

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME IV.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

NUMBER 42.

## The Republican,

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## MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain indenture of Mortgage, payable by installments, executed by Emil Michael, of the village of Dowagiac, County of Cass and State of Michigan, to Daniel M. McOmber, of said village, County and State, on the fourth day of May, A. D. 1859, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said County of Cass, in Liber II of Mortgages, on pages 292 and 305, on which said Mortgage, two installments being now due and unpaid, together with interest on the whole amount to date,—there is claimed to be due at the date of this sale, the sum of one hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty-eight cents, and no suit at law or in Chancery having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, now become operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises therein described to wit: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as village lots numbers ninety-two (92) and ninety-three (93), in McOmber's addition to the village of Dowagiac, will be sold at public vendue, at the Court House in said County of Cass, in Cassopolis, in said County of Cass, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of April next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to satisfy the amount then due on said Mortgage, together with costs of foreclosing the same.

DANIEL McOMBER, Mortgagee.  
JAMES SULLIVAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.  
Dated, January 14th, A. D. 1862. Jan14-29x14

## MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain indenture of Mortgage, executed by Anna Jackson, of Elkhart County, and State of Indiana, to Rufus D. Reed, of the County of Cass and State of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1854, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said County of Cass, in Liber E of Mortgages, on pages 291 and 292, on which said Mortgage, there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of three hundred dollars and fourteen cents; and no suit at law or in Chancery having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, now become operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises therein described to wit: The west half of the north-west quarter, and the west half of the south-west quarter of section No. ten (10), in Township No. seven (7), south of Range or sixteen (16) west, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land more or less, situate in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, will be sold at public vendue, at the Court House in said County of Cass, on Monday, the seventeenth day of March next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount then due on said Mortgage, together with the costs of foreclosing the same.

RUFUS D. REED, Mortgagee.  
ANDREW J. SMITH, Attorney for Mortgagee.  
Dated, December 2nd, 1861. Dec2-29x12

## CHANCERY NOTICE.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF CASS, IN CHANCERY.  
Charles Clarke, Complainant,  
vs.  
Henry D. Palmer, Mary E. Palmer and Peter Tietzert, Defendants.  
It is satisfactorily appearing to this Court, that the Defendant, Peter Tietzert, is a non-resident of this State, and that the subpoena to appear and answer, in the near one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, Present—Clifford Shananah, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of William Longwell, deceased, on the result of a hearing on the petition filed by George Longwell, praying for letters of Administration, on the estate of said deceased.

## PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—  
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on Monday the twentieth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, Present—Clifford Shananah, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of William Longwell, deceased, on the result of a hearing on the petition filed by George Longwell, praying for letters of Administration, on the estate of said deceased.

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## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the Court of Cass in the State of Michigan, in favor of John S. Griffin, plaintiff, and against Alfred K. Goodrich, defendant, to be directed and delivered, I have taken up and sold at public vendue, at the west door of the Court House in the village of Cassopolis in said County of Cass, on Saturday, the fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1862, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all the right, title and interest in the said Alfred K. Goodrich in and to that certain piece or parcel of land with the appurtenances thereto, situate and being in the said County of Cass and State of Michigan, and described as follows to wit: The south-east quarter of the south-west quarter of section number eighteen in township number five, south of range number fourteen west, containing forty acres of land be the same more or less.

H. M. SCHERMEHORN, Sheriff, Cass County, Mich.  
DANIEL McOMBER, Mortgagee.  
JAMES SULLIVAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.  
Dated at Cassopolis, January 23, 1862. Feb1-41x7

