

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND., MARCH 20, 1856.

NO. 19.

Business Directory.

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Marshall County Democrat

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Selected Poetry.

MACHINE POETRY.

And gently beamed o'er them, love's rose colored ray,
(The bride and bridegroom of this ballad)
He said, "Let us walk at the close of the day,
My own lovely Sal!"—and they sallied.

He plucked the sweetest and loveliest flower
That scented the path where they wandered,
And when she exclaimed, "Let us turn from this
bower,
And roam near the pond!"—then they pondered.

And when the glad sun hid his radiant light,
And the frogs a "cool evening" had croaked,
Said the bride "As the moon is just peeping in
sight,
We'll walk down the slope"—and they sloped.

Old time softly passed o'er the home of this pair,
Nor grief nor perplexity daunted,
And when the meek husband asked "What shall I
wear?"
She answered "Plaid pants"—and he panted.

So, like a good wife was his ward-robe her care
(Neglecting it seemed to her wicked)
And when she brought linen so shining and fair,
Saying "Wear this dear Dick"—and he dicked.

And when a bright lad of Divinity came,
To gladden the home where it tarried,
They put to vote that the young stranger's name
"Sweet Carrie" should be—and 'twas carried.

SUNDAY EVENING.

How calm and sweet this holy eve
Comes stealing o'er the day,
Lifting the feelings and the thoughts
From earth to heaven away,
In whispers low the soft south wind
Along the forest groves,
Or stirs the wild and fragrant rose
Beneath its brilliant leaves.

Softly you rich and changing clouds
Sink in the glowing west,
These glittering forms, like gorgeous shrouds
Mirror'd in ocean's breast;
One large pale star, set 'mid the deep
Dark azure of the sky,
Looks down upon this pleasant eve,
With calm and radiant eye.

My spirit on waking wings
Soars heavenward to night;
And lists to catch a smugly hymn
That fancy makes so light,
A hundred years from this still hour,
And where shall I then be?
Wrept in the future misty veil—
Lost in eternity!

A SIMILE.

Slowly, slowly, up the wall,
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And all around the evening air
Wheels the swallows home in crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west,
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows deeper rest
Underneath and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upwards steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of saints that die
Are the sunbeams lifted higher.

THE HISTORY OF ABNER, THE JEW, WHO SAW NOTHING.

Sir, I am a native of Mogador, on the borders of the great sea; and as the following circumstances took place during the reign of the most mighty emperor, Muley Ismael, monarch of Fez and Morocco, you may perhaps not dislike to hear the tale. It is the history of Abner, the Jew who had seen nothing.

Jews, as you know, are everywhere; and everywhere there are Jews; their feline eyes spy out wherever an advantage is to be gained, and the more oppressed they are, the more cunning they become, while they glory in this very cunning. That a Jew, however, may sometimes fall into disgrace owing to this very quality, witness Abner as he one evening took his way by the Morocco gate.

He strode along, wearing his pointed cap and his shabby and not over clean mantle on his shoulders, stealing from time to time a pinch from the golden snuff-box, an article he did not wish to have seen, or stroking his beard. Content this evening shone upon his unsettled countenance, notwithstanding the expression of fear and apprehension which generally twinkled in his eyes. He must have made some good bargain to-day.

His walk had led him to a little grove of dates and palm-trees, when he heard behind him an immense outcry, caused by a crowd of the emperor's stable servants, led by the head groom, whose glances, cast eagerly on each side as they went along, indicated that they were in search of something.

"Philistine," cried the head groom, panting with fatigue, have you not seen a blood horse fully comparisoned, pass by?"

Abner answered,
"The fastest goer in the world, slender and small in his hoof, his shoes of burnish-

ed silver, and his coat shining like the great sabbath candle-stick, fifteen hands high, his tail three feet and a half long, and his bit of the purest gold?"

"It is he," shouted the groom.
"It is he," echoed the stable men.
"It is the Emir," shouted the riding master; "I have told Prince Abdallah more than ten times that he ought to ride with a snaffle. I know Emir well. I foretold that he would throw him; if my head is to answer for his backache, I have foretold that would happen. But quick; which way is he gone?"

"I have seen no horse?" said Abner, smiling. "How should I know which way the emperor's horse has gone?"

