

THE EAGLE
SPENCER & SCHIRMEYER, PROPRIETORS.
DECATUR, INDIANA.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1863.

Great, Glorious and Grand
Old Drunk!

TREMENDIOUS CROWD!

SOME SIXTY PERSONS PRESENT.

Patriotic Whiskey!

THE IMPORT IN THE CROWD!

THE OLD WAR HORSE WITH HIS
REGIMENTALS ON!

Big Speech, made by the
Rocky Mountain Lawyer
--the handsomest man now
living!

Drunk Speech

MADE BY DRUNK DOCTOR FROM
OHIO!

In which he said the dem-
ocrats were all dutch, and
the dutch didn't know any
thing!

THE WILD DOCTOR

With his Starspangled Buttons and Blue
Eagle Coat was lost in the labyrinths of
his Very LARGE Posters, having the

Valiant Noah
AND THE
Patriarchal Moses

To conduct the proceedings of the day!

Such is a slight description of the
grand fizzle and big Republican Drunk
that went off in this place on last Wednesday. We have seen more people in
town on Saturdays when there was nothing going on.

The Rally was a fizzle; but the Drunk
was a reality. The grocery keepers done
a flourishing business.

DIGNITY OF THE PRESIDENT.—President Lincoln does not cease to make points by the introduction of those anecdotes of Western life which crowd his marvelously retentive memory. A recent case is given of the manner in which he closed an interview with and silenced further intercession from a woman who was begging for the life of her husband, a soldier sentenced to be shot. In the West, (formerly more than now,) in the plainer lands, as they are called, in places abounding with deer. The pigs, also, were accustomed to run in the same bottoms, and only those who had considerable skill as hunters could distinguish the tracks of the deer from those of the pigs. Hence it became a proverb of fruitless hunting that one had spent his day in following 'pig tracks.' The President told the woman that the execution of her husband had been ordered by the War Department, and he could not interfere. She begged him to go over to the War Department and have the order revoked. It's no use, madam, for me to go. They do things in their way, over there, and I don't amount to pick tracks, in the War Department.

Mr. Lincoln's truthfulness and honesty are well illustrated by the following. In a letter to Gay Seymour, on the Conscription Act, he said:

I do not object to abide a decision of the United States Supreme Court or the judges thereof, on the constitutionality of the draft law. In fact I should be willing to facilitate the obtaining of it, but I cannot consent to lose the time while it is being obtained.

The President, said General Dix, in his proclamation (ordering the draft in New York,) his promptly consented to have it tested by judicial interpretation.

Now, what is the result? Why when a case was brought up pro forma to test the act in Philadelphia, and which involved no loss of time, the District Attorney of the United States, who had already entered his appearance in the case, refused to appear by instructions from Washington! [New York Day Book.

THE TRACK OF THE WAR IN VIR-
GINIA.

Washington, September 9.

Mr. trip was necessarily short and hurried, but it brought to view enough to convince me no section of country was ever so scourged by civil warfare as that part of Virginia lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock. They told me that to see the worst I would have to go beyond Bull Run Mountains but I cannot conceive a more appalling picture of universal ruin than on this side. Perhaps the magnitude of an extended survey may increase the heart-rending appreciation but it is impossible to realize a scene of more utter ruin than marked the path of my brief journey. The devastated section extends from Fredericksburg to the Shenandoah Valley, and from Washington westward to the Blue Ridge, including the counties of Fairfax, Prince William, Stafford, Fauquier, Loudon, Jefferson, Berkeley, Frederick, Clark, Warren, and Culpeper. Six different times has all this vast territory been overrun by the contending armies of the South and the rebellion, and the blight and destruction marking it to day will require labor and improvement of a half century of peace to remove.

In twenty five miles travel outside of the Washington fortifications not a stock of growing corn is to be seen, and wild pasture for a horse cannot be obtained without traveling miles from the main road; and it is the same feature all the way to the Rappahannock. Cultivated farms are nowhere to be found, excepting in inferior valleys of the Bull Run mountains, and even the small family gardens are often wanting. Fences have long since been burnt, and the farming lands, which once teemed with luxuriant crops of corn, wheat, and tobacco, are now overgrown with weeds and brush, untouched by the plow and unviolated by the stock which once grazed in countless numbers upon the surrounding hills.

