THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT,
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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 18. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1861. | NO. 35.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

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Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. HUNTING COOPER.....HENRY DRINKER.
WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops new building, Turnpike-st.

J. B. M'COLLUM.....D. W. SEARLE.
McCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

HENRY B. McKEAN,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law.—TOWANDA, Pa. Office in the Union Block, je5 58 tf

DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine.—Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main at 1 Elizabeth-sts, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. ap56 tf

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Montrose, Pa. Office over Wilsons' Store; Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.

DR. WILLIAM. W. WHEATON,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST.
WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON,
Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, recently of Binghamton, N. Y. tender their professional services to all who appreciate the "Reformed Practice of Physic;" careful and skillful operations on Teeth; with the most scientific and approved styles of platework. Teeth extracted without pain and all work warranted.
Jackson, June 14th, 1860. y*

DR. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

J. C. OLMSTEAD.....J. L. READ.
DRS. OLMSTEAD & READ,
WOULD ANNOUNCE to the Public that they have entered into a partnership for the
Practice of MEDICINE & Surgery,
and are prepared to attend to all calls in the line of their profession. Office—the one formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Olmstead, in DUNDAFF. my 7 3m.

DR. N. Y. LEET,
Physician and Surgeon, Friendsville, Pa. Office opposite the Jackson House.
DR. LEET gives particular attention to the treatment of diseases of the EAR and EYE; and is confident that his knowledge of, and experience in that branch of practice will enable him to effect a cure in the most difficult cases. For treating diseases of these organs no fee will be charged unless the patient is benefitted by the treatment. [August 30th, 1860.

SOUTHWORTH & VADAKIN,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Headstones, Tom-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also dealers in Marbleized Slate for Mantles, Centre-Tables, &c. ☞ Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. oct4 y*

WM. A. SNOW,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Great Bend, Pa. Office on Main-street, opposite the Western House. ap4

JOHN SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop over I. N. Bullard's Grocery, on Main-street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance—pledging himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa., July 7th, 1860.—tf.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phœnix Block, over store of Read, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. jan '60

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, MONTROSE, Pa. oct3 tf

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. je1 y.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry Perfumery, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug tf

PROF. CHARLES MORRIS,
BARBER and Hair Dresser, Montrose, Pa. Shop in basement of Searle's Hotel.

HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
YANKEE NOTIONS
—AND—
FANCY GOODS.
WM. HAYDEN, JOHN HAYDEN, TRACY HAYDEN, GEORGE HAYDEN, NEW MILFORD, PA.

P. E. BRUSH, M. D.,
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY AT
Springville,
Will attend to the duties of his profession promptly.
Office at D. Lathrop's Hotel.

AT SMITH'S!
NEW MILFORD, PA.,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
HARNESSES,
CHEAP FOR CASH,
AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.
nov5 tm J. H. SMITH.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS 1st July 1860, $1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, " " " 43,068.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McGee, As't " A. F. Wilmarth, Vice "

Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned, at his office, one door above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
nov29 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

H. BURRITT
HAS just received a large stock of new Stoves, for Cooking, Parlor, Office and Shop purposes, for Wood or Coal, with Stove Pipe, Zinc, &c.
His assortment is select and desirable, and will be sold on the most favorable terms for *Cash, or to Prompt Six Months Buyers.*
New Milford, Oct. 25th, 1860.

Dandelion Coffee,
A HEALTHY beverage. One pound of this Coffee will make as much as two pounds of other Coffee. For sale by ABEL TURRELL.

MEDICAL CARD.
E. F. WILMOT, M. D., Graduate of the Allopathic and Hommœopathic Colleges of Medicine, would return his sincere thanks to the people of Gt. Bend and vicinity in the very liberal patronage with which they have fa. for him, and he hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public confidence. Great Bend, January 22d, 1861.

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides,
Sheep Pelts, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, & Shop on Main Street.
Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. KEELER

DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Todds' Hotel.
New Milford, July, 17, 1861

A German Legend.

There was once a poor, but very honest, contented, and merry kind of a man in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening feast, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbors. Desirous of showing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which, being quickly dispatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more.

"Go then!" said the father to his eldest child, a girl about sixteen years old, "go and bring up some better wine from the cellar."

"From what cellar, father?" inquired the daughter.

"What cellar, child?" repeated the father, merely in jest; "why, the great wine cellar belonging to the knights upon the Kyffhausen."

With perfect simplicity the young maiden took a firkin in one hand and proceeded toward the mountain. About middle way, seated in an old and deserted path leading down toward the spot, she found an old housekeeper, dressed in a singular, quaint old fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knight's cellar.