Astonished at such an apparent contradiction, the gentlemen of the stable were thinking what means to adopt to compel Abner to speak more clearly, when a new occurrence gave a different turn to affairs. By one of those extraordinary chances that sometimes occur, the Emperor's lap-dog was missing. A troop of black slaves made their appearance, and while still far off cried out,

"Have any of you seen the Emperor's lap-dog?"
"A female, gentlemen?" enquired Abner.

"Exactly so," replied the eunuch, in the greatest joy imaginable. "Aline, where art thou?"

"A small setter dog," continued Abner, "long hanging ears, a feathery tail; limps on her right fore leg."

"It is her very self," cried the chorus of blacks; "it is Aline. The Emperor fell into convulsions; when she could not be found. What would become of us if we were to return to the harem without her? Speak quickly; which way did she run?"

"I have seen no dog, nor did I know that the Emperor, whom God preserve! possessed a setter."

The people of the stable and of the harem now became furious at what they called Abner's impudence in joking about any thing which belonged to the Emperor, nor did they for a moment doubt, unlikely as it was, he had stolen both dog and horse. While the underlings pursued the search, the head groom and the eunuch seized the Jew, and led the half-cunning, frightened joker into the presence of Muley Ismael, who, when he had heard the circumstances of the case, summoned the usual council, and presided himself at its decision. On the opening of the case, fifty bastinadoes were commanded to be applied to the feet of the accused. In vain did he scream, whimper and protest his innocence, offering to relate everything as it befell. In vain did he quote passages from the Talmud, such as "The displeasure of the king is as the roaring of a young lion; but his favor is as the dew on the grass." "Let not thine hand strike, while thine eyes and thine ears are shut," Muley Ismael made a signal, and swore by the beard of the Prophet and his own, that Abner's head should pay for the Emperor's convulsions and the Prince's pains, if the stray animals were not recovered.

The palace still resounded with the cries of the sufferer, when the news arrived that the horse and dog were both found. Aline was surprised in the society of some pug dogs respectable enough in themselves but far from fitting associates for such a high-born court lady as she was; and Emir after he had run himself tired, found the sweet smelling grass on the bank of the brook Tara, much more to his taste than the oats of the imperial stable; as the princely huntsman, when wearied and lost in the chase, forgets the dainties on his own table while he relishes the black bread and fresh butter of the cottager.

Muley Ismael now demanded of Abner an explanation of his behavior; when he found the opportunity of vindicating himself (though late) in the following words, after he had three times touched the ground before his Highness' throne with his forehead—

"Most mighty Emperor, king of kings, lord of the west, star of justice, mirror of truth, abyss of wisdom" shing as gold, luminous as the diamond, hard as Iron! hear me. Now that it is permitted to thy slave to raise his voice in the presence of thy beaming countenance, I most solemnly aver that I saw neither your sacred horse, nor the engaging dog of my gracious Empress, with the eyes of my body; but listen to the circumstances of the case.

"Refreshing myself after the fatigue and labor of the day, with an evening walk in little wood, I had the honor of meeting his honor the head groom, and his vigilance the black overseer of thy sacred harem, I perceived, in the fine sand between the palm-trees, the track of an animal; and I, who am pretty well versed in the ways of animals, quickly distinguished it to be the footmarks of a little dog. Other marks in the sand convinced me that it was a female who had passed; and that she had long hanging ears; in some places the sand was still more disturbed, which convinced me

she must have a long beautiful feathery tail with which it had pleased her to lash the sand about; neither did it escape me that one of her feet pressed less heavily on the sand than the other three, from which I concluded that (if such a word may be permitted) the dog of my most gracious Empress limped.

