

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

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

VOLUME 9.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1864.

NUMBER 36.

THE PLYMOUTH WEEKLY DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, BY
OSBORN & VANVALKENBURGH.
J. S. OSBORN. J. P. VANVALKENBURGH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
1st ad in advance, or within three months, \$2.00
If not paid within three months, \$2.50
If no paper will be discontinued until all
arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the
Publishers.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Attorneys.

M. A. O. PACKARD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR
AT LAW.
Plymouth, Ind. 11-15

S. A. MCCRACKIN,
County Recorder, and Attorney
at Law.

Knox, Starke County, Indiana.
Will make Collections, pay Taxes, examine
Titles to Real Estate, take acknowledgments of
Deeds, Mortgages, &c. All matters of Litigation
attended to in Starke and adjoining Counties.
If bounty money and back pay of Soldiers,
and Pensions, collected. Remittances promptly
made and charges reasonable.
11-26-17

REEVE & CAPRON,
Attorneys and Notaries, Plymouth, Marshall Co.,
Ind., practice in Marshall and adjoining Coun-
ties. Represent Babcock & Co., Phelps, Dodge
& Co., New York, Cooley, Farwell & Co., Good
& Co., Chicago, London & Co., Phila., Co. of
Beaumont & Co., Pittsburgh, Hon. A. L. Osborn,
Circuit Judge, LaPorte, Ind.

D. T. PHILLIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
And War Claim Agent,
Plymouth, Marshall Co., Ind.
17 OFFICE IN WOODWARD'S BLOCK, 17

Practice in Marshall, Fulton, Pulaski, Starke
late, Porter, St. Joseph, LaPorte and adjoining
counties. jan30 11-15

JOHN G. OSBORNE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
17 OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING,
PLYMOUTH, IND.

JOHN D. DEVOR,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
SOLICITOR OF PENSIONS.

OFFICE Over Partridge's Drug Store, Plym-
outh, Indiana. 11-17

Physicians.

D. J. M. CONFER, late Surgeon of the
29th Indiana Infantry, offers his profes-
sional services to the people of Marshall County.
17 Office and residence west side of Michigan
street, three blocks North of the Edwards House,
Plymouth, Indiana. 11-22

J. J. VINALL,
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Particular attention paid to
Obstetric practice, and diseases of women,
and children, office over C. Palmer's store.
Residence opposite the North-west corner of the
Public Square.
Nov. 5-11-17

DR. JAMES GILLAM,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN
AND
SURGEON.
Tenders his professional services to the citi-
zens of Marshall County.
17 Office with Dr. West, on Michigan Street.
11-21-17

Hotels.

EDWARDS HOUSE,
MICHIGAN STREET, PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.
G. & W. H. M'CONNELL, Proprietors
Omni-bus to and from all trains, and also to
any part of the town, when orders are left at
the House. 11-21-17

RAIL ROAD EXCHANGE.
R. M. CRAWFORD, Proprietor.
The proprietor of this well known Hotel is
prepared to receive, and provide for, all his old
patrons, and as many new ones as may favor him
with their patronage. His table will at all times
be supplied with as good as the market affords,
and his guests shall receive every attention their
comfort may require. Being situated at the Rail
Road Depot, this house has many advantages over
any other in town. Board by the day or week—
Bills reasonable.
11-26-17, 1863-17

HASLANGER HOUSE,
Near the Bridge, and within a few minutes'
walk of the Depot.

South Plymouth, Ind.
The subscriber has just opened the above House,
and is determined to keep it in manner every
worthy of public patronage.

HIS TABLE
Will be supplied with the best the market affords;
charges reasonable, and every exertion used to
render the stay of guests agreeable.

CONVENIENT STABLES
Attached to the premises, and a faithful ostler at
your disposal.

JOHN C. HASLANGER,
Plymouth, March 21, 1861-1863

Business Directory.

R. R. Time Tables.

P. F. W. & C. R. R. Time Table.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PLYMOUTH STATION

EASTWARD BOUND TRAINS.
Mail and Accommodation, 8:42 A. M.
Day Express, 10:01 A. M.
Night Express, 9:39 A. M.
Fast Stock, 5:45 P. M.
Live Stock and Ex. Freight, 12:06 A. M.
Local Freight, 1:00 P. M.