## "News from the War."

Two women sat at a farm house door,  
Busily reading the news.  
While softly around them fair Twilight shades  
Her tender shadows and dews.  
Peace smiles in the cloudless heavens above;  
Peace rests on the landscape fair;  
And Peace, like a holy spirit of love,  
Broods in the balmy air.  
But not one ray of peace illumines  
Those sad and wistful eyes  
Which search the printed record o'er,  
As mariners search the skies.  
Look on their faces—one like a rose  
Fresh with the beauty of May;  
The other pale as the waning moon  
Seen through thin clouds of gray.  
Yet, though one is young and the other old,  
With the same soft glow they shine;  
For they are fitted with the tenderest lights and shades  
By love, the artist divine.  
Now, fast as a radiant vision, fades  
The glow of the western skies;  
Yet the readers read on—unmindful of all  
Save the paper before their eyes.  
Nothing to them the charms of that hour—  
The magic of meadow and hill—  
For spirits bowed down with the weight of care  
Are blind to the beautiful still.  
Deeper the shadows of twilight fall;  
More hushed grows the dewy air,  
When suddenly breaks on that holy calm  
A quick, wild cry of despair.  
The younger glances have found it first—  
That word so sad and so brief;  
"Mortally wounded"—two dread words—  
Winged arrows of pain and grief.  
"Mortally wounded"—look again;  
Alas! it is all too true—  
Not the brave alone, but the fond and fair  
Are mortally wounded, too.  
He, on the battle-field far away;  
They, in their quiet home—  
The wife and the mother, who never more  
Shall see their loved hero come.  
The grass will grow where the warrior fell,  
And sweet wild flowers may bloom  
On the very turf once blackened and burned  
By the fearful fires of doom.  
But the smiling summers, that come and go,  
Can never, never heal  
The bleeding wounds which felt to-day  
Something sharper than steel.  
"Mortally wounded"—oh, dread word!  
Many a victim is thine,  
Save those who hear your terrible voice  
Go thundering along the line!  
If we give proud names and echoing hymns  
And build up mountains grand  
To the gallant spirits who suffer and fall  
In defence of their native land.  
Let us yield a tender tribute still—  
Sad tears and a pitying sigh,  
To the unnumbered martyrs who silently sink  
And die when their heroes die.  
How he got his own Again.  
BY LUCY.

"Good morning, William; I have called to allure you from this noisy city for a few weeks to breathe the fresh country air. I am bent on ruralizing in the back woods during the pleasant September."

"I am very sorry, Harry, but it is impossible to leave my business for a day."

"Dear me, how provoking, but since it is so, why I must even put up with some Pennamite for a companion."

Harry Leonard was a rich man's son of Baltimore, a pampered boy, just out of college, with a head full of romance and adventure; and a wonderful conceit of his own perfections.

Now bent upon trying his fowling piece in some part of northern Pennsylvania, where the game is plenty, "O," said he to his friend, "won't I make a slaughter amongst the deers; and, ah, the blushing rustic deers, with their sky eyes and homespun aprons. Won't they take me for Jupiter or Apollo?"

"If any of them should so entitle you," replied his friend dryly, "she will be emphatically Miss-taken."

A few days found our sapient hero sturdily domiciled in a comfortable tavern, in one of the mountain districts of the brave old Keystone Commonwealth; and blood, as he fancied himself, he found very pleasant companionship in the jovial son of his chatty landlord, who became his guide and companion in all his excursions.

But Leonard found that it was not so easy a matter to capture the deer, and as for the girls, they shunned him as they would the wily panther. He saw many a face and form that might have queneed it in the halls of fashion, but they seemed to feel the dignity of labor, and looked down on the frivolous city idler. He grew quite weary of his bootless game, and began to think seriously of going home, when it chanced one day that he and Davis, with the aid of a noble dog, captured a young fawn. As is usual with these wild creatures, as soon as it found itself a captive, it submitted to its fate, and followed meekly the leading of a sash tied round its slender neck. As they held their homeward way in high glee, they were suddenly startled by the sound of a sweet, clear voice, singing a wild and plaintive melody.

"Gods!" cried Leonard, "here is a singing bird, somewhere."

"Never mind the wild birds," cried Davis; "it is enough for you to care for your canaries."

"But I will see her," cried Leonard, and following the direction of the voice, they soon came in sight of a young girl sitting on a mossy hillock, between three embowering elms that drooped their leafy branches over a limpid brook. She was arrayed in pure white muslin, and all the wealth of her glossy hair lay in natural ringlets upon her

bosom and snowy shoulders, while a wreath of white roses upon her nearly brown, was her sole ornament.

"Sweet as a moonlight dream," whispered Leonard. "Can you tell me who she is?"

"Yes," replied Davis, doggedly; "it is Rosalie Persa, the fairest flower of the forest."

"Well, come along and introduce me then, I must make her a present of this spotted fawn, as a companion in her wanderings. She is a goddess of the woods; I know, and no human voice ever poured such magic music. She was never born in these forests, I know."

Here he was right. Mr. Persa had been a rich merchant, had failed through the villainy of some who he had endorsed largely, and disgraced with the hollow world, he had gathered the wreck of his fortune, and with his wife and infant daughter, sought peace and truth in the reign of simple nature.

Mrs. Persa devoted herself to the education of her only child, and there was no womanly accomplishment or branch of polite literature with which Rosalie was not perfectly familiar.

Startled though she was by the sudden appearance of the hunters, she replied gracefully to their salutations, and received the little tremble fawn with real pleasure. The gentlemen insisted upon taking it home for her, and Leonard was surprised to find how near they were to Mr. Persa's farm and neat dwelling, which had been hid by the thick evergreen of the skirting woods.

