

THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

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

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA:

THURSDAY, SEP. 27, 1866.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

SECRETARY OF STATE,
Gen. MAHLOND MANSON, of Montgomery.

AUDITOR 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.

For Congress,
DAVID TURPIE, of White.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
E. G. McCOLLUM, of La Porte.

For State Senator,
L. J. HAM, of St. Joseph.

For Representative,
D. E. VANVALKENBURGH.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Treasurer,
M. W. DOWNEY.

For Auditor,
A. C. THOMPSON.

For Sheriff,
DAVID HOW.

For Coroner,
ADAM VINNEDGE.

GRAND OLD FASHIONED Democratic Rally!

Indiana's Favorite Son and Gifted Orator,

HON. DAN. W. VOORHEES.

Will address his fellow-citizens of Northern Indiana, at

Plymouth Saturday, Oct. 6th.

Let every lover of the truth, of eloquence, of patriotism and of his country, come out.

Turpie and Colfax at Plymouth.

Notwithstanding the mud was nearly knee deep in the roads last Friday, the crowd in town to hear the joint discussion between Messrs. Turpie and Colfax, was immense, and manifested clearly the deep interest felt by the people in the issues before them and awaiting their decision one week from next Tuesday. A large number arrived on the trains from Valparaiso, Warsaw and LaPorte, and long before noon the streets were filled to a complete jam.

In the forenoon the democratic procession passed through town and made a very fine display, a long line of horsemen followed by two, four and six horse teams, all drawing wagons loaded down with voters, showed that the Democracy were out in their strength, and their enthusiasm was unbounded. About noon the radicals got their procession together and rode through town. Their procession was respectable in length, but voters were very scarce in it.

At the speakers stand the vast crowd were attentive listeners, and evidently were there to hear. The argument of Judge Turpie was logical, truthful and unanswerable. Without an effort at flourish or fancy sketching, he argued frankly and fairly the great and all absorbing issues of the day, and unreservedly stated his positions. Mr. Colfax replied in his usual style, striving apparently only to tickle the public ear and draw out the applause of his friends. Feeling himself wrong on the issues he dodged them entirely, and filled up his time with spread-eagle flights, which were properly applauded by the committee appointed for that purpose.

The Democracy were more than satisfied with the result of the discussion, and of the day in general, they were jubilant, and after the adjournment of the meeting our streets resounded with cheers for Turpie, with here and there a stray shout of "hurrah for Colfax!"

General good order prevailed, and though some apprehensions were entertained of disturbance the fears were groundless. Two or three individual fights occurred, in each instance of which, so far as we could learn, the radical was the aggressor and was worsted. A few "roughs" from LaPorte came down for a little muck, but concluded if they went wool-gathering in the crowd they would probably get sheared, changed their minds, kept very quiet, and for once, under the influence of fear, behaved themselves like decent men.

Altogether the day passed off pleasantly and was perfectly satisfactory to the Democracy.

14300 voters elect a Congressman in one of the Massachusetts districts.

It takes 30000 voters to elect one in this district.

Would it not be as well for Congress to equalize the representation of the east and the west, as of the north and south?

Will some of our powerful smart radicals hereabouts, who can hardly attend to their own business, they know so much to tell their neighbors, the next time they poke their noses in a crowd where they are not invited, please explain this little matter?

Bribery and Corruption.

The abolition candidates of this county and district are striving by fraud and bribery to secure themselves offices, and defeat the will of the people. Knowing themselves to be in a hopeless minority they are resorting to the desperate game of fraud as their last and only hope. They are daily placing money in the hands of their partisans, to be used in violating the law and securing to themselves positions which the people deem them unfit for. A corruption fund has been raised and is being recklessly used. The only tax which government bonds pay has been levied upon them for this nefarious purpose, and the capitalists who refuse to pay their share towards the support of the government, are coming down handsomely for the purpose of defrauding the people of their suffrage.