WESTWARD BOUND TRAINS.
Mail and Accommodation, 4:50 P. M.
Day Express, 7:15 P. M.
Night Express, 8:00 A. M.
Local Freight, 1:00 P. M.
Through Freight, 5:55 A. M.
Fast Freight, 8:06 P. M.
S. R. EDWARDS, Agent.

C. P. & C. R. R. Time Table.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
EASTWARD.
Leave La Porte, daily, 7:00 A. M.
(Sundays Excepted).
Arrive at Plymouth, 9:00 A. M.

WESTWARD.
Leave Plymouth, 1:00 P. M.
Arrive at La Porte, 9:00 P. M.
Trains run by La Porte time, which is kept at
R. Vail's Jewelry store, and is 15 minutes slower
than P. F. W. & C. R. R. time.
H. R. DRULINER, Supt.

DR. A. O. BORTON,

SURGEON DENTIST.
Can be consulted at his office every
day except Mondays and Tuesdays.
17 Office over Hill's Bakery.
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

J. H. BESAZK,

Having removed his
TAILOR SHOP
TO THE SECOND DOOR
NORTH OF WHEELER'S
BANK, would respectfully in-
vite his customers to give him
a call, as he has constantly on
hand a good assortment of
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS.

Which he proposes to MANUFACTURE TO
ORDER, Lower than any establishment in
Town.

CALL AND SEE.

BANK OF THE STATE OF INDIANA,

BRANCH AT PLYMOUTH.
Open from 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 1 to 3 P. M.
THEO. CRESSNER, Cashier.
S. A. FLETCHER, Jr. Pres.

J. F. LANGENBAUGH,

Who understands the German and English lan-
guages thoroughly, has been appointed
NOTARY PUBLIC
and will translate legal documents from one
language to the other on reasonable terms.
He will also take acknowledgments of
Deeds, &c., &c. He may be found at the "Low
Price Store." 11-21-17

J. G. OSBORNE,

Justice of the Peace.
Will make conveyances, take acknowledgments
Depositions, &c., &c.
17 Office over Wacker's Bank,
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

J. S. ECOTT,

General Collector,
Continues to give Prompt Attention to the
Collection of Claims.
17 Best of references given when required.
11-21-17

PETER DALAKER,

MEAT MARKET
ON LAPORE STREET.
One Door West of Cleveland & Work's Gro-
cery. Fresh Meats of the best quality constantly
on hand. 11-25-17

J. S. ALLEMAN & BRO.

BILLIARD SALOON,
On west side Michigan Street, 1st door south of
Woodward's Brick Block,
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.
Choice Liquors and Cigars.
Orders served up in the very Best Style.
11-17-17

D. E. EGLESTON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Office at the Auction Store of EGLESTON
& BRO.
Second hand Furniture bought and sold.
Furniture Auction every Saturday at 1 o'clock.
11-21-17

Livery.

N. B. KLINGER,
Proprietor, "Buckeye Livery," opposite Edwards
House, Plymouth, Ind. 11-21-17

JOHN NOLL,

BUTCHER!
Meat Market on Michigan Street, opposite
Hiller's Bank,
Plymouth, Indiana.
Nov. 5-11-17

A. K. BRIGGS,

BLACKSMITHING AND HORSE
SHOEING done well and promptly.
17 Shop in South Plymouth, near the
bridge. 11-21-17

All kinds of Job Work done at this Office, on

short notice, with neatness and dispatch.

The Good Time has Come at Last.

A NEW ENGLAND ABOLITION SONG.

Ah! the good time has come at last!
New England rules the nation,
And now we've got you "Hoosiers" fast,
In spite of all creation.

For thirty years we've labored hard
For tariff and protection,
And now we dare you to retard
By setting up objection.

Protection is the very thing
To gratify our wishes—
It brings us riches like a king,
And gold and silver dishes.

It makes us love you Western folks
With very kind regard—
For now we sell you calico
At thirty cents a yard.

Once you had gold and silver, too,
Frying round like rockets;
But now we made you send it through,
To jingle in our pockets.

While we've got plenty of "chink,"
It surely looks quite funny,
To see you Western Hoosier folks
Use paste-board for money.

For Union, Constitution, Law,
Did we not loud insist
Until we got you Hoosier boys
Most bravely to enlist?

And now we've got you in the ranks,
We cannot help but "sigger,"
To think that we can make you fight
To help us free the "nigger."

Now we've got all the offices,
And all the contracts too;
This makes glorious times for us,
Tho' rather hard for you.

For we've got Yankees just enough,
Scattered through the West
To fill the Federal offices,
And feather well their nest.

