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Advertisements. (Two lines or less considered as a Square.)

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Seedtime and Harvest.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie Beneath a coldly drooping sky, Yet chill with winter melted snow, The husbandman goeth forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast The venturers of thy seed we cast, And it is to warmer sun and rain, To swell the germ and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard? Who deems it not its own reward? Who, for trials, counts it less A cause of praise and thankfulness.

It may be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought In union with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatsoever is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence Comes, day by day, the recompense; The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed, The fountain and the noontide shade.

And where this life the utmost spans, The only end and aim of man, Better the toil of fields like these Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling with our grain, Like that which revives and springs again; And, early called, how blest are they, Who wait heaven's harvest day!

The Two Homes.

Two men on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward, they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking a word to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said in a fretful voice:

"More trouble again?" "What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh dear," groaned Mr. Walcott—"where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant intelligence, as by the information itself, started up under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor boy tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy with forced calmness after the cruel stripes had ceased—"I wasn't to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words fell with a rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well—we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness; and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head, and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand—

"Father,"—he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow; and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully, Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply, "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed by it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

done your part with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary and hopeless he felt! The burden of the day had seemed too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea-bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no move to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very hard," he answered.

"In the dumps again," Mrs. Walcott muttered to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say anything is wanted."

And she kept on her way to the dining room. When she returned her husband was sitting in the same place where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No, I don't wish for any thing."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you had not a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries—but rather of querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood near her husband; but as he did not seem inclined to answer her questions, she turned away from him and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought for that relief from mental disquietude in sleep, which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams.

From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarters bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that was out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpromisingly, closed upon him a ruined man.

Let us look in for a few minutes upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He also had come home weary, dispirited and sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe; and when he looked anxiously forward to see the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart; for the thought came: "How slight the present hold upon these comforts!" Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the depression from which he was suffering, become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired tenderly, as she drew his large arm chair towards the centre of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mrs. Freeman seated, ere a pair of hands were busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoe and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of heart-shine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptible to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.

But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked, during the evening by the unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about

which she had intended to speak to him—for she feared they would add to his mental disquietude.

During the evening, she gleaned from him something he said, the real cause of his aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks, she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses, and the propriety of some restriction in various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous, and easily to be dispensed with; and before sleep fell soothingly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one-half.

"I see a light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With a renewed strength of mind and body and a confident spirit, he went forth the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world, and conquered in the struggle.

"I see a light ahead," gave place to "The morning breaketh!"—Orange Blossoms.

How the Crystal Palace took Fire.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune throws some light upon the cause of the burning of the Crystal Palace in New York, in the following communication to that paper:

"No doubt the name of the incendiary that set fire to the (late) Crystal Palace, and who is reported to have been dressed in black, would be interesting to many of the sufferers by that disastrous event, and believing I am correct in my deductions, I have no hesitancy in saying his name was *Gutta Percha*."

A few moments before the alarm of fire was given, I was standing on the lower floor, in a position which commanded a direct view of the north nave, and my attention was turned that way by hearing some one observe—

"They are going to light the gas;" and immediately after I heard the cry of "Fire! fire!" I looked at it, and supposed it would not amount to much, as I expected the building was fire proof, and that portion on fire, would be easily subdued. These thoughts had scarcely crossed my mind, when I saw streams of fire, like snakes, running in all directions through the building, and setting it on fire nearly as fast as a man could run. The color of the smoke, the intensity of flame, and two or three small explosions, forced the idea to my mind that to save a few dollars, the gas pipes of the Crystal Palace had only been gutta percha, instead of wrought iron tubes, and that shortly after the gas was turned on, there was a leak somewhere in the rear of the north nave, which set fire to the gas tubes, and their being composed of highly inflammable material, and heavily charged with gas, was the true and legitimate cause of this lamentable disaster.

With the above ideas as to the cause of the fire, yesterday I visited the ruins, and, as I expected, could not find any iron gas tubes, or other evidences save the above, and shall take it for granted such was the case, until I hear a better.

R. GRAHAM.

New York, Oct. 6, 1858.

Hits by Prentice.

Mr. Douglas' Chicago organ says that he "displays the coolest courage." If his courage isn't cool now perhaps the November elections will cool it.

The Washington correspondent of a Boston paper says "the Administration will not throw to the Douglas men a bone to pick." Oh, well, the poor fellows can pick their own bones, we take it.

One of the Douglas editors in Illinois says that his candidate has "hitherto had a difficult path to pursue," but that he has "overcome all difficulties," and that "the high road lies at length in full view before him." So the Little Giant, like a footpad, is about betaking himself to the highway.

Mr. Douglas' organ in Chicago claims that he is still a sovereign in that State. But his kind of "sovereignty" is not "popular."

Mr. Douglas has evidently no fixed principles, though he himself is 'certainly' in a fix."

President Lopez must be getting tired of the delay of President Buchanan in fitting out the Paraguay expedition against him. If they do not send the vessels off soon, the impatient Lopez may send to fetch them.

Lecomptonism at the North and secession at the South are eating into the very vitals of Democracy—the one a gnawing poison, the other a galloping consumption.

The editor of the Gazette, the Democratic organ at Bardonia, says that, if he were a member of the Illinois Legislature, he would never under any circumstances place his vote "on record in favor of a man who has avowed such sentiments as Douglas has!" The editor alludes to the abolition heresy avowed in Douglas' Freepress speech.

Louisville Journal.

Let every Republican vote himself, and use his best endeavors to get out every voter in his neighborhood.

The Aerial Regatta.—Great Balloon Race.

Professor Steiner, the American Zouave, Victorious.

