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Love and Fame.

BY H. T. TECKERMAN.

Give me the boon of love!
I ask no more for fame;
Far better love than fame,
Than glory's transient beam.
Why wake a fever in the blood,
Or damp the spirit now,
To gain a wreath whose leaves shall wave
Above a withered brow?

Give me the boon of love!
Ambition's need is vain,
Desire all other's earnest smile
Than honor's richest gain.
I'd rather lean upon a breast
Responsive to my own,
Than sit pavilion'd gorgeously
Upon a kingly throne.

Like the Chaldean sage,
Fame's worshippers adore
The brilliant orb that scatters light
O'er heaven's azure floor;
But, in their very hearts unheeded,
The earnest of love,
Keeps o'er the holy flame, which burns
Hiland's the courts above.

Give me the boon of love!
Renown is but a dream,
Whose faintest echo ever fades
From out the halls of death,
A loving eye glances o'er me,
"Thou art mine," could I but see,
And mine a portion of thy bliss,
Thou art mine, could I but see.

Give me the boon of love!
The path of fame is dear,
A hill-side cold and stern,
One wild flower from the path of love,
All lovely though it be,
Is dearer than the wreath it waves
To stern ambition's eye.

Give me the boon of love!
The lamp of fame shines far,
But love's soft light glows near and warm—
A pure and household star.
One tender glance can fill the soul
With a parental fire;
But glory's flame burns fitfully—
A lone funeral pyre.

Give me the boon of love!
Fame's trumpet strains depart,
But love's sweet lute breathes melody
That lingers in the heart.
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in the happy sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom.

Rough and Ready Sermon, No. 6.

BY THE PRAIRIE PREACHER.

TEXT:—"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."
My Hearers:

How often, in the course of life, do we see the words of our text verified! What a vast amount of strife, contention, discord and violence might be avoided by a gentle word, a mild answer, or a forgiving look. Contention is like unto a spark of fire; if discovered in season, a little water, properly applied, will extinguish it; but on the other hand, let the wind blow upon it, and the tiny spark increases in size and heat, until it is fanned into a flame, which, serpent like, springs forth from its hiding place, with forked tongue and fiery breath, enlarging in size and power by every gust of wind that sweeps along the earth, until, breaking loose from all control, it rushes on

in its furious course, heeding not the beggar's cot, or the nobleman's palace in its wild career, until all is laid low in one vast heap of ruins. How often do we see a whole neighborhood, or town, engaged in one general quarrel. Every man is against his fellow—a deep-seated feeling of aggression and revenge seems to pervade all minds, nothing else is thought of—nothing else is talked of, but the meanness of this or that person, or of this and that family. Such a one has said this, and another one has said that. One man has torn down his neighbor's fence; that neighbor, in retaliation, has wreaked his vengeance on the poor dumb brutes that overrun his fields; and now, the whole town is up in arms—taking sides with either one or the other party, as they may hear the merits of the case discussed by the respective friends of each. Excitement is up at its highest pitch; old women are running to and fro, retailing the news to every ear; gossip and scandal are gorged with the overplus of food, and the spinners of "street yarns" find plenty of employment. We turn from this disgusting scene, to seek its cause, and see the origin of all this contention.—It was simply a mere trifle; a hasty word had been uttered by one neighbor to another; he had returned it in like spirit, and from that the whole arose. One gentle word, yea, even a mild look, might have averted the entire trouble, and peace would have reigned, where now all is angry strife. So it is in all the relations we sustain towards our fellow-men. We are all depending upon each other. No one can say, with truth, that he is independent of his neighbor. Consequently, courtesy should be used on every and all occasions, towards those with whom we have intercourse.

A greater share of all the strife, contention and wars on earth, might be avoided, by a due regard to courtesy. But "pride that goeth before a fall," steps in and greets the haughty look or sneering answer, and a breach is caused which an age cannot fill up, causing thereby a train of evils, the beneficial effects of which none can calculate. How important, then, for our own welfare, and that of mankind generally, that we accustom ourselves to speak gently. Has our neighbor sinned? A gentle word may reclaim him from the error of his ways, while the bitter taunt will only sink him lower in his fault.

