



The Independent Republican

CIRCULATION, 2328. G. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. F. E. LOOMIS, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

MONTROSE, PA. Thursday, Oct. 13, 1859.

STATE TICKET. FOR AUDITOR GENERAL, THOMAS E. COCHRAN, OF YORK COUNTY.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL, WILLIAM H. KEIM, OF BERKS COUNTY.

COUNTY TICKET. FOR SENATOR, GEORGE LANDON, OF Bradford County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE, GEORGE T. FRAZIER, OF Oakland.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ALBERT CHAMBERLIN, OF Montrose.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, MAHLON C. STEWART, OF Clifford.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, DAVID W. TITUS, OF Harford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR, CHAUNCEY WRIGHT, OF Forest Lake.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR, WILSON J. TURRELL, OF Forest Lake.

Election, Tuesday, October 11th.

We issue this number of the Republican... We wish to speak a word of warning. Our opponents are working a sly game. They do not expect to succeed, of course, but their object is to whittle down the Republican majority as much as possible.

Why are we so much in debt? It is not our fault. It is the fault of the Government. We have been deceived by the politicians who have been in power. They have been deceiving us for years.

With regard to the language alleged to have been used by Mr. Landon, some of it is quite proper and correct, and some of it, though we have generally been present when he spoke on political questions in Montrose, we never heard of, and presume it originated in the over-excited brain of the Democrat editor.

Mr. Titus would be Deputy (i. e. O. G. T.)... The above is a pretty fair specimen of the Montrose Democrat's agility and veracity. We have to remark on it—

1. That the statement in the Republican was not made by Mr. O. G. T., but by a citizen of Harford at a public meeting there.

2. That the Democrat's mean and cowardly attempt to injure a worthy man because he is a candidate for office before the people, by falsely alleging that he is incompetent, does not constitute or produce a "general impression that he is incompetent," but, on the contrary, with those who know the editor's course in relation to Republican candidates, is rather an argument in Mr. Titus's favor.

3. It is a pleasure for us to call the attention of those of our readers who have an interest in New England affairs (and they are many), to that model newspaper, the Springfield Republican. Its acquaintance with the New England press is somewhat extensive, and we believe the Republican is decidedly superior as a family, local, and general newspaper, to any other published there.

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Two Platforms. "Look on this picture, then on that." In order that the people of Pennsylvania may see at a glance and fully appreciate the difference between the doctrines promulgated by the Republican and Democratic parties respectively, we place in juxtaposition the platforms recently adopted by the Mississippi Democracy and the Minnesota Republicans.

MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM. Resolved, That we re-announce as our basis of party action the platform of principles laid down by the Democratic party at the National Convention of 1856, and hold that the doctrine of "non-intervention" with the institution of Slavery in States, Territories or District of Columbia, does not, nor was it intended to conflict with the assertion of the power of Congress to protect the slaves of the citizens of the several States, who may choose to settle in the Territories which are the common property of all the States.

Resolved, That in the language of the Supreme Court of the United States, the "right of property in slaves is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution"—and "the only power conferred upon Congress is the power coupled with the duty of guarding and protecting the owners in their rights as such declared."

Resolved, That Mississippi will stand by her sister slaveholding States in insisting upon the enforcement by all the departments of the Federal Government of their constitutional rights as thus expounded by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Resolved, That in the event of the election of a Black Republican candidate for the Presidency, by the suffrages of one portion of the Union only, to rule over the whole United States upon the avowed purpose of that organization, the State of Mississippi will regard it as a declaration of hostility, and will hold herself in readiness, separately or in concert, to co-operate with her sister States of the South, in whatever measures they may deem necessary for the maintenance of their rights as co-equal members of this Confederacy.

Resolved, That we feel it incumbent upon the Democracy of Mississippi again to declare that the acquisition of Cuba by the United States is a commercial and political necessity, and that we will hail with pleasure every proper measure that looks to its accomplishment, and further, we can never consent to its appropriation by any foreign power.

Resolved, That we endorse, in the main, the policy of the present Administration. The above were adopted by the Democratic "State Convention of Mississippi, a few weeks since, without a dissenting voice. Now compare them with the—

MINNESOTA REPUBLICAN PLATFORM. Relying upon the intelligence, patriotism, and discriminating justice of the American people, we, the Republicans of the State of Minnesota, in State Convention assembled, submit to the enlightened judgment of the freemen of Minnesota, the following emphatic declaration of principles and resolutions:

We maintain the Union of the States, the rights of the States, and the liberties of the people. Regarding slavery as a great moral and political evil, we oppose its extension beyond the States in which it already exists. We are in favor of the re-organization of the African Slave Trade. We oppose a Slave Code for the Territories, and while we disclaim all interference with slavery where it already exists in the States, we demand the entire and unconditional divorce of the National Government from any participation in this "relic of barbarism."

