

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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

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Business Directory.

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Selected Poetry.

Sparkling Sunday Night.

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Star-like eyes are casting
On your face their lights,
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly 'tis working,
On this day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! 'tis pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the many things,
The folks in meeting said:
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite;
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparkling Sunday night!

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste,
She freely slips your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh! thunder, ain't it pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock; I snuff!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come;
You ask with spiteful accents,
If "that old clock is right,"
And wonder if it ever
Sparkled on Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five six you look—
But thinking that you rob her,
Give back those you took;
Then as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight;
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night!

Poetic Imagery.

Thought is the Spirit's lightning, sent
To cleanse the murky night of time;
It falls, and lo! the hills are rent,
And burst the hoary walls of crime.

One thinker, fresh from God, goes forth,
And, like a sower sent to sow,
He scatters whirled o'er the earth,
But in his path white lilies grow.

One thinker, bold and strong, and true,
Inspired from God in heart and tongue,
Shall make Earth's day-star chant anew
The strain that flowed o'er Eden's fount.

the noble attributes of the soul which I loved.

Of mere sexual love I knew nothing; until I had reached my eighteenth year, I had never had even a boy playmate.— To school I had never been; my aunt had taught me to read and write, and some of the more ordinary female accomplishments.

But a new chimera penetrated my aunt's brain. A stray newspaper came to Pine Forest, and in its columns was the advertisement of a female seminary, which was to be opened for young ladies, at Landsdown, in a short time.

To this school my aunt was resolved to send me. I felt no delight at the intelligence. Study was distasteful to me. I liked better to go out on the bare hills when the storm demon was abroad in his raging, and baring my dark brow to the wild winds, and cast my restless eyes out into the deep gloom, or, raising my face up to heaven, gaze unshrinkingly on the red lightnings which were vomited from the cloud's black bosoms.

But aunt said I must go to school, and when I openly demurred, she told me of the many wonderful things I should learn, and the interesting objects I would see; and I strove to curb my wild will in obedience to her wish.

Two months passed rapidly away in preparation; my clothes were ready packed in aunt's great black trunk, and, accompanied by our farm servant, I was sent to Landsdown. Jacob engaged a boarding place for me, in a family of wealth and respectability, and then he returned to Blackwater.

Words cannot describe to you the heart-loneliness I felt that first night. Alone, I sat by my little window, which looked out upon a tall, dark church, and a dismal grave yard, with its white tombstones gleaming in the ghostly moonlight. I loved the view. It was more in accordance with my own dark feelings than the cheerful interior of my pretty chamber. All was light and pleasant there. The large solar lamp sent its silver light over the crimson couch hangings, and illuminated the wallpaper until the room seemed a garden of living flowers. But I liked not cheerfulness. What right had I to be bright and gay? Was I not a waif on the fair earth? There was no one in the wide world to love me; would any one weep when I should be laid away in the death-mould? I asked the question with bitterness. No, there were none to love me! I hid my head on the window-sill, and clasped my hands over my eyes.

When I awoke the sun was shining warmly over my disordered hair, and the little robins and sparrows were singing pleasantly in the churchyard trees. I roused myself, and making a hasty toilet, descended to the breakfast-room. The family had already assembled. There was a row of strange faces at the table; young gentlemen and ladies who, like myself, were to attend the school. I fancied they were ridiculing me, and I doubt not they were, for one of the young men repeated a few words in an unknown language, looking at me all the while, at which they all laughed heartily, and turned their great prying eyes curiously upon me. The young ladies evidently not regarding me in the light of a rival in the young men's affections, joined with them in the general attempt of quizzing me.

I bore this as long as I could, and then from the depths of my fierce, wild heart there welled up a few bitter, withering words and I spoke them. The surprised company were silenced, but occasionally they cast looks of covert scorn toward me. After breakfast they spoke no encouraging friendly word to me, but conversed apart, in groups, and I knew that I was their subject, by the glances which they bestowed upon my shrinking, sensitive form.

To one of my nature, this treatment was galling in the extreme, and I made up my mind to hate them all. Even the little girl, the daughter of the people who kept the boarding house, seemed to take exquisite delight in torturing me, asking me spiteful questions about my dress, contemplated studies, etc.