Speak gently, then, and may your words be a healing balm to the broken heart.—Win the erring from their ways by the force of kindness; bind up the wound caused by anger and jealous strife, and when the evening of life casts its shadows around you, how sweet 'twill be to hear the voice of Him who said, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of Heaven."

May such be your reward. So mote it be.

The Supreme Court of the United States.

About seventy years since, this court was established to determine cases within its jurisdiction arising among four millions of people—a number scarcely greater than the present population of the State of New York. At that time our commerce was limited, and little business was done calculated to end in litigation in this court.—The Union was composed of thirteen very sparsely populated States. Six Judges were appointed to perform the duties assigned to the court. For many of the first years of this court, the docket seldom contained thirty cases, and sometimes not half that number. Now we have near seven times the population, and an immense commerce, with a varied and increasing business, calculated to generate controversies to be settled in this court.—We have thirty-one States, one District and seven Territories, and have but three more Judges upon the bench than we had at the first organization of the court. The docket at the present term contains two hundred and sixty-eight cases, including five upon the original docket where sovereign States are parties, less than seventy of which have been heard. At the adjourned term some forty more be considered and disposed of, leaving the business of nearly two annual terms undisposed of, with every prospect of a rapid increase in the number of new cases.

It has been suggested that the progress of this court is not as rapid as that of many State courts. There are striking reasons why this is so. Each State court administers the laws of its own State, and new and difficult questions are not common. The bar and court become familiar with their own peculiar local systems. They seldom have occasion to examine and consider any other. Hence, State tribunals become as familiar with their own judicial matters, as a mechanic with his own tools. But, from the very constitution of the Supreme Court, it is impossible that it can dispatch business with the same fa-

city. It has to deal with, not only the constitution and laws of the United States, the laws of nations, as well as admiralty law, but also those of each of the States and Territories, and of the District of Columbia. To these may be added the laws of France, Spain, and Mexico, so far as the titles of lands are concerned. With the exception of a few common law cases, every one presented is new and special, requiring full argument by counsel and great study and consideration by the court in conference. That the law was settled by the court, and the reasons for its conclusion may be known, its opinions are, with great labor and care, reduced to writing. Cases often occur where the decisions of the tribunals of France, Spain and Mexico, have to be examined in the languages of those countries. The reports of each of the States are daily cited, and are necessarily examined and considered, and especially those of the State where the cause of action arose.

Cases in equity are frequently presented in which the facts extend to a thousand or fifteen hundred printed pages. Patent cases alone now occasion the court nearly as much labor as all others did in early times. The court has often been called on to construe the "military codes" established by our military officers during our various wars. No judicial tribunal on earth administers such a multitude of laws so widely differing in their character. Upon no one is imposed so much investigation and labor. If they cannot promptly clear its docket, it is not the fault of the judges, but it results naturally from the extraordinary system which the law requires it to administer. That some change is absolutely necessary, both on account of the court and the rights of suitors to speedy justice, no one can fairly question. What change shall be made has been the subject of no small diversity of opinion. We have heard the following suggestions:

I. To relieve the judges of the Supreme Court from circuit duties, and require them to devote their whole time to cases in bank.

II. To prohibit appeals and writs of error in cases where less than five or ten thousand dollars are in controversy.

III. Not to allow the review of any case, except where the constitution, laws and treaties of the United States, or the laws of nations, or admiralty law, are involved.

IV. The establishment of an inferior court to review and finally determine certain classes of cases like those arising upon contracts, except those called maritime, and upon patents for useful inventions, and leaving only the residue for the Supreme Court.

To cut off a considerable portion of the jurisdiction of the District and Circuit Courts, and thereby lessen the number of cases which can be removed to the Supreme Court, leaving the State tribunals a wider field of action; as, for instance, to exclude from the jurisdiction of the National Courts cases arising upon ordinary contracts, or growing out of patents, &c.

It is not our purpose to recommend either of these modes of relief as preferable to the other. All we wish to say is that it is due to the public, to suitors, and to the court, that a change should be made which will secure a speedy administration of justice in this high tribunal. It is a subject well worthy of the serious and early attention of Congress, and is wholly independent of all political considerations.—*Wash. Union.*

Mr. Cheate on Burr and Hamilton.

