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NO. 42.

Brookville American.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY W. H. FOSTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and fifty cents per year, payable in advance, two dollars at the end of six months, or three dollars at the expiration of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or less), one insertion—\$ 75

Each subsequent insertion—\$ 50

Three months—\$ 1 50

Six months—\$ 2 50

One year—\$ 4 00

Business cards of six lines or less, 3 months—\$ 2 00

Legal advertisements, per line—\$ 12

Small advertisements, per line—\$ 12

One column, (changeable quarterly)—\$ 50 00

Two columns—\$ 100 00

Three columns—\$ 150 00

Business notices published in the editorial column of ten lines or less, will be charged one dollar, if over ten lines, ten cents per line.

Legal advertisements will be inserted and charged to the advertiser, unless otherwise specified.

Candidates for office will be charged two dollars for announcements, or one dollar to subscribers.

Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. All others to be settled quarterly.

A discount of five per cent will be made from our usual rates for cash.

Advertisements to insure insertion must be handed in by Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Unless a particular time is specified when handed in, advertisements will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Epochs of the Beautiful.

Mutability.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;

How restlessly they veer, and gleam, and glisten,

And then they clear, and then they close again,

And they are gone, and they are gone again.

Or like forgotten lyres, whose discordant strings

Gire ravens to their thrills, and thrills no more,

To whose frail frame no second motion brings

One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;

We rise—we wander—thought pollutes the day;

We feel, we reason, we adore, we laugh or weep;

Embrace fond or false, or cast our cares away.

It is the same—For, he it joy or sorrow,

The path of his departure still is free;

Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;

Naught may endure but Mutability.

Why is It.

When you are near me, every form of speech

I put to flight, however well-devised—

My tongue is at your presence paralyzed—

My simplest thought to utterance cannot reach.

When other friends are around me, 'tis not so—

I have a sense of ease, an self-possession,

I feel no thrills or thrills within my breast,

My cheek is tinged with no unwelcome glow.

And yet the feeling is not one of fear;

I am but content to linger still,

As long as it may be your royal will;

For their exists no void when you are near.

Excelsior.

The shadows of night were a couple down with,

And the darlin' now lay drift on drift,

As thro' a village a youth did go,

A carryin' a bag with the motto—

Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,

His nose a Roman, complexion fair,

O'er an eagle eye an amber look,

And he wore a smile that 'twas his master's—

Higher!

He saw thro' the windows as he gettin' upper

A number of gentles in a supper

But he eyed the slippery rock and self-possession

And he said as he cried, and cried a feen—

Higher!

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman, "stop!

His blawin' gales up there on top—

You'll tumble on an' other side!"

But the hubble's stranger lodg' replied,

Higher!

"Oh! I don't go up such a shocking night,

Some sleep on my lap!" said a maiden bright.

On his knees she lay, and as he passed

But still he remarked, as he upward climb,

Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that symonore-tree,

Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"

Says he, the farmer went home to bed,

And the singular voice replied overhead.

Higher!

Select Miscellany.

[From Peters's Magazine.]

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

My mother was a widow, and I her only daughter, Agnes Brown. She was very beautiful, and quite young, only sixteen years older than myself. My father had left us poor, but she had not been a widow long before she had several suitors, and when I was about fourteen years of age, she married Mr. B., a gentleman of wealth, with four children. They were: Edward, who was in California; Charles, Letitia and Jack. Jack, the youngest, was about my age.

For one year we lived happily together, and then my step-father died, leaving his children and myself with equal portions. My mother followed in a few months, and we were left in the guardianship of a young lawyer, who did not pretend to take any interest in us beyond his legal duties. The old house-keeper managed the domestic concerns, and we all attended school, except Edward, who was still in San Francisco.

I soon began to feel that I was in an uncomfortable position. Letitia would have loved me, and was never intentionally unkind, but her brother let me know that they considered me an intruder, an alien in their home, who had taken a daughter's portion. Daily slights, unkind hints, a contemptuous coldness, and a complete exclusion from all the family consultations, or confidential intercourse, left me cruelly alive to their state of feeling towards me.

I was a very timid girl, without strength to bear up, either against others, or my own self-distrust. I knew myself unwelcome, yet dared not go away. I was fearful of leaving shelter, even so bleak as this, for the wide, wide world.