We are in favor of immediate and efficient National aid to the Pacific Railroad by the most practicable route. We hold that Congress ought to protect the lives and property of our citizens by judicious appropriations for Rivers and Harbors.

We are determined to maintain the purity of the ballot-box, as the palladium of our liberties. To this end we will by every legal means in our power prevent the frauds and other vices which have so long disgraced the ballot-box.

"No wonder that you Germans and other laboring men, feel an interest in the progress and in the final ascendancy of the principles of the Republican party." It is emphatically the party of the white laboring men of this country. While the Democratic party is the favorite party of the aristocratic element of our government; the Republican party is the interest and follower of the dictatorial body of Southern slaveholders, to the injury of the interests of free white workmen, the Republican party has made the interests of our workmen, its fundamental basis. It was a puzzle to him how any man who wrought with his hands, and who valued the dignity of the sweat of his brow, could have been in a choice between the principles of the two parties. Free labor never could command that respect to which it was entitled, while ever it was discriminated against, as between it and slave labor.

Whenever it was degraded to the level of compulsory slave labor or as it has been by the Democratic party, subordinated, it must be a part of the degradation of slave labor. Every man ought to be able to see this. The great principles of the Republican party, were the same as those of Henry Clay had contended for in his life time, with the exception of the labor of free white workmen, whether tillers of soil, mechanics, or manufacturing. So plain were these facts becoming in the eyes of the people, and so fired were they now of the disasters and prostrations, which have been brought upon the industrial interests of the country, through the principles of the Democratic party, that they were now rising up in their strength and hurl their reprovers from the places which they so unworthily occupied.

Letters overlaid from San Francisco to the 12th ult. inform us that the entire Leconte State ticket and both candidates for Congress of that stripe have been elected. The Legislature is the same way in both branches. The People's Reform ticket was successful in San Francisco. Judge Terry and Senator Broderick tried to have a duel on the day the mail left, but the police stopped it.

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE. From the Watertown Reformer.

Nearly every one in this locality is aware that the second ascension of the Atlantic was advertised for the 20th of September. The storm of the day and the following day obliged the postponement of the ascension until the 22d (Thursday). Every arrangement had been made for a successful inflation, and at 37 minutes before 6 p. m., the glad words, "all aboard," were heard from Mr. LaMountain, and myself and that distinguished aeronaut stepped into the car. Many were the friendly hands he shook—many a fervent "God bless you, and happy voyages," were uttered—and many handkerchiefs waved their mute adieu.

"Let go all," and away we soared. As we rose into the light, fleecy clouds, they looked between us and the earth like patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in Spring time; but when we rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the same look that a mountainous snow-covered country does when you look down upon it from a higher mountain, in six minutes we were far above all the clouds and the sun and we were face to face. We saw the time after that when his face looked very far from us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth, the thermometer, kindly loaned us by T. H. Camp & Co., showed a fall of 24 degrees. It stood 84 degrees at the time we ascended, and the balloon rotated a good deal, showing that we was ascending with great rapidity.

At 2.48 the thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5.50, we were at least two miles high—thermometer 34. At this point, a suggestion made just before starting, by Judge Clark of Pleasant, was found to be a very good one. He had advised the taking along of some cotton, with which to fill the car when at great heights, and my father had procured me some. The unpleasant ringing sensation had now become painful, and I filled my ears with cotton. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large hollow pumpkin may be supposed to, with a humming bird upon its surface.

At 5.52 we put on our gloves and shawls—an extra pair being found in friend Fay's basket—thermometer 32. The wet sand-bag became stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending we felt as if we were in a hot oven. At 5.54 the thermometer 28, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of the earth by day light. I recognized the St. Lawrence to the southwest of us, which showed that we were drifting nearly north. At 6 o'clock we were drifting very low, and Mr. LaMountain directed me to throw out about twenty pounds of ballast. This shot us up again—thermometer 20 and falling very slowly. At 6.05—thermometer 22—my feet were very cold.

The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth, and its abnormal smell, as it came down upon us made me sick. LaMountain was suffering a good deal with cold. I passed my thick shawl around his shoulders, and put the blanket over his head and feet. At 6.10, the thermometer 18. We drifted along until the balloon began to descend. In a short time thereafter the Atlantic began to show. At 6.30 thermometer 22—rising. We must have been, before we began to descend from this height, 37 miles high. At 6.30 thermometer 23—rising.

We were now about stationary, though we were sailing north of east. We could, we thought, easily distinguish water below us, but unable to recognize it. At 6.35 we threw over a bag of sand, making 120 lbs. of ballast discharged, leaving about 120 lbs. on hand. We distinctly heard a dog bark. Thermometer 23—rising rapidly. At 6.45 thermometer 28.

