The Cass County Republican.

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The Republican,

Is Published every Thursday,

At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:

In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

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Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in N. B. Hollister's Drug Store. Justice of the Peace. Office first door west of Universalist Church. Strict attention paid to the Collection of every variety of War Claims, and of Claims against individuals; and prompt remittances made. He will also, give his attention to Conveyancing, the duties of Notary Public, and will do jobs of Surveying. Agent for sale and exchange of Lands, investigation of Titles, and the recovery of Lands sold for Taxes. He will also defend suits where a greater interest than ten per cent. is claimed. dec11v5y1

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DANIEL LARZELERE. | WILLIAM LARZELERE.

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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

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

Dissolution Notice!

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has been dissolved by mutual consent.

C. C. WILLSE,
GEO. ESCH.

The notes and accounts of the said firm will be collected by the undersigned who continues in business at the same place. All persons indebted to said firm are notified that the undersigned has purchased of Mr. Esch all his interest therein, and they are requested to make payment to

C. C. WILLSE.

Dowagiac, March 28, 1863. spr2-50w7

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of an Act of the Legislature, passed in February last, I have changed the time of holding the terms of the Circuit Court for the Counties of Cass and Berrien during the present year as follows, viz: The terms of said circuit will be held in the County of Cass a on the second Monday of May, and the third Monday of August and November, and in the county of Berrien on the fourth monday of May, and the first Monday of August and November.

Dated, this 20th day of April, A. D. 1863.

N. BACON, Circuit Judge.

HOUSE & LOT

Fos Sale!

THE SUBSCRIBER having disposed of his business in town, offers his house and lot, (his late residence in the north-western part of this village,)

For Sale at a Bargain!!

The hous is ew and large. Lot comprises one and one quarter acres. A fine assortment of fruit trees, a GOOD WELL and CELLAR. I would take a good team, wagon and harness in part pay. Enquire on the premises.

Z. W. ASHLEY,

Dowagiac May 26th, 1863. may29-6tf

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

The Co-Partnership heretofore existing between Ashley, Kays, & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Z. W. ASHLEY,
HUGH KAYS.
MARK JUDD.

Dowagiac, April 15th, 1863.

The business in all its branches will be carried on as heretofore at the old stand, by the undersigned. All persons having claims against the firm of Ashley, Kays & Co. are requested to present them to the subscribers at the Plaining Mill for settlement.

KAYS & JUDD.

Dowagiac, May 14, 1863. may14-4w3

FARM FOR SALE.

SITUATED two miles east and one mile south of KEELER CENTER, Van Buren county, containing 80 Acres, 45 improved, including 15 acres of meadow.

Upon the Farm is an apple orchard of 150 trees, and fifty bearing Peach Trees.

The above farm will be so sold at a bargain possession given at any time. For further particulars enquire of the Subscriber on the premises.

CYRUS TUTHILL.

Keeler, April 7th, 1863. apr9-51tf

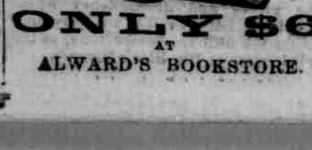
EAGLE HOTEL,

CASSAPOLIS, - - MICH.

THE undersigned has just opened this house for the accommodation of the public. It has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished from parlor to kitchen. Mr. Custard intends to keep a first class hotel, and will use every endeavor to please. Prices to suit the times.

O. S. CUSTARD.

Cassapolis, August 1st, 1862.



ONLY $6

AT

ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

New or Never.

Woe, woe to the land if freedom falters,
Woe to our hearthstones, our shrines and our altars,
Welcome to prisons, to chains and to halters,
Now or never is the time to be true.

Sit not in doubt and in bitter bewailing,
Point not in grief at our Butlers falling,
Strengthen his hands which lies are assailing,
Now or never is the time to be true.

Trample the snake through the free North stealing,
Know that his heart is devoid of all feeling,
Strike! to the God of all goodness appealing,
Now or never is the time to be true.

Stand by the right, your reward shall be ample,
Look to your glorious old fathers' example,
Into darkness and dust the traitors trample,
Now or never is the time to be true.

But woe to the land if freedom falters,
Woe to our hearthstones, our shrines and our altars,
Welcome to prisons, to chains and to halters,
Now or never is the time to be true.

From the Sunday Mercury.