I tried to make them love me; but I found that the gentleness and patience I struggled for, were called abjectness, my good will, officiousness, and my silence, sullenness. I was not one who could compel affection. I found, to my sorrow,

I endured a whole year of this misery, and then Edward came home. He was welcomed with joy by all but myself. I had never seen him, and therefore feared him. I felt that if he were my enemy too, I must become desperate enough to leave them, though I had no relatives to go to.

The evening of Edward's return was spent in question and answer, among the children of the same father. I sat apart. Edward had spoken kindly to me when he first came, calling me sister Agnes; and several times he tried to give me a chance to enter into the general conversation, as any polite gentleman would. But I was too uncertain of my hearers to talk, so I became a listener only. I judged, from what I heard and saw, that Edward was a quick-tempered, open-hearted man, a gentleman in feeling, yet used to roughing it in a new country.

The next evening, my new brother asked me to give him some music. My hands trembled, and grew so cold, that I continually made mistakes; I endeavored to remedy them, and so grew confused. At last I tried a lively, easy waltz, in hopes of recovering myself—Jack began to beat time. It distracted me.

"You never can keep time with Agnes," he said, "she always breaks down."

Edward was standing by me; I could see by the mirror before me, that he turned quickly, and gave Jack an angry look. It only confused me the more, and I bungled again.

"There—I told you so!" cried Jack.

"Hear that!"

"And how dare you beat time at all, you unskillful little monkey!" Edward burst out. "Let me hear any more of your impertinence, and I will put you out of the room!"

ject of it. I saw too plainly that Edward's championship was doing me no good, and that I was sowing dissension in the family. I must go away. This state of misery was killing me. I had become so weakly nervous, that any slight sudden or unexpected, made me scream out, or faint away. I could not bear this much longer, and live, even though Edward's kindness had filled my whole heart with boundless gratitude and love for him. While I was trying to summon courage to consult him on the subject of my future residence, he was suddenly called away from home for some weeks. The time of his absence was a time of bitterest trial to me.

One of his friends, Dr. E., often visited at the house, and entering into Edward's feeling of pity for my forlorn state, (which he perceived as clearly as if he had told it in words,) he often showed me little politenesses. They soon became to me the sunbeams in my wintry weather. After Edward left home, his friend still came. I felt conscious, and joyful; but alas! it was not long before I saw a change in his manner to me. He grew cold and distant. I oftensaw him regarding me curiously, with a regretful expression, as if the suspicion of my unworthiness were beginning to take root. This grieved me past telling.

He had a bunch of pretty wild flowers in his hand one day when he came—the last blossoms of autumn. He had always brought them for me before; but now, when I expected them, and was so foolish as to look glad when I saw them, thinking that, after all, he was not turning from me, he gave them to Letitia with an air that seemed to say, "You need not suppose they are for you!"

I was so weak, and so overwhelmed with shame and grief, that for a moment I felt faint. I sank down upon the sofa, and Letitia fanned me. Just then Charles came in.

"That actress is at her interesting tricks again!" he sneered. "Don't waste your time and sympathy on her. She will come to quick enough, if you retire, and leave no one by to admire her airs!"

"I do think she is ill, Charles," said Letitia, "see her poor white lips!"

"Perhaps—but if Dr. E. had not been here as a witness, she would not have fainted."

I sprang up—my nerves stung to spasmodic effort—and ran for the door. Charles' low laugh sounded in my ears. I reached my room, but felt again upon the floor, where I quietly lay until I felt stronger.

I knew what comments would be made upon my sudden recovery. They would say the sickness was all a pretence. Dr. E. I hoped, would think so; yes, I hoped it, for if my fainting was not a counterfeited, what interpretation must be put upon it? Unthoughtful! That is the crime woman fears most of all!

My shame and misery were more than I could bear. I did not leave my room again for a week, being quite feeble and ill. But I determined to be down on Thanksgiving Day, when Edward was expected home; and when the day arrived, with all its bustle of preparation for guests, and their reception, I was so much better that I dressed to be present at dinner. When word was sent to my room that dinner was served, I hastened down, wondering that Edward should have arrived without my knowing it. I had spent most of the morning listening for him on the stairs. I did not think they would have dinner without him, and I had to try hard to keep my joy, at the idea of seeing him again, within bounds. As I quietly entered the dining-room, I thought I saw him standing before a picture, looking at it, and awaiting the gathering of the family. I saw the only one there beside himself. I ventured to lay hand upon his shoulder, and say, rather tremulously, "Welcome home, my only friend!" It was the first time I had ever alluded to my troubles to any one. He turned. I started at least three paces from him. It was Dr. E.—his height, and black hair, or my own preconceived fancy had misled me. I was too much startled and confused to observe his manner when thus addressed, but remember that my hand was detained, and that he was about to speak when the family and guests came flocking in from the parlor.