At 6.50 it was dark and I could make no more memoranda. I put up my note book, pencil and watch, and settled down into the car, as much as I could, as though at my home. The Reformer officer, from this point until the morning I can only give my experience from memory. The figures in the preceding narrative were all made at the time, and the variations of the thermometer can be depended upon as accurate.

We heard, soon after dark, a locomotive whistle, and occasionally could hear wagons rumbling along the ground or over a bridge, and the dogs kept up an almost ceaseless howl, as much as I could, as though at my home. The Reformer officer, from this point until the morning I can only give my experience from memory. The figures in the preceding narrative were all made at the time, and the variations of the thermometer can be depended upon as accurate.

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ing further and still further that "frozen side" from which we knew there was no escape. Mr. LaMountain seized the valve cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth, and its abnormal smell, as it came down upon us made me sick. LaMountain was suffering a good deal with cold. I passed my thick shawl around his shoulders, and put the blanket over his head and feet.

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would go on with her; if not, we would build as good a place as possible to crawl in, and prepare for death. We went back, and after examining the stream attentively, concluded to try to get the raft down. We at once commenced, and I freely confess this the most trying, and laborious work of a life of labor. The pieces would not float over a rod at a time, but they would stick on some stone which the low water left above the surface, and then you must pry it over in some way, and pass it along to the next obstruction. We were obliged to get into the stream, often up to the middle, and there I several times fell headlong—completely using up our compass, which now frantically pointed in any direction it added head, thought desirable. The water had cooled the case, and it was ruined. After long hours of such labor, we got the raft down, and LaMountain again tied it together. Passing on, in about an hour we came to a large lake—ten miles long and six miles broad. Around it we must, of course, pass until we should find the outlet. So we turned up to the right, and pressed on with as much resolution as could be expected. To-day we found one claim, which I insisted LaMountain should see, as he was better acquainted with the country, and had often hunted for nothing on the day we went up. Around we went into all the indentations of the shore, keeping always in shallow water. At last we stopped at a place we thought least exposed to the wind. We laid down upon the cold ground, having lifted up the end of our raft so that the wind might not drift it away from us. We were cold when we laid down, and both of us trembled by the hour, like men suffering from a severe attack of the ague. The wind had risen just at night, and the dismal surging of the waves upon the shore formed, I thought, a fitting lullaby to slumbers so disturbed and dismal as ours. By this time our clothes were nearly torn off. My pantaloons were slit up both legs, and the waistbands nearly torn off. My boots both leaked, and our mighty wrestlings in the canoes had torn the skin from our ankles and hands. LaMountain's hat was gone; the first day out he had thrown away his woolen drawers and stockings, as they dragged him down by the weight of water they absorbed. We slept but little. It really seemed as though, during the night, we passed through the horrors of a dozen deaths. At daylight, we got up by degrees—first one knee and then the other—so stiff and weak we could hardly stand.

Again upon the almost endless lake we went—following round its shore for an outlet. About 10 o'clock we found a broad, northern stream, which we thought was the outlet we were seeking, and we entered it with great joy, believing it would take us to our long sought Ottawa. Shortly after entering the stream, it widened out, and assumed the form of a bay, and we sailed westerly shore for about 7 miles, but found we were again deceived. On our way up Mr. LaMountain sang these pretty lines: "Cheer up, my hearts, my pretties!"

His voice was hardly above a whisper, but it was a source of great comfort to me. His, indeed, was a "gallant minstrel," which the extraordinary hardships, and dangers of our position had not daunted. But when we found that all the weary miles of our morning travel had been in vain, and that we were to be retraced, and I sat down upon the end of the raft, and felt like shedding one of the worst tears of my life. We yet felt that, as Christian men, we were to press on as long as we could stand, and leave the issue with God.

It had now been four full days since we ate a meal. All we had eaten in the mean time was a frog again, four chickens, and few wild berries, whose acid properties and bitter taste had probably done us more harm than good. Our strength was beginning to fail very fast, and our systems were evidently about to undergo an extraordinary change. I did not permit myself to think of food—the thought of a well covered table would have been too much for me. I thought of all poor Strain's sufferings on the bottom of Darien, where he, too, was paddling a raft down an unknown stream—but never believed he could stand half the amount of suffering he did. Besides, he had means to make a fire—we had none.

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Here let me state that the stream we came down so far in our raft is called Fillman's Creek; the large lake we sailed around is called Basketing Lake, and drains into Basketing River, which flows into the Gatineau. The Gatineau joins the Ottawa opposite Ottawa City. Mr. Cameron assures us that these streams are so tortuous, and in many places so rapid, that no set of men could get a raft down, no matter how well they knew the country, nor how many provisions they had on board. He regarded our deliverance as purely providential, and many times remarked that we would certainly have perished but for seeing his smoke.

