

## THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
T. & P. McDONALD.

PLATT McDONALD, : : : : : Editor.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2D, 1862.

DEMOCRATIC EXHAUSTIVE CONVENTION.

At a call meeting of the Democratic State Convention, held at the residence of T. & P. McDONALD, on the 1st inst., the following resolutions were adopted: That the Democratic Party in this State, in its efforts to secure the restoration of the Union, and the preservation of the Constitution, and the maintenance of the rights of the people, are entitled to the support of all true patriots and lovers of their country. That the Democratic Party in this State, in its efforts to secure the restoration of the Union, and the preservation of the Constitution, and the maintenance of the rights of the people, are entitled to the support of all true patriots and lovers of their country.

## TO THE READER.

The responsible editor being away from home the editorial robes have been placed upon "our" profane shoulders for the time being. The article on "War and Taxes" we are not responsible for, as will be seen by the initials at the bottom.

## WAR AND TAXES.

Our nation has aptly been compared to a "boiling cauldron"; or in other words we are like the man who had the following inscription on his tomb-stone: "I was well, but I wanted to be better; I took physic, and here I am." No nation ever prospered as did ours, until a few years since, we "wanted to be better." There is a wide difference of opinion in reference to what caused the present war. One party says that a nation cannot exist, part free and part slave. This position we think is incorrect, from the fact that we have so lived for eighty years, and had it not been for the abolitionists meddling themselves about matters which did not concern them, we would still be living in peace; but "here we are," a ruined, bankrupt nation; brother warring against brother, and neighbor against neighbor.

As for our own part we have always been a peace man, and for so believing have been denounced as a traitor, rebel and pro-slavery; and not only so, but the whole democratic party in the Northern States have been so denounced, because they were in favor of adjusting our national difficulties without murdering one another and ruining our common country. Since the republicans have quarreled among themselves in reference to the objects of the war, the appellations of traitor and tory are not used so flippantly as they were a few months since. If speaking derogatory of Mr. Lincoln's acts and principles constitutes treason, it occurs to us that the republicans have a large number of traitors among themselves, that, it would seem, ought to arrest their attention before they become so wonderfully exercised about the democratic party.

The democrats have given Mr. Lincoln's war policy a generous support, whenever it was confined within the Constitution. He gave some signs, in his modification of Fremont's Proclamation and in his correction of Cameron's Report, that his policy was only to put down the rebellion, and not to emancipate and arm the negroes. Our opinion is that Mr. Lincoln entertains as ultra abolition sentiments as Lovejoy, Fremont or Cameron; but the elections last fall admonished him that there was a conservative element still existing which he would do well "not to totally disregard. Every conservative man in the country whether democrat or republican felt glad when the President corrected Fremont's Proclamation and Cameron's Report, yet at the same time there is no doubt, in our mind, but those documents contained his real sentiments on the negro question, and had the democratic party and the Union men in the border States endorsed the policy advocated in those documents, he would not have altered them an iota.

We think it extremely doubtful whether Mr. Lincoln will ever be able to quell the rebellion, and bring the seceded States back into the Union. He certainly cannot do it if he pays any attention to the abolition wing of his party;—if he disregards their counsel there will be a break up in the party, unless we are at fault as judges.

Our government is now spending about one and a quarter million dollars per day, this money has all to be paid by the dear people. We have just begun to pay a small portion of it in the increased price of the greater portion of the articles which we purchase from the merchants; on each pound of coffee we pay about 8 cents, on each yard of calico, 12 cents; on each yard of sheeting, about 10 cents, and rice, tea, and coffee in the same proportion. On the other hand the farmers get less than half what they usually got for their pork and corn; so, by having to pay about one-third more for articles which they buy, and having to take one-half less for what they sell, they, of course, complain bitterly of "hard times"; but we say to our friends:—keep in good heart, we have only a foretaste of what is in reserve for us. Next year when the tax-gatherer comes around and puts one kind of delinquency in jail, and has an agent along to

bid in all delinquent lands for the government, then, those who have assisted, by their votes, to bring about such a state of things, will repent of their folly when it is too late.

There is no probability that the present Congress will do anything this session towards bringing our troubles to a close. Nearly all their time has and will be employed about the negro. Our next Congress will be composed of very different material from the present one; to it the real friends of the Union will look in hope that white men will receive a share of their attention.

## CONGRESSMAN ELY.

The Hon. Mr. Ely, M. C. from the Rochester, N. Y., district, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, has been exchanged, and taken his seat in Congress.