It is a long this road that the scenes of desolation are seen in their most painful aspect. The common highways are worn and marked almost beyond traveling with a vehicle, and the bridges are washed away while the railroads running north towards the Shenandoah Valley present every feature of ruin and decay; bridges and culverts are destroyed; here and there the debris of a locomotive or a mangled train piles the track, with the long, lank grass growing amid the ruins, rails are missing, and others have been displaced; embankments have been washed away, leaving long gaps in the structure, and sleepers are rotting and grass grows luxuriantly between them.

All the mansions of the once wealthy people are deserted by the original occupants, and are now occupied by soldiers, or by poorer classes of whites, who have been deprived of their own sheltering roof by the cruel exigencies of war. Along the roads, occupied houses are the exceptions. The majority are deserted, plundered and dilapidated, while frequently nothing remains where they once stood except solitary chimneys surrounded by heaps of ashes and charred timbers.

The ruins of an old mill presented one of the most interesting sights among the many to be seen. It stood in the valley of a little stream coming down from the Bull Run Mountains, and was the only structure to be seen in a view of five miles. The land around had evidently once been well cultivated, but was now fenceless and overthrown with weed, and a short distance above was the useless dam with its dry race. All the weatherboarding had been stripped off as well as the shingles, and its wooden machinery lay scattered around, while the huge water wheel—too, ponderous to be removed, in a spirit of wanton destruction—still, retained its upright position. There it stood a skeleton of bare ribs, sleepers and rafters, typic of the desolation, and destruction, overtaking once blooming valley echoing to its busy hum.

The immense destruction of timber is another feature. All along the roads can be seen the ashes and charred timbers, of camp fires and bivouacs, and in some places the standing wood are destroyed in large districts by the fire.

What the fire has left the ax has finished. The whole elevated country presents the appearance of a vast battlefield. Much of this timber was, centuries, old, and was the pride of Virginia, owners. It will never be replaced.

The number of graves is a startling feature. They are seen everywhere along the road; they fill the woods, dot the hillside and burthen the valley—sometimes singly, then two or three together, then dozens, and sometimes hundred—in the vicinity of the battlefield. Turn which way you chose, go where you will find graves. Go in the old graveyards of the Virginia people, and you will find Union and southern soldiers sleeping with the ancestors of the rebels. Turn off the road to reach a house and you will find graves in the lawn in front. Stop at the well for water and you can see graves as you drink; and dive into the woods in search of a spring, and you will find many graves before you succeed. They are everywhere in countless numbers, and tell an appalling tale of war's destruction of human life.

Whosoever can love nothing but his own kinship has nothing but himself to love.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

A Startling Work—Female Life among the Mormons—a narrative of many years personal experience, by Maria Ward, the wife of a Mormon Elder.

"That one half of the world cannot imagine how the other half live," is unless true than trite; and the lesson our adage affords, our experience and observation daily tends to verify. Then, too, when we consider the ever varying phases of human passion, and the discordant elements from which all novel and fantastical scenes are moulded, it can scarcely seem surprising that a faithful record of actual events should exceed in singularity the wildest dream of romance; or that crimes, both strange and unnatural, should be perpetrated in a far-off country on the outskirts of civilization, which people in another state of society would never imagine possible. Knowing as I do know, the evils and horrors and abominations of the Mormon system, the degradation it imposes on females, and the consequent vices which extend through all the ramifications of the society, a sense of duty to the world has induced me to prepare the following narrative for the public eye. The romantic incidents connected with my experience, many may think bordering on the marvelous. To them I would say, that this narrative of my life only proves, what has so often been proved before, that "truth is stranger than fiction."—Author's preface.

The book contains 449 pages, with engravings, neatly bound in cloth, and will be sent to any address, post paid on receipt of price one dollar and twenty five cents.