Letter from Orpheus C. Kerr.—Report of the Manner in which the War has Conducted itself since the 1st of April, 1862.

We are pleased to present to our unpartisan readers, through the agency of our unwavering and incorruptible correspondent, an able and convincing report of the manner in which the war has conducted itself since the 1st of April, 1862. For all the commentary that is required, we refer to the simple mortuary scene and figurative inscription moralizingly noted by the scribe:

EDITOR T. T.:—Depressed, my boy, by that low-spirited sense of reverence for shirt-collared Old Age, which is a part of my credulous nature, I proceed to record that the Venerable Gammon has once more torn himself from idolatrous Mugville, to beam venerably upon all the capital the nation has left; and as I mark how fatly he waves continued benediction to the attached populance, I am impressed anew with the conviction of the serious mental magnitude for large sized Old Age. It was on Monday that a delegation of anxious civilian chaps groveled around this aged idol of a mournful nation; and as soon as the awe-stricken spokesman of the party had crawled within speaking distance of the Venerable Gammon, he sniffed deferentially, and says he:

"Sire, we desire to know how soon we may expect an honorable peace to end the present war, which is perpetual bloodshed."

The Venerable Gammon placidly placed his beneficent right hand between his patriarchal ruffles, and says he:

"My friends, this war is like a great struggle between two hostile armies; it will continue until it has ceased, and it will cease when it is no longer continued. Peace," says the Venerable Gammon, waving indulgent permission for the sun to go on shining, "Peace is the end of war, as war is the end of peace; therefore, if we had no war, peace would be without end, and if we had no peace, war would be endless."

Then the fond civilian chaps groveled ecstatically at the time-honored feet of the benignant parent of his country, and four-and-twenty reliable morning journals immediately published a report that Richmond had been taken—for another year.

But what has particularly endeared the Venerable Gammon to the hearts of his distracted fellow countrymen is his able report of the manner in which the war has conducted itself since the first of April 1862. I cannot exactly understand, my boy, how this benignant benefactor of his species comes to know anything at all about military matters; nor am I prepared to state that he had any call, whatever, to report upon national strategy; but he has issued a startling statement, and I give the whole

REPORT.

"On the 1st of April 1862, on the day immediately preceding the 31st of May, in the same year, a solitary horseman might have been seen approaching the camp of the Mackerel Brigade from Washington. He was a youth in the prime of life, and carried a carpet bag, containing the daily morning journals of that date. Upon reaching the tent of the General of the Mackerel Brigade, he sought an immediate interview with the latter, and at once revealed to him that it was reported in all the morning journals that the celebrated Southern Confederacy had evacuated Manassas just two weeks previously, thereby rendering an advance upon that stronghold by our national troops a subject demanding immediate attention.

"Upon discovering that this news was indeed contained in the morning journals, the General of the Mackerel Brigade ordered a report of our national victory to be conveyed to the Mackerels who had gained it; and having made several promotions for bravery, and telegraphed to the excellent Democratic Organization in New York that he had rather capture Manassas than be President of the United States in 1865, he ordered an immediate advance upon Manassas. The advance took place without confusion or dismay, and on the following morning Capt. William Brown electrified the whole nation with the magical words:

"'We have met the enemy, and they are hours—ahead of us.'

"The backbone of the Rebellion being thus broken, the General of the Mackerel Brigade wrote to Honest Abe at Washington, as follows:

"'DEAR SIR:—I have at length successfully surprised the stronghold of Manassas, and consider myself strong enough to continue the war, if you can send me a few more troops. If you can spare 60,000 under Sergt. O'Pike, and 50,000 under Colonel Wobert Wobinson, from the defence of Washington, I can wait for the other hundred thousand until I push forward again.

"'THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.'

"This was on the 4th of April. Owing to the continual storms, and the difficulty encountered in procuring umbrellas for the troops, the Mackerel Brigade was enabled to advance but thirty-three and a half feet during the ensuing four months, during which time several State elections took place. On the 4th of July the Honest Abe addresed the following note to the General of the Mackerel Brigade:

"'GENERAL:—By your plan of drawing troops away from Washington, the Capital would be left with fewer soldiers than it now possesses; and if the capital is weakened, it follows, very clearly, that it will not be strengthened. My plan is directly the reverse of your plan, so that your plan is immediately opposite to my plan. Allow me to ask you the following questions:

"'I.—If your plan is different from my plan, how can my plan be the same as your plan?

