

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 14.

## The Republican.

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## Business Directory.

### PROFESSIONAL.

**S. G. SANGER,** Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York, Notary Public, and Agent of the Phoenix Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block. mar14-47m

**C. M. O'DELL, M. D.,** Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician, Having bought out Dr. Baxner and taking his practice, feels happy to say to the citizens of Dowagiac and vicinity, that he is prepared to practice his profession in all its branches. He also keeps Medicines by the case or single phial for sale and Family Guides. Office over the Center Market. Dowagiac, January 28th, 1861. jan21-41y

**M. PORTER, M. D.,** PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block, Front Street, Residence first door below the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v1

**GEO. W. FOSDICK, M. D.,** Office over Mr. Bates' Provision Store, Front Street, Dowagiac. nov22-31y

**W. E. CLARKE, M. D.,** Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Dowagiac, Mich. oct25v1

### JUSTICE GAGE,

Notary Public and general agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate, Agent for the Manhattan and Jersey Insurance Companies, of New York. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block. nov15v1

### W. H. CAMPBELL,

Notary Public, will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

### CLARKE & SPENCER,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Especial attention given to collections throughout the North-west. JOSEPH B. CLARKE, ap25v4 JAMES M. SPENCER, ap25v4

### JAMES SULLIVAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street. ap25v1

### CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

### MERCHANTS.

**H. B. MACKIN,** Tailor, Dowagiac, Mich. Shop second door east of Alward's Bookstore. Cutting and making done on short notice. All work warranted. jan25v

**TUTHILL & STURGIS,** Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Crockery, &c., &c. Ceres Tutthill. Wm. R. Sturgis.

### GEORGE SMITH,

Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Company's. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit. July25v

### G. C. JONES & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

### D. LARZELERE & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich. DANIEL LARZELERE. WILLIAM LARZELERE.

### A. N. ALWARD,

General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Denison Block, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**SEELY & COLE,** having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawns, Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, &c., &c., and every variety of Shrubs, &c. Office on the corner of Commercial st., near the Post Office. T. P. Seely, M. D. Wm. P. Cole. Feb10v

### P. D. BECKWITH,

Mechanic and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

### H. B. DENMAN,

Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State. ap25v4

### TIME.

"Mark the moments as they fly."

### N. P. WATSON

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Dowagiac and vicinity, that he has located at this place and will give his personal and individual attention to the repairing of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY.

Having for several years past been engaged in some of the best establishments in New England, he offers his services to this community with the utmost confidence that he will give satisfaction.

Shop at the Drug Store of N. B. Hollister, Dowagiac, March 21st, 1861. mar21-41f

A GOOD SUPPLY OF CANDY AND NUTS at the Bakery. A. G. TOWNSEND.

## The Image Breaker.

BY R. HATHAWAY.

"Lepanto of the days of yore, Cannon muffled, famished faith; Still it dials for something more, And its idol nothing saith."

Though hushed since Delphi's tragic doom, Each mighty Oracle's response; Though every magic shape that haunts The dusk of intervening gloom Be silent—not the shrouding tomb Give answer to Love's yearning wants;—

O! spare these idols of the Past, Whose lips are dumb, whose eyes are dim; Truth's diadem is not for him, That comes the fierce Iconoclast, Who wakes the battle's stormy blast, Hears not the angel's choral hymn.

In any Creed no fearful prayer To faithful devotee is lost; Though dread-embodied, and error-crossed,— So much as fruits of mercy bear, Is true,—for this each error spare, Nor heep a common Holocaust.

The Faith that lights the Pilgrim's way To loving Heaven—though not for you Its Truth—to him must needs be true, The Rose that newly blooms to-day Is penciled by the Primal Ray;— The New is old, the Old is new!

And if thy path no longer lies Through spirit-haunts of moor and fen; If, as of old to Prophet-ken, To thee the hills of Canaan rise, With broader fields, and ampler skies, And peopled wide with holy men— Remember still in charity, Thy brother's need is not as thine; O coming deep each darker line, You too may find the mystic Key, To every word of mystery, And see in all a Truth Divine. Little Prairie Ronde, Mich.

