

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.

THE MARSHALL DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
A. C. THOMPSON & P. McDONALD

TERMS:

If paid in advance..... 1 50
At the end of six months..... 2 00
delayed until the end of the year..... 2 50

ADVERTISING:

one square (ten lines or less), three weeks, 1 00
each additional insertion..... 25
1/2 Column three months..... 8 00
1/2 Column six months..... 12 00
1/2 Column one year..... 18 00
1/2 Column three months..... 8 00
1/2 Column six months..... 12 00
1/2 Column one year..... 18 00
Column three months..... 14 00
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AND
AND
AND
CUTS, BORDERS, &c., &c.

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which enables us to execute, on short notice and reasonable terms, all kinds of Plain and Ornamental
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Selected Poetry.

Poetry for the Times.
BY A BOY WITH A BEARD ON.
You watch your neighbor's actions
More than you do your own;
You cannot, or you will not,
Let his affairs alone!
In short, your neighbor's business,
Which none concerneth you,
You meddle with till yours
Is clearly out of view!
You see your neighbor's failings,
But do not see your own;
And think that you are worthy
To cast at him the stone—
When, if you'd wipe the mirror,
Till you yourself could see,
You'd find your faults as erring
And full of just as he!
The way you judge a person
Is by the cloth he wears;
You do not stop to notice
The inward heart he bears.
If his dress is growing seedy,
Or ragged, old and torn,
You pass him by unheeding
Or look at him with scorn.
But if he has fine garments,
And wears a golden chain,
You hesitate no longer
That person to ordain;
A gentleman you praise him,
You laud him to the skies,
No matter if he dresses,
If he isn't good and wise!
You feel yourself above those
Not quite as rich as you,
Too proud and vain to speak with
The man whose dress is few.
Well, do so, if you wish to—
But in heaven, beyond the sky,
Ye proud ones shall be humbled,
And lowly ones made high.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1776, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggles, in the small village of S— in Pennsylvania, lived V—, one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of three scums and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his household consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of the dwelling house, immediately over the front door was a small room called the 'armory,' in which the arms were deposited, and all-ways kept ready for immediate use.—About the time we introduce our story the neighborhood of our village was very much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and deprivations of numerous Tories. It was a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon in the aforesaid summer, when Judge V., and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed slave, were attending service in the village church. Nota breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere; not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day. The time was dangerous, and Catharine and the old slave remained in the house until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. "Surely," said Catharine to the slave "the family have not yet come—church can't be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see who it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down she saw six men standing the front door and on the opposite side of the street, and three of whom she knew were Tories, who formerly resided in the village. Their names were Van Zant, Finley, and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them. Van Zant was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in the vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S— that he did not get the credit of planning and executing. The character of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zant was a master-spirit of iniquity. The appearance of such characters, and under such similar circumstances, must have been alarming to any young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V— possessed her father's spirit, "the spirit of the times." Van Zant was standing on the stoop rapping at the door while his companions were talking in a whisper on the opposite side of the way. "Is Judge V— at home?" asked Van Zant, when he saw Catharine at the window above. "He is not," said she. "We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zant, "we will walk in until he returns." "No," said Catharine, "when he went to