Go slow, gentlemen; you are not so secure as you fancy yourselves. Paying money to a man for his vote is not all of bribery, and hiring men to come to this country and vote unlawfully is not all of colonization. There is an after-clap to all this, and the consequences are sometimes unpleasant. Do not trust every man who will sell himself to you; some men who accept bribes are not very honest, and you cannot depend on all of them implicitly, and what a very bad mess it will make of it all, if some person should "leak." It may happen so, who can tell? It is said some place that "honesty is the best policy;" so it may result in this case. At all events if "honesty" will not place you in the positions you aspire to, it will not expose you to public trial for criminal practices, and hold you up to the people as objects for contempt, public execration and punishment. It would, indeed be hard to lose your office, your money, and your characters at once! Do not stake so much, it makes the game more than "interesting," it is even risky. "There's a chill" among ye takin' notes, and faith he'll print 'em."

That the abolitionists design to perpetrate gross frauds at the coming election in this district is beyond a doubt. They know the voice of the people will defeat them, horse, foot and dragon; they know the handwriting is on the wall, and they are prepared to resort to the last means in their power to save themselves, and are prepared to perpetrate a grand, universal fraud upon every voting precinct in the district. Thousands of dollars of ill-gotten gains have already been expended, and thousands more are at their disposal, yet the people will conquer over it all. Money cannot triumph over a free people, and the free people of the 9th district of Indiana do not want Schuyler Colfax to longer misrepresent them, and they will not have him. If the tricksters imagine the people to be asleep and unguarded they will open their eyes to their error on the day of trial.

The Radical Programme.

The Philadelphia Piccadilly Convention appointed a committee to follow in the wake of the President and proclaim the principles of the radical party as they went along. The committee were at Cleveland last week, where one of the speakers foreshadowed the coming policy of the Jacobins in a speech of some length, in the course of which he said:

"The usurping President must and will be impeached! And, if he should resist impeachment, he, and any officer or soldier whom he might induce to stand by him, would be guilty of high treason, and should be tried and hanged."

The gallant officers of the army, and the tens of thousands of private soldiers who fought with them to preserve this government, and who now stand by the President in his efforts to restore harmony, will heed this warning. It means war—another bloody civil war—and there is but one way to avert such a calamity. Let the people vote for conservative men and the country will be restored to its former prosperity. One thing the radicals would do well to remember before they undertake to put their threats into execution, and that is, that General Grant obeys orders.

The man who desires to place the negro on a social and political equality with a white man, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who desires to tear down the Government of the United States, destroy its constitution and banish civil liberty forever, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who believes that the south dissolved the Union by merely declaring it dissolved by ordinances of secession, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who believes it to be the duty of laboring white people of the north to support in idleness the negroes of the south, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who believes the negro to be better than an Irishman or a German, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who believes the poor man should pay all the taxes of the Government, and who desires to protect rich men from all the burdens of taxation, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who desires to protect capital at the expense of labor, should vote the radical ticket.

The man who thinks negro soldiers should have \$300 extra bounty in cash, and that the promises of \$100 is enough for a white soldier, should vote the radical ticket.

The Titusville (Penn.) Club, hitherto a radical shell, has come out for the restoration policy of the President.

BOURBON CORRESPONDENCE.

Bourbon, Sept. 25, 1866.

The abolition disunionists of this district have a wonderful faculty for "raising thunder" for Colfax. A "special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune," dated Valparaiso, Sep. 19, among other things says: "Turpie's friends manifest but little enthusiasm and see their doom in October clearly foreshadowed to-day. Porter county is certain for 6,000 majority for Colfax!" That being the case Turpie's supporters might well "manifest little enthusiasm," but as there are perhaps but few over half that many voters in the county, unless Massachusetts soldiers are allowed to vote there, as is said to have been the case at the last Congressional election, and the services of Mr. F. Schiller brought into requisition, the "supporters" of Mr. Turpie may not be able to foresee their doom quite as clearly foreshadowed as does this lying correspondent of the Tribune. In fact it is pretty "clearly foreshadowed" that the abolitionists will not get 600 nor 60 nor any majority in that county this year. There are no Massachusetts soldiers to vote there now. There are no Provest Marshals there now. There are no ballot box stuffers there now. There are no glittering bayonets there now, in the hands of unscrupulous men to deter an honest expression of opinion at the ballot box. A free people are there now. The chains of bondage have been knocked off, and the people are free. And so it is everywhere.