## A Bachelor's Love-Making.

You would have known it for a bachelor's den the minute you put your head in the door. Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke, circling up to the ceiling—newspapers under the table—Castile soap in the tiny bronze car receiver slippers on the mantle piece, and confusion everywhere. And yet Mr. Thornbroke—poor and deluded mortal—solemnly believed that his room was in the most perfect order! For hadn't he poked the empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood-box to bear them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ash-sprinkled hearth with his best silk hunkerkuchief! He'd like to see a room in better trim than that—guessed he would! And now he was mending himself up preparatory to going calling, to call on the prettiest girl in New York. Not that he was particularly fond of the needle, but when a fellow's whole foot goes through a hole in the north-east corner of his stocking, and there isn't a button on his shirt, it's time to repair damages.

Now, as Mr. Thornbroke's whole stock of industrial implements consisted of a lump of wax, an enormous pair of scissors, and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly. His way of managing the button question, too, necessarily involved some delay; he had to cut all these useful little appendages from another shirt, and sew them on, and next, when the shirt was wanted, why, it was enough to make a transfer again! See what it is to be a bachelor of genius! It never occurred to him to buy a few buttons extra, oh, no! "Buttons are not much trouble, said Mr. Thornbroke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but when it comes to coat sleeves, what the deuce is a fellow to do? I haven't any black thread either," and he looked dolorously at a small tear just in his elbow, where some vicious nail had caught in the broadcloth. A black pin may do for to-night, and to-morrow I'll send it up to the tailor. The fact is, I ought to be married; and so I would if I only dared to ask Lillian. Oh, dear! I know she wouldn't have me; and yet I'm not certain either—if I could only muster the courage boldly to put the question! But just as surely I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me! And then that puppy Jones, with his curled mustache, and hair parted in the middle—always hanging around Lillian and quoting poetry to her—if I could have the privilege of kicking him across the street, I'd die happy! He isn't bashful, not he! If somebody would only invent some new way of popping the question—something that wasn't quite so embarrassing—

Our hero gave his black glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lillian Raymond, revolving, as he had a thousand times before, that if—perhaps—may be—

Oh! the bashfulness of bachelors! When Mr. Thornbroke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlors, velvet carpeted, chandeliered with gold and ormolu, crowded to the very doors with those charming knock-knocks that a woman's taste provides, Miss Lillian "was at home" in a bewildering pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the pearly shoulders, and a crimson moss twisted in among the rippling waves of her soft hair. She never looked half so pretty before; and thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand for once in his life. But what was almost as bad, Lillian's cousin was there—a tall black-eyed girl, with arch lips, and cheeks as red as a Spitzenberg apple. Oh, how Thornbroke wished that Miss Ester Allen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere except in that particular parlor.

And then her eyes were so sharp—he hadn't been doing the "agreeable" more than four minutes and a half, before she exclaimed:

"Dear me, Mr. Thornbroke—pray excuse me—but what on earth is the matter with your elbow?"

Mark turned scarlet—the traitorous pin had deserted its post.

"Only a compound fracture in my coat, Miss Allen," said he, feeling as though his face might do the duty of Raymond's chandeliers both put together, "you know we bachelors are not expected to be exempt from such things."

"Hold your arm, sir, and I'll make it all right in one moment," said Ester, instantly producing from some secret recess in the folds of her dress a thimble and needle threaded with black silk, and setting expertly to work mending the rent.

"There, now, Mr. Thornbroke, consider yourself whole!"

"How very skillful you are," said Mark, admiringly, after he had thanked her most sincerely, "but then, you have so many nice little concerns to work with. Now I have only a needle and some wax, besides my scissors!"

"You ought to have a housewife, Mr. Thornbroke," said Miss Lillian, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lillian never could look at Thornbroke without a soft little rosy shadow on her cheek.

"What?" demanded Mark, turning very red.