On Thursday night last, Hon. Rufus Cheate delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in Boston, on Burr and Hamilton. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. From an abstract of the lecture published in the Traveller, we make the following extracts:

Mr. Cheate's first words after his introduction were, "The name of Washington." Washington, he said, was never the founder, leader, or follower of a party. From the hour when he stood so nobly upon the banks of the Allegheny, till he died so grandly at Mount Vernon, he was eminent first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He lived and acted and fell asleep before our age.—Yet history, biography, all the records of his day give him to our memory only as our father. It was his to do such national things only, as we all understood, appreciate, honor to the last. There might have been a few who were glad when he died, but his survivors spoke for all men, when they thanked God that he had laid his pure and white fame where misfortune could not harm it, or calumny tarnish it. On the day that he died, our age of party began.

And among the partisans whom we would consider as Aaron Burr. Burr in four years, ending with 1779, rose to the command of his regiment in the Revolutionary war, everywhere equal to himself, everywhere unslaking, skillful and brave. And this was all that remained to us of him. All the rest of his life was nothing to us.

In 1791, partly through the unpopularity of Schuyler, and partly from other causes, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, was chosen Vice President in 1800, and in an evil hour competed with Jefferson for the Presidency, by which he was ruined in 1801. His duel with Ham-

ilton in 1804 completed his ruin. After 1799, therefore, as a public man in the service of America, he appeared before us no more.

Where was he in the dark unrest of eight years, where was he when the people were called on to vote on the grandest and hardest question that ever exercised the heart of man? Jefferson was in France, John Adams in Holland in the diplomatic service, and might be silent; but Burr was here, and what said he or did he to help form the gathering opinion of America in that day? In him of the lover, the guide of America, of the people there was nothing. He was silent while the Constitution was being formed. Cold and polished, he stood aloof, admitted only himself, and yet those, his friends, as he did himself, regarded as the best days of his life. He inspired the discerning with distrust. He won from the masses no love.

Doubtless he loved his daughter dearly, possibly some warm friends he acknowledged. An extraordinary power of impressing others he had and he exercised it; veneration he had none for his Creator, for humanity, for any solemnity of life. He spared not man in his passion, woman in his lust, nor the Union in his ambition.

But from him we would turn fondly to the public life and services of Hamilton.—Hamilton's career ended when Federalism went down for the last time. He did well for his country before the Revolution, and during the war and after it, he was the first and foremost of great men.

After the Declaration of Independence, Hamilton and Jefferson walked in paths divergent, and finally in hostile paths. After 1791, Jefferson became the founder, the champion, the child of the Democracy.—Jefferson had grown to be the hater of ceremonies of soldiers and of kings, and a lover of man and of America. Hamilton, on the contrary, had, during the Revolutionary war, in the family of Washington, obtained a military education. All the lessons of war, he knew by heart.—Man afterwards called him an aristocrat, a monarchist, and was thus not enough in the war of independence to make him so? From terrible necessity he had learned to look upon discipline, subordination, obedience to law, as the highest of the duties of man.

In the era between the close of the Revolution and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, we found his greatest services. In that day was formed the public opinion which gave us the Constitution under which we now live. He first taught us that our consolidation into a single State would not constitute the government for which he had fought, and which he wanted. Sooner than any other, he discovered that a division between the State and the nation was practicable, and to him a great deal more than to any other man was it the merit of the Convention at Annapolis rose above the mere offices of amending an old form of government, and took the responsibility of submitting a Constitution entirely new.—Like our own Webster he was unaccustomed to flatter the people, and like him he was accustomed to serve them.

In that age were sown the seeds of our party lines, but who dared now to raise a hand against the system of government then organized? Who dared to say that the arch of empire raised by the fathers should not continue to span the continent?

We might compare Hamilton with him whom he most resembled—Thomas Jefferson. We did not seek to distinguish them till 1776, for up to that hour, though of different ages and temperaments, they had without knowing it, worked together. Before and during the Revolution, we saw everywhere one impulse pervading the boldest and the highest. Here and there we might see prominent individuals displaying eminent traits, as Mason, Franklin, Randolph, Henry, Adams and Jefferson, but in point of fact, there were nobody and nothing but the old first Congress. Everywhere in that day we beheld old age casting away his crutch, and sighing for the strength of youth, the middle-aged leaving the plow in the furrow, and wife and daughters sending forth their dearly loved ones—all joining in that wild cry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Before such a cry as that, all individuality became dissipated.

