

# The Iowa Capital Reporter.

BY JOHN CLARK.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, SCIENCE, ARTS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

(\$2.00 PER ANNUM.)

NEW SERIES.

IOWA CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1853.

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## Iowa Capital Reporter,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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BOOKS, PHARMACEUTICALS, JUSTICES' BLANKS,  
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GENERAL

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KEEP A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF

### LAND WARRANTS,

For Cash or on Time, at the Lowest Prices  
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### EDWARD CONNELLY,

LAND AGENT AND DEALER IN EX-

CHANGE.

WILL sell Land Warrants for cash or on  
time, to suit purchasers, and will guaran-  
tee the warrants good in every respect. Office  
opposite the Land Office.

Iowa City, August 11, 1852.

### WM. H. WHITE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office on  
Clinton street, up stairs in Berryhill's new  
building; residence at Rev. Dr. Woods. Will  
attend to all calls promptly.

Iowa City, August 18, 1852.

### JAMES HARLAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iowa City, Iowa.

Office with E. Connelly, opposite the Land  
Office.

July 21, 1852-y

### DRS. MORSEMAN & SANDERS

HAVE associated themselves together in the  
Practice of Medicine and Surgery. They  
will attend promptly to all calls at all times.  
Night calls made at the residences on the  
Avenue, opposite each other.

### R. B. GROFF,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Marengo, Iowa, co.,  
Iowa. Will attend to all business entrusted  
to him in the line of his profession.

April 21, 1852-y

### DONALD M. MCINTOSH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, CEDAR RAPIDS,  
Iowa. Will practice in the different  
courts of law and equity in this State;  
will promptly attend to all business entrusted  
to him; will develop particular attention to con-  
veyances; and would respectfully solicit a  
share of public patronage.

May, 1851.

### GILMAN FOLSOM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, IOWA CITY,  
Iowa. Will practice in the Supreme Court of  
Iowa and in the District Court of the United  
States.

May, 1851.

### S. A. BISSELL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa.

May, 1851.

### JAMES D. TEMPLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY  
Public, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in  
all courts of this State.

May, 1851.

### W. PENN. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR  
in Chancery, Iowa City, Iowa, will attend  
to all business entrusted to his care in the U. S.  
District Court, and the Supreme and District  
Courts of the State of Iowa, and also act as  
LAW AGENT. Office over the store occupied  
by George Andrews.

May, 1851.

### GEORGE S. HAMPTON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in  
all courts of this State.

May, 1851.

### MORGAN RENO,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in  
all courts of this State.

May, 1851.

### WM. E. LEFFINGWELL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, De Witt, Clinton county, Iowa, will  
practice in the Supreme and District courts  
of this State.

May, 1851.

### L. B. PATTERSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will attend to all  
business entrusted to him in the line of his pro-  
fession.

May, 1851.

### DR. FR. CHOLINA,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Iowa Ave-  
nue, opposite the Republican Office.

January, 1852.

### CHARLES A. ROBBINS,

WATCH-MAKER, ENGRAVER, AND  
Jeweller, Iowa City, at the sign of the  
"Big Watch," corner of Clinton and College  
streets.

May, 1851.

### SWAN'S HOTEL,

Iowa City, Iowa.

THE subscriber, owner and proprietor of  
the above house, would inform the public  
that he has taken possession of said estab-  
lishment, and is prepared to accommodate the  
travelling community, transient or regular  
boarders, and will endeavor to give general sa-  
tisfaction.

Connected with the above establishment  
a large and extensive LIVERY STABLE,  
where strangers can at all times be accommoda-  
ted with conveyances of any part of the country  
at reasonable terms.

May, 1851.

### CHARLES A. ROBBINS,

Gold & Silver Lever Watches.

SWANSON and Verge Escapement Watches  
guard, fob and vest chains, for sale here  
C. A. ROBBINS.

May, 1851.

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May, 1851.

## EVA.

BY J. G. WHEAT.

Dry the tears for holy Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her;  
Of the form so soft and fair  
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva  
Let the sunny south-land give her  
Flowery pillow of repose,  
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva  
Let the shining ones receive her,  
With the welcome-voiced psalm,  
Harp of gold and waving palm.

All is light and peace with Eva;  
There the darkness cometh never;  
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her;  
Care and pain and weariness  
Lost in love's sweet ecstasies.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,  
Child confessor true believer,  
Listener at the Master's knee,  
"Suffer such to come to me."

O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,  
Lightning-like the solemn river,  
And the blessings of the poor  
Waiting to the heavenly shore!