"Yes," replied the timid girl, "but I have got no money."

"Come with me," said the old housekeeper: "you shall have it for nothing, and better wine than your father ever bought in his life."

They both then proceeded along an old deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly, by the way, what was the appearance of things then in Tilleda—who was alive, and who was dead.

"Once," said she, "I was as young and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and buried under ground by the knight-riders, who stole me away from the very house which now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this they also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterwards seen about here on their caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped and carried off in open day by these mountain knights, as they were coming from church at Kelba. They made me, as I grew older, into the housekeeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which you see, I still wear."

By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite, or more than half, full, and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim.

"There," she said, "take that to your father; and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And, moreover, take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth anything at all. If any ventures hither to obtain wine for sale, let him be warned; his last bread has baked—now go!"

Unluckily, just opposite to them lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He, among others had also a taste of the knights' wine.

"My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water, and sell it for good wine still. Where can you contrive to get it from?"

He resolved to watch; and he followed the daughter as she went, for about the fourteenth time, with her little firkin, toward the Kyffhausen hill. He hid himself, and saw her come in the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full, shortly afterwards. Accordingly, next evening, he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it down hill; and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty. As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose, and whistled portentously of the gathering rain, which soon fell in torents. The tempest carried him and his barrel from one side of the road to the other. At last down the hill he went, and continued to fall, deeper and deeper, until he finally found himself lodged in a burial vault.

Here appeared an awful procession before his eyes—a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbors, whom he recognized easily enough by their gait and garments, followed in his wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away; and on recovering some hours afterwards, he still found himself in the dimly lighted vault, and heard the old familiar steeple-bells of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour, that he was there lying under the church and the burial ground of the village, in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe.—But see! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then taking him up in his arms, he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold, frosty night. By degrees, the good host came a little to himself, and crept, without either wine or wine casks, as far as home. It struck one just as he reached it; and he felt himself so unwell, that he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray all his funeral expenses; his wife and the four neighbors, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

☞ Hon. John N. Conyngham, President Judge of Luzerne county, has after much urging, consented to be a candidate for re-election. This will avoid a party strife, and secure the services of one of the most upright and talented judges in the State.

A Romantic Irish Girl.

A fine looking, bright eyed girl of sixteen was yesterday placed under the protection of Miss Foster, the matron of the city prison, whose case presents features of a more than ordinary character. Her name is Bridget Dokey, and her parents still live in the city of Dublin, her native place. The particulars of her romantic career was given by herself, with such an air of modest truthfulness that no one would wish to question her veracity. She stated that when thirteen years of age she became acquainted with a worthy young man, named Kelly, a carpenter, who wished to marry her. Her parents who were well to do, prudent people, objected to the match, because of her youth, and prevailed upon the young man to leave the neighborhood, giving him a "fit-out" of $100. His departure grieved her, and she determined to follow him. After the lapse of a few months she learned that he had procured employment on board a vessel as ship's carpenter, Thither she repaired as quickly as she obtained the means, but only to learn that Kelly's vessel had a few days previously sailed for New York. The damsel was disappointed, but her desire to see her truant lover was not conquered. She immediately procured a suit of sailor boy's clothing, for which she discarded her own girlish attire, and then shipped, under the name of Edward Johnson, as cabin boy, for a trip to New York, whither she arrived, but still failed to accomplish the purpose she had undertaken. Friendless, and without means, after she had been here a week or two, it became necessary that she should obtain employment, and, notwithstanding the hardships to which she had been subjected on her first voyage, there was a certain fascination about a sailor's life which induced her to follow it. So, for three years, she has been voyaging from port to port, two of which were passed in the capacity of cabin boy, and the third as able seaman, her robust constitution enabling her to take her "trick at the wheel," and performed the duties of her lot as well as the best man on board. During all this time, notwithstanding evident refinement of manner not characteristic of an ordinary sailor, and delicacy of appearance, which ought to have betrayed her sex, her secret was never discovered. She performed her duties so well that her three last voyages have been in one vessel—the ship *Resolute*, of the Black Ball Line—the captain having pressed her to remain with him, and complimenting her as a "promising young man." But, amid all the hardships of her condition she lost no opportunity of searching for the young carpenter, of whom, however, she has lately lost every trace. On Thursday night, cherishing a hope that she might encounter him in some of the low saloons in Water street, which seafaring men frequent, she determined to explore them. Mixing freely with the unruly characters there, she found it necessary to treat them to liquor. An attempt, however, was made to impose on her liberality which she resisted, and one of the ruffians made an assault upon her. The discovery of her sex was then made, and created such excitement that the police were attracted by the disorder which the crowd occasioned. The young sailor girl was taken to the station house, where she made a partial statement to the Police Captain, who was favorably impressed with her ingenious manner, and provided her with accomodations for the night.—Yesterday morning she was arraigned before Justice Osborne, who lectured her upon the impropriety of her conduct, and informed her that she had been guilty of a misdemeanor, at which she semed greatly surprised. Miss Foster, the matron, made her change her male attire for one more appropriate to her sex, and she is now metamorphozed into a very pretty girl, rather sunburned, it is true, and having her hair cropped too closely, but withal interesting and womanly. She acknowledges to feeling great restraint in her new garments, but declares she will never discard them again. Her great hope now is to obtain some respectable employment, and doubtless it will soon be found for her.—*New York Times.*

