

THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

J. G. OSBORNE & S. L. HARVEY, Editors.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1866.



DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

SECRETARY OF STATE,
Gen. MAHOLND. MANSON, of MontgomeryAUDITOR OF STATE,
CHRISTIAN G. BADGER, of Clarke.TREASURER OF STATE,
JAMES B. RYAN, of Marion.ATTORNEY GENERAL,
JOHN R. COFFROTH, of Huntington.SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
R. M. CHAPMAN, of Knox.

The Reconstruction Scheme.

We publish this week the report of the "Central Directory" alias the reconstruction committee. If ever there was a dangerous proposition this is one. The third section is peculiarly objectionable, so much so, indeed, that even Gen. Garfield, though voting for it could not help giving it the following hard hit:

"It was purely a piece of political management in reference to the Presidential election. There were also practical objections to it. If nine-tenths of the people were to be disfranchised for five years, how was it to be carried out? It would require a military force at every poll in eleven States."

We presume Garfield is as well posted on the matter as any of his radical conferees, and he agrees with democrats that the effect of adopting this new programme will be to "require a military force at every poll in eleven States." This does not, however, deter him from voting for it, as a "piece of political management in reference to the next presidential election" by which he hopes to enable the radicals to retain their grasp on political power, during at least another presidential term. The end he thinks justifies the means, though both the end and means are anti-republican and unjust.

Should the report ever become an amendment to the Constitution as proposed, its effect would be the permanent cause of strife between the north and the south, and sooner or later culminate in the renewal of hostilities between the two sections. — We hope never to see its adoption. We have as a people had enough of civil war and sectional strife. If we must fight let it be a common foe, and let us be united, but in the name of all that is sacred to Americans, let us have done with cutting each others throats. Will the people of the north insist on this outrageous attempt to trample down the rights of their countrymen to secure the continuous rule of a set of political jacobins.

The Eight Hour System.

The radical, casting, puritanical Legislature of Massachusetts has voted down the proposition to make eight hours a legal day's work. While these sleek-faced, nasal-twinged hypocritical Aminidabs are groaning in the very anguish of despair over the niggers in the south, they look with complacent countenances on the toil-worn and oppressed factory operatives of the white race in their own midst. If there is a single State in the Union where the eight hour system ought to prevail, it is Massachusetts. And why does it not prevail there? Simply because the lords of the loom and the spindle desire to get the most work done they can by oppression and tyranny for the least possible money.

The Delphi Times commenting on the action of the Massachusetts Legislature says:

"But why was it defeated? Simply because the manufacturers and capitalists control the legislation of the State. They have, under the present system, leased upon the bodies and the labor of these operatives, and the passage of an eight-hour law would break it. Any measure looking to the benefit or the amelioration of the condition of the poor whites is indignantly spurned and voted down by the cotton nobles of puritanical Massachusetts; but let some measure be introduced for the benefit of lazy, trifling negroes in South Carolina or some other state, and the nobles all sit with each other in seeing who can do most for the 'poor freedmen.' — The old fashioned doctrine that 'charity begins at home' is not known there—certainly it is not advocated nor carried out."

Working men—you who are clamorous for an eight-hour law—think of this talk about it; recollect that Congress has just made an appropriation of *eleven million six hundred thousand dollars*, for the Freedmen's Bureau for the ensuing year, and that you will have to foot the bill. How do you like it? Work ten hours a day, and be compelled to contribute a portion of your wages to support worthless negroes. Nice, isn't it?

The owner of a large dog at Grand Rapids, Mich., a few days ago placed a one hundred dollar looking-glass before his canine to worry him. The dog flew around, barking and growling. The owner was delighted and cried "Sick 'em;" the dog "sick'd" the mirror and the "other dog" disappeared at the same time. The joke rather turned on the owner.

From the Chicago Times.
Puritan Swindlers Among the Freedmen.

A clerical individual named Webster, and who is in South Carolina engaged in laboring for the salvation of the benighted African; has written a letter to the Massachusetts Christian Messenger, from which we append an extract:

"A few evenings since, when the people were invited to bring forward their offerings, the same states brought along *no dollars* in gold. It had been gleaned from her scanty income by the self denial of years, for the purpose of paying the expenses which would be required to give her a decent burial, when death should relieve her from the toils and burdens of her earthly pilgrimage.

"We have now laying upon our desk before us 16 silver quarters, which have been brought in by a poor woman, who before had paid a dollar in for the church, all she had except this little pile of silver, which was the savings of years, laid by for a time of need to afford her medicine and aid in the hour of sickness and pain."