When all were seated, Charles, who sat in Edward's place, said,

"Edward should have been here; but as the time of arrival of the cars has past, I suppose we shall not see him until to-morrow."

Great regret at his absence was expressed by the others; but I think no one felt it as I did.

As the waiter was removing the soup-plats, a messenger on urgent business to Charles, was announced, and he was obliged to leave the table. He came back, looking very pale and troubled. He leaned on his chair, and, paused a moment, while we all looked at him in breathless anxiety. After a time, he stammered, that there had been a fearful accident on the railroad, and Edward was lost!

It seemed like a death blow to me. For hours I was alternately insensible, and conscious of cruel misery.

I was entirely unaware of what was taking place around me. At last I grew more tranquil. The first words I heard were from old Dr. Good-enough, who stood at my bedside. I comprehended that there was a medical consultation.

"This nervous prostration could not be brought about suddenly, even by such a shock. I have long observed this poor girl's unhappiness. It has worn her down to the grave. Between us, I do not think she is treated over-indulently. She ought to have a happy

home to make her expand well. She is like my beautiful, delicate, pink oxalis. They never open, sir, unless the sun shines upon them—the full sun, sir, without it they are only twisted up, ugly little wisps."

"The answering voice made me tremble. It was Dr. E.—"

"Have you known her well, doctor? I mean her disposition?"

"Certainly, sir! certainly! Ever since she was a child."

"They say she is deceitful, and an actress, and that occasions their coldness to her. I don't wish to defend them, heaven knows! I would be most happy—I am quite miserable not to believe her all I once thought her. But the whole family, except Edward, who is a stranger to her, seem to think her not trustful."

"Then harsh treatment has made her so; but I don't believe it, for I never saw a more open child. She was always a timid little thing, ready to shrink, wanting encouragement. No doubt, if repelled, she would conceal her warmer feelings; but the truth, never!"

"But even the gentle Letitia—"

"Fai-de-ral—a little blind mole!—Those boys are at the bottom of it—With equal fortune, and superior personal attractions. Agnes has raised their jealous fear of her cutting their sister's life in society. That is it, my dear fellow. I see through it."

I had tried many times to interrupt this conversation, but I found my senses absent, while my will was powerless. It was ludicrous which so benumbed me, and I soon fell into a short sleep, full of horrible visions, laudanum fancies.

I was awakened again by a nervous tremor. Dr. Good-enough was still talking—

"Very likely, very likely. He is a handsome fellow, and he is no more real relation to her than you are, or than I am."

I turned, and moaned in an effort to speak.

"Agnes! Agnes!" said Dr. Good-enough, arousing me. "Look at old daddy Good-enough, there's a darling. Do you know me?"

"Yes, yes!" I said. "Pat me to sleep again, dear doctor. Please do, and let me forget all about it."

"No, no," he said, "look at your old doctor and nurse, who had you in his arms when you were but a small morsel! Can you listen to your old friend? Be a good child, and try to be strong as a lion. I have something to tell you, which you must brace yourself to hear."

I sprang up in nervous horror. "Oh, don't, don't!" I said, "don't tell me that again!"

"No, no, pet. She shall not hear that again, for certain. Calm yourself now. Look at me to see if I have bad news to tell. How do I look? All pale and griefed? No, no, my girls are rosy, ain't they? Now smile a bit, for I have good news."

At this moment there came a quick knock at the door, and without an instant's pause, it flew open. Edward entered, crying, in no subdued voice, to some detaining person outside.

"He will be all right, the moment she sees me, and not all smashed up yet."

I reached out my arms, and was instantly clasped in his, gently, affectionately. When I sank back upon my pillow again, my eyes caught one glance of Dr. E.—a pale, watchful face, but they shrank from him, and encountered Dr. Good-enough's angry dignity.—He was looking daggers at the rash intruder.