Curious Dying Scenes.

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's cork screw and thumb bottle in his hand. Pieronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasure at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived and it was time to die.—He resolved to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing, philosopher, disliked the inconveniences and infirmaties of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Garden, a celebrated Italian Physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, so as to hit the very day and hour foretold.—When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to enquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining and his last moments approach. He then said, "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtin; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Garmmont was reported to be in extremity, the King Louis XIV. being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Daugeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety he said, with a smile: "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversation.

Our Fat Contributor in the Home Guard.

The moment our flag was threatened, large bodies of men were called upon to rally in its defence. Being a large bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guards. The drill is very severe on me this hot weather, although I am constantly allowed an attendant with a fan and a pitcher of ice water.

I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burned out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, I have had considerable practice in *throwing out my chest*, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't 'dress up'—it's no use trying. If my vest buttons are in line I am far in the rear, and if I toe the mark a fearful bulge indicates my position.—(There is no room for argument in regard to my sentiments—every body can see at a glance *just where I stand.*) One evening we had a new drill sergeant who was near sighted. Running his eye down the line, he exclaimed sharply:

"What is that man doing in the ranks with a bass drum?"

He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum—it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in.

I am the but of numberless jokes, as you may well suppose. They have got a story in the guards that when I first heard the command, "Order arms!" I dropped my musket, and taking out my note book began to draw an order on the Governor for what arms I wanted. They say I ordered a Winans steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgren howitzers for side arms! Base fabricators! My ambition never attended beyond a rifled cannon, and they knew it.

Although in respect to size I belong to the heaviest, my preference is for the light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrads tittered whenever my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased the final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labeled "light infant!" The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subject, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the *rallying* of my comrades.

I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill sergeant one day:

"Do you drill the whole of him at once?"

"No," he returned in an awful whisper, "*I drill him by squads!*"

I would have drilled him if I had a bayonet.

Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for. The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissiary will be detailed to supply my rations. That reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night, an old farmer, who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside, and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of powerful oxen.

"My ancient agriculturist," said I, smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen."

"Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to war you will want them."

"For what?" said I, considerably annoyed.

"*Want 'em to draw your rations!*"

The Guards paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "child of the regiment," with the rank of first Corpulent, and the pay of chief "Blowyer." I was about to return thanks in a neat and appropriate speech, when a reporter who was present assured me it was no use—he had got the whole thing in type speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said they kept a "neat and appropriate speech, standing in type continually. I got his views, and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including
the Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Who Is a Rebel.

The *Evening Post* has the following:

"Whoever, therefore, talks of peace short of such a peace as acknowledges the validity of our constitution and the duty of obedience to the laws, is a rebel. He counsels submission to the revolters, and is their agent. Whoever raises the white flag raises the secession flag, and must as certainly expect that it will be pulled down by an indignant multitude, as if it had the emblem of secession glaringly displayed on its folds. Whatever press insists that the government shall submit to the rebels, and abdicate the powers which the people have confided to it, is both rebel and anarchist, and renounces the protection of the laws."

We have not one word to say against this view of the case, but, upon the contrary, approve it heartily. We have something, however, to add to what the *Post* says. Whoever is against the Constitution of the United States in whole and in part, in spirit or in letter, is a rebel. Whoever is against any of the laws of the government, whether they relate to fugitive slaves or to freemen, is a rebel.—Whoever insists that a law of Congress can be violated any more in New York or Massachusetts than in South Carolina or Alabamy, is a rebel. Let us make clear, clean work of our loyalty, and apply to it the rigid rule that he who offends in one point offends in all.