## The Zebra.

BY FR. MARVEL.

It was a wretched, rainy night; and as I  
was about through the muddy and narrow  
streets, and under the black, overhanging  
gables of Plymouth, I fancied that all whom I  
met gliding about in cloaks, were worthy old  
Round-heads, making ready for the Mayflower.

I felt that there was something half kindred  
in our purpose; for I was threading the slip-  
pery streets, in search of some craft to take me  
over to the Island of Jersey, out of the clutch  
of a Tyrant more ruthless than Charles and  
Louis together.

So I went splashing along, around sharp  
corners, and through ill-lighted ways, with  
my feelings so wrought up by crowding fan-  
cies and the strangeness of the scene—the dis-  
tant lamps glimmering on the pavement—the  
rain dashing pattering on me from the quaint old  
blackened balconies—that once or twice, I  
caught myself turning round at sound of an  
approaching foot fall to see if a posse of King  
Charles's men were not upon my track; but they  
were not, and I found my way quietly  
enough down to the George and Dragon—just  
such a bit of a carousing inn it was, as would  
have rejoiced the heart of Roger Wildrake  
with a heaping tankard of sack. But though  
the merry old days of Wildrakes are gone, the  
days of sack drinkers are not. The twofold  
virtue is still recognized at the inn of George  
and Dragon. The tap room was full. They  
were sitting on wooden benches around a bla-  
zard fire in the grate—the half of them with  
pipes and every man of them with his mug of  
ale.

For my own part, I like to see now and then  
such residuary customs of the Past; and in an  
old lumbering town like Plymouth, it freshens  
and makes an agreeable coincidence, and puts  
the quickest possible edge upon a man's ap-  
petite for seeing and living over again the  
times that are gone. And if there are folks so  
stupidly sober as to question my habit in the  
thing, I shall enter no such plea as *non pec-  
catur in carere*; for in many a little inn along  
the Tweed have I drained a good tankard of home  
brewed, and felt myself—not a whit the worse  
for it.

The landlord came out from behind the bar,  
where he stood between two rows of glittering  
tankards, and went down with me upon the  
Quay, in search of a skipper friend of his own  
who was going the morning to Jersey. It was  
a little black, one-masted vessel we  
found roving just under the lee of the pier,  
and he had shouted a half dozen times before  
a stumpy figure put its head out of the fore-  
castle, and told us the Zebra would sail at  
morning tide next day.

I promised to send my luggage to the Drag-  
on, and the Dragon said it would be all right.  
I splashed home again, and dreamed all night  
of doublets, and striped hose, and Round-  
heads, and baskets hies, and Old Noll, and  
Pym, and Plymouth Rock—and now and then  
like a gleam of light breaking through the  
dreams, came a pleasant vision of sweet Alice  
Lee.

The tide came in, and the tide went out, and  
the sun got up to its highest; still the Zebra  
lay just off the pier; and every time I met the  
Captain, who was a dapper little Islander, he  
would half-embrace me in a perfect transport  
of ecstasies.

I think I must have borne it meekly, or his  
confidence in my forbearance would not have  
remained so unshaken; for he had repeated  
this maneuver I know not how many times,  
before we were fairly ready to set off. I had  
even taken a steak in the back parlour of the  
Dragon, and gone up the heights above the  
town, to see through the glass, the waves  
over the top of Edystone, nine miles down  
the bay; and the sun had gone down at the  
first clink of the windlass, and the light was  
blazing on the end of the Breakwater, when  
we rounded it, and dropped down into the  
Sound.

There is nothing in a run across the English  
Channel, *ipse facto*, either curious, or worth the  
telling. But there I was a sad wreck of an in-  
valid, with two sovereigns in my pocket a  
doctor's prescription, and a pill box—as I had  
picked up on ten minutes' notice in the back  
cabin of the Dragon—in a little forty-ton ves-  
sel cutter rigged—with a half blood Captain, who  
had sprung a brandy bottle in his birth, before  
we were quite of Mt. Edgemoor—bound two  
or three hundred miles away, to a dot of an  
Island, so set around with bareheaded rocks, that  
to make it the best of weather, is like sailing  
between Scylla and Charybdis, amid the howl-  
ing of Sea-gulls and dogs.