A COMPANION TO FEMALE LIFE

Male Life among the Mormons, by Austin N. Ward.

This, like the above, is a work of great and unusual interest, and will be eagerly read as a companion volume, to female life.

It is a large 12mo volume, neatly bound in cloth, illustrated with engravings, and will be sent to any address post paid on receipt of price one dollar, or receipt of two dollars, will be sent both of the above works, postage prepaid.

Dickens' last great work "Great Expectations," By Charles Dickens.

Complete in one volume, 12mo cloth extra, illustrated with steel engravings. Will be sent to any address postage paid on receipt one dollar.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

Now so indispensable to every family, are being manufactured by us in every variety of style and finish. Descriptive circulars with prices will be furnished on application and any style of album sent by mail post paid on receipt of price.

Booksellers, news agents, book agents, canvassers, peddlers, and others will order a package of our books and albums. They will find them exceedingly popular and terms liberal.

1000 Local and Travelling Agents wanted everywhere for their sale.

For single copies or for terms in quantities, with other information apply to or address JOHN EDWIN POTTER Publisher No. 617 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK.

1863's Specialty.

GRAND MIRROR OF AMERICAN GENIUS. "Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease, Intent to reason, or polite to please."

New York Mercury

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

It is with no fears of war's effect upon their literary fortunes, that the publishers of the New York Mercury acknowledge the unwavering loyalty of their two hundred thousand subscribers, and announced to them, and to all, that the New York Mercury for this year will be richer in every luxury of polite literature than ever before, it is no upstart speculation, no temporary sensation, but a first class literary weekly, which been familiar to the United States a quarter of a century; and while the wishy-washy mushroom prints of yester day are cutting down their talent even while they raise their subscription price, the Mercury maintains all its great staff of Romancers, poets, humorists, essayists, story tellers, and editors, and promises to make it still greater for 1863.

It is the one paper for every home. Its forty columns of reading matter per week constitute an unparalleled CONSERVATORY OF THE EXERTIONING, and its novels, miscellaneous tales, beauties of verse, Gossips, Foulletons, broadsides of humor, and polished editorials, combine to epitomize all the charms of wit and sentiment.

The husband reads it to his wife, the mother to her children, the lover to his sweetheart, the soldier to his comrades, and the village school master to the circle around the stove. It is familiar to every man woman and child in this country, and has regular subscribers in several countries in Europe. The Mercury is also identified with the grandest patriotism of the age, for several members of its brilliant staff hold high rank in our noble army, and have made themselves as famous with the sword as with the pen. The great illustrating artist of the Mercury, the inimitable Darley, gives the paper the highest attributes of fine art; and yet this largest literary weekly of the day promises to surpass itself in all these respects during the new year!

The first New York Mercury novella for the new year, to be commenced in the issue of January 3, 1863, is called VICTORIA, OR THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFF. By CONSTANCE MAY CLETON, author of Gipsy Gower, Sybil Campbell, Erminie La Masquete, etc.

The editions of this distinguished author need no eulogy. Public opinion has long since pronounced them superior to any other novelties published on this side of the Atlantic; and the true test of their merit is found in the fact that they are eagerly reproduced, after their publication in the Mercury by the English press. We may add that the new tale Victoria, is fully equal in interest and depth of plot to either of those which have secured so large a share of public approval, and we can earnestly recommend it to all story readers.

The Mercury is sold by all newsmen and periodical dealers in America. To subscribers it is regularly mailed every Saturday morning, for 25c a year, three copies for \$5; six copies for \$9; eight copies for \$12 with an extra copy free to the gutter up of the club. Six month subscriptions received. Always write plainly the name of your post office, county and State. We take the names of all solvent banks at par. Payment must invariably be made in advance. Specimen copies sent free to all applicants.

The Mercury is sold by all newsmen and periodical dealers in America. To subscribers it is regularly mailed every Saturday morning, for 25c a year, three copies for \$5; six copies for \$9; eight copies for \$12 with an extra copy free to the gutter up of the club. Six month subscriptions received. Always write plainly the name of your post office, county and State. We take the names of all solvent banks at par.