At the time Mr. Ely was taken, he was, according to reports, in a bibulous condition, and had him his tired form at the foot of a tree, when our forces commenced retreating. Mr. Ely's friends seeing it to be the order of the day, also commenced a retrograde movement, leaving the poor gentleman, who was unable to follow suit, to the tender mercies of the secessionists. In a short time a dragoon rode up to the place of Mr. Ely's repose, and invited him to "get on behind," which, with the assistance of the accommodating individual aforesaid, he did. Mr. E. supposed he would soon be in Washington,—his friend being well mounted,—but, alas! he found himself the "victim of misplaced confidence," for the good Samaritan who took him in, belonged to the rebel army, where they arrived in a short time. Mr. Ely was taken to Richmond, and by his fund of good humor, and easy way of meeting adversity, he succeeded in materially mitigating the rigor of his confinement. It was the life and soul of the prisoners in Richmond, and was presented with an elegant wooden sword, of large size, as a mark of their esteem. It was the work of an ingenious artificer of their number, and was presented with a neat little speech. Mr. Ely accepted the sword and a half in length—which was said to have been one of his happiest efforts.

## A RECAPITULATION.

On the outside of to-days paper we publish a card from James Redpath, one of the editors of the *Pine and Palm*, (a vile abolition sheet, printed at Boston), in which he retracts most of his previous articles on the war and the policy of the government, and especially the murderous plan of inciting slaves to insurrection.

In this Mr. Redpath has shown himself not entirely destitute of those qualities which are necessary to make the man, and furnishes an apt illustration of the old saying, that "When the lamp goes out, the light is lost." May he eventually come to regard the duty of the freeman to the slave in the more christian and human manner, which he says he is endeavoring to do.

If Cameron, and a number of his ilk, would get on the mourners bench with Redpath, the country would be vastly benefited thereby. Let us pray.

## TAKEN PRISONERS.

By a correspondent of the *Indianian*, Warsaw, we are informed that Capt. Reub. Williams, of that place, together with several of his men, was taken prisoner by the rebels, at Dam No 4 on the Poconoc, on the 11th inst. Mr. Williams was formerly one of the editors of the *Indianian* and while in that position was generally known as a gentleman decidedly in favor of the war. He and his companions are to be taken to Richmond for confinement. Capt. Williams expressed the belief that they will soon be exchanged, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

## MASONIC FESTIVAL.

The Festival at Masonic Hall on last Friday evening was a very pleasant affair. Quite a number of our citizens, who were not members, were present, although not as many as there would have been, had the Hall been larger. The toasts were appropriate, and the various responses more than usually happy. The Festival was to celebrate the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist.

## GERMAN UNION BALL.

The ball last Thursday night was decidedly the best ever in Plymouth. Good company, nice hall, fine supper, and splendid music, nothing was lacking to make it the most elegant affair of this, or any other season.

## APOLOGETIC.

Our readers will have to bear with us this week. The senior editor being away from home, our New Year Address, etc., have made it impossible for us to get in any news, or local matters. Next week we hope to be regular again.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

There will be preaching at the Presbyterian Church, next Sunday, at the usual hours by Rev. Mr. Fairchild of Wabash.

## UNION MEETING AT BOUBON.

We have received the proceedings of a Union meeting held in Bourbon on the 14th inst., but, owing to the crowded state of our columns will be unable to publish them. The meeting is reported as having been very enthusiastic, the speeches good, and the resolutions ditto.

## Mason and Slidell—How they are to Go to Europe.

Boston, Dec. 30. By instructions from Lord Lyons, the Cunard steamer Niagara, which arrived here on Saturday, will leave to-morrow (Tuesday) for Liverpool, taking on Mason and Slidell.

The Persia, now in the St. Lawrence, will come to Boston to take the place of the Niagara for Wednesday, the regular day.

LATER.—The agents of the Niagara deny that they have instructions to take out Mason and Slidell.

The Niagara took in coal to-day to make room for the steamship Persia, soon expected here, and may or may not leave for Liverpool before her regular day.

New York, Dec. 30. Mr. Cunard, of this city, agent of the Cunard line of steamers, states that the steamship Niagara will not sail for Liverpool until her regular day, Wednesday, January 1st.

Boston, Dec. 30.—3 P. M. The agents of the Cunard steamers in this city have given orders to have the Niagara in readiness to sail for Liverpool at noon on Tuesday, but nothing has as yet been received from Lord Lyons in regard to Mason and Slidell going out on her.

The agents probably expect orders to that effect by to-morrow morning's mail.

Cairo, Ill., Dec. 30. Jeff. Thompson, with sixty men under his command, yesterday fired on the steamer City of Alton, on her way to St. Louis, at Commerce City, Missouri.

A woman warned Capt. Barnes of the presence of Thompson in the town, and he backed his boat from the levee, when the rebel marauders fired, but did no damage.

Their object was to take the boat, but the warning of the woman saved them.