Mr. Cameron was hunting timber for his employers (Gilmour & Co. of Ottawa,) and was to start in two days for down the Gatineau, to his headquarters at Deserit. If we would stay until he started, we were well come, he said, and accommodations, and he would take us down to Deserit in his canoe, and at that point we could get Indians to take us further on. He also said he had intended to look for timber on Fillman's Creek, near where the balloon would be found, as we could describe the locality to him, and would try to look it up and make the attempt to get it to Ottawa. This would be a long and tedious operation, as the porages are very numerous between the creek and Deserit—something over twenty—each of them three miles long. Over these porages of course the silk must be carried on the backs of Indians.

After finishing up his business in the vicinity where we found him, on Friday morning Mr. Cameron started on his return. We stopped, on our way up the creek, at a place which we called the "New Farm" on Friday morning, and there ended our sleeping on the ground—an operation which was unpleasant, but particularly so at the Deserit. On Saturday we reached Deserit through dreaching rain, from which there was no protection. At Deserit we were a good deal troubled to obtain Indians to take us out. At last we appealed to Mr. John Backus, a kindhearted American trader, who agreed to procure us a complement of redskins sufficient to take us to Bear's place—50 miles—when we thought we might obtain horses. Sunday morning we started from Deserit, and reached Alexis Bear's about 6 p. m. The scenery upon this part of our route was sublime and imposing. The primeval forest stood as grand and silent as when created. The Indians we had in our employ to-day surpassed anything I ever beheld in physical vigor and endurance. They were dressed in moccasins made during the day's run, and their iron shoulders with a swing, and start upon a dog trot as unconcerned as though bearing no burden. Arriving at the bottom of the fall, they would toss the canoe into the stream, cry out, "Arretes la!" and away we would go again, gliding down the stream like an arrow. We traveled 15 miles and made 7 portages, and 50 miles in 100 hours. Starting at 7 in the evening, we reached nearly all night through the forest, over one of the worst roads that ever was left unfinished, and reached Brooks's farm, a sort of frontier tavern, in the early morning, where we slept a couple of hours, and after breakfast pressed on by the stage to Ottawa, which we reached at 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Our first rush was to the telegraph office, whence the trembling wires spoke the glad news of our safety to the "loved ones at home." At Ottawa we were most hospitably entertained. Indeed, from the time we left the Basketing until we reached home, we met with nothing but one continual stream of congratulation and proffered kindness.

JOHN A. HADDOCK, Watertown, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1859.

Here are some choice extracts from an article in the Washington States, exhibiting its affection for "the New York" Ben-Administration and "friends of the Ad-

"That knave of all knaves—the hideous master of black-pail—the defamer of honor—the assaulter of virtue—the robber of purity—the disseminator, polluted, infamous Jack Ketch, has infected the atmosphere of this city for some days past—skulking in by-ways by day, like the exhumed spirit of some arch-demon, and prowling about at night, with that diabolic shape no one can describe, and with that infernal grin of God only knoweth. It is difficult to pronounce a wretch so destitute of humanity and so thickly clothed with the filth of depravity. It is hard for humanity to look upon him without a shudder of horror."

"The Government has shut the doors in his face. The President at length discards his error, and acknowledges his deep-seated villainy. All there in authority shun him as they would a leper. He will make little by his visit, save, perhaps, the destruction of some young and simple being, who will hereafter find out the treacherous lazar. Let the wiper leave—let the city be emptied of him."

A MOST VALUABLE ACT.—The Democrats at St. Cloud, Minnesota, valorously burned Mrs. Swishelme's outspoken editress, in effigy, a few evenings ago, because she denounced the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Gov. who about a year ago destroyed her printing office. "This is characteristic of the modern 'Democratic' spirit," as Mr. S. says, in speaking of the insult offered her, "they are the representatives of the woman-whipping, baby-stabbing cavalry of the South. The one great object of the party is to extend and perpetuate the institution of woman-whipping, and it is all right that a woman should, to them, represent a force with which they have to contend. Making women and burning their iron consumers prefer, under the present tariff, to buy in England and in Wales, where the low rate of labor produces iron at a reduced rate in price. It is good 'Democratic' policy to go abroad and buy what might just as well be made at home."

The Indiana Register says that operations have been suspended at Blacklick, because the coal will not be raised again until the second of February, when the iron consumers prefer, under the present tariff, to buy in England and in Wales, where the low rate of labor produces iron at a reduced rate in price. It is good 'Democratic' policy to go abroad and buy what might just as well be made at home."

The Warren Sentinel district of the Republicans have nominated Isaac Bond, of Potter county, to succeed Mr. Scofield. An excellent nomination.

Do You want to elect a President in 1860? Then get out the vote this year!