☞ Thomas J. Carson, Walter W. Kelly and Wm. M. Pegram, arrested at Harrisburg, were taken in custody by the Marshal for examination. A number of letters, and about $100,000 in drafts, dated Richmond, upon New York firms, were found secreted upon their persons.

BRIDGEWATER BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The 36th annual meeting of this association will be held at the Baptist Church, at Herrickville, Bradford Co., on the second Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of September. Br. R. G. Lamb is to Preach the opening sermon.

Patriotism.

It is the duty of the citizen to render active support and willing obedience to every right law, established by the executive, legislative and judicial authority, constitutionally embodied, as the Government of the United States. There is no clearer implied power than that such a government, for the purpose of sustaining the rights of all under it, and for the purpose of enabling it to act for the good and benefit of all, has the undoubted right, when assailed by a portion, to exercise the powers of all loyalty—remaining to sustain itself—crush insurrection or rebellion.

It is our object to distinguish between genuine and counterfeit patriotism. That which springs from honest motives is genuine. That which is actuated by vengeance, hatred, malice and corruption is bogus. We see both kinds around us, and we regret to be compelled to admit that the counterfeit largely predominates. "Patriotism must be founded in great principles and supported by great virtues." Patriotism is pure, unselfish, honest love of country; closely allied to love, generosity, virtue, affection, integrity, and that true religion, which, "loving God with all its heart," therefore "loves its neighbor as itself." Like "charity, is not a sounding brass nor a tinkling symbal—vaunteth not itself is not puffed up, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Patriotism has been called that ruling passion, "love of country, an amalgamated multitude of the noblest sympathies of brethren's hearts."

"And you, great Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'Oh save my country, heaven!' shall be your last."

We say Patriotism is only genuine when actuated by the sympathetic heart of brothers; and we present this as a test, by which each one may measure the genuineness of his own love of country.

It is a question whether the politician of the present day—a pupil of ward and borough delegate election—a scholar of county and State convention—a graduate of State Legislatures, has sufficient *practical integrity* to be able *now* to omit a spark of the true electricity of Patriotism. We do not say that the machine is incapable of being excited by it; but we do say that if it is or has lately been connected with corruption, selfishness, enmity revenge or ambitious avarice, it is so diluted by evil that in honest strength and potency it must fail to illuminate a spark; and unless perfectly insulated from vice, it cannot shine with the true blue lustre of our father's Patriotism. The causes which led to the treason of Arnold should be studied by corrupt and ambitious politicians.

Dr. Johnson says, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." From this it seems that the practice of venality and corruption under it was as much the cloak of the corrupt politician in his day, as it is the fashion in ours. Who are the men that howl the loudest and are the readiest to select out Traitors for public contempt now? The Forneys, Greeleys, Weeds, and Laumans, are prominent, while the ground they walk upon trembles for fear these corrupt political sponges will absorb its moisture and leave it incapable of sustaining life, until the rains of honesty again moistens this distracted land.

Political corruption is enveloped now in sham patriotism, yet we trust the people will distinguish between the genuine and the bogus, and affix the indelible stamp, *counterfeit*, on that loud, violent denunciation of others, while its own practices fester with bad food it furnishes our army, and shakes with the coldness of public scorn while enveloped in its flimsy blankets,

Truth rises with increased rapidity as falsehood falls, and we are confident that the true Patriotism of the honest heart is working up from the bottom, and when this corrupt struggle for the balance of political power is over, that we will progress from that true foundation, given by the Almighty to the fathers of the Republic—born in the purity of the colonies—baptised in the blood of the revolution—The CONSTITUTION and the UNION, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The Patriot's Stratagem.

A Legend of 1776.

Night had set in deep and dark, and in a small log cabin situated a few miles from Trenton, New Jersey, sat five men; four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table. They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stoutly built young man, clad in the Continental uniform.—He sat in a corner of the room, with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner—for such he evidently was—"Tom, you and I were school boys together, and I like you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us. You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to head quarters to-morrow, for with your bravery and talents you would soon distinguish yourself in the royal cause, and after this rebellion is crushed out, you would be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives, which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the tory steadily in the eye, "I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when that clock strikes twelve, I shall leave you. I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, nor even myself can prevent it. You may watch me as closely as you please; tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I should leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory, "he'll talk differently in the morning," and he returned to his seat at

(See Fourth Page.)

Abolition and Confiscation.

