

MOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

"HERE LET THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBOUGHT BY GAIN."

VOLUME 3—NEW SERIES.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862.

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INDIANA DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

WHEREAS, The Democratic party having, from the date of its organization, been in favor of the maintenance of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution, and seeing in the present condition of the country the deplorable effects of a departure from its time-honored and conservative principles, and the triumph of sectionalism; and firmly believing that the Union and the Constitution can be preserved only by the restoration of that party to power, we invite all the Union men throughout the land to unite with us in sustaining its organization and carrying out its principles.

Resolved, 1. That we reaffirm and endorse the political principles that from time to time have been put forth by the National Conventions of the Democratic party.

2. That we are unalterably attached to the Constitution, by which the Union of these States was formed and established; and that a faithful observance of its principles can alone continue the existence of the Union, and the permanent happiness of the people.

3. That the present civil war has mainly resulted from the long continued, unwise, and fanatical agitation, in the North, of the question of domestic slavery, the consequent organization of a geographical party, styled by the sectional and fanatical agitators the "Republican party," and the development thereby of sectional hate and jealousy, producing (as had long been foreseen and predicted by the Democratic party) the South to secession, disunion, and armed resistance to the General Government, and terminating in a bloody strife between those who should have been forever bound together by fraternal bonds, thus bringing upon the whole country a calamity which we are now to meet as loyal citizens, striving for the adoption of that mode of settlement best calculated to again restore union and harmony.

4. That in rejecting all propositions likely to result in a satisfactory adjustment of the matters in dispute between the North and the South, and especially those measures which would have secured the border slave States to the Union, and a happy co-operation on their part in all constitutional and legal measures to procure a return of the more Southern States to their allegiance, the Republican party assumed a fearful responsibility, and acted in total disregard of the best interests of the whole country.

5. That if the party in power had shown the same desire to settle, by amicable adjustment, our internal dissensions before hostilities had actually commenced, and if the Administration had recently exhibited to avoid a war with our ancient enemy, Great Britain, we confidently believe that peace and harmony would now reign throughout all our borders.

6. That the maintenance of the Union upon the principles of the Federal Constitution should be the controlling object of all who profess loyalty to the Government; and in our judgment the only mode in which this can be accomplished, by the agency of a Union party in the Southern States, which shall, by a counter revolution, displace those who control and direct the present rebellion. That no peace or settlement can be effected until the Democratic party, which is not based upon a definite settlement of the questions at issue between the two sections; and we therefore demand that some such settlement be made by the National Convention, called for the purpose of settling the questions of the Union, and the maintenance of the Federal Constitution, by the agency of a Union party in the Southern States, which shall, by a counter revolution, displace those who control and direct the present rebellion.

7. That the Republican party has fully demonstrated its inability to conduct the Government through the present difficulties.

8. That we are entirely opposed to the twin heresies, Northern sectionalism and Southern secession, as inimical to the Constitution, and that freedom, as the value and the end of the Union, and the welfare of the country, should be maintained by the agency of a Union party in the Southern States, which shall, by a counter revolution, displace those who control and direct the present rebellion.

9. That in this national emergency the Democratic party of Indiana, holding all feeling of position and resentment, will resist only the day to day, and the hour to hour, the aggression of the rebellion, and will maintain the integrity of the Union, and the maintenance of the Federal Constitution, by the agency of a Union party in the Southern States, which shall, by a counter revolution, displace those who control and direct the present rebellion.

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Flower Legends.

Among the ancients, the qualities of a tree, the attitude of a flower, the etymology of its name, inspired the lively imagination of the men of old with a fable, or embellishment of a simple history, which received from them a kind of pleasant acceptance, a willing credence. All the poets who sing well of flowers have secured a good hearing, the very names of plants "smell sweet and blossoms in the dust" of old literature, and in almost forgotten songs. The Persians press their sentiments into the mouths of flowers, and arrange their bouquets grammatically. In all civilized nations they are the types and symbols of loveliness, innocence and freshness, of unquestioned and unquestioning beauty.