In two years more we'll make enough
To satisfy our pride
And thus we'll say to one and all
Just let the Union slide.

Extract from the Inaugural Ad-

dress of Governor Henry W. Allen,
to the Legislature of the
State of Louisiana, delivered at
Shreveport, Jan. 25, 1864.

But what terms of peace does the bloody
Moloch at Washington suggest to his
Congress?

1st. You must give up all your negroes
and make them your equals.

The Constitution of the United States
guarantees property in your slaves—for
Washington and Madison and Jefferson,
were all slaveholders under the Constitu-
tion. But Lincoln's Proclamation over-
rides all constitutional and judicial pre-
cedents, and aims a death blow at your dearest
rights.

2d. You must sever not only to support
the Federal Constitution, but all the nefar-
ious acts of the Black Republican party,
and the unconstitutional proclamations of
Abraham Lincoln.

3d. You must if required, hunt down
your brothers and your neighbors, bind
them hand and foot, and deliver them up
to death. The father who has sons in the
Confederate army is ordered to forswear
the land of his birth or adoption, and aid
in the assassination of his own offspring.

The fiend of hell in his malice never
conceived such unnatural and infernal
wickedness!!

Great God! Peace to whom? Peace to
you, whose brethren have been slain—
whose lands have been despoiled—whose
homes have been burned—whose wives
and whose daughters have been basely
insulted! 'Tis the voice of the murderer
with bloody hands reeking from his assas-
sination, who now proposes terms of unity
to the brother of his bleeding victim! 'Tis
the incendiary outlaw who returns from
burning your houses and despoiling your
lands! 'Tis the black-hearted villain who
has insulted your wives and daughters,
and who now asks you to take a seat around
his loathsome fireside and bask in the smiles
of his own licentiousness! Forbid it, Al-
mighty God! Let there be no peace be-
tween us until we are free forever from
this accursed race! Is peace so sweet as
to be purchased at the price of reconstruc-
tion? Oh! think not of reconstruction.
Reconstruction means subjugation, ruin
and death. The martyrs of our holy cause
—those heroic men who shed their blood
for us at Manassas, at Shiloh, at Sharps-
burg and a hundred other battle-fields—
would rise in solemn procession from the
chambers of the dead and rebuke this un-
holy alliance. A gallant young Louisiana
man was dying on the field of Shiloh; as I
passed him he called me to his side—said
he, "My Colonel, I am dying. If you
should live to get back to Louisiana tell
my aged father that I died for my country,
and bid him to fight this battle out,"
to lose negroes and land, and life itself,
but never, never go back to the old Union."

Those words are still ringing in my ears,
and I tell them to you to-day: "Lose, ne-
groes, lose lands, lose everything, lose life
itself," but never think of reconstruction.
There is a sea of blood between us, we can-
not pass that sea. Let us rather add there-
to a wall of living fire, and a gulf, deep
and dark, of eternal hate.

Yes, our people have suffered—how
much, the Almighty Ruler of the universe
only knows. The world will never know.
In the country parishes black desolation is

found in the trail of the despoiler. Farm
houses have been stripped of every article
of furniture—barns and fences destroyed,
the implements of husbandry have been
burnt, and the very cloth of the poor wid-
ows has been cut from the loom by the or-
ders of Yankee generals. In our cities it
has been worse.

The beast Butler came to New Orleans
a poor New England bankrupt, with empty
pockets and a lie upon his coward lips—
He left that devoted city with the male-
dictions of all, for he basely insulted the
women and robbed the men. The untold
millions of wealth that this beast stole in
New Orleans are only known to himself
and his robber brother.

Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts,
I arraign you to-day at the bar of the civi-
lized world. You told the people of New
Orleans, upon your arrival there, that none
should be compelled to take the oath of
allegiance to the Federal Government,
but that it was a privilege to be sought af-
ter by the citizens. But just as soon as
you had them in your power you required
every man and woman in the city to come
forward and take that oath. Many left,
and many stayed and registered them-
selves as enemies. Then began, by your
orders, the most outrageous, promiscuous
plunders, that was ever witnessed on this
continent. It was, indeed, the saturnalia
of thieves. All were robbed who came
under the ban of your displeasure. A very
respectable merchant of that city a non-
combatant himself and his friends and
neighbors, would be robbed, sold his silver
plate, a large and valuable set, to a widow
lady to whom he was indebted. This lady
put the plate on board a Danish ship, and
took bills of lading for same. You heard
of it, sent armed soldiery, took the ship,
broke open the hatches and seized the plate.
Not satisfied with that, you sent this mer-
chant to Ship Island and kept him there,
at hard labor, for months, until General
Banks released him. You arrested another
merchant and demanded his plate—he in-
formed you he had sent it off. Your reply
was, "The plate or Ship Island."