"A housewife,"

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's awkward hesitation, "my—my friends have told me so very often—and I really think so myself, you know. But what sort of a housekeeper would you recommend, Miss Raymond?"

"Oh, any pretty little concern. I'll send you one in the morning, if you'll accept it," she added, with a rosy light upon her cheeks again.

"If—I'll accept!" said Mark, feeling as if he was in the atmosphere of gold and pearl, with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth on either side. And just as he was opening his lips to assure Miss Lillian that he was ready to take the precious gift in his arms then and there, without any unnecessary delay, the door opened, and in walked that detestable Jones.

Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his propensities, but just then he could have eaten Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long mustaches and talking the most insipid twaddle—sat and sat until Mark rose in despair to go. Even then he had no opportunity to exchange a private word with Lillian.

"You—you'll not forget?"

"Oh, I'll be sure to remember," said she, smilingly, and half wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often provide their bachelor friends so."

Mark went home the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed, so great was his felicity that he indulged in various gymnastic epens, indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who probably had forgotten his own courting days—"Come young man, what are you about?"

Was there ever a more delicate way of assuring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiment! Of course she will come herself, an angel, breathing airs from Paradise, and I shall tell her of my love. A housewife, oh, the delicious words! Wonder in what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence—how soon it would be best to name the day! Oh, if I should awake and find it all a blissful dream!

Early the next morning Mr. Thornbroke set briskly to work, "righting up things." How he swept, and dusted, and scoured; the room was then aired to get rid of the tobacco smoke, and sprinkled with cologne, and beautified generally, and at length, when the dust was all swept into one corner, and covered by a carelessly disposed newspaper, he found the window glass murky, and polished it with such a vengeance that his fist, hunkerkuchief and all went through, sorely damaging the hand, and necessitating the ungraceful accessory of an old hat to keep out the wintry blast for the time being. However, even this mishap did not long daunt his spirits, for wasn't Lillian coming!

Long and wearily he waited, yet no ringing of the bell gave warning of her approach. "It's all her sweet feminine modesty," thought he, and was content.

At length there was an appeal below, and Mark's heart jumped up into his mouth, beating like a revivum drum. He rushed to the door, but there was no one but a grinning little black boy, with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's de housewife, sir."

"The housewife, you little imp of Erebus!" said Mark.

"Yes, sir, in de box, all right."

Mark slunk back into the room and opened the box, half expecting to see a young lady issue from it, a la Arabian Nights; but no; it was only a little blue velvet book, and full of odd compartments in azure silk, containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, a thimble and all the nice little work-table accessories.

"And she calls this a housewife!" groaned Mark, in ineffable bitterness of spirit at the downfall of his bright visions. "But I won't be put off so."

Desperation gave him courage, and off he hied to the Raymond mansion, determined to settle the matter, even though there were fifty Jones' and Esters there.

But this time Lily was alone, singing a her embroidery in the sunny window casement.

"Dear me, Mr. Thornbroke, is anything the matter?"

"Perhaps it was a shadow from the splendid crimson catkins plumes in the windows, that gave her cheek such a delicate glow; perhaps—but then, we have no right to speculate.

"Yes," and Mark sat down by her side, and took the trembling, fluttering hand. "You sent me a housewife this morning."

"Wasn't it right?" faltered Lily.

"It wasn't the kind I wanted at all."

"Not the kind you wanted?"

"No; I prefer a living one, and I came to see if I could change it. I want one with brown hair and eyes—something, in short, Miss Lillian just your pattern. Can I have it?"

Lily turned white, then red, smiled, then burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, no, dear Lily first tell me can I have the treasure I ask for?"

"Yes," said she, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then, instead of releasing the captive hand the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other too. But as Lily did not object, of course, we suppose it was all right.