Shout the glad tidings over land and o'er sea, Democracy has triumphed, the people are free. I told you last week if the abolitionists would behave themselves at the joint discussion at Plymouth on Friday there would be no trouble. When I made the statement I thought I could not be mistaken in the character of the Democrats of Bourbon township, and I am glad to note that although they do not claim all the "Christianity, decency, temperance, intelligence, God and morality" there is in the country, yet not one of them disgraced himself by getting drunk and using unbecoming language as was the case with some of the opposition. All honor to the Democrats of Bourbon and the Democrats all over the land.

They have endured what no other party has ever endured since the foundation of the republic. They have been arrested without authority of law, they have been incarcerated in dungeons without warrant of law for political offences. They have been dragged from their families at midnight hours. Their presses have been destroyed. Their houses have been burned, their lives have been in danger, and many of them have been shot like bullocks on the shambles; scaffolds are still standing in Indiana on which Democrats were to be hung by order of a court unknown in the history of civilized nations. "Organized to convict," yet, notwithstanding all Democrats have stood "Thro' the smoke of the contest, the cannons deep roar," the firm and steadfast, the only supporters of the "Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was," and now that the war of arms is over, they will fight for Union, the war being waged against it by the radical disunionists, "until the last armed ex-piries."

The little seven by nine newspaper concern of this place, so completely exhausted itself trying to annihilate "Brick" Pomeroy, two weeks ago that it has not been able to "get out" since. It is thought by some that the "attack" will prove fatal, and its friends are watching it closely and giving it a little nourishment occasionally hoping it will survive to aid the sinking fortunes of the Rads until after the election. The editor should apply to Mr. Colfax; he never fails to send "a little relief to a friend in distress."

Messrs. Heller & Galentine have sold their extensive stock of dry goods, &c., to M. M. Galentine. They have also sold their large and elegant grist mill—one of the best in northern Indiana—to Mr. Omar, Caleb & Samuel Davis of this place for the sum of \$16,000. The mill some two years ago cost something near \$28,000. The United Brethren have been holding their yearly conference here the past week and although the weather has been exceedingly unpleasant, their meetings have been largely attended. Their new church will soon be made ready for use.

A Warning to the Jacobins from the Soldiers.

The resolutions of the Cleveland Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention are brief, but significant. They cover the whole ground in the past and the present, and they indicate where those who are the flower of the army of the United States will be found in the future. The closing words are the following, and have a special application to the Jacobin faction, who seem bent upon exciting another civil war: "2. That our object in taking up arms to suppress the late rebellion, was to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all its dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired, and not in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest and subjugation; and that wherever there shall be any armed resistance to the lawfully constituted authorities of our National Union, either in the South or in the North, in the East or in the West, evincing the self-sacrificing patriotism of our Revolutionary forefathers, we will again pledge to its support our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

The soldiers, like the President, believe that rebellion has "strung around the circle," and that the next manifestation of it is most likely to be found in the North and the East. Let the Wales, the Summers, the Stevens and the Wendell Philippees take warning!

The Cleveland Convention.

The gathering of the soldiers and sailors at Cleveland was a complete success. There were congregated there the flower of the army and navy of the United States. They were the men who were the leaders of those who were successful in the late war in the South. The political Generals and party demagogues were not there. The genuine "Boys in Blue" are now, as they have always been, for the Union, and will vote with the party that is for thirty-six States, and not twenty-six. They will stand by the President in his restoration policy, and vote the way they fought, that no State is legally out of the Union. Their proceedings will have a fine effect in touting up the public mind in the coming elections.—(Via Ex.)