Prof. Montcalm considered for a moment and then told me that I might study and recite separately from the others, after the school had closed at night. And more, he said that if I was, as he feared, a little sensitive, I might study out of school if I chose. Oh how my heart blessed him for his kind words!

assailed her? Sick at heart, I leaned against a shade-tree for support.

Only one in all that merry company understood my feelings. Heaven bless her, wherever she may be! She was a lame girl, a little younger than myself, with a pale, sweet face, and a gentle, pitying voice. She came hastily toward me, laid her small hand on my arm, and looking into my face, with one of her soul-full glances she said timidly, "Pardon me, but you seem to be a stranger here; are you going to attend the school?" I could have fallen down and worshipped her for the first kind words which had greeted my ear since my arrival in Landsdown. She bade me follow her to the dressing-room, and there she took off my bonnet and shawl, and conducted me to the hall, where she showed me a seat where I could sit until Professor Montcalm should arrive and assign me one.

There I sat in trembling suspense, waiting for the great bell to sound the signal of commencement. It rang out, at last, loud and clear. There was a hurried rushing of the young ladies for their seats, then a stillness, broken only by an occasional whisper, and then steps in the wide passage announced the coming of the Principal. I did not raise my head to look at him, even when I heard his deep sweet voice calling each young lady to come up separately, that he might register her name, and purposed course of studies.

One by one, they went to him. I alone could not gather courage to look at him. How could I rise and walk across that long hall alone, a mark to all those curious gazers? There was a silence during which I felt the eyes of all upon me. The tears started to my eyes, I could not restrain them, and in shame and agony I dropped my head upon the arm of the settee.

There was a sound of confused buzzing in the room, but over all rose that firm, stately tread which approached me. It paused at my side. With a sudden impulse, I raised my head, and looked at the face of him beside me. It was Prof. Montcalm. I knew it by his regal form, his high serene brow, and his unconscious dignity of manner.

He bent his calm dark eyes upon my distorted face for a moment, and then stepping so that his form concealed me from the listening pupils, he said, in his low winning voice—
"Is it your intention to become a member of my school, young stranger?"
"Yes," I faltered out between my stifled sobs.
"Your name, if you please," said the same musical voice.
"Genevieve Fairfield," I returned.
He wrote the name. "What studies, Miss Fairfield?"

I replied, by handing him the letter which my aunt had written concerning my projected course, and with newly inspired confidence, I watched him while he read it.

Every feature of his face is before me now. I can see the forehead where majestic benignity reigned peacefully with powerful intellect—the wild, rich hair, thrown carelessly over the classic head, the calm, deep eyes, the straight Grecian nose—the mouth half stern, half tender. Yes, I can see Howard Montcalm as he stood before me, years and years ago.

He gave me a written programme of my studies, the hours of recitation all correct, and then with a smile which lighted up his face like the sunshine of heaven, he turned away as he said, "You must try and be contented with us, Miss Fairfield; homelike will, I am afraid, interfere with your progress and make you unhappy."

Mr. Montcalm sat down on the raised platform, and then in regular rotation the different classes were called. I went with fear and trembling. I had never been at school before in my life, and well I knew my deficiency. Very kindly he questioned me, but of course, I could answer nothing. He dismissed the class and called me to his desk. He enquired into the system of my education, and I frankly told him my little history, how that I had lived all my life in an isolated spot, and that my aunt had been my only tutor.

Prof. Montcalm considered for a moment and then told me that I might study and recite separately from the others, after the school had closed at night. And more, he said that if I was, as he feared, a little sensitive, I might study out of school if I chose. Oh how my heart blessed him for his kind words!

The dinner bell sounded, and as a mere form, to avoid being questioned, I forced myself to eat. As soon as I had finished, I returned to my studies. I read and pondered. At last I gave a glad shout! I could recite every word correctly.

Again and again, did I repeat the monotonous phrases and when the bell rung for the close of study hours, I tied on my despatch bonnet and set off for the Academy. School was out, but Prof. Montcalm was waiting for me.