And that was the odd path by which Mark Thornbroke diverged from the path of old bachelorhood, and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

## Returning Confidence.

Within the last two or three days, a most marked improvement in confidence and cheerfulness has come over our business circles. The clear and emphatic tone of the President's Message, the masterly exposition and plans of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War, and Navy, the lofty uncompromising spirit manifested by Congress, the splendid condition of our troops now ready for action—all taken in conjunction with the latest intelligence from Europe, which clinches the certainty that the rebels will get no aid and comfort from Europe—have gone far to dispel every doubt that the rebellion will be short-lived. It was a season of the year when, under any circumstances, general business would be at a stand still; and no material change in that regard can be looked for at present. But the returning confidence of the business community in the strength and duration of the government is having a most excellent effect in opening the way for the resumption of business when its natural season returns. Our business men take heart because they see, in these indications, an earnest of the end. They of course do not need to wait until the rebellion is completely crushed out before they again embark in active enterprise. It will be enough that its backbone shall be broken. And this, so far as regards the border states, will be done effectually the day Richmond is taken, and, so far as regards the gulf states, when New Orleans comes back to our possession. Neither of these events can be far distant. All human calculations are worthless if Richmond is not ours long before the summer closes; and New Orleans as soon as the return of frosts make a military descent upon it practicable. The civil prestige of the "confederacy" destroyed the seizure of its pretended capital, and its commercial hopes at an end by the loss of their chief commercial city and the restoration of the entire lower Mississippi to the federal flag, it will matter practically very little to our business operations how long the rebellion languishes elsewhere. It would, in all probability, die very quickly; but it is not at all necessary for New York to calculate upon it. In fact, the longer the blockade of the other ports lasts, the more advantageous would it be for the commercial interests of every northern city; though of course it is desirable for the good name of the country that the last spark of the rebellion shall be quenched as soon as possible. But the great point for congratulation now is that matters have assumed so definite a shape, as respects the rebellion in both its domestic and foreign relations, that their issue can be anticipated with something like a moral certainty. There is no longer the room there was for doubt and apprehension. Confidence takes possession, because every sound reason is in favor of it; and when the time comes it will reanimate business with a rapidity that will surprise and rejoice. The real resources of the country were never larger than now; and the very suspension of enterprise will only make the future demands upon it all the greater.—World.

## INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence.—Daniel Webster.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, replied, "It was not for want, for I had plenty of that at home."

## For the Republican.

### Notes on Fruits.

#### CHERRIES.

The crop of this fruit, so far as the writer has been able to learn, has been unusually light throughout the State. Most varieties having cast their fruit prematurely, or set but sparsely, from the effect of late frosts.

Even the more hardy common Morrellos of our country failed to produce their usual complement of acidity. While of the finer varieties so few trees have been planted, of those kinds that are suited to our climate, and that are productive, the fruit was mostly appropriated by the birds before attaining a state of ripeness to be of any value except for culinary purposes. One thing however has been gained by this experience, that may be turned to account the knowledge, that while most kinds of this fruit have failed to bear, others, under the same stress of ungenial conditions, have proved in productive, all that can be desired. Among the varieties that may be relied upon for a full crop almost invariably, the Early Richmond stands first.

This has been in bearing on my grounds, as also for some of my neighbors for eight or ten consecutive years—or ever since the trees were of suitable age. Nor was the amount of fruit this season less than common.

Elliot says of this variety: "The tree belongs to the Morrello class; grows about twenty feet high, with a roundish spreading head; very productive, ripening its fruit in May, but in dry seasons, holding it until July. It is indispensable to every garden, and for market, coming as it does so early, is very profitable.

Fruit, of medium size, borne in pears, round, bright red, becoming darker as it hangs on the tree a long time, flesh, of a reddish cast, juicy, very tender, sprightly, rich, acid flavor. Season, here, usually from latter end of May to July.

There are a few other kinds that might be mentioned as having proved adapted to the climate of the West—as the English Morrello, the Louis Philippe, the Reine Hortense and Plumstone Morrello.