Gen. Grant's Position.

There is no longer any doubt about the position of Gen. Grant; indeed, there never was any doubt about it; but even the radicals now have had to give him up.—Since the President's return from Chicago, Gen. Grant has expressed himself very freely in regard to the attempts of the radicals to create an antagonism between him and the President, and to embitter his relations with the President, by making invidious distinctions between them. Gen. Grant says that he accompanied the President as his superior officer, to whom he constantly looks for orders; that he regards his public relations towards the President as being entirely of an official character; that, as he exacts all due respect and obedience from the officers of the army who are below him in rank, so also he considers it his plain duty to be near his only superior officer, the commander-in-chief, so as to render to him, not only all due respect, but also needed assistance if required.—Gen. Grant stated, further, that it was solely in his military and official character that he had accompanied the President to Chicago; that he thought everybody understood this; but, when he found that it was not so understood, he determined, at Cincinnati, to speak plainly, so as to leave no room for doubt as to his feelings and wishes any longer. He says he was never so disgusted in his life as he was at the disrespect, and utter absence of all decorum and sense of propriety, manifested by some people at various points, in yelling for "Grant! Grant!" when it was known, or ought to have been known, that he was on duty with the President in his official capacity; and that he regarded this as being as great a breach of decorum as yells for members of his staff would have been if he had been travelling with them on some tour of official duty. As regards the disgraceful outbreak at Indianapolis, Gen. Grant says that both he and Gen. Custer saw the whole of it, and that they are both satisfied that it was a deliberate attempt upon the life of the President; and more than this, that it came within an inch of succeeding. One other remark Gen. Grant made, in substance as follows: That he should lay down his commission the moment that he determined not to obey the President's orders; but that, while he retained that commission he should obey to the letter every order of the President, directed to him in his military capacity.—Washington Cor. Chicago Times.

Letter from Inwood.

Inwood, Sept. 22, 1866.

Not having seen any communication in your paper from this place, I take the privilege, with your permission, of informing your readers that there is such a place as Inwood; and although not as large as Bourbon or Plymouth, we have plenty of room to grow, and a much better location than Bourbon. However, I disavow any intention to star that smart little town.

We have four stores, two saw mills, and a flouring mill in the perspective. We number about 500 inhabitants, perhaps more; and since the most of us heard Messrs. Colfax and Turpie's joint discussion at your place, we will go strong for Mr. Turpie.

For myself, I must say I was very much disappointed in Mr. Colfax as an orator. The audacity and absurdity of his charging the Democratic party with having caused the rebellion, is only equalled by the pathetic tenderness with which he gathered the little negro baby in his arms, and the affectionate yearning that went out for his mother—a much easier and more congenial occupation for him than refuting the arguments of his honorable opponent. He is not only the "Little Greeley" whom he half repudiates, but he is the "artful doer" of the west.

Democrats caused this war,—indeed! Had there been no abolitionists there would have been no secession or war; any one with a grain of sense knows that. As proof all radicals admit that the south was satisfied when Democrats were in power; if not satisfied no secession was talked of. Why? Because the Democratic party was a national one, and treated all sections with justice and equality. Does that look like the Democratic party being the cause of secession? We tell Mr. Colfax that his is only the cry of "stop thief" to shield his own guilty sectional party, who alone were the cause of the war. We think we can prove it: because as a sectional party they were devoted to the interests of a sectional party; and when they came into power, and not until then, the child secession was born—an offering of an unhappy percentage, which would have proved too much for its progenitors, had not a large portion of the Democracy with a million foreigners come to the rescue.

Yes, Mr. Colfax, "we" the Democracy did help to bring your secession offspring into subjection, and all your sneers and ridicule can not rub it out. There are too many "boys in blue," that will vote against you, who give the lie to your insinuation.