When Venus first appeared rising from the froth of the sea, roses are said to have sprung simultaneously from the earth, and the graces hastening to attend her, crowned themselves with the novel flower in honor of the new divinity. The roses which then appeared were white; and none displayed any other tint till the death of Adonis, when Venus hastening barefooted to the assistance of her beloved, trod upon a rose which wounded her with its thorns, and being stained with her blood, ever after retained the crimson hue.

Associated with the Narcissus, we have the following:

Narcissus was a youth of Boeotia, of whom Tiresias, the soothsayer, foretold that he should live happy until he saw his own face, but that would be fatal to him. On account of his surpassing beauty, the nymph Echo became desperately enamored of him, but he slighted her love, and she pined away with grief, till nothing remained of her voice, and even that lost the power of utterance beyond repeating the last syllable of a sentence. Narcissus, heated by the chase, went to drink from a clear calm rivulet, and there, for the first time, beheld his own image reflected in the water. He became so fond of himself, that he would never leave the spot where his beauty had been revealed to him, but gazing till he had wasted away, was changed by the gods into the flower that bears his name.

Hyacinthus, being beautiful and accomplished, was so highly esteemed by Apollo, that Zephyrus, incensed at the youth's coldness and indifference, determined on his destruction. One day, when Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing quail, Zephyrus, hidden among the fleecy clouds, directed with his breath the quail flung by Apollo fall upon the head of the unfortunate prince, who instantly fell dead. Great was the grief of the sun god, who, to commemorate his victim by their grace and beauty, caused hyacinthus to spring from his blood.

In connection with flowers comes the lovely legend of the Rape of Proserpine, who, on the Nysian plain, accompanied by the ocean nymph, was plucking flowers. She culled the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth, and beholding a narcissus of rare size and beauty, she stretched out her hand to gather it, when the earth opened and Pluto, arising in his golden chariot, seized her and bore her away—Ceres, her mother, hears her cries, but knows not who has stolen her, nor whether she has fled. Heitor, however (the sun), betrays the secret, and tells her that Jove permitted it. "Then Ceres, disgusted, deserted heaven, and dwelt among mortals." But she would not allow the corn to sprout, and threatened with the destruction of his subjects on earth, Jove beseeches her return to heaven, to which she consents on one condition—the restoration of her daughter, who at length returns, but not till she has eaten a pomegranate given her by Pluto, through which she was compelled to return and pass a third of the year with her infernal husband, "for Pluto dwelt in Hades." And what is Proserpine but seed corn, which being cast into the ground, remains hidden there till it appears upon the surface, and though not delaying to sprout for a third of a year, yet it is about that time from the sowing of the grain to its ripened fullness of the ear.

Turning to the Christian era, we find that the priests of the early church enlisted flowers into their service. They compiled a catalogue of flowers for each day, dedicating each to some particular saint on account of its flowering about the time of the saint's festival. Every one knows the aspen, ever moving, ever trembling in the calmest summer day, the legend of which runs as follows:

As the angel of death neared the cross on which He hung, who "considered the lilies how they grow," he dashed the cup of bitterness full at his feet; and the aspen that grew near, for out of one of them the cross was made, shuddering at the daring of the deed, inherited forever the trembling throes of the dying Deity.

The Shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, is said to have been the first plant which grew in the garden of Eden.

St. Patrick, unable to make his hearers comprehend the meaning of the word Trinity, despatched his eyes on the ground in prayer for some means whereby he might "lighten the Gentiles," when spying the little trefol shamrock at his feet, he plucked it, and holding it up on high, pointed to three leaves on one stem as the emblem of his doctrine, to the easy comprehension of his listeners.