For my part, were forty fat sheep—a butcher-  
er—a Plymouth pilgrim—who was a shoemaker  
and had a wife and nine children—a stone-cut-  
ter with his bride going to try his new-knit  
fortunes in the Islands of the sea. Philippe  
was Captain, but stayed most of his time be-  
low, wrapped in a cloak; Ben, the mate, had  
but one hand, but he managed the tiller very  
well with his stump; Tom was the only sailor  
aboard, and had it not been for him, I believe  
I should never have lived to tell the story of  
the voyage. Pierre wrote a long dreadnought

spoke had English, built the fire, enticed the  
lops, and did the cooking. Besides myself, there  
was not another soul on board, except a  
small dog, who, before we had been out eight  
and twenty hours, became disgusted with ap-  
pearances on deck, and went below, where he  
lay coiled up in the corner of the hold.

In the cabin were four berth, Philippe had  
one, the butcher another, the stone cutter and  
wife (they took turns—so did we all before we  
got to Jersey) another, and myself the fourth.  
A stove and table filled up the middle. A  
light wind hardly kept the sail full down the  
Sound. At ten it was calm, and the canvas  
flapped the mast. At twelve we were dashing  
ahead merrily, and sheets of foam flew from  
the bow, all over the vessel: I swung my  
Scotch cap dry, and put it on for a night cap,  
and turned in.

I had not slept two hours before I commenced  
dreaming, strange as it seems, now that I  
come to write it down—about being in a tub  
of malt liquor, and I had sunk so low, that it  
was just gurgling in my ears, when I woke up:  
I was as wet as if it had been no dream. The  
berth was soaking wet, and had soaked through  
three coats, and wet me to the skin. I stag-  
gered out of deck—it was no drier there. The  
wind had hauled about, and the waves came  
driving at us, and I had been over like hungry  
dogs. I can not describe the action of the lit-  
tle craft as she tossed and plunged, and then  
heaved down into a dark trough of the howl-  
ing waves. It was dreadful—I could not bear  
it. I tried to take some of the water from me  
and crawled below, and took one of the doctor's  
pills, and turned my head to the wall.

My thoughts were quick and active; for the  
peltings of the wet, and a but-half-admitted  
sense of danger made me wakeful as the morn-  
ing; but my thoughts took one inevitable di-  
rection: I could have pleaded in a period as  
long as the longest in one of Fenelon's sermons  
and by a half more eloquent, for a single half  
hour of grief.

—Oh, ye pleasant romancers about the  
gay life upon the sea, whose romances spend  
themselves in dreams and in longings, I wish  
you could have had the birth of this poor soul  
for an hour, that night in the Zebra!

If a man's thoughts are not lively enough to  
run away from his distress, at such a time,  
there would be no hope for him—he would go  
down in sorrow to the grave. Now, my  
thoughts were frolicking through the green is-  
lands of England, and cottages sweet as love  
ever fancied, when I was restored to present  
consciousness, by the efforts made to breathe  
an infernal smoke, that filled the whole cabin  
of the Zebra.

Pierre had come in, in his dreadnought, and  
was building a fire in the stove. Presently he  
put over a pot of coffee; and when it had boil-  
ed, he generously offered it around at the berth  
in a tin dipper. I was not sure—but that I  
had seen the same dipper, passed, in a hurried  
manner from the birth of the stone-cutter's wife  
to the door of the gangway, in the first glim-  
mering of the morning.

—No, thank ye—said I—too ungraciously,  
for after all, thought I, it is only suspicion—  
corroborated, I must say, by the fact that the  
stone-cutter himself suspiciously abstained.  
The captain, however, daubed a full dipper of it  
and if he did not relish it so much as brandy it  
was no fault of the dipper, which was as good  
a dipper, mechanically speaking, as one could  
wish for.

But the stone cutter's wife was not the only  
one who proved ungraciously; for there were  
noises from the berth of the butcher below me  
that sounded like anything else more than the  
tuning out of coffee.

By and by there was a slight scuffle on deck;  
the captain was at the foot of the gangway, and  
Pierre at the top; they passed down the  
drenched cobble, and set him up in the lee  
corner; the poor devil had not strength to say  
anything. Next they handed down his wife,  
and set her up to windward as a sort of lit-  
ter, and kept the old fellow from tumbling  
against the stove, at each lurch of the vessel.  
Next, they passed down one of the cobblers' girls.  
They—then one of the cobbler's girls. I grew un-  
easy—but said nothing—I doubt if I could have  
said anything.

They kept on passing them down—first a  
boy then a girl—then a girl, and then a boy  
and I had counted nine. They filled the fore-  
castle like a mat, homespun—I tried to smile at  
the joke, but I could not. Through all this, the  
cobble had not said a word—nor one of the  
children—nor the butcher—nor the stone cut-  
ter's wife—nor I but I thought how it would be  
there was no room now to pass about the  
dipper; indeed I doubt if one of them could  
have carried a steady hand.