"With respect to your highness' horse, know that, as I wandered along a path of the grove, I observed the track of a horse of which the noble hoof the fine, yet strong frog, convinced me that he was of the Te-henne breed, the noblest of all. It is hardly four months since my lord, the Emperor, purchased two of this same breed from a European prince, and my brother Reuben was present at the conclusion of the bargain by which my precious master gained so much. When I observed how far apart and how exactly alike, the tracks of his steps were, I thought to myself, This animal gallops quickly and is thoroughbred; he is only fit for my lord, the Emperor.—The war-horse of which Job speaks then came into my mind. He paweth in the valley with his might, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed man; he mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he his back from the sword. The quiver ratteth against him, and the glittering spear and shield." Seeing something shining on the ground, I bent down as I always do on such occasions and picked up a piece of marble, on which the shoe of the impatient steed had left a mark, from which I concluded that it must be of silver, for well I knew the different marks that metals leave, and can judge of its genuineness. The pathway I was traversing was seven feet wide, and I perceived that here and there the dust of the palm-trees was driven aside by something that had passed. In fact, the animal had fanned it aside with his tail; and therefore, thinks I, the tail must be three feet and a half long. Under the trees, the foliage of which now began to grow about five feet from the ground, fresh leaves were strewn; this must have been done by his hastiness's back, said I, and this proves him to be fifteen hands high; and some small tufts of golden hair convinced me that his color was a yellow dun. On emerging from the bushes, my eye was struck by a line of gold on the rock before me. It appeared that the rock contained a touchstone, and the line of gold was finer than that of the little man with the bundle of arrows on the gold coin of the seven united provinces. This stroke must have been made by the bit of the flying steed as he rubbed by this rock. As every one who knows your splendid taste, oh King of kings! and that the meaneast horse in your stable bears a golden bit,

"Now, by Mecca and Medina," cried Muley Ismael, "that is what I call having eyes. Such eyes as those would do you no harm, master of the hounds; they would save you a couple of blood-hounds; and you, minister of police, would see further with them than all your scouts and bailiffs. Now, Jew, in consideration of your uncommon acuteness, the fifty lashes which you received are worth fifty sequins, which they have saved you, for now we demand but fifty—draw out your purse, and abstain for the future from any jest concerning us or our possessions; and continue still to enjoy our favor."

The whole court were of course in a great admiration at Abner's sagacity, for his majesty had declared him to be a clever fellow, but all this did not repay him for his sufferings or console him on the loss of his beloved sequins. It was with sighs and groans that he counted them out, one after another, weighing them as they passed through his spindle fingers. Meanwhile, Schunri, the Emperor's jester, continued to laugh at him, and to ask him whether all his sequins had been tried by the same touch-stone at which the dun horse of the Prince Abdallah had tried his bit.

And thus ended the adventure of Abner the Jew, who saw nothing.

From the Louisville Times.
An Editor overboard—The last hours of a Bachelor—Thrilling Incidents—Full Particulars.

We have just returned from Lexington. Whilst there, we saw the editor of the Statesman off. It was a melancholy spectacle for the contemplation of frail human nature. We wept like a child. He was our friend, and we liked him. We knew him well. We have slept in the same bed and drank whiskey at the same grocery—"OR in the silly night"

Have we wandered forth together, and as the cool breezes played with our hyperion curls, we spouted poetry to the pale-faced Moon and the bright twinkling stars—even till the gray streaks of the early dawn, or the rumbling of the milk man's wagon admonished us to seek our "virtuous couches." But alas! poor Yorick! He is gone.

On Wednesday morning, January 6th, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, the unfortunate young man underwent the extreme penalty of his infatuation. He expiated his attachment to Miss Melissa Jones, in front of the altar railings of the Church, in the city of Lexington, State of Kentucky.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Wigginton's, some ten miles back of Jeffersonville, in Indiana, seven or eight months ago, that Mr. J. H. Johnson was then and there introduced to Miss Jones, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attention; dancing with her no less than eleven sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner.—From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in Wednesday morning's catastrophe.

Poor Johnson had barely attained his thirty-ninth year; but there a belief that but for reasons strictly of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to permit his addresses, and thus to some extent become accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten, he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, we knocked at his door, when the doomed youth told us to "come in." On being asked by us when he meant to go to bed, he replied, "Not yet." We then put the question to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he replied: "I don't know!" He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of whisky. After taking some "forty drops" of himself, we asked if he would have anything more that night. He said "Nothing" in a firm voice. We then rose to take our leave, when the doomed one considerably advised us to "take care of yourself."

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to nine the next morning, the victim of cupid having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave without the least injury to his face. It would seem that he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet. We had never seen him better dressed. He was attired in a light blue dress coat with frosted buttons, a white vest and dark cassimere trousers, with "high heeled" patent leather boots. He wore around his neck a light colored scarf, which partly concealed the corrazzo of his bosom. In front of the scarf was a breast pin of huge dimensions, fashioned after a harp—upon one of the strings of which he is now supposed to be playing.