Commerce is a Union town, and the citizens solicited Fremont to station soldiers there, but to no purpose.

Thompson and his troops robbed the stores before they left.

Gen. Grant has sent a force of cavalry to Commerce.

## From Washington.

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Times.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.

Mr. Ely contradicts unequivocally the published statements, attributed to him that the South could never be subjugated, and that he favored ending the war by yielding their independence.

These stories originated from secession sources in Baltimore.

Secretary Cameron and Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, reviewed Gen. McClellan's division to-day, making appropriate speeches to the troops.

Information has reached here that the rebels have removed the wounded Federal soldiers at Leesburg to Richmond.

The rebels have largely increased their force in the vicinity of Drainsville, the scene of the late battle.

The Senate has postponed, in executive session, the consideration of the nominations of Brigadier Generals lately made.

It is not contemplated to do any business in Congress this week.

On Friday night the decision of the administration in the Trent case was announced jointly to the Committees of the Senate and the House on Foreign Relations.

All approved it.

Leslie Coombs, in a reply to a serenade, last night, predicted a great battle in Kentucky in a few days.

Gen. Rosecrans made a speech highly complimentary of his soldiers.

Daniel S. Dickinson is here.

He approves fully of the course of the government in the Mason and Slidell affair.

The settlement of the Trent affair affords much gratification, all classes, whatever their previous opinions, believing it has saved us from war with Great Britain, and possibly with France.

Secretary Seward's dispatches are considered of the highest statesmanlike ability.

The act of Congress just passed, increasing the tariff on tea, coffee, sugar, and molasses, is abominable in one respect. The tax is specific instead of ad valorem.

A pound of tea must pay twenty cents whether it be invoiced at thirty cents or one hundred cents. Refined sugars must pay eight cents per pound whatever their quality, and molasses must pay six cents per gallon whether it be Black Port Rico or Steuart's refined. Thus, the poor man who uses the lowest price tea and sugar and molasses must pay just as much tax as the rich man who uses the highest price articles. This is all wrong, and it is oppressive. It is neither just nor wise legislation. It is, however, of a piece with all the republican legislation.

## CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF

## THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

With hands that falter, and with trembling heart,

With limbs that all reluctant do their part,

Once more before the Sacred Grove I stand:

And, with imploring eyes and lifted hand,

I invoke the Heaven-born Muse. O Power of Song!

The evoked gifts that Gods and men admire,

To fill the soul with Song, and add Celestial fire!

Breathe on my forehead with thy quickening breath:

The verse inspired need, fear no early death.

Touch with thy magic wand my heart of steel!

Words shall be formed that every heart must feel.

Take from thine altar, where unceasing blaze

The living flames, whose soul-inspiring rays

Inspire the Poet's brain with thoughts divine,

A burning coal, and touch these lips of mine!

Inspired by thee, my pen with joy I take,

And fearless write the thoughts thou dost create.

While, dressed in flowing rhyme and numbers round,

The ear is pleased with twice recurring sound.

List, while I sing. 'Thou humble boy my men,

Thou' only as a Carrier Boy I'm seen,

A mighty task, a wondrous theme is mine:

I tell the changes of one year of Time.

Great "Sixty-One" is dead. His giant length

Lies stretched behind us without life or strength,

And youthful Sixty-Two, with eager hands,

Has turned the hour-glass, and the dropping sands

Are slowly shrouding in the misty past

A year to be remembered to the last.

Since that great year which was numbered "one,"

When God to Earth sent down his only Son,

Who taught mankind by persuasive speech

A tale, sure real eternal joys to reach,

Time never has produced a year, wherein

Events so great, so thickly strewn have been.

Portentous Nature, long before his birth,

Presaged with omens dire to sons of earth,

That, full of woes to human kind should come

The year of Eighteen Hundred Sixty-One;

For, while the leaves were dropping from the trees

And branches bare sighed in the autumn breeze,

High in the West, while evening's stars grew bright,

A Comet shone with trail of crooked light,

That pale the stars and made the moon grow dim.

Like flaming sword of the angry cherubim

Who stood upon the walls of Paradise,

And shut its heavenly glories from the eyes

Of our first Parents, who in sin and vice

Watched its bright gleamings from the vale below,

That blazing prodigy in the sky arose,

A direful messenger of coming woes.

Some men looked up and wondered; others gazed

With quaking hearts, sore frightened and amazed.

None seemed to know or guess its grand design,

As through the west it swept with trail of fire.

Its mission done, far in the S. western sky,

The blazing herald vanished from the eye.

But on the morrow year its withering light

Fell, like the rust in a murky summer night

On a field of eating wheat the day before,

The shining stalks gave way to empty sheaves

Of winter food; the thrifty farmer weeps

The boning hawk, and e'en begins to choose

The ripest spot, where first his laughing train

Shall in bright swaths lay down the golden grain.