"I hope you have done no harm," he said to Edward. "You know little of woman's delicate, nervous structure, or you would not have risked that shock of joy!"

"Have I harmed you, poor Agnes, by my impetuosity? Poor girl, do you meet unkindness even from me? I would not cause you pain for the world!"

He was bending fondly over me, often kissed my cheek. Dr. E.—left the room.

Edward then apologized to Dr. Good-enough, and soon made friends with him. He gave him an account of his delay in order to help others, and his arrival at home ten minutes after that unlucky messenger had caused such consternation.

After some hours' rest, the doctor said I might rise. Edward carried me out to the little verandah, overlooking our own, and a long row of neighbor's gardens. It was a very warm autumn day. We had had frosts, but branches of the climbing roses still hung about the light ironwork arch, with buds half expanded.

I was in such a deep reverie of happiness that I did not observe Edward's absenting himself, and leaving me alone. Nor did I know that the person who came and stood behind my chair in silence, was Dr. E.—I felt that the moment had come when I could consult Edward about my future plans. I wanted his approval of them, before I thought them all out. So I said, plunging at once to the bottom.

"Edward, I must go away. You know I cannot stay here to create discord—You see I must go—you feel with me, don't you?"

"I feel," began Dr. E.—"that if I cannot wish you to go with me, the world is a waste to me."

His tone was so deep and impassioned that I was spell-bound.

"If you will not forgive me my cruelty, I am a wretched man; Agnes, my poor lamb!"

His emotions, perhaps partly pity at seeing me so weak, smothered further words, and he turned away to subdue it. I was only surprised at the violence and strength of his feelings—the not the nature, for I had read the full meaning of his look when Edward returned,

and I was wet-coming him.

After half an hour of happiness, Dr. E.—said he must not selfishly forget my welfare in his joy, so he led me in an Edward carried me up stairs.

"Well, Agnes," he said to me, very kindly, "I hope your troubles are all over?"

"This is indeed Thanksgiving Day to me," I answered.

"And do you know I have barely escaped with my life twice to-day, for my old friend, Dr. E.—, was ready to bow-knife me, I believe, for a rival? I had to remind him that I was your brother."

"He will never forget it again, if I am of any consequence to him, for he will see every day how my dear brother Edward dwells in my grateful heart."

When I was married, it was Dr. E.—s wish as well as mine, that the child's portion, my stepfather had left me, should be returned to the estate. It was done. The boys were candid enough to see that it was justice done, not unwillingly, and we have been on good terms ever since. They all assemble at my husband's house on every anniversary of that happy Thanksgiving Day.

Jealousy.

Jealousy is as cruel as the grave; not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive and shelter from further storms the worn and forlorn pilgrim who rejoices exceedingly and is glad when he can find its repose; but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts.—Jealousy is a two-headed asp, biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more noxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions, there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eye, white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lead. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own. And jealousy is an utter folly, for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone, to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is not leaving you, is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely?

Comment me to all bereave bears rather than to a jealous person, especially a jealous woman. There is neither reason nor mercy in her when once she is thoroughly struck through with this fearful passion. She renders herself altogether repulsive by it—an object more of dread than affection to those who have loved her best. And if she regain not her self-command, and return not to her senses, she frequently destroys utterly the attachments she most prizes. Her friend may, indeed, refuse to forsake her; but it will be duty that bids him stay; and never will he be able to forget what an abject thing she has once appeared.

But let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the mania suffers. To be sure, the suffering is from selfishness—often it is without a shadow of a cause; but still it is suffering, and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sorer curse, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart, on which it seizes, than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while none should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims; and also should be watchful and careful that it enter not their own heart.—Dixons.

THE HORSE OF A TURKISH LADY.—

The following description of a horse in Turkey, is from the pen of Mrs. Hiraby:

"These rooms were prettier of all, and looking on to the garden. They were hung with pale blue silk instead of flowered chintz like the others; for the lady inhabitant had been a present from the Sultan, and etiquette demands that her apartments be better furnished and adorned than all the rest. Her bed-room was charmingly fitted up, a deep alcove covered with rich Persian carpets, filled with luxurious cushions and embroidered coverlets, taking up one side of it. On the other side was a light green and gold bedstead, covered with gauze curtains. The toilet table was extremely pretty, dressed with muslin and lace, after a fashion; a Persian looking glass, shaped like a sunflower, is mother of pearl, hanging above it. The ceiling was painted with a trellis work of birds and flowers.—Three steps led into the cool and shady garden. Opposite the alcove were doors; one led into a sitting room, hung with the same blue silk, and furnished with richly cushioned divans; the other opened in a beautiful white marble bath the air is still heavy with steam and perfume."