To that beautiful little flower the forget-me-not, with its blue, like the tint of a summer sky, and its golden eye, bright as hope, is attached a legend known to most of our readers, though it will not be amiss to repeat it. A German knight, with his lady love, were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the fair one saw a tulip of the myosotis in the stream, and expressed her wish for it. With all chivalrous alacrity, the knight, in full array, plunged in and gathered the prizes; but the eddies of that treacherous river drew him down in their fatal grasp, and sinking, he threw the flowers on shore to his distracted mistress, with the well known words, "Vergiss mein nicht!"—"Forget me not."

The next morning O'Brien felt a little better than usual, and, being helped up, sat for a time on the side of his bed. He now managed to swallow a little beef tea, which was given to him through a syringe.

The doctor then asked him if he would take a glass of sherry. O'Brien said "Yes." While slowly sipping the sherry, he turned pale and fell back. The doctor immediately dashed Cologne water in his face, and began to fan him with the pillows.

But it was too late. His features were set in death. But for the incompetency of the impostor who at first handled his wounds, he would now be alive and well.—*Boston Post.*

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The Death of Fitz James O'Brien.

Poor Lieut. Fitz O'Brien was sacrificed by an ignorant Methodist minister, who had received an appointment as surgeon through some political influence, and who dressed his wound so unskillfully that for more than a month the gallant soldier was supporting his life away. A resection of the joint of his arm by a competent person caused tetanus from which he died. The last words he ever wrote were to a friend, describing the painful operation.

"All my shoulder bone and a portion of my upper arm have been taken away. I nearly died. My breath ceased, heart ceased to beat, pulse stopped. However, I got through. I am not yet out of danger from the operation, but a worse disease has set in. I have got tetanus, or lock jaw. There is a chance of my getting out of it, that's all. In case I don't, good-bye, old fellow, with all my love. I don't want to make any legal document, but I desire that you and Frank Wood should be my literary executors, because after I'm dead I may turn out a bigger man than when living. I'd write more if I could, but I'm very weak. Write to me. I may be alive. Also get Wood to write."

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The one idea.

We publish this morning a report of a speech made by Wendell Phillips in Boston upon his return from his Western tour. Mr. Phillips is a man of great ability and he is a consistent Abolitionist. As he fairly reflects the sentiments and purposes of the Emancipationists, we reproduce his speech to enlighten the public thereupon. Phillips has but one idea, the Abolitionists have but one idea—the enfranchisement of the negro, and placing him upon a social and political equality with the white citizen. To accomplish that end they make all else subsidiary.

Before the war, they were in favor of, and advocated a separation of nineteen States from the Union to be divorced from slavery. But now they are Unionists, not under the Constitution, but with the hope that the military power may override that instrument, and under the plea of "necessity" by edict, abolish slavery wherever it exists. As evidence of all this we make a single extract from his speech:

Mr. Lincoln, the nation may abolish slavery; they can not save it. God appealed first to the pulpits—they were barred against his messenger; he appealed to ballots—they were too slow for his method; he appeals to bullets, and the slaves of the District are the first trophies of his victory.

So, according to Phillips—the Yankee abolitionist—it was God, not the Southern nation, who brought about this war. He says it is God's "appeal to bullets" to abolish slavery. Phillips and his co-laborers not only intend that the negro shall be free, but he shall be the equal of the whites. Hear him:

He came home with one idea, No Yankee, no Buckeye, no Hoosier, no native, no foreigner, no black, no white, no German, no Saxon, in that beautiful future we behold—only American citizens, with one law impartial over all; an empire stretching from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; every race, every man, free.

That's the one idea. That's the Abolition programme. "No black, no white, no law impartial over all." This philanthropy, in the abstract, reads very prettily, but when reduced to practice the poetry vanishes. Are the people of Indiana ready for the negro feast? We think they will sink this Abolition humbugger so deep, the first time they get a chance to strike it, that even the hands of the resurrectionists can not reach it.—*State Sentinel.*

The Blacks at Fortress Monroe.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, the leading Republican paper in Philadelphia, writing on the 31st instant, thus speaks of the blacks at that place.