Presently there was a low cry.  
—Ma, Ma, tell Johnny—  
—Poor dear! how can he help it—said Ma;  
and the cobbler's wife made a desperate ef-  
fort to clear a spot beside her—how could she  
help it, wedged in as they were?

The cobbler tried to recall, but said not a  
word, though his mouth was full of bitterness—  
—poor soul!—so was his lap.

Now it happened just then, that my London  
beaver, which was upon a beam under the sky  
light, lurched over and fell among them. I  
would have got down to pick it up, if it had  
been worth ten guineas. So it went bobbing  
among them, striking one in the teeth, and  
another in the eyes, and once burying Johnny  
to the shoulders. There was a suffocating cry  
from under it, and by a single pinch of the  
thumb and finger, the cobbler's wife made a  
cocked hat of it, still flattened and shapeless,  
and driving round, nor stopped till Pierre  
picked it up, and jammed it into his beaver.

I grew tired of all this. I do not like to  
confess to sea sickness, but there was a feeling  
at my heart (it may have been the stomach)  
as I'm no anatomist, which played the very  
decks with me. I got upon deck—I never  
knew how—but have a faint recollection of  
three or four of the cobbler's children squalling  
after me, as if they had been trodded on. I  
put an arm round the bulwarks, begged Pierre  
to lay a tarpaulin over me, for it was raining  
in torrents, and looked out upon the sea.

Now and then a wave would rise close be-  
side the vessel, and a gust tear off its white  
bearded top and bring it a long sheet of water  
—crackling and spluttering over me. I would  
duck my gray wool cap under the tarpaulin,  
but no sooner out, than—whist came another  
sea, half blinding me with spray. A gull  
now and then would battle with the wind, but  
seemed struggling to get to land. The clouds  
thickened gradually into darkness, for the sun

was down,—*peris nix incubat atra*—black  
night brooded on the waters; they very half  
line came to me, as I sat hugging the low bul-  
warks, and gasping between the gusts.

O! *terque, quaterque beat*, you school boy,  
who can Virgil to the beats of the master's  
rod, though it be on your bare backs, rather  
than the thumps and dachings of a January  
gale upon the writhing carcas of that little  
floating Zebra—more headlong in its gallop  
than the wildest that courses the plains of  
Timbuctoo!

There was no sleep that night. I did not go  
back to the cabin: I gave the mate half a crown  
for his bed which was just within the gangway.  
True, the clothes smelled bad, but the cabin  
smelled indefinitely worse.

No better sky opened up next morning—  
Again the vile smoke filled the cabin; again  
Pierre made the coffee and again passed the  
dipper. I was faint, and of course nothing  
since the dinner in the parlor of the Dragon. I  
begged a bit of biscuit, munched it and stag-  
gered forward to the water cask. The butcher  
too, had crawled up deck but he said nothing  
to me (he knew my berth was over him) and  
I said nothing to him.

By noon a little sun showed itself. A Lon-  
don packet was beating down Channel. I  
scarcely seemed to mind the sea that was  
about us, as if we were not worth a rock-  
outing. I would have given my two sovereigns  
and my hat, and all I had, to have been on  
board of her.

The cobbler's boys crawled on deck. Pierre  
made a little broth, and begged some, and ate  
it in a pint bowl that I had not seen before—  
Before dark, we had made the Islands of Sark,  
but night came on black again, and in the  
morning, hungry and faint, I crawled again  
upon the deck, to see—nothing but a great  
gray waste of waters, dashing and lashing  
around us.

The sheep was almost dead and so was I—  
There was not a quadrant on board, if there  
had been a sun to light it. The captain knew  
no more of navigation than the butcher; yet,  
there we were, tearing away at a device of a  
pace—Philippe in the rigging, and the one-  
handed man at the helm—Heaven only knew  
where. So we had run in till near noon, when  
we decided—and the butcher and I came into  
consultation—to put the vessel about. All was  
ready for the new move, when Philippe cried,  
land. As I had no more faith in the fellow's  
eyes, than I had in his conscience, I doubted  
still.