Soon after Whitefield landed in Boston, on his second visit to this country, he and Dr. Chauncey met in the street, and, touching their hats with courteous dignity, bowed to each other.

"So you have returned, Dr. Whitefield, have you?"

He replied, "Yes, Reverend Sir, in the service of the Lord."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Chauncey.

"So is the Devil!" was the answer given as to the two divines, stepping aside at a distance from each other, touched their hats and passed on.

Four of the Representatives elect in Illinois are Republican, and five Douglas Democrats.

Organ-Grinders and the Propriety of Putting them to Death.

["Semper ego, auditor tantum! Nunquam respondentur" Juv. l. 21.]

The origin of the organ-grinders justifies their extinction, as does also the doom with which they are threatened. The race is derived from Jubal, the sixth in descent from Cain, who was "the father of all them that handle the harp and organ," (here note the accuracy of description in the word handle.) The seed of Cain, who destroyed his own brother, may with justice be destroyed in turn.

Later in history a trace of the race is detected in the patriarch's pathetic outcry against the "instruments of cruelty" in his sons' tents. In Egypt and in Pharaoh's time they seem to have been swept away. Egypt was a wisely governed country. Had they existed, that prince might have been spared nine of the plagues, since an hour's infliction of this one must have softened the rock of his hard heart, and forced him to send the tribes trooping forth to the desert, with their ministers carrying the head, playing the organ, and the rest of the period. In that age, surely, organ-grinding was one of the lost arts. There is hope, then, that it may again become so strengthened by the cheerful prediction, that in the latter days "the sound of the grinders shall wax low." The law permits the destruction of a nuisance. Organ-grinders are a nuisance. It is, therefore, lawful to kill them.—[Vide Judge Shaw's Decision ad fin.]

Public policy requires their extinction. The race consists chiefly of Italian refugees, banished for turbulence from their own country, making a trade of revolutions here, and revenging themselves by the murder of Music, for their inability to destroy order. It is therefore, courteous and polite in us, as a nation, to kill them.

Humanity pleads for their abolition. They are a wretched people, born out of time, who rear a wretched progeny. It is then, generous and merciful to themselves to kill them.

Political economy demands that they should perish. They are wholly useless, never doing a hand's turn of work, though many a hand's turn of play. It is, therefore, prudent for society to kill them.

Upon this foundation of reasoning may be built a stronger tower of authorities in favor of their extermination. That rigid and moral generation, the Puritans regarded the organ with horror, as the Devil's box of pipes, even when used for sacred services. How much more would they have been moved with holy zeal for the destruction of his wandering emissaries, who bear the abomination from door to door.

Shakspeare makes the practical genius of Othello speak with contempt of hearing "a brazen candlestick turned," in evident allusion to grinding organs.

It is true that Lord Bacon composed a work known to scholars as the Novum Organum or New Organ. But this only proves the hatred of that great and wise man for old organs.

The French style, then "orgues de barbarie," or barbarian organs. To banish them and their barbarian supporters is one of the first duties of a civilized people.

Having settled the lawfulness, but manly and prudence of riding the world organ grinders it should be considered how this may best be done.

Not perhaps, by individual efforts.—The remembrance of suffering might darken an act of justice in revenge.—Nor would it suffice merely for the State to put a stop to those they have already, would but increase their power of mischief. There are wiser plans, too, than that of execution upon the scaffold, which might create a morbid sympathy. For example, make them the instruments of their own destruction, by setting them, in some secluded place, to play each other to death. Or they might simply be exiled to Tunis.

The public ear is large and patient; the need of this reform once forced into it, a proper plan will not be wanting. Then will discord be driven from the land, and peace and quietness return; the grinding organ shall be decorated with garlands, and be venerated at by our descendants as the last and most cruel of the instruments of torture that disgraced an age calling itself refined.

Biddy Stopping a Hole.

"Our folks have got a Biddy of the verriest kind. She is a queer