Many and renowned names contributed splendidly to the great result, and into that extraordinary state paper, the Declaration of Independence, was gathered and condensed, and sublimed, all that Hamilton and his compeers had spoken or done. It was through them the voice of a whole people. We could not criticize the composition as it deserved. We would not add to it or take from a single word. Interpret and love it we could. We would not make its tone higher or lower. In this connection Mr. Cheate freely eulogized the Declaration of Independence, and said he had speculated as to how much that remarkable paper was moulded by the mind of Rousseau, and argued that among his works were the spoken eloquence of Mirabeau, and the written eloquence of Thomas Jefferson.

What is his opinion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a beautiful and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

Man is a bubble on the ocean's rolling waves; and life's a gleam of light extinguished by the grave.

An Irish Letter.

DEAR NEPPA:—I hadn't sent ye a letter since the last time I wrote ye, because we have moved from the former place of living and didn't know where a letter would find ye, but I know with pleasure take up my pen to inform you of the death of your own livin' uncle, Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of about six weeks. The poor man was in convulsions the whole time of his illness, lying perfectly quiet all the while and speechless intirely, talkin' incoherently, and cryin' for water. I had no opportunity of informin' ye of his death sooner, except I wrote to ye by the last post, which went two days before his death, and this ye'd had the postage to pay. I'm at a great loss to tell ye what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He never was well in his days together in the whole time of his confinement, but he that as it will, as he breathed his last, the doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery. I needn't tell ye anything about his age, for ye know that in May next he would have been twenty five years old, but he had lived till he lived till that time he would have been six months dead. His property is very considerable; it devolves upon his kin, who is dead some time since, so that I expect it will be equally divided between us, and thin my dear Larry, ye'll get two-thirds of the whole, and ye know that he had a fine estate which was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse race. But I was the opinion of all the ladies present that he would have won the race if the horse he ran against hadn't been too fast—bad luck to the basto. But poor soul, he will never eat or drink more.

And now Larry, my dear boy, ye ain't a relashun in the wild world meself and yer cousin that were kilt in the last war.—But I can't dwell upon this mournful subject, but will say this letter with black sallow wax, and put on yer uncle's coat of arms. So I beg ye not to break the seal when ye open the letter until three or four days after ye receive it—be that time ye will be prepared for the mournful tidings.

Ye old swateheart, Mary, sends her love to ye, unbeknown to me. When the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton, ax him for this letter, and if he don't know which one it is, tell him it is the one that speaks of yer uncle's death, and is sealed in black. Yer affectionate aunt,
JUDY O'HALLIGAN.

To LARRY O'HALLIGAN.

General Jail Delivery!

EIGHT PRISONERS ESCAPED FROM THE MARSH COUNTY JAIL!

On Sunday morning between 12 and 3 o'clock, J. B. Shears, Michael Gilligan, Brookloker, Lee Overman, J. Wood, Jas. Vanness, J. McRay, and Geo. Wagner, all prisoners in the Marshall County Jail, made their escape.

Shears, the counterfeiter, so far as can be ascertained, contrived and executed the plan. By some means he had become possessed of a fine, duplicate skeleton key of his cell door. By fastening this key about the middle of a paper stick some two feet long, and putting it through the grating, (the doors of the cells are made of iron bars and unlock only from the outside,) and working it up and down, he was successful in getting it into the key hole. Then, by means of a string tied to the upper part of the stick, he turned it around until the bolt was drawn. Shears then unlocked every other cell and told all to make their escape with him, which was to be done by paying up one end of a rope some eight inches long and some four inches thick, which formed the cord of his cell. This was done, blocks of wood being used to keep it in place. Through the opening thus made the prisoners gathered what is called the garret of the jail, which is only about five feet in height. They standing on a table for the purpose, which Shears had used in his cell, removed the brick from the part where it joins the roof of the jail, making a hole sufficiently large to crawl through one at a time. Then by means of quilts and blankets tied together, they descended into the jail yard, thence it was easy to reach the street, plenty of means being at hand for scaling the outside wall.