Leonard was delighted with all he saw—fairly fell in love with Mrs. Persa, and ran raving about Rosalie. They walked in the fine fields and orchards, and luxuriated in the garden's wilderness of flowers; and when the young men left, Leonard fancied himself hopelessly in love; and Rosalie, when she had given her mother a good night kiss, retired, with new emotions in her innocent heart. Leonard seemed to her so superior to the young men of her rustic neighborhood.

The chance acquaintance grew into an intimacy; and Davis began to fancy that the city beau was winning favor with the forest belle.

"I will lay a stick in his way," he said to himself; "the upstart to come here and eclipse all so. He took an opportunity to give Leonard to understand that Rosalie was his betrothed."

"I shall have the singing bird caged," said he, "before the snow falls."

Leonard was thunderstruck.

"Who," he said to himself, "would have expected to find a coquette here? And then she seemed so innocent, so truthful. How sincere she seemed, and how her voice trembled when she replied to me, 'I have never encouraged the addresses of any man.' But an assumed simplicity is the height of a coquette's art. However, I will watch her if the boy dog favor me."

Now what a dolt this Leonard was, to believe the lying words of one whom he might have suspected of jealous rivalry, rather than the fair truth of an unsophisticated heart. But so it is. People will sometimes shut their eyes when the book is open before them and listen believably to some lying expositor.

So Leonard in his wonderful consistency, resolved to show his abhorrence of coquetry by playing the part of male coquette to perfection.

So the fawn went on, he seeking by every artifice to win her favor, and she evidently pleased with the attentions. In truth, she felt all the interest in him that a pure young girl can permit herself to feel in one who has made no positive declaration.

At length it was time for Leonard to return to the city. Now he would strike the blow. The coquette's heart would quiver under his cold contempt.

So he called at Mr. Persa's, and with all his pomp and manly dignity, inquired for Rosalie.

"Oh, she is in great trouble to-day," said Mrs. Persa. "Edward Davis's dog has chased her fawn into the woods, and though it will probably return to-night, she is so much distressed and alarmed that I told her one might fancy she had lost her best friend; and she went out weeping into the garden. No doubt she is in her bower."

He found her there sure enough. Child that she was, she had wept herself to sleep, with the tears still on her long eye lashes, and some drops trembling like gems amongst the forget-me-nots on her bosom.

"She is very beautiful," he said, "and sorrowful. But how came Davis's dog here to chase the fawn? Well, I will have a kiss, any how." But his breath no sooner touched her cheek, than she started wildly up, in all the loveliness of blushing confusion.

"I am sorry to have disturbed Miss Persa," he said coldly. "I called to bid you good-bye. I leave to-morrow for the haunts of civilized life. I am heartily weary of climbing logs, wading brooks, and tearing through bushes and brambles; and worse than all, herding with your country bumpkins."

Rosalie started at him in surprise. He had come out in a new character, entirely. Still she did not dream of a final farewell. She took the forget-me-not from her bosom, gemmed as they were with tears, and offered them to him with a sad smile and trembling hand. He took them, hesitatingly, and stooping, plucked a broad golden dandelion, and offered it in return.

"I shall not accept that," she said, with a forced playfulness. "I do not deserve it."

"Indeed, Miss Persa, I think you do," he said, superciliously. "And here permit me to remark, that I hold

the character which this flower represents, as the most despicable of all creatures."

"I do not understand you," she replied; "but if, indeed, a coquette be contemptible, what should be said of a male flirt? A girl certainly coquettes with none but those who choose to kneel at her shrine. A man may rove the world over, kneel at every altar, win a hundred hearts, morely to cast them from him, and rail against the heartless coquette."

"You, at least, have no heart," he replied. "Did you not tell me you never saw a man whom you could love?"

Rosalie had uttered these words in the early part of their acquaintance, though only with reference to the past. He looked upon her. She was white as the muslin of her dress, and shook like a lily, as the storm is tearing it from its stem.

He seemed to enjoy her agony, took her hand kissed it carelessly, and turned away. She did not raise her eyes, but stood as if comprehending nothing until she heard the garden gate close after the departing villain, and then with a wild shriek she sank upon the ground. But Rosalie had been too well trained to suffer herself to repine over the disappointment. She saw that Leonard was unworthy, and would not waste tears over his memory.

She had esteemed him. He had taken advantage of her inexperience, to wound and to insult her. She thought of him at once with regret and abhorrence.

Edward Davis sought her hand. He was gently but firmly rejected.