We challenge the records of Borrioboola Gha to produce anything which approaches in strength and significance this little picture produced by the Reverend Webster. The missionary proclivities developed in the "Serious Family" are tame compared to what is thus revealed in the Vermont Christian Messenger; and Amiaud Sleek becomes insignificant when standing by the side of Webster.

The shamelessness of this Puritan apostle Webster is not the least remarkable feature of this affair. He fails to see that the only light in which he can be regarded in view of his own statement is that of an unprincipled thief. He takes the ten dollars which a poor ignorant negress has been saving for years in order to bury herself. He appropriates 16 silver quarters which another poor colored woman had nearly all her life been saving to buy herself medicines and necessities in case of sickness. The 10 dollars in gold and the 16 silver quarters are taken possession of by Mr. Webster; and then the results of this confidence operation are published in a Puritan newspaper as a creditable performance.

We think it discreditable even as a specimen of Yankee dishonesty. The Puritans who burn witches, hanged Quakers, banished Babists, and enslaved Indians and negroes, had some traits of masterly meanness. But they are exceeded by their descendant Webster. They were not so shameless as to publish their iniquities. Their descendant Webster glorifies in the fact that he swindled two poor, old, ignorant negro-women of their hard earnings for years. The Boston people who contracted with a man to fill their quota, and who cheated him out of his pay on a technical point, were sharp and contemptible. Webster, who got 10 dollars in gold from one superannuated negress, and 16 silver quarters from another colored woman in her dotage, was perhaps not quite as sharp, but he was a good deal more contemptible.

This revelation of the labors of one Puritan among the freedmen is probably applicable to the labors of a majority of all the Puritans now laboring in the south for the negroes. What Webster is doing in Charleston is being done everywhere else by other Websters in other cities. They are bartering with incapable old black women the doctries of Puritanism for the silver contents of old stockings. Toothless old wenches, who with instinctive care for the future, have, during half a century, scraped together enough to give themselves a burial, are giving up their earnings in exchange for the transcentental notions of theological Yankee swindlers.

The type of the puritan varies in detail, but not in outline. Butler was a thief, but a whole sale one. He took gold by the thousand. Neal Dow was another thief, but he too was a whole-sale thief. He stole pianos, pictures and furniture by the quantity, and shipped them home by the cargo. Webster is no less a thief, but he is in the retail department. He takes silver quarters and small change of all denominations from negroes too weak to resist, and too ignorant to understand his science to do that. They could talk loud about the higher law, the flag a flaunting lie, and the Constitution a league with Hell. To do that only required threat any wimp. They could stand under the protection of Northern abolitionists and Sons of Liberty, and defy the Constitution, the laws, and the officers executing them. To do that only required a feeling of utter disregard to Constitutional faith. They could make war and spend money; that paid well among the political managers who got the money, and required the skill only on the part of military officers and soldiers who fought the battles and accomplished all there was of good. They could carry elections by force, fraud, and shouting copperhead. That only required unscrupulous baseness. But they can't restore a shattered nation; they can't heal the wounds they inflict; they can't administer a Constitutional government. They can't carry on a government of laws, and its fishermen under the shape of boundary. The worst den of thieves on earth lies just east of the Green mountains. When one of these brigands is not crying "stand and deliver" to a corporation or state, he is down south engaged in filching quarters from idiotic old black women.

In view of the operations of Webster, we are not astonished to see the following in the Charleston (S. C.) Leader, a paper published in the interests of the freedmen, but with reference wholly to the Puritans:

"Colored people of the south, listen to our advice—listen to the dictates of common sense. Beware of false teachers, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly are ravenous wolves. These men have no desire to see you on amicable terms with your white neighbors. They come to widen the breach already existing, and to make capital out of the dissensions in our midst. The moment a good understanding exists between you and the whites, that moment their 'occupation' is gone; but if these speculators in rain at their aims, we tremble for your race. Cultivate peace with all men, and especially with those with whom your lot is cast, rather than with those who are here to day, and to-morrow may be far on the billow."

Two boys in New York recently stole a tin box containing nearly \$2,000. They had been reading the papers and probably intended to "compromise" with the owner or the detectives for half the money. They made one mistake, they did not steal enough. Had they taken half a million dollars, or even one hundred thousand, there would have been hope for them. As it was they went to jail.