There were three others confined with Shears in his cell. Thus he had assistance in his inside operations.

Every prisoner in the jail could have escaped but some six or eight refused. One or two were cursed by Shears for not being willing to make the attempt. As it was the desperate men, those accused of the highest crimes—two of murder, Gilligan and Brookloker—the counterfeiter, Shears, Woods, Vanness, &c., got away. One prisoner, Lee Overman, a negro, arrested by officers Plowman and Colley, for burglary in Shelbyville, and lodged in jail only about twelve o'clock Saturday night made his escape. He was up at an hour or two in prison.—*State Sentinel.*

"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior.

"Yes, my son."

"Then what do folks mean by old times?"

The Sultan of Muscat died in the latter part of last year, and among his assets were found \$50,000 in American dimes and half dimes.

The changes in California furnish the theme for an eloquent editorial in the San Francisco Herald. It says:

"Several years ago, the only recreation open to the miner were those of an exciting and enervating character. The gambling saloon, with its glitter and tinsel, was the great center of attraction, after the labor of the day was over. There was a charm about its blaze of light, the sounds of sweet music which floated in the air, the cry of the dealer as he uttered the name of the losing or winning card, the buzz of the moving multitude, not to be resisted by men whose minds were continually overwrought by unnatural influences. The Sabbath was looked forward to as a day of riotous indulgence, for furious drinking, for enjoying the barbarous spectacle of the bull fight. But how is it to-day? The glare of the gambling hall has faded before the steady beams of enlightened and conservative progression. Every town can boast of its spire-capped buildings sacred to the worship of the living God, and those crowds, whose noisy and tumultuous din used to strike harshly upon the ear, are now to be seen upon the day of rest wending their way calmly and peacefully to church. School houses are scattered everywhere, and even the smallest camp upon the river, overshadowed and almost out of from communication with the outer world by towering hills, boasts of the library and debating association. This much in seven years—what is hidden in the seven years to come?"

To try sausages, take one up in your fingers, at the same time give sharp whistle, and if there should be a slight squeak, drop said sausage, and make tracks for the door.

St. Louis Election &c.

St. Louis, April 6.
Returns not all in from yesterday's election, but enough known to ensure the election of the entire Free Democratic ticket by an average majority of 1,900 to 1,200. The whole Free Soil ticket, headed by J. W. Gaudin for Mayor, was elected in Jefferson City yesterday, by an average majority of 75.

The extensive building in process of one (for a starch factory, and belonging to Burche & Co., was destroyed by fire this a. m. Loss \$50,000—insured \$30,000.

LIFE'S TROUBLES.—We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of this life to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; but carefully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another which we must carry to-morrow, and so on.—This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burdens to our load before we are required to bear it.

GOOD.—A lively dispute has been running on of late as to which was the happiest comparison in the language. After expending a good deal of fancy and attention to the subject, we have serious thoughts of declaring in favor of the following:—The tradesman who does not advertise liberally, has been very appropriately compared to a man who has a lantern, but is too stingy to buy a candle.

The roots of plants are hid under ground, so that themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers, and etc, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus the grasses of the Spirit are hid in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, his actions, and the frame of his carriage.—*Light.*

TO WINE DRINKERS.—Gen. Carey, in the address which he delivered before the Sons of Temperance stated that a friend of his, while traveling in Paris, thought he would take what is called in that city a wine bath. He found it to be very refreshing. He was waited upon by a colored servant who had fled from the United States to avoid the fugitive law. He asked the waiter how it was that such large quantities of wine could be used for such purposes.—"It must be very expensive," said he.

"O," said the waiter, "the same wine that you have used is run through all the baths in the establishment."

"And what did they do with it then?" asked the verdant American.

"O, we bottle it up and send it to the United States to be drunk!"—*Medical Journal.*

No man can be a gentleman who would wound or mortify another. No matter how refined, how cultivated he may be, he is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of his nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true gentleman.

A fellow walking through a churchyard stumbled upon the inscription: "I am not dead but sleeping." Disgusted at what he deemed a manifest attempt to impose upon travelers, he exclaimed: "Well, if I was dead, by thunder I'd own it!"