Address all letters and remittances, post paid to CALLOWELL & WHITNEY.

Proprietors of the New York Mercury, 113 Fulton street, New York.

Poor! Poor!!

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Trustee and Overseer of the Poor will receive sealed proposals at his office, in Wabash Township, Adams County, Indiana, from this date till the first Monday in May, 1863, for the maintenance, during one year, of James R. Tucker, a pauper of Adams County.

L. G. BAKER, Trustee and Overseer of the Poor.

April 11, 1863.

THE SWEDISH BRANDY

As its name indicates is a peculiar product of the inventor, whose native land is Sweden. It is an article having a mellow and delicate flavor, peculiarly rich, and palatable; is highly medicinal, and especially adapted to the use of all ladies, who may require an agreeable, stimulating tonic, imparting strength to the system, giving an increased vitality to the whole human frame. It is a great favor in Sweden, so much so that it may be styled the national beverage. No family should be without it. Taken in the shape of a hot punch at night before going to bed, it makes a delicious draught producing a healthy perspiration dispelling a cold more effectually than any other mixture that can be taken. Try it once and be convinced.

Sold by merchants & Druggists every-where.

ROBACK'S
SWEDISH
BRANDY

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS.

NEW YORK STORE,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

Established two years ago, on the go ahead principle of selling a large amount of goods on small profits.

This house by the uniform system of buying and selling goods CHEAP, has acquired a reputation never before attained by any firm in Northern Indiana. Always on hand with a magnificent stock, purchased at forced and auction sales, by our New York partner, and willing to sell goods at a small advance on cost.

Every article in the DRY GOODS line can always be found here from the

Lowest Price to the Finest Quality.

The citizens of Decatur, and surrounding country, are invited to call. We guarantee a saving of 20 per cent.

June 20, 1862. v6-n20-1f. McDougal & Co.

FORT WAYNE ADVERTISEMENTS.

CITIZEN'S BANK,
J. D. NUTTMAN, Banker.

Calhoun St., opposite the Avenir House.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA. 17th Notes and Drafts discounted. Exchange for sale. Six per cent interest allowed on time deposits. Gold and Silver bought. n38v6.

MAIN STREET EXCHANGE,
J. LESMAN, Proprietor.

Main St., West of Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Good Accommodations at Reasonable rates.

Stage office for Bluffton, Decatur, St. Mary's, Kandalville, Sturgis and Auburn. n38v6.

DRY GOODS

Palm Leaf and other Summer Hats, bonnets, ribbons, &c.

Clothing, Groceries

Boots and Shoes

Nails, Iron &c.

all of which we will sell at the lowest possible prices for

READY PAY,

But as we can buy to advantage only for ready pay we cannot sell goods on Credit.

JOHN NUTTMAN & CRAWFORD.

MEYER & BRO., Whole & Retail Dealers in Drugs and Medicines.

Paints, Oils, French and American Window Glass, Dye Staffs, Brushes, Spices, Liquors and Wines, Coal Oil and candle oil Lamps, &c.

17th No. 93 Columbia Street, Fort Wayne, Ind. n38v6.

Treasurer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there is money in the County Treasury for the redemption of all county orders issued prior to June 1st 1861, and no interest will be allowed on orders after this day. C. L. SCHIRMEYER June 4 1863. Treasurer

B. W. OAKLEY, Wholesale Dealer in HARDWARE AND STOVES.

And Manufacturer of TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPERWARE AT THE GRANITE STORE, No. 79, Columbia Street.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA. v4-n24.

Notice.

The owners of lots in the town of Decatur along which any sidewalk is built are hereby notified to put the same in repair within the next ten days. Sidewalks not repaired within the time by the owners will be repaired by the Marshall and charged against the adjoining lots.

GEO. NUMBERS Marshall.

HEDEKIN HOUSE, J. EKARN3 & SON,