"We are inclined to believe that some of the negro fishermen along the shore are the mediums through which the rebels receive news of our movements. The 'contrabands' are very little to be relied upon. Many of them state that they were just as comfortable when with their masters as now. They seem totally indifferent to every thing but eating, lounging and sleeping.

Speaking of contrabands—out of the large number assembled at this point and Hampton Creek, if you want a little labor work done, it is almost an impossibility to get any of these folks to do it. The creeks around and about here are filled with oysters—known to the lovers of bivalves as Norfolk oysters, and the Roads and rivers swarm with fish—yet you cannot get either without great difficulty. When these colored people had masters, oysters were in abundance. It is only when want compels them that they will go out and catch a few. In the language of aunty Phoebe, in Uncle Tom, they are really a shiftless set.

In the morning the males leave their quarters for out door work. It is taunting to see them move, in single file, at a snail's pace, as if they had no power of locomotion, and were making efforts to get along the best way they could. Ask the females if they have any occupation, they say "yes, plenty of washing, mending and cooking." Upon further inquiry, you find that all this mending, washing and cooking is done for themselves.

They are far better off than our soldiers. While these poor fellows are bivouacking in the open air, the contrabands have good food and plenty of warmth. The soldiers complain sadly of this.

That is the class of people for whom the Abolitionists are making such a fuss.

"Glory to de Lord!" exclaimed a snow-headed African the other day. Glory to de Lord! I nebber spected to lib to see dis day. De white man hab to lib to see dis day, de nigger go whar he please widout none! Glory to de Lord!

If Com. Foote is a believer in the Thomsonian system of medicine, he no doubt regards No. 10 as much harder to take than No. 6.

North and South.

The people of New York are discounting the conquest of the South with a confidence truly American. They have not yet decided what they will do with the Confederate President and his rebel associates. They have decided precisely when, how and where they will hang Floyd and Toombs and Breckinridge, and by what process they will put to death the Captains of the Nashville and the Sumter, and they have generously concluded in their own minds how, when satiated by these sacrifices, they will cease from their great revenge, and pour a general amnesty over the treason of the suppliant millions at their mercy. All this is very complimentary to the men who have so excited their hatred, and very consoling to the millions of Southerners who have not yet succumbed to their power. It seems, however, that we English are to pay the chief penalty of all these evils that have happened on the American continent, and that the last scene of this transatlantic tragedy is to be a grand spectacle, during which America shall appear united for a general war against England.

If this be a true picture of what is being written and read and talked in New York, what an unstable people these must be! But childishness and folly do not render a man feeble or harmless. There is a wild consciousness of strength in all these foolish boasts. This young sovereign multitude feels itself the master of a victor army greater than exists in any other kingdom of the world, and exults in the wantonness of power, and desires some object on which to exert it. The rebellion which call that army into being is, according to their belief crushed out of sight, and they already feel the intoxication of conquest before the cup has reached their lips. Our correspondent at New York describes a state of confidence and security such as we may read in the pages which describe the history of Darius and Xerxes, and which he estimates pervade the councils of Athens, but never preceded a continuous career of success.

Much of this, no doubt, produced by the rebound from the ill concealed depression under which the people of the North have so long been laboring. No one was deceived by the frantic attempts to persuade the world that the rout at Bull Run was a matter of no importance, and that the slaughter at Leesburg was rather advantageous to the Federal cause. Nor has Europe been much edified by the simulated pride which boasts that a great country ought to have a great debt, and that a strong young country ought to be proud to pay heavy taxes. We are not much convinced by the eagerness with which all the Eastern States now go up to be taxed. It is very well for this young giant to say that he ran away from Bull Run in pure fun, and that taxation is such a joke to him that he will begin by taxing his own brandy and wine, and his skillets and his wife's crinoline—for this, oh, ye ladies of Europe! is one of the propositions, but we all know very well that this young giant was, until the West came to his assistance, in a very dubious and dispirited state of mind.—*London Times.*

The husband of a buxom wife near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length one of the clergymen of the parish making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving her account of her spouse's last moments, told him her poor dear man groaning, and groaning, but could not die; at last said she, I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, and so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! he went off like a lamb!