church he left particular directions not to have the door opened until he and his family returned. You had better call when church is dismissed." "No, I'll not," returned he, "we will enter now or never." "Impossible," cried she, "you cannot enter until he returns." "Open the door," cried he, "or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up." So saying, he threw himself with all the force he possessed against the door, at the same time calling on his companions to assist him. The door however resisted their efforts. "Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man," at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horse pistol, ready cocked. At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zant, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated. "What," cried the leader, "you cowards! are you frightened at the threats of a girl?" and again he threw himself violently against the door. The weapon was immediately discharged, and Van Zant fell. The report was heard at the church, and males and females rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V—, they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase; and from an upper window of his residence a handkerchief was waving as if beckoning for aid. All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival Van Zant was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength enough to acknowledge that they had long contemplated robbing that house, and had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when lying concealed in the woods, they saw the Judge and his family going to church. The body of the dead Tory was taken and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relatives in that vicinity. After an absence of two or three hours the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V—, liberated on the point of promise of amending their lives. It was in the month of October of the same year that Catharine V., was sitting by an upper back window in her father's house, knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the house, was a barn, a huge, old fashioned edifice, with upper and lower folding doors; and accidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small door (on a range with the front door and window at which she was sitting) open and a number of men enter. The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her mind, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in the field at some distance from the house, led her to suspect that that opportunity had been improved by some of Van Zant's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises; it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the armory, she selected a well loaded musket, and resumed her place at the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she had produced she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn by the same door they had entered. The report brought her father and his workmen to the house, and going to the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor. Catharine V— afterwards married a Captain in the Continental army, and she lives the honored mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The old house is still in the land of the living, and has been the scene of many pranks of the writer of this sketch in the hay-day of mischievous boyhood. TALE-BEARING.—Never repeat a story, unless you are certain it is correct, and even then unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or the good of the person concerned. Tatling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never approach his character, by telling that which is false. He who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. "A story never loses anything," is wisely remarked; but on the contrary, gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for truth. Truly "the tongue is an unruly member full of deadly poison."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
Governor Johnson, of Georgia, and the Richmond Enquirer
Hershel V. Johnson, the present Governor of Georgia, and one of the most distinguished of the State-rights Democracy in the South, has written a letter to Jackson, Mississippi which, in its temper and sentiment, affords a most agreeable contrast to the ultra and insane course marked out by the Richmond Enquirer. The able but indiscreet editor of that print, who is advocating a departure from the present settled policy of the Union, as well as the Democracy upon the slavery question, by insisting that no free State should be admitted into the Union without being accompanied by a slave State, is well rebuked by Gov. Johnson in the following extract. We cannot doubt that Gov. Johnson, in his determination to support the present "status" of the slavery question, expresses the sentiments of the great mass of the Southern people. We are satisfied that no considerable portion of them will approve of the policy of the Richmond Enquirer in disturbing that "status," and that sheet will be made to understand that it has taken a "shoot" not only anti-Democratic, but utterly opposed to the interests of the South.—It is by adhering resolutely to the doctrines of Congressional non-intervention upon slavery, and leaving the matter to be determined by the people of the Territories, as well as the States, that the South can best maintain its equality in the Union. Under that doctrine, whether it result in free or slave States, the South can have quiet and entire assurance that its reserved rights will never be trampled upon. The "organization" in the Senate, advocated by the Richmond Enquirer, is at war with the laws of nature and of population, and is, therefore, absurd. Governor Johnson says: "In view of the importance of this consideration, it seems to me unfortunate for the South, particularly at this juncture, that any new and extreme policy should be broached. We have obtained by the recent legislation of Congress, a recognition of the equality of the States and the repeal of the Missouri Restriction. Whatever ground of complaint is furnished by the past, the South enjoys, for the present, a full admission of her constitutional rights. The Democracy of the non-slaveholding States, at the hazard of political martyrdom at home, have gallantly maintained our cause. Is it not wise to adhere to our existing attitude, rather than raise issues which, not involving positive right, may drive us from their support and cooperation? I will instance the proposition to re-open the slave trade. What good could result from reiteration of this question? None whatever. Even if demanded by the interests of the South, as its advocates contend, is it not utterly impracticable, so long as the Union of the States is preserved? The unanimous demand of the South could not effect it; for the North would as unanimously oppose it; while we could not complain that, by such opposition our rights were infringed. The concentrated efforts of our Federal Government would be powerless for this purpose; for it is adverse to the sentiments of the civilized world, to our treaty stipulations for its suppression, and the conventional laws of nations, by which it is declared to be piracy. Its agitation is fraught, therefore, with mischief only. It will distract and divide the South, when union is so indispensable. It will tend to drive from us our true friends in the non-slaveholding States, when their cordial cooperation is needed to shield us from Abolition aggression. It will raise to a still higher pitch the prejudices of other nations against us, on account of the existence of Southern slavery. It was wise, therefore, to adhere to the present status of the slavery question. It is protected by the Constitution, and our Northern friends can safely fight our battles on their own soil; with their alliance we can maintain our rights in the Union. I repeat, then, let us cultivate that alliance with scrupulous assiduity and by all honorable means."