The great "balloon race" is over, and Young America, represented by Prof. J. H. Steiner, is the victor! He has proved himself the champion Aeronaut of America, and a match for one of the most skillful and daring French Professors.

THE STARTING.—THE CHASE.—EXCITING INCIDENTS.

The balloons started from the city lot at 4 o'clock 21 minutes—Prof. Steiner leading off in his "Pride of the West," followed closely by Mons. Godard in his "Leviathan." The latter gained rapidly upon his rival for the first mile or two from town, until the aeronauts were within speaking distance, when less than three miles from the city, both moving about twenty-five miles an hour. Mons. Godard sailed up majestically beside the Professor, when the latter greeted his rival with a welcome, and pointed to the beautiful sight which everywhere met the eye. "Magnificent!" responded the representative of France.

Mr. Godard then introduced his friend and passenger, Mr. Wm. Hoel, to Prof. Steiner, and at the same time proposed that they should take a friendly drink. Both aeronauts opened a bottle of wine, when Mons. Godard proposed the toast—

"To the Great Republic."

This was drunk with a will in sparkling Catawba, when Prof. Steiner gave the following:

"To Mons. Godard, the justly celebrated French aeronaut."

The compliment was returned by Mons. Godard—

"To Prof. Steiner, the greatest aeronaut in America."

Mons. Godard drank "bottoms up," and his companions followed suit, and then, after filling their glasses, Mr. Hoel gave a toast—

"Here's to our sweet-hearts and wives."

"Three cheers for that," shouted Prof. Steiner, as the balloons were coming nearer together, and the three joined heartily in a "hip-hip-hurrah!"

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE BALLOONS.

Scarcely five minutes after, the balloons came in collision at an elevation of some 5,000 feet from the earth! The balloon of Prof. Steiner drove rapidly towards his rival, so that the basket of the latter struck the former, about midway of the balloon. Mons. Godard and his companion promptly forced off with their hands, and Prof. Steiner shouted to Mons. Godard to throw out ballast, which he did and rapidly rose above the *Pride of the West*, and out of danger of any further contact.

The aeronauts were not again within speaking distance during the race. Steiner started ahead, at an elevation of about 9,000 feet, and gradually gained upon his competitor. He found a strong current of air, and taking advantage of it by keeping about the same elevation, made rapid progress. Mons. Godard soon after commenced to descend to within five or six hundred feet of the earth, creating the greatest excitement amongst the country people, who shouted like an hundred steam whistles.

Mr. Steiner still kept the current which was carrying him rapidly north-by-north-east, at a height of about 9,000 feet. At six o'clock he opened his basket of provisions, and sat down to an excellent supper, which he partook of while driving through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour!

At five minutes past six he passed over Dayton at an elevation of about ten thousand feet. He cast overboard several dispatches, but found that the wind was so strong that they were carried several miles from the city. Nothing could be seen of Mons. Godard, and Mr. Steiner concluded that he had taken the under current, and gone south-west. He passed several towns, and sent down dispatches, but as he could hear nothing from the inhabitants, concluded that he was unobserved and kept on his course.

THE AERONAUT GETS ASLEEP AND BRINGS UP IN A TREE TOP.

About half past nine o'clock, the aeronaut became very sleepy, and found it almost impossible to keep awake. The cold was quite numbing. He sung songs, overhauled his traps in the basket to divert his attention, and finally attached about 3,000 feet of a guide line to his wrist, so that if he descended, the drag rope would awake him. He then threw out ballast and ascended to an elevation of about seven thousand feet, and unable longer to keep awake, quietly resigned himself to a comfortable nap.

About ten o'clock the aeronaut was awakened by a crash, and found that his balloon had descended so low that the car in which he was enjoying a sound sleep, had struck in the top of a tree in the middle of a small forest. The basket was turned nearly over, and the sleeping aeronaut was thrown violently into the hoop to which the ropes were attached which united the basket with the balloon. The remainder of his supper was thrown out—his wine was cast overboard—a part of his ballast followed in the descent, and his bundles of dispatches and papers kept their company. The shock was so great as to split the seat on which the aeronaut was taking a siesta!

The basket righted in a minute, and the balloon being relieved of a considerable weight in the way of cold chickens and other "Walnut Street House" preparations for a long voyage, shot

into the air with great velocity—so rapid that the aeronaut opened his valve in order to prevent going "away up yonder" amongst the stars.

Before being stopped, the balloon reached an elevation of twelve thousand feet, and finding the atmosphere disagreeably cold, the aeronaut commenced to descend.

Finding a good current at an elevation of eight thousand feet Prof. Steiner managed to keep his conveyance in air, and proceeded at a speed of sixty miles an hour, when he discovered Lake Erie but a few miles ahead. The cement around his valve had become broken in the collision with the tree, and as he had already discharged a considerable quantity of gas, he did not deem it advisable to attempt to cross the lake. The direction in which he was sailing would have carried him about north by north-east from Sandusky to Long Point, on the Canada shore, some 150 miles. With a dense forest for a landing place, to escape which he would have been obliged to travel probably 300 miles, he opened his valve and rapidly descended.

THE AERONAUT GOES TO SLEEP IN A CORN-FIELD.

The balloon struck the ground about 500 yards from the lake, and dragged to within 300 yards of the water before the anchor took a firm hold. The landing place was about half a mile from Sandusky city, in a corn field, on the farm of Mr. A. G. Townsend.

Professor Steiner called loudly for assistance, but failing to arouse anybody he evaporated his balloon, and gathering a shock or two of corn stalks, he wrapped himself in his blanket and overcoat, and lay down by his "Pride of the West," and slept until daylight.

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