These, although not equal to the sweet cherries in quality, are nevertheless the best of their class, and every way desirable; the more so as the sweet cherries—the Hearts and Bigarreaux of most writers,—the Black Tartarian, the Yellow Spanish, Elton, &c., &c., a long list, and generally called for, because recommended by the books, and puffed by traveling tree pedlars from the East—have proved almost universally a failure. Our winters being too hard for the sappy succulent growth of this class of trees. And where they are not killed at once, they very generally fail before coming fully into bearing. B. HATHAWAY.

Little Prairie Ronde.

## Report of the Secretary of the Navy.

From this report we make the following extract:

"When the change of administration took place, in March last, the Navy Department was organized into a peace establishment. Such vessels as were in condition for service were chiefly on different stations and those which constituted the home squadron were most of them in the Gulf of Mexico. Congress had adjourned without making provision for an extraordinary emergency, and the appropriation for naval purposes indicated that only ordinary expenses were anticipated.

Extraordinary events which have since transpired have called for extraordinary action on the part of the government, demanding a large augmentation of the naval force, and a recall of almost the whole of our foreign squadrons for service on our own coast.

The total number of vessels in the navy, of all classes on the 4th of March, was ninety, carrying, &c. designed to carry, about 2,415 guns.

Excluding vessels on the stocks, those unfinished, those used as station store ships, and those considered inexpedient to repair, the available force was:

1 ship-of-the-line	84 guns.
4 frigates	400 guns.
29 sloops	400 guns.
3 brig	96 guns.
3 store ships	7 guns.
7 steam frigates	215 guns.
5 first-class steam sloops	90 guns.
4 first-class side wheel steamers	46 guns.
7 side wheel steamers	25 guns.
5 third-class screw steamers	25 guns.
2 second-class side wheel steamers	8 guns.
1 steam tender	4 guns.

Of the force the following were in commission, the remainder being in ordinary, dismantled, &c.:

3 frigates	100 guns.
11 sloops	232 guns.
3 store ships	7 guns.
1 screw frigate	15 guns.
5 first-class steam sloops	90 guns.
7 side wheel steamers	25 guns.
2 second-class steam sloops	45 guns.
5 third-class screw steamers	25 guns.
2 side wheel steamers	5 guns.
1 steam tender	1 gun.

These vessels had a complement exclusive of officers and marines, of about 7,600 men, and nearly all of them were on foreign stations. The home squadron consisted of twelve vessels, carrying 137 guns and about 2,000 men. Of this squadron, only four small vessels, carrying 25 guns and about 230 men, were in southern ports.

With so few vessels in commission on our coast, and our crews in distant seas, the department was very indifferently prepared to meet the exigency that was rising. Every moment was closely watched by the disaffected, and threatened to precipitate measures that the country seemed anxious to avoid. Demoralization prevailed among the officers, many of whom, occupying the most responsible positions, betrayed symptoms of that infidelity which has dishonored the service. But while so many officers were unfaithful, the crews, to their honor be it recorded, were true and reliable, and have maintained, through every trial, and under all circumstances, their devotion to the Union and the flag. Unfortunately, however, few comparatively of these gallant men were within the call of the department at that eventful period. They as well as the ships were abroad."

## Michigan Central Railroad Company.

Annual Report for the Year Ending May 31st, 1861.

We have received the annual report of the Directors, &c., of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, of which we make the following synopsis:

The Directors make the following statement:

The bonded debt of the Company, \$7,914,488 81

Less sinking fund, 1st \$141,488 81

2d 17,940 20

160,427 10

Net bonded debt \$7,754,061 79

Add floating debt \$9,181 71

Capital Stock \$6,017,820 00

Total \$13,902,063 50

The bonded now is 7,968,488 81

Less sinking funds—

1st \$816,020 15

2d 54,246 44

261,265 59

Net bonded debt \$7,707,222 30

Add floating debt \$28,000 00

Capital Stock \$6,017,820 00

Total \$13,893,042 30

Reduction during the year \$13,357 30

The gross receipts for the year have been \$2,045,468 91

Operating expenses \$1,049,135 49

Taxes \$8,888 86

1,167,724 35

Net income for the year \$897,734 56

Amount paid for interest, exchange, and dividends on bonds received \$884,227 94