Irishmen, Mr. Colfax sympathizes with you! Do you hear that? Germans, do you hear that? Did he sympathize with you very much several years ago, when he wanted you to reside here 21 years before you could be allowed to vote? Who stood between you and the Know-nothing party then? The Democracy! Will you support the radicals who would disfranchise you? Yet Colfax and his radical party are in favor of enfranchising negroes. The inference is plain. They think a negro better than you. Mr. Colfax admits that he is a radical from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, but denies being in favor of negro equality; yet his Miss Anna Dickinson-Douglass-Thad Stevens Philadelphia Convention advocated negro equality even to the walking arm and arm black and white; but then they were not candidates for Congress in the 9th Congressional district of Indiana, and Mr. Colfax is; therefore he eulogizes the

convention but repudiates its only vital principle.

Any one to listen to Mr. C. would suppose that from the frequent use he makes of "rebel" and "traitor" that he never heard of the Mexican war, when he or his party gave aid and comfort to a foreign foe at war with the United States; and how many of his brave "loyal" companions in Congress voted for withholding supplies from brave soldiers in a foreign country. One would think from his frequent mouthings about "traitors," that he never heard how his party hoped the Mexicans would meet our soldiers with "bloody hands to hospital graves." And yet the party of which Mr. C. is a "bright and shining light," made haste to reward the man who made the traitorous remark with an important mission. Is that the way Mr. C. makes treason odious? Consistency is not one of Mr. C.'s virtues.

Disgraceful Riot at Shelbyville.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 24. A disgraceful riot occurred in Shelbyville on Saturday night. Hon. D. W. Voorhees had addressed a democratic meeting during the day, at which there was a disturbance and fight. After the meeting had dispersed, Sheriff Ahlstedt arrested a man named Coleseatt, just out of the penitentiary, and under indictment for felony. The radicals, under the lead of a radical candidate for sheriff, attacked the sheriff to rescue Coleseatt. That officer gave the prisoner in charge of two other men, and arrested Gilbert, one of the rescuing party. He succeeded in lodging Gilbert in jail, but was attacked by a mob and driven into the hay house, where he was closely besieged for several hours. The mob finally left the sheriff and proceeded to the jail, where with sledges, they broke open the doors and released all the prisoners, including Gilbert. The mob is understood to be a movement of the Grand Army of the Republic, the organization which gave the President such a tumultuous reception in this city. Shelby county is largely Democratic, but in Shelbyville the radicals have a heavy majority.

On Sunday, the news having spread, a large number of armed men came in from the country, and serious threats of burning the town were made. The citizens of both parties held meetings, and succeeded in preventing further violence. Coleseatt was rearrested and lodged in jail, while Gilbert gave bail.

"The Grand Army" attempted to get up another demonstration on Sunday night to release Coleseatt but could not get enough of its members up to the scene. There never was a time when so much lawlessness was manifested throughout the State. The radicals, where they have the power, do their utmost to intimidate their opponents.

A Monster Demonstration.

The recent Anti Radical meeting in New York city was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed on this continent. Even the Herald, which turned such a sudden flip-flop on the heels of the Maine election, is constrained to say of that immense outpouring of the people, that "New York never saw such a demonstration before; it will be many years ere she witness such another. It was a demonstration which testified the popular approbation of that policy [the President's] which alone preserve the Union, more strongly, more unreservedly, more heartily, than any thing yet has evidenced."

The Trial of Jeff Davis.

It is believed that there is some understanding arrived at relative to the trial of Jeff Davis, and that the case will be called for trial on the second Tuesday in October, to which time, it will be recollected, it was postponed at the special request of Judge Chase and the then Attorney General Seward—at least Judge Underwood, in postponing the trial, so stated. It is claimed, however, that owing to the act of Congress passed last winter, naming November as the month for the session of the court, that it cannot legally convene in October. Judge Underwood is of different opinion.