Finding that you could not get the plate,
you released him upon his paying you a
large amount of money, which money you
pecketed. These are facts sworn to and
subscribed in my office, and I record them
here to show to the civilized world how the
people of Louisiana have been treated by
one of the satraps of Abraham Lincoln.

Every Sabbath morning the thieves met
at the den of the Beast, and the stealings
of the past week were divided out. To
the jackals he gave the spoons and the
trinkets, but reserved to himself the lion's
share, the coin, the plate and the jewelry.
A large portion of the movable wealth of
the city of New Orleans and lower Louisi-
ana has been transferred to the pockets of
this bloodstained incarnate devil—a greater
part of which he put into foreign exchange
and sent to Europe; and now he is by far
the richest man on this continent. He
can loan money to the Rothschilds, and
can buy out the wealthiest citizens of New
York.

Cicero has given the name of Verres im-
mortal infamy and that of Butler is now
known throughout the civilized world as a
synonym for crime, cowardice and brutality.
When the Southern student shall in
future ages study the classics, as he reads
that beautiful oration of Cicero against
Verres he will involuntarily pause, and for
the Sicilian robber, will read, Butler, the
beast. "I ask now, Verres, what hast thou
said to say against thy dark and damning crimes?
At the dead hour of night, upon the false
accusation of a negro woman, you dragged
from a sick bed an aged man, one of the
most respectable citizens of New Orleans,
and thrust him into a cold and miserable
cell. He died of your treatment. His
wife, an amiable, well bred and lovely wa-
man, went to you, and upon her knees be-
gged for her husband. You held a loaded
pistol to the weeping face of that lady, and
drove her from your bloated presence with
the most vulgar and obscene oaths. With
the fiendish heart of the hyena, you tore
open the tomb of Gen. Albert Sydney
Johnson, and robbed the grave of that gal-
lant soldier. You may live to old age, and
possibly die in your bed with your stolen
property around you. But a day will
come, the "Dies Ira" will come, when you
shall meet face to face the woman you have
brutally insulted, and the man you have
robbed and murdered, at the bar of an
avenging God! Beware of the fate of
Verres, he died a felon's death. Marc An-
tony demanded a portion of his ill-gotten
gains, he refused and was slain. When
led to death he begged for that mercy he
so often denied to others. The spirits of
your murdered victims say, beware! The
living friends of the dead say beware!
"The patient search and vigil long" will
find you out, and drag you from your hid-
ing place. Your coat of mail will not save
you, for your hour will come at last.

There is in the Vatican at Rome an ex-
traordinary painting by one of the old mas-
ters. It is called the "Devil reproving
of the great artist" has by prophetic
pencil portrayed the exact features of
Benjamin F. Butler. As statues will no
doubt be erected to him in all the Federal
cities, I suggest that the Holy Father,
Pius the Ninth, be urgently solicited to
send this painting to the city of New Or-
leans, for the present and all future ages
to behold with horror and disgust.

The Beast, and Neal Dow, and Milroy,
and Hunter, with a host of lesser scound-
rels, like Dudley and Kilburn, still go un-
whipped of justice. The jewels which
they have torn from the persons of the
most respectable ladies in the country,
they now offer for sale in the public mar-
kets. The army and the navy rob—com-
manding Generals and Commanders steal.
Some fancy a likely negro girl, others pre-
fer a carriage and horses, while a third
will take your piano or your wife's silk
dresses. There is a wild hunt for plunder,
a mania for stealing from the Major Gen-
eral down to the humblest private in the
ranks. And all this is done in the nine-
teenth century, and countenanced, yea, ap-
plauded, by the people who read the Bible
and claim to be Christians!