I gave him the book, it was Andrew's Latin Grammar. He asked the questions, I answered all correctly.

A surprised, pleased expression passed over Montcalm's fine face.
"You have done well, Miss Fairfield," he said in a decisive tone, as he returned me the book with the next lesson marked.— "Perseverance and application, my young friend, will place you in the highest ranks of literature." He took up his hat and went out.

Oh! how I prized that commendation coming from his lips! I need not particularize. Days and weeks passed much the same as I have already described. I progressed rapidly. I had outstripped the junior class, and was fast approaching the senior.

Mr. Montcalm praised me, encouraged me, spoke kindly to me. Laura Gray, my first acquaintance, the lame girl, was gentle and friendly towards me, but further than this, I had neither friends nor acquaintances.

My fellow-boarders still preserved towards me the same constrained and half-patronizing, half-ridiculous air, but for that I cared not. His kind word was enough.

My love for music had always amounted to a passion, and if I was very sad, or if through the dark veil which shrouded my lone life there came a sky of sunshine, I would improvise some wild thrilling harmony. It was a power which the soaring winds, the surging pines, the gushing rivers had given me, and it soothed me when my soul was overflowing.

One evening when I came to recite, Prof. Montcalm had gone to the lower hall for a consultation with the assistant teacher, and I sat down in the great lonely hall to await his return. One of my sad strange moods came over me and I sang. I forgot that I might be overheard and ridiculed. I only remembered that I was sad and I sang until the great load of heaviness was raised from my soul. As the last wild echo died away in the still arches, Montcalm came in at the open door. He appeared agitated, but he heard my lesson through and then as he handed me the book he said, "pardon me, Miss Fairfield, if I enquire where you received your musical culture?"

An overwhelming sense of shame came over me, that he, whose good opinion I valued more than that of the whole world, should have heard my wild heart outgushings, and I buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly.

Montcalm understood me. He set down beside me, and said earnestly, "listen to me, Miss Fairfield, I meant not to wound your feelings. You are too sensitive for this rough world of trial. But what I would say to you is this, you have a voice more powerful than any I have ever heard. It has moved me in a manner in which I am seldom moved. Now I would propose that you enter the class of Herr Von Getchenberg, he is a superior vocalist and an unrivaled instructor. Will you consent, Miss Fairfield?"

stretched to their utmost tension, and range, and chalk-balls were in urgent demand.

I had no fine clothes in which to appear, so I wore the pale, straw-colored calico which had been my church dress in summer. Ornaments I had none, not even a ring or a pin, and my muslin collar was fastened by a plain black ribbon. Excitement had lent a crimson blush to my wan cheek, and my eyes were almost fearful in their great brilliancy.

The time came for me to read my essay. It was the last exercise. I rose, my head swam, I saw but one face in all that assembly, and that face was his. It strengthened me. I read the composition; the subject was "Desolation." I had thrown into the essay all the wild energies of my lonely soul, all the vain yearnings of my desolate heart, and I succeeded in what I had desired. The audience which filled that vast hall sat spell-bound! The stillness of the tomb was there! I finished and sat down, no one moved; no one spoke. Pale and still they sat, some in tears, others with cheeks white and dry.

I looked at Montcalm, his head lay on the desk before him, and his form quivered with emotion. At length, the manager announced the exercises at an end, and the spectators departed, leaving Montcalm alone with his pupils. In a few appropriate words he bade us farewell. Each one, in passing out, took him by the hand, and received from him some parting admonition. I held back until the last. There was a melancholy pleasure in being the last to say adieu to him whom we all loved.

He took my hand. My whole frame thrilled at his touch, all the life-long agony of my existence was pent in that moment! My courage forsook me, my self-restraint gave way, and "Oh, God!" escaped my lips.

We were alone; Montcalm bent his head until his breath played upon my cheek, and his voice was broken and agitated as he said, "Miss Fairfield—Genie, do you love me?"

My face flushed crimson with shame; he knew my fatal secret. I would rather have lain down at his feet and died, than he should have known it.

I replied bitterly: "Alas! was this blow needed to complete my utter wretchedness, my great humiliation?"