Having descended the stair case with a quick step, he entered the counting-room of the Statesman office, where we and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and being asked how he slept, answered "Pretty good," and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy." We hereupon suggested that it would be as well to "take something" before the melancholy ceremony was gone through. He exclaimed with much emphasis, "decidedly," and immediately called for "Brandy cocktails for six," which we paid for.—Breakfast was then served, when to the astonishment of all, he ate three French rolls, six sausages, four soft boiled eggs, a huge piece of rump steak, three great breakfast cups of tea, and many other things in proportion. He said when we got up from the table, that he never "felt happier in his life." Having inquired the time and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked with great self-possession, that it would "soon be over." We then enquired feelingly, if we could be of any service to him, when he said he would "take a glass of ale." Having drunk this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now rapidly approached, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distributing those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, whilst having more confidence in our business capacity than that of others, he entrusted to our keeping divers and sundry unrecipited washing and boarding bills, with the affectionate request that the proceeds should go to our next baby as a testimonial of the regard which he had for its "talented father"—as a local editor of the best paper in the Union, and as a magnificent judge of fine whisky. To Mr. Charles Wheatly, the chief clerk in the Statesman office, with whom he had been upon terms of friendship, he entrusted his latch key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity to his landlady. The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that the omnibus was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle into which he got, whilst we occupied the right side of him. His other friend followed behind, on foot.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place,

after which we were joined by the lady and some of her friends. Very little was said on either side; but Miss Jones, with customary decorum, shed tears. Johnson endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eye brows, proclaimed his inward agitation.

All the necessary preliminaries having now been settled and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through, the usual question was put:—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"
"I WILL," with emphasis.

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Jones' finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony.

Madame Johnson is recently from our neighboring State of Indiana. She is pretty good looking, but entirely too fleshy for Johnson. Her father claims a good many acres of land in the West, but they are principally occupied by the Indians just now; he also has some stock in the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, which is worth from two to two and a half cents on the dollar. Johnson informed us that her father would likely do something handsome for Melissa. He says she was much of a belle in her neighborhood, which was very gratifying to the feelings of old Jones and he hasn't any doubt but the old cock will "fork over" in a short time. If he don't do the fair thing Johnson intends to publish him in the Statesman. He told us

From the New York Observer.
First View of Jerusalem.

We lingered longer at Bethlehem than we had intended. Jerusalem is only six miles distant, and it was natural that our desires should be constantly impelling us to ascend the holy hill, and plant our footsteps within the gates of the city. Often in childhood, in youth, and in riper years, our feelings of anxiety to behold the Holy City, as well as the Christians desire to reach the New Jerusalem in the kingdom of God, had been uttered in those words of a favorite hymn—

"Oh! when, thou City of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?"
And it was, therefore, a constant disappointment to feel that we were within an hour or two, of the city, and were yet detained. Still, there was so much in and around Bethlehem to excite the interest of the Christian traveler, that one loved to linger there, and make himself more and more familiar with the hills and valleys made memorable by the earliest associations which we have with our Lord and Savior.

It was with these emotions, that late in the afternoon we left the town of Bethlehem on foot, sending on our luggage with the camels; preferring to make journey as our Lord and his Apostles doubtless often made it in their excursions from Jerusalem hither.

On the road we passed what is called and believe to be the tomb of Rachel. It is a square, stone building, with a dome, differing little from the hundreds and thousands of tombs that are scattered all over the Holy Land. Mahomedans, the Jews, and the Christians all agree in considering it a sacred place, and paying honors to it, as the resting place of the remains of Jacob's beloved wife. Had we not been just missing around spots of deeper interest than this, had we not been expecting to stand soon in the most interesting of all the sacred places on earth, doubtless we should have entered somewhat into the feelings of those Eastern people who, with a pious reverence for the memory of the Patriarch, have sympathy with him in sorrows, and cherish with peculiar veneration the spot where he laid the remains of Rachel. As it was, we hurried on, our desires becoming stronger to behold the city; and just as the sun was setting, our eyes caught the first sight of Jerusalem!

In the whole of our party, who had been weeks and months looking forward to this hour with intense enthusiasm, there was not one who lifted up his voice to give expression to the strong emotions kindled in his soul. Perhaps the feelings of some were so strong to be impressed; perhaps no one wished his neighbor to know how its associations could move him. But the truth was each of us was willing to enjoy the luxury alone, and did not wish to disturb or