The owner of a large dog at Grand Rapids, Mich., a few days ago placed a one hundred dollar looking-glass before his canine to worry him. The dog flew around, barking and growling. The owner was delighted and cried "Sick 'em;" the dog "sick'd" the mirror and the "other dog" disappeared at the same time. The joke rather turned on the owner.

A Homopathic Life Insurance Company is about to go into operation in Albany. It proposes to issue policies of insurance upon the lives of persons who are patients of homopathy, at ten per cent. less than the rate imposed upon persons employing allopathic treatment.

The Democrats and Johnson men of the "Burnt district," in Indiana, have fused in the nomination for Congressman, and will hold a joint Convention on the 17th of May. Judge Kilgore is named as the probable nominee to make the race against Julian.

A child in New Jefferson, Iowa, was partially poisoned, a few days ago, by chewing pieces of an enamelled paper collar. Death ensued in two hours, and the body turned purple immediately after.

A Good Deal Mixed.

The Cincinnati Enquirer (radical Democrat) having been burned out of its former establishment, that paper is being printed at the office of the Times (radical Republican). The Commercial of that city pleasantly comments upon the incidental perplexities of the situation, as follows:

"The editorial corps of both papers occupy the same room. We can imagine the embarrassment that must occasionally result from such a mingling of political antipodes—Abolition editors on one side of the table, and Democratic editors on the other, peppering away at each other with the deadly lead (pencil) and thrusting vicious stabs at each other with flashing steel (pen) to say nothing of the clash of surrounding scissars, which play no unimportant part in the engagement. Just think! nothing but a narrow table between such fiery beligerents. One side trying to haul ten States into the Union by the collars of their gray jackets, and the other side endeavoring to keep them out by digging at their abbreviated coat-tails. Between them the States are having a tough time of it."

"Enquirer editor is horrified to find himself writing an article in favor of the civil rights bill, and discovers that he has got on the wrong side of the table. Times editor, making a similar mistake, catches himself eulogizing Andy Johnson.

"The 'clippings' get mixed up on the way to the compositors, and if it were not for great circumspection on the part of the respective foremen, each paper would copy and endorse the most pernicious doctrines. Suppose the pressman should print the Enquirer on one side and the Times on the other, the mistake not being discovered until several packages had been sent off with the early mails. Who can picture the consternation which would seize the respective proprietors? Boiling with rage they rush to the press-room together, and discharge the unfortunate pressman with one voice. The indignation of the Enquirer folks is only equalled by the shame of the Times people. Both assert, with equal bitterness that they were never so humili-ated before."

"It must be very confusing to visitors, this singular fellowship. A Copperhead from Holmes county rushes in, grasps Times editor warmly by the hand, under the impression that he is the editor of the Enquirer assuring him that 'Holmes county can't be defeated.' He don't know th' war is over. Malignant radical mistakes Enquirer editor for Times editor, and thinks to carry favor with him, chuckles over the destruction of the Enquirer establishment. He is summarily kicked down stairs by the combined editors of the two papers.

"What a scene election night must present as the returns come in, each side of the table trying to figure out a victory, and each side of course, claiming it. A frantic struggle between the Times man and the Enquirer man, as each tries to thrust his flag out of the same window—compromised it last by hanging them from different stories, which is quite appropriate, from the fact that they tell *different stories* about the election. A brass band is played in front of the offices. The serenade is claimed alike by the Times editor and the Enquirer editor. They appear at different windows and return their thanks, both speaking together, which confuses the band to such an extent that they march off in several directions, each man playing a different tune. It is a terrible mix, take it altogether."

The Case Well Stated.

What now is Republican policy? Can any body tell? The party is completely demoralized. It finds it a different thing to build up from what it is to tear down; to save from what it is to destroy. The Republicans could howl about Southern wrongs to Southern negroes; not much skill was required then. Malignant radical mistakes Enquirer editor for Times editor, and thinks to carry favor with him, chuckles over the destruction of the Enquirer establishment. He is summarily kicked down stairs by the combined editors of the two papers.

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The Fenians propose holding a mass meeting at Jones' wood. An investigation of the books, at the O'Mahony headquarters, shows the most startling frauds. The head directress of the Fenian sisterhood also appears to have been slightly affected with the appropriation mania. It is alleged that she deposited, to her personal credit, in one of the New York city banks, several thousand dollars—part of the proceeds of the late fair given in that city for the benefit of the Irish state prisoners. The O'Mahony headquarters as all the world knows, too, by reason of your missing that little office of collector of the port of New York.

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