
The north-wind low is numbing chill,  
To him that weary waits the dawn.

It comes at last—Oh beam of hope!  
Thank God, that doth the day restore;  
The sun mounts up the eastern slope,  
And, comrades, camp is gained one more.

### Only Waiting.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown;  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam has flown;  
Till the night of the earth is faded

From the heart once full of day;

Till the stars of heaven are breaking

Through the twilight soft and gay.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home;  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly

The last ripe hours of my heart;

For the bloom of life is withered;

And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose feet I long have lingered,

Weary, poor, and desolate;

Even now I hear the footsteps,

And their voices far away;

If they call me, I am waiting,

Only waiting to obey.

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### The Stone Fleet at Charleston—The Harbor Effectually Closed.

Correspondence of the New York Times.

STEAMSHIP CAHAWBA, OFF CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

The main channel of approach to Charleston harbor has been destroyed. Sixteen stone-filled buoys, placed checkerwise across the passage, in the deepest water just at the inner and outer edge of the bar, are the mediums through which the righteous retribution has been measured out.

The vessels which have been sunk left Port Royal last Tuesday, under the direction of fleet Captain Charles H. Davis, of the Wabash. They were nearly all condemned whalers—some of them sixty and seventy years of age—the queerest, quaintest specimens of ship-building afloat.

On Thursday morning, the light-house, which had loomed vastly through the haze the evening before, was not to be seen; but a look through our glasses showed us its ruins on the ground. The fact explained a loud explosion which had been heard in shore soon after dark.

As soon as the Major General and his party were seated in their carriage, the crowd got up a cheer and continued to surround the carriage, shaking hands with himself and lady until the patience of the latter was nearly worn out, and directions were given to the driver to go ahead, which he did, and the crowd followed the carriage nearly as far as Fulton Ferry, where the party got aboard and returned to New York.

An exchange, in noticing this Sunday and church ovation to General Fremont well says:

At 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the channel had been buoyed, and the old Tenesos was soon afterwards towed to her final moorings. The position chosen for her was at the northeastern edge of the passage, and she was grounded where there is eighteen feet of water at high tide. Probably she is anchored as firmly as her island namesake of the Aegean Sea. The Leonidas was next sunk, in the same depth of water, an eighth of a mile from the other. These two vessels formed the right and left flanks of the barricading column, and the remaining fourteen settled comfortably down between them.

The wrecks are not ranged in a straight line across the channel. That arrangement might prove an effective blockade for a time, but not permanently. The theory of Capt. Davis was that the inland waters about Charleston must have a channel to the sea, and if the usual ones were artificially closed, another would naturally form. His scientific mind devised another plan. The hulls are placed in three lines, checkerwise. This arrangement not only does not prevent the passage of the water, but forms a series of shoals, around which the tide will whirl and eddy, making an intricate labyrinth which no vessel could navigate.

Large Armies.

It is generally known, says the New York *Statesman*, that there is now concentrated on the shores of the Potomac a larger body of troops than has ever been concentrated in modern times, except in the battle of Liepsic. Neither Gustavus Adolphus, nor Frederick the Great, nor Washington, nor Wellington, nor Scott, had ever under his immediate command anything like the number which is now under the command of Gen. McClellan. Frederick the Great never led into the field more than 30,000 men at a time; but all his great battles were fought and won with bodies of troops ranging between 30,000 and 60,000. Napoleon at Austerlitz, vanquished with 30,000 men the united Russian and Austrian armies containing about 100,000. At Jena and Austerlitz there were 130,000 men under the command of the Emperor of the French. The bloody battle of Wagram, was fought with 150,000 men against the Austrians, and in the equally celebrated battle at Borodino about 120,000 Frenchmen were opposed to the Russians.

The decisive battle at Waterloo was fought with only 80,000 Frenchmen against Blucher and Wellington. But the battle of Liepsic set in motion a gigantic army of about 500,000 men, Napoleon having under his command about 200,000, and the united forces of Russia, Austria and Prussia about 290,000. It will appear from this comparison that the armies on the Potomac were exceeded in number only by those vast armies which, on the plains of Liepsic, decided the fate of Europe.

Ground and Lofty Tumbling.

Ten days ago the Republicans denounced as traitors every one who questioned the right and legality of the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The word came that they were given up, and straightway Republicans said it was right to give them up and prevent war with England. Then, the report was contradicted, and the Republicans said they knew Old Abe would never give the rebels up—they would never yield an inch to England. Then, again, came the authentic report that they were delivered up, and the Republicans, as traitor at every mad who don't justify it. If this ain't getting to be a right smart chance of a country, then, we are no judge.

Every time they turn about they do just so, And every time they jump about they jump Jim Crow.—*Holmes Co. (O.) Farmer.*

A green oce, who had crossed the Atlantic, told a story of a storm, when the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose six inches.

There is no mistake, said he, besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel.'

### Fremont in Beecher's Church.

On the Sunday after the arrival of Gen.

Fremont in New York he attended Beecher's Church. The text selected was contained in the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, from the 25th to the 28th verses inclusive.

After the sermon and the religious part of the exercises had been gone through with, the following, as stated by the local of the New York Herald, is said to have taken place, notwithstanding it was the Sabbath day:

"At the conclusion of the services the congregation arose and a general rush was made for the pew in which Major General Fremont and lady sat. Hundreds of hands were outstretched to greet him, and after submitting to a severe manipulation for about half an hour, he and company made their exit from the church, followed by the entire congregation.

"As soon as the Major General and his party were seated in their carriage, the crowd got up a cheer and continued to surround the carriage, shaking hands with himself and lady until the patience of the latter was nearly worn out, and directions were given to the driver to go ahead, which he did, and the crowd followed the carriage nearly as far as Fulton Ferry, where the party got aboard and returned to New York.

An exchange, in noticing this Sunday and church ovation to General Fremont well says:

"How many we lost does not seem to be known with any degree of certainty. Most of our dead were left in possession of the enemy. Neither do we know their loss. It is only presumed that they suffered more than we did. It is well known, that the design of the expedition was frustrated, not to say that the prisoners would of course be given up as soon as the facts were officially before the government. The ground of this opinion was that the British flag was the same in its responsibilities on the sea that it is on the soil of England. The men under it were entitled to its protection."

A Craven Cry.

"The Secesh are upon us. *Hoh! niggers to the rescue!* Can it be believed that there are American freemen dastardly enough to raise a cry like that? There is not a day we do not hear it. It is bawled at every point of the compass, and comes down to us even from the sacred walls of the capitol. They demand emancipation as a military necessity. In effect we are told that the twenty millions of the North are no match for the six millions of the South—that we are doomed to defeat, unless we get the help of the black man. They do not like to have it put in just that style, but it amounts to exactly that. Short of that, their 'military necessity' would be misnomer, and their claim to abolitionize under the war power, the baldest pretext. We say that a viler insult was never heaped upon the Northern name. The worst libel uttered by Southern slave drivers does not equal it. It is true that, with such numerical odds in our favor, and with the noblest cause that ever appealed to man, we must crave the succor of the slaves; if we must look to the poor, blind, creeping African to help vindicate our birthright and stay up in our extremity, then let it be recorded, we are 'mudsills' indeed. There is no word of scorn too low for us. We cannot count the alliance of slaves, without that the South—

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