Montcalm's face lighted up with intense joy; he caught me to his breast. "Dearest Genie," he exclaimed, while his kisses rained upon my face, "and you do love me, darling, you have loved me a long time!"

I would my arms around his neck and held him close to my bosom, for I feared even in that moment of ecstasy, an undefinable something, dreadful, and unknown.

Oh, the bliss of sitting in the lonely old hall, with the twilight shadows around us, while he told me in his low, thrilling voice, all his love, his hopes—all, all.

night was dark and gloomy, and the wind moaned fitfully in the black forest. I asked no questions; my companion gave no explanations. Arrived at the railroad depot, we stepped on board the night train which was on the point of leaving, and for the space of ten hours we traveled without intermission. At last the train stopped. It was nearly noon, and we were in the midst of a great city. My companion handed me into a carriage and we were driven rapidly along. The streets through which we passed, were silent and deserted. No carriage passing save black, gloomy hearse, and the ghastly dead carts, and I felt at once that I was in a city of pestilence.

Our carriage stopped before an imposing stone edifice. I was assisted to alight and with a feeling of suffocation I followed my guide up the marble steps to the great gilded door. He turned the handle without ringing, and entered a gorgeously carpeted hall. A broad flight of variegated marble steps led upwards. My guide motioned me to follow him and passed noiselessly up. We arrived at the last landing, he pushed open the mahogany door and said, gently, "She has come!" then turning he left me in a large apartment furnished in a style of Oriental splendor. In a gorgeously curtained alcove there was a low couch. I sprang towards it. Great God! there he lay, so fearfully changed that an indifferent person would not have recognized him—my heart's idol! he whom I loved better than all the world. With a scream I caught him in my arms. I pressed my lips to his cheek, I kissed the damp sweat from his forehead, and laid my face on his. "Oh, Genie! poor, dear, lost Genie!" was all that he said.

Then when he was more composed, he said, "why did you come, Genie. I was mad to send for you, it is death far you to stay here; but, oh Genie! so longed to feel your dear hand upon my hot brow once more!— You will die if you stay here, darling, with this fearful pestilence—here, where I had arranged everything for you—oh, Genie, it is hard to die and leave you just as life's sweet dream of love was over you! This was to have been our home, I had chosen everything for you; and now, I must be laid in the cold grave mould! Oh God! oh God! He drew down my head to his bosom, and said in a faint whisper, "dearest Genie, if it had been His will to have permitted me to live, I would have made your life-journey joyous! I would have plucked every thorn from your pathway. But it was not to be so, dearest, and God never decrees unjustly. Promise me, Genie, that you will bow submissively to His great will!"

Howard talked to me much more until his strength was wasted, and the black pestilential shadow drew closer around him. As the moon rose in the east, he put his feeble arms about me, and murmured, "Mine in Heaven Genie!" Then a cold calm settled over his face, the light went out in his eyes, his arms lay like lead around me; I fell on his dead bosom, and for many years I was as one unborn!

I am old now. My once jetty hair is white as December snow. My limbs are palsied by age, my voice is feeble and broken. I am called an old maid. The young girls in their rosy bloom, ask me why I have never married, and smile at my lonely eccentric life. All my relatives are lying 'neath the valley clouds, and I live here alone in my grand, gloomy house, at Blackwater.

I would not have it otherwise. God has taught me to look to him alone for happiness. He took away my idol; but it was all right.

I feel that my earthly pilgrimage is almost over; that I shall soon pass through the Valley of Gloom into the eternal sunshine of Heaven. Howard awaits me there, and I cock forward with blissful anticipation, to the time when I shall look into his eyes by the calm, pure light of Heaven.

CIVIL LIBERTY.—Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites, in proportion as their love to justice is above their capacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

The following is a very appropriate epitaph upon an avaricious man:
At rest beneath this stone
Lies slung Jiminy Wyatt,
He died one morn at ten,
And saved a dinner by it!

A child six years of age heard his father praying the other morning for the good time when the "words shall be turned into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks," and enquired inquisitively, "what will the Sharpe's rifles be turned into, pa?"