In the House of Representatives the following debate ensued on the Confiscation bill:—

Mr. Pendleton. I shall not take up the time of the House by considering the general policy of the bill. The gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden) has done that already. The vote which was given just now laying the bill upon the table shows the temper of the House; that it is determined in some shape or other to carry out the principle involved in the bill; and I propose, without dwelling upon the question of policy connected with the bill, to address myself to certain matters which I think ought to commend themselves even to those who are in favor of its general principles. Now, sir, for my part, I think that the whole policy of the bill is wrong. I think, by whatever name this affair be called—whether rebellion, insurrection or war—that it is, nevertheless, a war, and that it is the duty of the United States to carry it on—as vigorously as gentlemen please—in accordance with those rules which Christian civilization has prescribed to mitigate the cruelties of war. I think, sir, it is necessary for us to determine either that those men who are in rebellion against the United States are public enemies, so that they shall be treated by us in accordance with the laws of nations; or that they are citizens of the United States, subject to all of the penalties which attach to them by the law of treason, and likewise entitled to all of the benefits and guaranties which the Constitution of the United States prescribes for every citizen, however criminal he may be. I think we should enter upon the consideration of that question now; and having made up our minds to treat them in one capacity or the other, we should follow that determination to its logical and legitimate conclusion; that we should not hold them to be public enemies for one purpose, that is, to deprive them of the guaranties which the Constitution gives them; and hold them to be citizens, in order to inflict upon them the penalties which the law prescribes for a citizen.

Mr. Speaker, I address myself to the considerations of this bill because it applies to the State in which I live, to the State of New York or Massachusetts, as well as it does to any of the Southern States, the masses of whose people are said to be in rebellion. It is because it goes home to me and to you and to every man here, whenever any of his neighbors may choose to suspect him of disloyalty, that I deem proper to consider it. This bill provides, sir, that any person who shall acquire or sell property, with an intent to use it, or who shall permit property of any kind to be used for the purpose of carrying on, or assisting to carry on—in aiding or abetting, or promoting an insurrection and resistance to the law, shall—what? Be made the lawful subject of prize and capture. Will any gentleman understand what that means? Do gentlemen understand what is the meaning of that language as it is interpreted by all the adjudications on the subject? Tell me who it is that can make the seizure of a lawful prize? Tell me who it is that has the right under language such as that if it be carried into the statute book, to seize property, the owner of which is suspected of having used it in aiding rebellion? Sir, I affirm it without fear of contradiction, that by the law recognized in the United States, as well as by the law administered in every prize court in Christendom, the seizure of lawful prizes may be made not only by public armed vessels, but by private armed vessels; and not only by private armed vessels, but by every private individual belonging to the nation which authorizes the capture. I say, sir, that every man belonging to the nation under whose authority the prizes made, has a lawful right to capture the vessel, it it be a vessel, or property of whatever kind, and carry it before a court of condemnation. I say, that if this bill is passed into a law, it will be competent under it for every private individual, whosoever he may be, who suspects his neighbor has property which he has allowed to be used to aid rebellion, to seize that property and carry it before the district attorney in order that he may commence proceedings of condemnation.

Now, I want to know whether the House is going to pass a law which shall permit a citizen of the State of New York to enter upon the property of a neighbbor whom he may choose to suspect of making arms for the rebel army without warrant and without authority of law, and seize that property and carry it before a judge to have it condemned? And if it is not condemned what is to be the result? It may be returned to him and that is all.—It may be, or it may not be, that he has a remedy in damages; but the best the only remedy is against the captor. But is that any sufficient guarantee of the right a man has to retain his property until it shall be taken from him by due course of law? I say there is no reason—even admitting the principle of the bill to be correct, which I deny—if the law is to be executed in any loyal State, or in any State which shall not, by the President, be declared to be in rebellion, why should it not be executed in the ordinary mode—by warrant, supported by an affidavit of probable cause.

The amendment which I propose to offer, and which I shall offer, seeks to obviate these two objections. In all the States of the Union where the people are not in armed resistance to the United States, where the ordinary civil laws are in full force, where the courts are in full operation, there is no reason why the full guarantees of the Constitution should not be secured to citizens; and my amendment is intended to provide that no seizure shall take place except upon warrant.

It contains another provision, which I do not entirely approve of, but which I have added that it may not be said that I desire by indirection to defeat the bill entirely. The provision is, that in the States where the judicial tribunals are not in operation, where it may be said that warrants cannot be issued, the seizure shall only be made by officers appointed under the hand of the President and the seal of the United States. It is also intended to prove that even in those States private individuals shall not be permitted to execute a law of this kind, so liable to abuse, but that the seizures shall be made by responsible officers especially intrusted by the President with this power and duty.