The War Party—its Designs and

Receptions—Attributive Justice.
Under the above heading, the Cincin-
nati Enquirer of a recent date uses the
following language:

The party now in power stands upon a
tottering edifice of falsehood; a tressel-work
of interwoven misrepresentation—of fallacies
in doctrine, and untruth in matters of
fact, which a single breath may at any
time scatter and destroy. If all the facts
in respect to this war—the internal and
external administration, the acts and their
bearings—were known and understood,
there is not one man in ten, not connected
with the Administration by some tie of
interest, who would not array itself against
it. The entire strength of the war party
is in the deception which it is practicing
upon the people; deluding them with tales
of progress that has not been made, and
of victories that have never been achieved—
of political prudence and military genius,
such as never existed, except in the imagi-
nations of those by whom the romances
were invented. This is becoming mani-
fest through the intestine conflicts of the
party convulsed by contending ambitions
at the approach of a Presidential election;
and of these manifestations, pregnant as
they are with the elements of truth, it would
be well for the people to take diligent heed.
False principles, false pretenses, false con-
duct, false statements—lies, blunders, in-
efficiency, extravagance and folly—consti-
tute the public history of the past three
years, during which the force of the nation
has been turned upon itself, to destroy,
debate, barbarize and impoverish, as with
an insane determination to undo all that it
has been the labor and the pride of two
centuries to accomplish.

This fabric of untruth the radical leaders
of the party are instinctively aware will
afford them no permanent defense. Its
ruin is only a question of time; nor do
they conceal from themselves that a few
weeks of disaster to the national arms
would sweep it from its foundations, and
themselves with it, unless they can prove
some additional means of security. For
these additional means they look to the pro-
motion of that revolutionary process in
which, taking advantage of a period of
general distress, they may cause the peo-
ple of whom they are afraid to exhaust
themselves by conflict with each other,
until, for the sake of order, all shall be
willing to submit to a despotism. Which-
ever they will succeed in this, is a question
which must be referred to the future.

Probably not, to the extent to save them-
selves. The despotism may come; but it is
a truth worthy to be remembered, that
bloody revolutions seldom cease until they
have rolled over and crushed their bloody
men. The crowning act of the French
Revolution was the final deed of justice
which it administered upon the embodi-
ments of its spirit, and the prompters of
its crimes.

An Explanation Wanted.

Senator Pomeroy in his Chase circular
says that the friends of Chase are opposed
to the Administration of Mr. Lincoln. The
Radical Convention, held at Louisville on
the 22d ult., also expressed its opposition
to the administration in strong and un-
mistakable terms, as also do the friends of
Freemont all over the country; some of
them, indeed are extremely bitter in their
opposition. We want it explained whether
or not these fellows are opposing the
"government," and are therefore disloyal.
If it is "disloyal" for Democrats to oppose
the administration, isn't it equally so for
abolitionists to do it?—[Corydon Dem.]

We are told that a deputation of Con-
gressmen is to wait upon Mr. Lincoln to
ask him to retire from the Presidential
canvass. Chase's withdrawal is to be the
basis of their appeal. We have no doubt
Lincoln will regard that appeal as the best
joke of the session.

Who talk about a national floating debt!
Our debt is already too heavy to float.—
The best we can do is to call it a sinking
fund.

He who gives up is soon given up; and
to consider ourselves of no use is the al-
most certain way to become utterly useless.

"Brick" Pomeroy of the Lacroix (Wis-
consin) Democrat, isn't an ardent admirer
of the draft. Hear how the fellow talks:

This is a queer war. It falls on some
folks like hot lead on a frozen ear, and
they don't like it! People have a horror of
the draft. That and the grave are not so
inviting as they might be. To pay \$300 is
no trifling matter with some folks. It
scrapes the flour barrel dry—it drives the
last cow to market—it leaves the poor man's
slim pocket book clean to the side out, and
keeps the wee b'irns, from many a little
present. Folks don't like the draft. We
don't like it. We hate it. There now.

It is a damnable humbug. It is such a
peace maker as we abominate. It is be-
neath this great nation—this government
that has stood firm and true for so many
years on the bye of its proud defenders.
Not wishing to be considered profane we
still say, in the fullest sense of the word,
damn the draft! It is an insult to Ameri-
cans, and we wish the brain that origina-
ted the idea was under our heel. To thus
give the lie to the patriots of the Union
—to advertise that the Americans must be
forced into sustaining the Government they
love. But we like it for some reasons. It
makes these fanning mill orators and oil
burners come to time. One man up in
Trempeau county—a postmaster, consum-
ing ille—voted for Abe—howled his throat
sore—was rewarded with a Post Office—
two of his sons were drafted—he paid \$600
to exempt them it scraped clear to the
bone, and he is now thinking. It is just
such ducks we like to see picked up. If
the poor men who mind their own business
were not thus forced into death or poverty,
we'd throw up our hat and hurrah for the
humbug, till folks would think we had twins
in the family. Well, well, such is life.
Meanwhile the war goes on and another
draft cometh.—Selah.