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The last expedition to discover the source of the Nile, was sent by Mehmet Ali, the enlightened and energetic Viceroy of Egypt, and occupied the years of 1841, '42 and '43. The expedition penetrated to the fourth degree of north latitude. And all along this immense distance of more than three thousand miles for which the Nile has been traced, it presented the same unvarying prospect as in upper Egypt and Soudan. A mighty stream was rolling on, and yet untraced by rains and without any discovered source, and seeming to gush out of the earth's inmost heart, and under the earth's equator. Disheartened by unsuccessful labor, though prolonged to nearly three years, the object they pursued fleeing before them like an ignis fatuus the farther they went, the expedition at length turned back, leaving the mystery to be solved by others, if ever solved. No official account of the expedition has ever been published; but some of the party have given accounts of their adventures of greater or less extent, from which many interesting facts may be gathered.—*Abingdon Statesman.*

The Arkansas Judiciary.
"Quiz" the Arkansas correspondent of N. O. Picayune, balances his account with Louisiana, by telling the following joke on the Arkansas Judiciary: Some years ago a man without family or relations, lived in a county in this State, and was possessed of an estate worth some \$5,000. He went to New Orleans, and was gone about four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration letters on his estate—wound it up and discharged the Administrator.—The man returned—had been to Mexico—applied to the judge for his property—when in open court the following dialogue took place: Dead Man—If your honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead. Court—I know—that is, as a man—that you are alive and in court—but as a court I know you are dead, for the records of this court say so, and against their verity there can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read. Dead Man—But I want my property, and it is no matter to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, and have not transferred my property; to deprive me of it against my consent is against all law. Court—If you insinuate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail. Dead Man—Send a dead man to jail? Court—Mr. Sheriff, take this apparition out. Sheriff—Be thou ghost or goblin dam'd I'll speak to thee!—let's go and take something to drink. The Judge stuck to that so far as his case was concerned, he was dead—and the poor fellow went into chancery, and spent all he had made in Mexico, and the rest.

AN ARAB MARE.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that among the treasures which Mr. Troy, the artist, bro't from his recent explorations in the oriental countries is a veritable Arab mare. The animal, which was purchased for a stock importing company in Kentucky, is now in New York. She is a long, well knit, shapely creature, of a greyish color, about the average size, with very large and muscular thighs, and a marvelous elasticity in every movement. Her value is estimated at \$10,000. This is the second mare of the Desert which has been brought to this country. The first, also imported by the Kentucky Company, came in by the way of New Orleans.

FOR EVERY MILE THAT WE LEAVE the surface of the earth the temperature falls five degrees. At forty-five miles distant from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero, and hence cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed in the Arctic Circle is from 60 to 60 degrees below zero, and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 160 degrees below zero. At this temperature carbonic acid gas becomes solid substance like snow. If touched, it produces just the effect of a red hot choker; it blisters the fingers like a burn. Quick-silver, or mercury, freezes at 40 deg. below zero; that is 72 deg. below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons, however, would melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with, would become solid if exposed to the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like wax, or would be in reality "as hard as rock;" pure spirit, which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a ladle like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume.—These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.

HORACE GREELY SUED FOR LIBEL.—In connection with the fact that Horace Greeley has recently sued a number of editors for libel, perhaps it may be interesting to know that Mr. Greeley himself has just been made the defendant in a similar action. The plaintiff is Elias Combs, a prominent Tenth Ward know-nothing, and he lays his damages at \$5,000. It appears from the complaint that the principal libel was an allegation in an article published on the 5th of March last, that the plaintiff was escorted home by a female committee of one from a porter-house in that ward, frequented by the influential politicians living in that part of the city; and a further allegation that one of the brothers of the Council had furnished brother Combs (meaning the plaintiff) with a pair of "blue-rimmed goggles" to aid him in groping his way home. The defendant set up the truth of the alleged libel, and gave notice that he will give in evidence all the facts and circumstances of the matter in mitigation of damages.

WATER BY BORING.—A subterranean river has been struck by persons engaged in boring an Artesian well at Henderson, Ky., from which a jet of water is forced up through the bore and thrown to the height of fifty feet above the surface of the ground.

ENTERTAINED.—A few days since Mr. Slough, a member of the Ohio House of Representatives from Hamilton county, was most graciously invited by Mr. Caldwell, a member from Ashland county, to be seated with a "blow." For this act Mr. Slough has been expelled by a strict party vote. He will be returned to his seat by the democracy of Hamilton county, by a triumphant vote.