"'II.—If my plan does not agree with your plan, wherein does your plan assimilate with my plan?

"'III.—If your plan and my plan are not the same plan, how can my plan and your plan be one plan?

"'IV.—If my plan by opposing your plan, shows that my plan is not at all like your plan, how can your plan, by differing from my plan, save Washington accordingly to my plan, which is not your plan? "'H. ABE.'

"Both plans were adopted, and in the course of the succeeding two months, the Mackerel Brigade shot a couple of Confederacies. Shortly after this, it was decided that an advance should be made upon the city of Paris, by way of Duck Lake, the iron plated squadron of Rear-Admiral Head being detailed from the blockade, to take the Mackerels across, as soon as a heavy rain should make the lake too deep for navigation by personal wading. The troops were at the landing at the appointed time, and were about to embark in good order, when it was discovered by the negro servant of one of the officers, that they had forgotten to bring any ammunition with them, and that the iron plated squadron had not arrived. This unfortunate discovery made it necessary for the Mackerel Brigade to fall back thirty-three and a half feet, and the General thus wrote to the Honest Abe at Washington:

"'DEAR SIR:—The safety of this Army depends entirely upon its immediate reinforcement by all the troops at Washington, as my plan is entirely different from your plan, and your plan differs somewhat from my plan. The importance of saving Washington by your plan is nothing when compared with the opposite tenor of my plan; which might, after all, be the saving of Washington by my plan, though my plan does not agree with your plan. I will stay with this Army, and die with it, if need be, by my plan.

"'THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.'

"Both plans were put in force, and during the period elapsing between this date and the middle of November, the troops were busily engaged in fortifying themselves—against the inclemency of the weather. Arrangements being made and completed for the decent interment of such troops as should die of old age before the next great movement took place, the General of the Mackerel Brigade had just opened a correspondence with his family on the subject of the Presidency of the United States in 1865, when he received the the appended note:

"'GENERAL:—You will feel immediately relieved upon receiving this, and will report immediately to your wife at Hoboken. Colonel Wobert Wobinson is hereby ordered to take command of the Mackerel Brigade.

"'ADJUTANT.'

"Upon the assumption of command by General Wobinson, it was immediately observed that he possessed a great deal of Shape. He crossed Duck Lake on his Shape, and in pursuance of the plan of his predecessor, opened an instant attack upon Paris. Shortly after the attack, the whole Brigade was back across Duck Lake again, and the new General sent his resignation to Washington. It was refused, as unnecessary; and the General then devised a plan for startling the whole country, by organizing the Anitomical Cavalry upon an equestrian basis, and making a raid upon some Confederate oats known to be somewhere in the daily journals. The secret of this movement was confided to but three persons—the Honest Abe, the Southern Confederacy, and the public; but before the move could be made it was divulged and frustrated. The General then sent in his resignation, which was refused as unnecessary. It was subsequent o this that a third great movement was arranged, when a shower came up suddenly and it had to be abandoned. It was upon this occasion that the General sent in his resignation, when it was refused as unnecessary. Simultaneously, as it were, the officer popularly known as the Grim Old Fighting Cox, was appointed to the command, an here our exciting tale ends for the present.

"If the above record of a year of the war presents some discouraging features, it also offers many suds of hope for the future, inasmuch as it would appear utterly impossible for the future to be less fruitful of national triumphs than the past has been. The greatness of our nation is sufficiently evinced by the fact that we are spending two millions of dollars per day; and as soon as the present rebellion shall have been crushed, the final defeat of the celebrated Southern Confederacy will become a mere question of time, and we shall be prepared to commit immediate assault upon the combined Europe.

"V. GAMMON.

Alas! my boy, what can we say to such a revelation of national strategy? I was thinking over its developments as I wandered listlessly amongst the deserted Mackerel fortifications this side of Manassas, on Thursday—I was thinking about it, I say, when my attention was attracted by a soldier's grave, located in the very midst of the dismantled earthworks. It bore a rude monument of pine boards, on which the comrades of the stratgetic deceased had written the following inscription with chalk:

MUGGY JIM,
A MACKEREL FIFER,
LATE OF THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT,
TAKEN SICK
OF INDIGESTION,
HE COMMENCED TO
THROW UP FORTIFICATIONS,
AND DIED OF STRATEGY.