The New York Tribune, whose editor
has lately announced himself to be a Fremont
"loyalist," in its issue of the 21st in-
stant gravely discusses the wishes and in-
tentions of "copperheads" as to precipitat-
ing "civil war in the North." It alleges
upon the authority of the New York Her-
ald (?) that "if Gen. Grant should fail, and
civil war in the North ensue," the editor
of the New York Tribune "will be the first
victim that will be sacrificed" to the popu-
lar vengeance. This it styles "copperhead
treason."

This is a very singular statement to make
upon such authority. The Herald, as its
files will abundantly prove, is a "loyal"
Lincoln newspaper. How, then, can its
prophecies be charged against "copper-
heads"? It has given Mr. Lincoln as ac-
tive and efficient support as any newspa-
per in New York city. There is now a
temporary abatement of its "zeal in the
cause," but it is the general supposition
that it is merely resting from its labors,
and that it will soon, with renewed vigor,
"sustain the government."

There is something of vanity as well as
anxiety for martyrdom evinced in the re-
production of his ally's statement by the
editor of the New York Tribune, who has
lately announced himself to be a Fremont
"loyalist." Does he suppose himself to be
the chief of the "loyal Union party," and
therefore the chief object of hatred to "dis-
loyal disunionists"? Without undue dis-
paragement to his influence or capacity, it
may be affirmed that he overestimates his
importance in imagining that "copper-
heads" have determined that his "sacrifice"
shall be contingent upon "the failure of
General Grant's campaign."

His vanity and anxiety for martyrdom
will not be gratified in any such manner as
his fertile imagination has suggested. It
has suggested that he would be assailed,
but not seriously hurt. If the diabolical
"copperheads" do determine upon enga-
ging in a "civil war at the North," it is not
improbable that he and his coadjutors will
be assailed, and if they be, they may cal-
culate with certainty upon being seriously
hurt. The day of sham martyrdoms has
passed. There must be real ones, or none.
In the midst of a terrible civil war, Sum-
ner's "vacant chair" would not manufac-
ture political capital.—Chicago Times.

A HINT TO FARMERS.—The following
hint, published farther West is just as ap-
plicable here: The are three things easily
raised and harvested, for which the farm-
ers may depend upon it, there will be an
enormous demand and high prices paid
during the war. We refer to potatoes
beans and onions. The farmers could not
do a better thing for themselves and their
country than to plant these vegetables very
extensively. If it appears as the spring
advances that the wheat crop is likely
to be short, and that fruit will be scarce,
onions, potatoes and beans must be had to
fill the vacancy.—Fort Wayne Sentinel.

Old Abe has gone into the architect
business, and is now busily engaged in
planning drafts.

Don't Make It.

"Brick" Pomeroy of the Lacroix (Wis-
consin) Democrat, isn't an ardent admirer
of the draft. Hear how the fellow talks:

This is a queer war. It falls on some
folks like hot lead on a frozen ear, and
they don't like it! People have a horror of
the draft. That and the grave are not so
inviting as they might be. To pay \$300 is
no trifling matter with some folks. It
scrapes the flour barrel dry—it drives the
last cow to market—it leaves the poor man's
slim pocket book clean to the side out, and
keeps the wee b'irns, from many a little
present. Folks don't like the draft. We
don't like it. We hate it. There now.

It is a damnable humbug. It is such a
peace maker as we abominate. It is be-
neath this great nation—this government
that has stood firm and true for so many
years on the bye of its proud defenders.
Not wishing to be considered profane we
still say, in the fullest sense of the word,
damn the draft! It is an insult to Ameri-
cans, and we wish the brain that origina-
ted the idea was under our heel. To thus
give the lie to the patriots of the Union
—to advertise that the Americans must be
forced into sustaining the Government they
love. But we like it for some reasons. It
makes these fanning mill orators and oil
burners come to time. One man up in
Trempeau county—a postmaster, consum-
ing ille—voted for Abe—howled his throat
sore—was rewarded with a Post Office—
two of his sons were drafted—he paid \$600
to exempt them it scraped clear to the
bone, and he is now thinking. It is just
such ducks we like to see picked up. If
the poor men who mind their own business
were not thus