From Havana—Storm in the Gulf.
New York, Jan. 15.
Havana papers of January 5th contain full details of the recent storm in the Gulf. The steamer *Irtubide* was at anchor off Vera Cruz when wrecked. Eighty-five of her crew were lost, and 17 saved by floating ashore on parts of the wreck. The brig *Neupar*, a New York packet, was a total wreck. The crew were saved. The steamer *Calhoun* was driven off, but subsequently reached Alvarado disabled. The steamer *Monterey* was wrecked on the Savantra. Nearly all on board perished.—The steamer *Daniel Webster* was driven ashore near Indianola. Several foreign vessels were wrecked at Vera Cruz. A party of Mexican officers had arrived at Havana, to take possession of the runaway Mexican steamer, but her former commander and crew refused to surrender her. Senor Palemno, City Treasurer of Havana, had absconded, being a defaulter to a large amount. Mark Chauncey, an American sailor, and his wife, in the conspiracy at the Isle of Pines, it was thought, would suffer death for its complicity in that affair. Among the lost on board the steamer *Irtubide* were George Chesley and John Walker, engineers, supposed to be natives of the United States. Damascus, Independent of its central position, it has attractions in itself superior, perhaps, to any city in the East. We have heard of "rose-red cities half as old as Time;" but Damascus is at least as old as any recorded history, and is in fact the oldest city we know of which preserves to this day its original importance. From the time when Abraham left his home "between the rivers" to journey westward to the "Land of Promise," its name has been familiar, its beauty and riches have been proverbial for four thousand years, and it has been a link never broken between the patriarchal age and that of the steam engine. It has come under the dominion of David, of Jeroboam, of Pharaoh, Necho, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, of Pompey, of Cleopatra, of Herod, of the Moslem, of Timour the Tartar, of the Sultans of Constantinople and the Pashas of Egypt, yet it survives and still flourishes. Here is still the "street called straight," where Ananias came, directed by a vision to inquire for one "Saul of Tarsus." Here is still shown a window from which it is said the Apostle was let down. Here is the reputed site of St. Paul's conversion; of John the Baptist, the house of Naaman, and the mosque of Sultan Solim. So various are the associations, near and remote, real or apocryphal, of a city which crowns them all by its rare position and luxuriant verdure, its gardens, its pastures and its "clear streams," its Abana and Pharpar, "better than all the waters of Israel."

A WRINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.—A few days ago we met a gentleman from Alabama, who gives us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of horses, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be, we are sure to most of our readers. It is this: after the horse becomes nine years old a wrinkle comes on the eyelid, and every year after this, one well defined wrinkle for every year over nine.—For instance, the horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve, if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman, and he is confident it will never fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist must give up his trade.—*Southern Planter.*

War in the East.
It appears that the United States as well as Great Britain have cause of complaint against the Chinese authorities, and the man-of-war *Portsmouth*, upon the refusal of the authorities to make reparations, opened fire upon the forts of the Celestials. The insolence of these Eastern barbarians is becoming unbearable, and it is high time they were taught better manners.—Respectful communications addressed to the Chinese Government by both the United States and England have been contemptuously returned without even being opened. The trade of China is confined almost exclusively to the Americans and English, and it is right and proper if the citizens of these nations are not treated with common humanity that the arrogant subjects of the "Son of Heaven" should be taught good manners at the cannon's mouth—if they cannot be taught any other way.

It Pays Well!
Gen. Whitfield was elected to Congress from Kansas, and although Gov. Reeder was not a candidate against him, he contested his right to a seat. The result was, the Republican majority in the House of Representatives turned out Whitfield and refused to put Reeder in. They, however, paid Reeder just as much as if he had been in—that is, several thousand dollars. Another election has since been held in Kansas, and Whitfield has been again elected, and has taken his seat and been sworn in. But Reeder has contested it again, and is now in Washington prosecuting the contest. Of course he has no expectation of getting the seat, but it is evident he is not after that. It is the pay he wants, and it is a shrewd game he plays to get it. It's better than being Governor of Kansas. If he gets pay this time, we shall contest somebody's election ourselves. It's a good business—the way the Republicans carry it on.—*Terre Haute Union.*

Change in the weather makes conversation for loafers.