Hic Jacet.

1 ..5 4
0....4....1....2....8,
0....4....1....2....0;
0....2...80....8,
0....2...45....4.

As I read this simple inscription, my boy, I could not help thinking how many Mackerels, like this poor fifer, had rushed from their homes to the war, panting for victory or honorable death, only to be slowly consumed by national strategy and die of inglorious fortification and indigestion.

It needs no Champelion's hieroglyphical skill to read the beautiful little verse of that fifer's epitaph, though that verse had to be inscribed figuratively, in order to get it all upon that narrow monument. In all its praise of that quiet sleep in which there are no anticipations to be disappointed, no gluttony to make sick, and no Confederacies to guard against—the verse will be plain to all as reading:

HERE LIES
ONE FIFER.
Nought for one to wait,
Nought for one to sigh-for;
Nought to weighty ate,
Nought to fortify-for.

The mackerel poet who wrote these lines, my boy, may have been no rhetrotician; but his theme was an inspiration giving him a more than ordinary mastery of the figures of speech.

Yours, gravely,
ORPHEUS C KERR.

☞ A rich young woman of Baltimore, who lately boasted of putting on crape for Stonewall Jackson, was sent South on Monday. She positively refused to take the oath.

Views of the Traitors on the Arrest of Vallandigham.

The following article from the Richmond Examiner affords curious illustration of the close alliance in opinion between the Rebels and the Copperheads. We append to it some of the declarations made by the speakers at the Wood Indination Meeting at New York, on May 18. They have the true Southern twang. Here is the Richmond article:

When the late Federal Congress was engaged in passing the three laws which converted the President of the United States into an absolute monarchy, the stock phrase for the country signified a total disbelief in the practical exercise of the powers conferred. The laws were powers given to the President to be held *in terrorem* over the rebels and the disaffected. Such is the invariable coating of the pill of usurpation. We have heard such phrases from some Southern lips, to excuse the projects of laws which have happily never been passed in the Southern Confederacy. The sudden imprisonment and probable sentence of death on Mr. Vallandigham, for simply condemning the "policy" of his Government, show how much these phrases and such apologies are worth. Arbitrary powers are never inert. No hand is too nerveless to clutch a sceptre, and make its weight felt on the backs of kneeling slaves. A nation that barters its liberty to accomplish a temporary purpose, will surely find that the payment in full will be enforced without mercy or delay.

If sympathy for an individual and an enemy were permitted, sorrow for the fate of Vallandigham would be felt by most men of heart in the South. Vallandigham Pierce, and one or two other citizens of the United States, have displayed the highest courage, and the most honorable patriotism amid the wild wickedness of their country. They will hold, in the history of their times, a place not less respectable than that allotted to Chatham and Burke, in the parallel story of the war between England and the Colonies. But we are not sorry that the events has at last occurred. It marks a new chapter. Not commence the measures of terrorism, by which Lincoln and his party can only reign till the sure step of retribution overtakes them. It was the wise remark of the present Emperor of the French (made before he was Emperor, and when he wrote for newspapers,) that arbitrary Governments invariably perish by the operation of the identical measures which they invented to extend their power and defend their existence. The Government of Lincoln will fall by its own sword. Terrorism may do for a while in France what proscription did in old Rome. But the success of any expedient in Rome or France is proof presumptive that it will fail in England or America. No portion of the Anglo-Norman race, however degraded and depraved, will long abide the loss of one privilege which they have hugged to their souls since they were savages in the woods—the great privilege re-asserted in all their character, that no freemen—"*Nullus liber home*"—shall be imprisoned, banished or put to death, except by the jury of his peers. "*Nullus liber homo*"—uncouth words," said the elder Pitt; "sounding poorly in the ears of scholars, these three words are worth all the classics."

Now for the New York Meeting: We begin with Mr. McMasters, late of Fort Lafayette. He says:

"Freeman, how are you to save your liberties? By fighting. Yes, if necessary by fighting." Mr. McMunn says: "In eighteen months this country will be too hot for the men who are now hounding and hunting out those who advocate the liberty of free speech and a free Press." Mr. Mullaly says: "The men in Washington are like the British tyrants in the time of the Revolution." Capt. Rynders says: "War is waged here by military despots upon the rights and privileges of American people, worse than the war that is now waging in the South. It is for us to fight for our liberties here." Says Tharin: "Step by step had Abe Lincoln departed from his promises, until by graduations of infamy he sat on a kingly throne and aspired to a regal crown. Says Birdsall: "Were Vallandigham arrested here the whole population would rise *en masse* to rescue him." Says Mason: "Every one of the acts of the Administration indicate the purpose of the Administration to terminate our liberties;"—and so on indefinitely. There was hardly a sentiment uttered through the whole meeting that might not and would not, have been applauded in Richmond.