Gen. Halleck is now in command at Pittsburg, and is in a way to win some personal military glory. As soon as he accomplishes this, he will become an object for attack. The demons will be after him with a howl of detraction. We name ten days as the limit of Gen. Halleck's freedom from newspaper assaults.—*Buffalo Express.*

Col. Magoffin, of Pitts county, whose brother is Gov. of Kentucky, and who was convicted of violation of his parole and sentenced to be shot, has been respited by President Lincoln.

The loss sustained by government, caused by the Congress and Cumberland, cannot be much less than one and a half million of dollars.

We hear of stealing a kiss. But why should a lady charge a gentleman with stealing what she didn't have till he gave it to her—the gift being the very thing she calls theft?

The Louisville Journal pays our Indiana soldiers the following handsome and well-earned compliment:

The chivalric State of Indiana did glorious work on the battle of Pea Ridge as she has done in all other battles. The Texas and Mississippians are a fighting people in peace, but they can't fight in war like the Indians.

Laying it on too Thick.

An anecdote in Harper's, says the Vicksburg Whig, reminds us of the story we once heard of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress. It appears that our hero was opposed by a younger man, who had never been at the war, and it was the wont of the "revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he had endured. Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped to whip the British and Indians. I have slept upon the field of battle with no covering but the canopy of heaven. I walked over frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time one of the "foreigners," who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say you fought the British and Indians?"

"Yes," replied the old revolutionary.

"Did you say you had slept on the ground, while serving your country without any kind?"

"Yes, sir, I did!"

"And that you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly exclaimed the speaker.

"Well, then," says the fearful sovereign, as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be damned if I don't think you have done enough for your country, and I guess I'll vote for the other man!"

Severe on Fremont.

In a speech in the House of Representatives Mr. Wadsworth, member from the 9th, Mayville district, said:

"Today we have the restoration of J. C. Fremont to his military command, over a portion of Kentucky, now a State which despises him with the death of Lyon—hero of the war—and the expulsion of Mallory from his skirts. With these changes against him as he is appointed to command of the 'Mountain Department,' and McClellan restored to his command of the Potomac, and Burnside, R. S. and Grant and Grant, and all the proven soldiers of the war oversteering, as it were. All this thing shows that, this day, that class of men to whom I have alluded, and that political idea to which I alluded, are and is all powerful in the administration of the Government, and I, for one, cannot give my confidence to it under these circumstances. I do not wish to vote without question and without limitation of inquiry, taxes to carry on this war for the Union in all its length and breadth, and the necessary means to support it. I am for the Union from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean."

All the Intelligence.

Our Republican friends are wont to claim all the intelligence of the country, which claim has induced the editor of the Warsaw (Indiana) Union to publish the following letter from the Republican Congress-man of the Tenth (or Ft. Wayne) Indiana Congressional District. It is decidedly ridi-culous and may, and it deserves a careful perusal. Read it:

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1862.

MR. WESLEY CAMPBELL—Dear Sir: Your favor of 14 instant came to hand. I will say for I know in regard to the Party at the President's last winter, it was merely a Party without the Ball and Guests were provided with refreshments and a Band of music and the Guests as is usual at all parties Prominence. Yours, WM. MITCHELL.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spottiest and faded and faded every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the best of God.

The foundation of James H. Happiness is faith in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is faith in the goodness, the righteousness, the mercy, and love of God.

Every one does not live like a Christian that looks like a Christian. It is sad to see that some Christians' tongues should be larger than their hands; that they should carry a banner before others, and yet tread in the dark themselves. A Christian, when he makes a good profession, should be sure always to make his profession good.

The Louisville Journal pays our Indiana soldiers the following handsome and well-earned compliment:

The chivalric State of Indiana did glorious work on the battle of Pea Ridge as she has done in