Soon, however, there was a blue light in the  
horizon. An hour and we made Guernsey and  
rounded it; then we made the highlands of St.  
John's and of Grosnez; and saw the tall bell-  
fry of St. Owen; and also among the troubled  
waves, within two or three lengths of the fearful  
Corbiere; and passed La Moye, and ran under  
the shade of St. Breval, and finally near  
La Prest, and dashed down Normont tower—  
under the shadow of the great tower of St. Aubin;  
—and then, as the sun shined brightly  
between the pier and the dock of St. Hil-  
lers.

I will never go to sea again in a vessel of  
forty tons—I will never sail again with such  
a half-blooded blade of a captain—I will  
never sail again with a cobbler who has a wife  
and nine children—I will never sail again with  
a butcher who does not know a coffee-cup from  
a wash-bowl; but, the cruise of the Zebra be-  
ing at an end, I can only say under favor of  
Heaven, I never will make such another.

## A Bit of Romance.

About six years ago, a Dr. H—, having  
become involved in debt, left his home and  
wife in another State for Texas, for the pur-  
pose of improving his fortunes in a place  
where he would be free from the demands of  
creditors. In the course of time he  
went with the army to Mexico, and finally  
wended his way to California. After residing  
there some time, he met a young man from the  
place of his former residence, who, however,  
he did not know, and inquired of him if he  
knew his wife, whom he described, without,  
however, telling him of the relation he bore to  
her. The young man replied that Mrs. H—  
was his sister, and the last he heard of her  
was in St. Louis. After accumulating a com-  
petence, Dr. H—left for St. Louis, for the  
purpose of seeking his wife, who had long  
since given him up as dead. In St. Louis he  
learned that she had left that place some time  
previously, and was believed to be in New  
Albany. He came hither, and upon inquiry  
learned that she was earning a livelihood  
by sewing. He learned that she also be-  
lieved her brother to be dead, not having heard  
from him for many years. Dr. H—went to  
the house where he understood his wife was  
living, but found she had left there a few days  
before. He inquired about her general conduct  
and demeanor, and found that she had always  
been unexceptionable—spoke but little of  
her husband, but told every one that she con-  
sidered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H—  
was making inquiries discovered that he was  
the long lost husband, and offered to ac-  
company him to the house where his wife was  
sewing. Upon arriving there he said to her,  
—Mrs. H—, here is a gentleman who saw  
your brother in California. She appeared as-  
tonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently  
did not recognize him. He brushed back his  
hair, and said quickly, "Eliza don't you know  
me?"—Mrs. H—immediately swooned away,  
and fell on the floor. In the same moment a  
husband and brother, both supposed to be  
dead, was restored to her. Dr. H—, as we  
have said, has returned with a competence,  
and the supposed widow, it is presumed, will  
no longer seek for a livelihood.

The above statement, we are assured, is  
strictly correct. Here is a scene in real life  
equal in strangeness to any to which romance  
ever gave birth.—New Albany (Ind.) Ledger,  
Jan. 25.

It seems that Lord Denham, former chief  
justice of England, has been making a jolly  
of himself by making a certificate of the genu-  
ine of "Uncle Tom." His lordship knows  
himself as much of his "colored brother"  
in America as the latter knows of his lordship.  
We dare say both might profit by a better ac-  
quaintance. By the by, we would respectfully  
remind his lordship of the sensible old max-  
im—*ne crede color*, which our free'y trans-  
lated, signifies, don't put too much confidence  
in the "signifier literature" of the day.

## Becoming A Medium.

The fascinating spiritual rappings is without  
a doubt gaining strength among us, and some  
very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it  
at times, as well as more serious and deplora-  
ble ones.

A few nights since, within this week, a  
young male friend of ours, who, from a sheer-  
ly skeptic, had become a devout believer, re-  
tired to rest, after having his nervous system  
partially destroyed by the information  
through the spirit of his grandfather, that he  
would become a powerful medium. He was  
in his first comfortable snooze, when a click-  
ing noise in the direction of the door, awoke  
him. He listened intently; the noise was still  
going on—very like the raps of the spirit on  
the table indeed!

—Who's there?  
—There was no answer, and the noise stop-  
ped.

"Anybody there?"  
—No, was the answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to  
himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try it  
[sighed] "If there is a spirit in the room it  
will signify the same by saying 'aye'—no,  
that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit  
in the room will it please to rap three times?"

Three very distinct raps were given in the  
direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"  
—No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"  
—Three raps.

"Are you happy?"  
—Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"  
—A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get  
up?"  
—No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"  
—Raps very loud again, this time in the di-  
rection of the door. He waited long for an  
answer to the last question, but none came—  
The spirit had gone; and after thinking on  
the extraordinary visit he turned over and fell  
asleep.