With cooling winds the darkness night descends,

Distilling poisonous dews on heads and stems.

The venom rankles in the milky sap,

And round the stalks a rusting covering wraps.

And when the farmer leads his noisy crew,

With sharpened scythes his harvest work to do,

Red clouds of dust at every stroke arise,

That choke the breath and blind the reapers' eyes,

And shrunken grain and crackling straw is all

The farmer gets for that long summer's toil.

So has the brilliant promise of the year

Been turned to misery and mad despair.

Instead of grain the fruitful lands now yield

A crop of soldiers arming for the field.

The willing horse, obedient to command,

No longer marks the furrow in the land,

But yoked in teams, and lashed with furious blows,

He drags the ponderous cannon through the snows.

The busy railroads, those great thoroughfares

Solately crowded with the trader's wares,

Can scarcely fill the imperative demands

That government is asking at their hands.

And every ware house, every depot, car,

Now groans beneath the implements of war.

Our snowy ships that decked the watery main,

By commerce sent in hopes of lawful gain,

No longer o'er the deep in safety pass;

But with sharp look out at the lofty mast,

They creep along the guarded coast, for fear

Of capture by the Southern privateer.

And over all Columbia's teeming soil,

Where late were heard the sounds of peaceful toil,

The hum of busy wheels, the rush of steam,

The clanking of the mill upon the stream,

What startling sounds of strife and war are heard!

The steady tramp of armed men, the word

Of sharp command; the clank of iron heels;

The stirring roll of drums; the ring of steel;

The boom of cannon on the appalling yell

Of hurrying shot; the whiz of bomb and shell;

The angry roll of deadly musketry.

That bursts from stately ranks of infantry;

The loud hurrah; the shouts of strife and hate

From opposing armies met in dire debate;

The shrieks of agony; the smothered groan,

That tells how true the fatal ball sped home;

The crumpling, sickening sound of human bones

Crushed 'neath the cannon's wheels. Half stifled moans

Of brave men sorely wounded unto death,

Who sadly murmur with expiring breath,

A dying blessing for their much-loved friends,

E'er to the shades the parting soul descends;

And last, though not the least, the mournful click

Of the grave digger's tools; with spade and pick

The soldier's resting place is hollowed deep,

Where, bodies piled on bodies, in a heap

Those brave and true hearts find a nameless grave.

In that broad land they fought so well to save.

But not tovengeful hand of bloody Mars,

Nor to the influence of baneful stars,

Nor to infernal powers, nor spirits fell,

Who visit Earth from depths of deepest Hell,

Can men ascribe the direful cause that fills

Our blood-bought country with such woes and ills

As now distract the land.

The hellish lust

For place and power, in men, who try to thrust

A mock philanthropy by legislation

Upon the States that made this glorious nation,

Who use a sickly sentimental theme,

As wild and futile as the alchemist's dream,

To raise to frenzied pitch the public mind,

In hopes their avarice may catch some lucky wind,

The universal truth will create,

And bear them safely to some high Estate,

And planted years ago the infernal seeds

Which, nurtured by their schemes have brought

Four words

More deadly far than the famed Upstree

That grows on islands in the Tropics Sea

For that stands lonely in the barren waste

Its poisonous breath has made, and man and beast  
Know well its fatal foliage, and give  
Its venom shades wide berth, that they may live.

But this fell plant has found in human minds  
A soil where it may thrive; and there it twines  
Its serpent roots, and for its nourishment  
Exhausts the founts of healthy sentiment,  
And withers all integrity and manly pride,  
That in an honest upright heart abide.

Thou cause of all our woes, Cursed Abolition!

Thou monster to whom Hell denies admission!

Thou dost thou not forever, in the pitch

Tintoozing from the sewers, fill the ditch

Around the adamantine walls of Hell,

Roll thy black shape? Why was the potent spell

That kept thee wand'ring in the shades of night

Dissoved so soon? Why should the cheerful light

Be blasted by the shadow of thy wing?

O Earth be pestered by so vile a thing!

Why didst thou not discover in thy flight,

Some barren planet and on it alight,

Where thou might'st drag thy slimy carcass round

And view thyself stretched out upon the ground?

Sure, blacker far than Cerberus must be

The human heart that loves such thing as thee.

Could honest men have known how vile a creature

Was calling "quick to follow," as thy teacher,

Thy'd turn with quick contempt its counsels evil

And see its presence as they would the devil.

Now over all the North the monster's spawn

Has hatched a hateful brood, a venomous throng,

Who seek to serve their base and selfish ends

By breccing discord in the minds of men.

Reg'rd as of results they obtain