Patriotism of Gerrit Smith.

We find the following paragraph in the published proceedings of the New York State Convention of Union League:

"While waiting for the report of the Committee on Resolutions, loud calls were made for Hon. Gerrit Smith, who addressed the Convention in a brief but highly conservative and patriotic speech. He said they were a body composed of Democrats, Republicans, Abolitionists and temperance men, having in view solely the work of crushing the rebellion. He said he was willing to sacrifice everything to secure that end. He would even run the risk of seeing Slavery restored to its former strength. He repudiated all party views or personal schemes in a time like this, and claimed that Union men should sacrifice everything else to put down the rebellion. He said it was not a war to save the country, or the Constitution even, but for a more important object—the conquering of rebels in arms. He urged the most thorough support of the Government, and the most cordial hate of the rebels. The conservative and conciliatory character of his speech both surprised and pleased the Convention."

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE BRAIN.—The columns of any daily newspaper, now a days, bear evidence that there are large numbers of young officers attached to the army, who are dying for want of something to do, and are afflicted with a disease known as "correspondence on the brain." These ninnies count largely on the "lunacy" of the softer sex, when they thus seek correspondence with entire strangers. We recommend them to the especial care of senior officers, who, if they choose, can find them somthing to do that will be far more creditable to themselves and the army than scattering fool's bait for unwary gudgeons. As a sample of these advertisements, we copy one, with slight amendments, that now lies before us.—*Chicago Journal.*

WANTED — CORRESPONDENCE. — Four young gentlemen, of the genus "damphool," attached to the Army of the Cumberland, and having nothing to do but draw Lieutenants' pay, and, never having killed a rebel, have plenty of time to kill, desire to open a correspondence with four young ladies whose reputation is sufficiently loose not to suffer thereby, or whose lack of modesty and intelligence will qualify them for humoring the whims of strangers, who probably have neither brains nor character. All correspondence will be treated with confidence,—that is, it will be confided to the entire army amidst roars of laughter. Object—fun, love, or matrimony, especially the latter, as it is highly probable that the present wives of these "young gentleman" will have left their bed and board in extreme disgust long before the close of the war. Address, &c.

SHEEP KILLING DOGS.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Valley Farmer* gives the following hint, which may be useful to some of our readers:

"If a sheep is killed or crippled by a dog, the night thereafter house up all your sheep and your favorite dogs that you would not have killed; then remove the dead sheep out of reach of dogs, first cutting out the liver, or other lean part of it, into which put strychnine a little more than the size of a large grain of wheat; leave that in place of the sheep, and my word for it, next morning you will be almost certain to find the *guilty dog* near by. If the first night should fail, try again; he will be sure to come back as soon as he is hungry. Again, if a sheep is only worried and not killed, any other lean meat will do in place of mutton. By this method you will be sure to get the guilty dog; when by the old method of hunting him up, it is very doubtful if you do."

TO MEASURE AN ACRE.—We find the following going the rounds. It may be useful to some of our readers:

"Land, 30¼ square yards make 1 square rod: 40 square rods made 1 square rood; 4 square roods, 1 acre; 640 acres, 1 square mile; 4,840 square yards, or 160 rods, make 1 acre. In measuring an acre by yards, the usual practice is to trace off 70 yards in length and 70 yards in width. This, in a rough way, may be considered near enough for practical purposes; but as 70 yards either way make 4,900 square yards, it exceeds one acre by 60 yards. To determine an accurate ac it may be measured 70 yards in length by 69 1-7 yards in width. The same result may be arrived at by measuring 220 feet in length, and 198 feet in width, or by measuring, 73⅓ yards in length by 66 yards in breadth."

☞ A Chicago man, who had not been out of the city for years, fainted away in the pure air of Rock Prairie. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose, when he slowly revived, exclaiming: "That's good—it smells like home.