Autumn came again, with the regally robed Indian Summer, in which harvest time of the earth, it seems as if the departing vernal season, lingers and looks back, with her brightest, richest smile of promise, before she leaves to winter the sleep watch of the earth.

Rosalie was a year older, lovelier, and wiser; Harry Leonard was also wiser. He had bitterly repented his cruel treatment of the gentle girl. He felt how much nobler it would have been to have asked her candidly, whether she was engaged to Davis. He ran the round of pleasure, seeking earnestly some one whose loveliness might fill the void that Rosalie had left in his heart. It was all in vain.

"She is the only woman on earth that I can love," he said, "and without her I am a miserable man. I will go and beg her to forgive and love me."

He went—but Rosalie was as cold and calm as a still winter midnight. To his impassioned plea she replied: "The delicate case once broken can never be perfectly united. So confidence once violated can never be restored. You deceived me once, and I suffered. You can never win me to believe again. Here is the flower you mockingly gave to a pure hearted child, (and she took the dandelion from a book) receive it now again it is all I can bestow upon you."

He snatched the flower—tore the poor thing to atoms—curst it and his own stupidity, and then wept like a babe.

"I cannot blame you, Rosalie," he said, "but I am forever miserable."

Two years more, and Rosalie was the happy mistress of a neat white parsonage house, and the young husband felt that his heart could safely trust in her.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose to do his weekly devours, Mrs. Hornby would say, and his road to neighbor Jones's, whose daughter Sally was the object of his particular hope, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, in best "bib and tucker," and dickey, and all that, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land mark, if he could see it; but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning, and taking the light which gleamed from father Jones's cottage in the distance for a guide, he pushed boldly on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled inconspicuously over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself, to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then started on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fantastic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had breached his "oh-for-shames," and that the seven-and-six-penny cassimere were no more to be the particular delight of his eye, in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house, his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by an unwonted display; but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt reassured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

Whilst conversing with the farmer about the weather, and with the dame upon the matter of cheeses, he glanced

at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously, and somewhat strangely, towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance; but again catching her eyes upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens! was it his shirt? oozing out of a six inch aperture in the inside of one of his inexpressibles! He instantly changed position, and from that moment was on a nettle. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched the first opportunity to push the garments in a little. Could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable, like the Doctor's tape worm, and the more he worked at it, the more there seemed left.

In the meantime, his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of the Songs of Solomon does to the melancholy burthen of "Old Marm Pettin-gill."

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance toward Sally. One look sufficed to show that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his glance, she could contain herself no longer, but, screaming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room; and poor Seth, unable to endure this last turn of his agony, seized his hat, and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew when or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked about for a clean night-gown that she had out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was she could not conceive.

"Sally?" cried the old lady from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes'm," echoed her voice, as if in the last stage of suffocation—"yes'm, Seth Hawkins wore it home!"

It was unfortunately the case, and poor Seth had stowed it away in the crevice of his pants! It was returned the next day, with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally; but many years afterwards, if any article of any description was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trousers.

Seth Hawkins is now a prominent and influential merchant in the city of Boston, and often relates the story himself, for the amusement of his young friends.

COMFORT FOR COWS.—Now that the cold season is setting in, let the cows, especially the milk givers, have all the attention they should be well housed and well fed. The stables should be just moderately warm, well ventilated, clean, and provided with suitable bedding. Aside from the mere matter of food and drink, the animals should be kept comfortable. This matter can hardly be over-estimated.

Then, as to fodder; part of this, of course, should be straw, hay and corn-stalks; but to expect cows to give much milk on such lean fare, is folly. Favor them with messes of clopped roots of cut straw or stalks mixed with meal of some kind. A favorite "mess" for cattle, with a friend of mine, is this: Cut up hay, or straw, or stalks in pieces not more than an inch or an inch and a half long, put the provender in a tub or tight box, and pour boiling water upon it; then sprinkle on a little salt, and cover the whole with a little bran or meal to keep the steam in. When cold, feed it in messes of a bushel at a time. Good as this it should be varied from time to time, for cows like variety as well as men. Cows should be salted two or three times a week. In mild weather they should range by day in a commodious yard, protected on two sides, at least by covered sheds. And this yard should have a pen-stock of running water, or a trough kept full from a good pump; the first is the best.

BREAD MAKING.—Instead of wetting the flour with simple water take two or three pounds of wheat bran and boil it in two gallons of water. When the goodness is extracted from the bran, during which time the liquor will waste half a gallon or so, strain it and let it cool. When it is cooled down to the temperature of new milk, mix it with flour and as much salt and yeast as would be useful for other bread; kneed it exceedingly well; let it rise before the fire and bake it in small loaves. Small loaves