Tinkle that Little Bell.

[From the Cairo Democrat.] There was a time, not long ago, when Seward was in full communion with the Republican party. His praises were spoken by "loyal" tongues from the bleak hills of the detritatorial State of Massachusetts, through all the land where fanaticism ruled by terror, one faction and demagogism held high revel. At that time the Premier boasted that he had more power than the Queen of England. He pointed to a ring bell on his table and said: "I can ring that bell and have a citizen of New York arrested; ring it again, and have a citizen of the West imprisoned. Can the Queen of England do more?"

This little bell rang now and then, and Democrats were hurried on to prison with out trial. Men who, becoming excited in their anxiety to bridge over the yawning gulf of war through which flowed the blood of brethren carrying away the hopes of patriots, spoke in disparagement of the President, heard the tinkling of Seward's little bell, and immediately felt the rough hand of arbitrary power fall upon them. If suspicion of disloyalty to the President, who was then esteemed the Government, rested upon a Democrat, the sound of the little bell was heard, and the walls of a prison closed about him. Republicans listened to the tinkling of the Premier's bell, and it was music in their ears.

Where is the bell of arbitrary power now? It tinkles no longer.

Patriotic hands are busy endeavoring to rebuild the superstructure of the Union, and place it in its *sanctum sanctorum*—in its holy of holies—the political divinity, sectional concord, at whose word the blood-clotted doors of Janus, whose temple is never shut except in a time of universal peace, will swing on their brazen hinges and be closed forever. Crazy fanatics—the same men who used to be delighted with the music of Seward's tinkling bell—are now throwing impediments in the way of this patriotic work, are endeavoring to perpetuate the reign of anarchy. How long will the

—people, As a lion cowering nigher Glows at one who nods and winks Behind a slowly dying fire."

Will they not soon say to the Secretary of State: Tinkle that little bell!

Wendell Phillips threatens the life of the President. The Union is likely to be restored in accordance with the requirements of the Constitution, and this ever vigilant sentinel on the watchtower of revolution is alarmed. He calls upon Congress to imitate the example of the Long Parliament of England, and erect a scaffold for the execution of the faithful servant of the people, the bold and intrepid Andrew Johnson. How long will threats like this be tolerated? When will the Secretary of State—

Tinkle that little bell? On the 6th day of September, 1861, the little bell tinkled, and in the city of New York eight hundred names were entered on the books of the secret police, of persons suspected of opposition to the Administration, and many arrests were made. The man who rang the bell then, knows that all over the country are radicals with treason in their hearts, and the wonder is that he does not—

Tinkle that little bell. Democratic newspapers criticised the President, and some of them called him a buffoon and a joker. The little bell rang, the paper was suppressed and the editors were thrown into dungeons. The Chicago and New York Tribunes, and their echoes, call upon the soldiers of the Union to keep their guns bright and their cartridges boxes full, in readiness for the hour when Congress shall summon them to tumble the President from his office; and still the bell is silent. How many more treasonable straws must be laid on the back of the Secretary's patience before it will break—before he feels compelled to—

Tinkle that little bell? Secretary Seward! Treason—the treason of your whilom friends, is broad in the land—Tinkle your little bell! The Radical enemies of the Union are organizing secret societies sworn to rally to arms against the administration when they hear the revolutionary voice of Congress give the signal of blood—Tinkle your little bell. The emissaries of these Radical traitors are running up and down the land poisoning the public mind and inciting the Radical fools who live in cities, and in the quiet walks of the country, to prepare for civil war—

Tinkle your little bell. Practice the lesson you were taught by these Radical traitors; and, since the sound of your bell will give them a taste of the gloom of prison cells, and the hardships that follow in the wake of arbitrary power, why, good Secretary of State—Tinkle your little bell!

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Starch, Indigo,

Dye Stuffs,

Mess Pork,

Ham, Shoulders

Sides, Lard,

White Fish,