[The amendment was rejected.]

Mr. Diven Republican from New York, said:

It has become the practice of modern warfare to make it as harmless as it possibly can. The rigors of war are only resorted to where they promote the success of armies. Does any man believe that the passage of this bill will promote the success of our army? Is there any man who thinks that the passage of a law authorizing the confiscation of property can promote the success of our army? Why, then, do not other nations think so?—When we were prosecuting our war against Mexico we respected the property of the enemy. When Garibaldi was prosecuting the war of Independence in Italy, he respected the property of the Italians, without regard to what army they were giving their sympathies to. Have not the stern rigors of ancient law been relaxed in favor of justice? Why have we protested against indiscriminate pirgcy on the seas? Why has the custom been abandoned of giving up cities that had been besieged to the sack of the soldiery, as was once the universal usage of war? Did the sacking of cities promote the success of the besiegers? On the contrary, it stimulated the besieged to a more obstinate and determined resistance. If any man doubts it, let him read the wars of the Peninsula, where women, rather than undergo the rigors of such a code, fought and perished, till the streets reeked with their putrid bodies. No, sir. The attaching of such rigors and penalties to warfare only stimulates the resistance of the enemy. Let it be understood that all these Southern States which may be regarded as in rebellion against the Government are to have their property all confiscated if we are successful in the war, and do you not see that they will fight the battle to the bitter end? Do you not see that there is no hope for them, no home, no hearthstone; and that they may as well die on the field of battle as to surrender?

Now sir, if vengeance be the policy of this House; if this war is to be prosecuted for the purpose of vengeance, if the feelings of vindicative hearts are directing our arms, then confiscate, burn, ravage, lay waste. But if merely conquering and triumphing in the name of the Constitution of the country be the object, then resort only to such measures as will secure that success, and do not add to it any of the unnecessary rigors of warfare. Who can point me to an advantage that will be gained by the passage of this act? Do we expect our treasury to be enriched by it? Is there a man here who thinks that we can pay any of the national debt which we are accumulating, by the confiscation of this property? Certainly not, I apprehend, by the confiscation of one kind of this property; for if I understand the determination of these United States, they do not contemplate going into the slave trade at all. They do not contemplate taking negroes employed against the country and selling them in the markets—in the Cuban or any other markets. They do not therefore add to their wealth by this means.

But I will never lend my sanction to a bill that will send crawling all over Missouri Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and many other communities, mercenary men who have but to bring the charge of treason against a man to entitle them to half his property. Those laws that set on foot the vile informer have never had, and—God grant me my reason, never shall have my support. Pass that bill, and I could cross the river to morrow if I were base enough, and could seize horses and cattle and swear, or, if my conscience were not quite pliable enough, get some one else to swear that the owner of it is in rebellion against the United States, and half of the property becomes mine.

Sir, is this in conformity with the principles of civilization and humanized warfare? Is it not rather bringing back the age of barbarism, and inaugurating a barbarous instead of a civilized warfare? I know it will be said that this is a war against rebels. True it is, "and pity 'tis true." But still, sir, rebels as they are, they are men. They have hearts. They have children. The ties of kindred draw around their hearts as they draw around the hearts of other men; and while I would spare nothing that would contribute to the success of our arms, I would forbear everything that is unnecessarily cruel.

Now, sir, I have given the House my reason for voting against this bill. With these reasons I am content. If they are not sufficient for the constituency who sent me here, I think it will be their mistake and not mine. I now demand the previous question.

Mr. Stevens—I wish gentlemen would read what Vattel says upon this subject. I wish the gentleman from New York, especially, would read the remarks of Vattel, that one of the most glorious consequences of victory is giving freedom to those who were oppressed.

Mr. Diven—I agree to it.

Mr. Stevens—You agree to it. Then how is it that if we are justified in taking property from the enemy in war, when you have rescued an oppressed people from the oppression of that enemy, by what principle of the law of nations, by what principle of philanthropy, can you return them to the bondage from which you have delivered them, and rivet again the chains you have once broken. It is a disgrace to the party which advocates it. It is against the principle of the law of nations. It is against every principle of philanthropy. I, for one, shall never shrink from saying when these slaves are once conquered by us, "Go, and be free."—God forbid that I should ever agree that they should be returned again to their masters!

But it is said, that if we hold out this thing they will never submit—that they will suffer themselves to be slaughtered and their whole country to be laid waste. Sir war is a grievous thing at best, and