On the subject of Kansas, the New York Herald has the following comments, which show that it has bid adieu to Black Republicanism, and is sailing on the other tack: "It is a pity to see Governor King yielding to his party so far as to recommend moral and material aid for Kansas, as we understand he is to do. Why on earth not leave Kansas alone? What have we to do with the people of that Territory? What impertinence it is for us to want to dictate to them what sort of institutions they shall have! Let individuals go to Kansas if they chose, and when the right time is come, vote for or against slavery, as their humor or opinion leads them; but the Government of the States has no more to do with the subject than the Queen of England. It might have been hoped that the Governor of the great central State of New York would have set the more thoughtful and less important Governors of the other States a wise lesson on this head." The Herald once hurrahed for Fremont!—*Logansport Pharos.*

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—The Missouri Democrat has become an earnest advocate of the emancipation of the slaves of that State. It suggests that the State buy them, and ship them to Liberia. The number of slaves in Missouri is about 30,000. In concluding its argument in favor of this measure, the Democrat says:—"We trust our fortune and our fate to this great cause of emancipation!"

"HE DANKS."—How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate—"It is a pity!" How his mother anxiously hopes he will not when he grows older; and his sisters persuade themselves already that it is only a few wild oats that he is sowing. And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomy when they talk about it. Young men, just commencing in life, buoyant with hope—don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your sisters, of your wives, of your children—all are laid down upon you. In you the aged live over again their young days; through you only can the weary one obtain a position in society; and from the level on which you place them, must your children go into the great struggle of life.

AVERAGE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.—Professor Buchanan, in a recent lecture before the Mechanic's Institute at Cincinnati, said that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one half who were born died under five years; the average longevity of the whole population was but 13 years. In the seventeenth century one half of the population died under 12 years. But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, one half of the population lived 27 years. In the latter forty years, one-half exceeded 32 years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded 40 years; and from 1837 to 1845 one-half exceeded 43. The average longevity at these successive periods has been increased from 13 years in the sixteenth century up to 43.7 by the last report.

The latest news received from Central America exhibits a new and unpleasant complication of the relations of the little State of Costa Rica with our government. The seizure of the boats of the Transit Company, the blockade of the river San Juan, and violent interruption of transit on that route, are acts of direct hostility to the United States, while they inflict little or no injury on Nicaragua. The people of this country will demand redress for this hostility, and it cannot be doubted that our government will promptly interpose to punish the wrong and prevent further aggression.—*Sentinel.*

By counting the knuckles on the hand, with the spaces between them, all the months with thirty-one days will fall on the knuckles, and those with thirty days or less will come in the spaces. January, first knuckle; February, first space; March second knuckle; April, second space; May, third knuckle; June, third space; July fourth knuckle; August, first space; September, first space; October, second knuckle; November, second space; December, third knuckle.

The London Times, in an article on the Presidency, has the following:
"Who would not be the President of the United States?—the choice of a nation of freemen, the object of most infinite care, solicitude and contention to 17,000,000 of the most intelligent of the human race, the object at which every human point, the topic on which every tongue descants—raised above his fellow-men by no accident of birth, no superiority of wealth, but by the presumed fitness of his personal qualities for one of the most elevated situations that a man may be called upon to fill."

It seems that a portion of the Kansas Relief Fund has been spent in redeeming the "shipplaster" scrip issued by the Topeka Convention, for the payment of its stock members, and of the Governor and other spurious officers under the Free State organization. Over ten thousand dollars have thus been sunk.
The original issuers of the bogus currency have left the State, and abandoned the Topeka imposture. "Gov." Robinson has gone. Lt. Governor Robinson abandons the project. "Gen." Lane and his thieving hordes have left the Territory. But as long as the deluded people of the Atlantic States, sent forward their means to feed and clothe and keep in disorder there, there will be plenty to take the places of the defunct leaders in the cause of public anarchy, and they will continue to issue shipplasters to be thus redeemed by the donations of the credulous.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Good humor and mental charms are as much superior to external beauty as mind is superior to matter.

There are no "war taxes" in Russia; the expenses of the war are met by free gifts from the people.

Women of Kentucky who have children between the age of eight and eighteen years, have the right to vote for School Trustees.