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THREE DOORS ABOVE SEARLE'S HOTEL.

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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*

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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 [illegible]tice 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.

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Headstones, Tomb-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also dealers in Marbleized Slate for Mantles, Centre-Tables, &c.

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JOHN SAUTTER,

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Montrose, Pa., July 2th, 1860.—tf.

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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. oc25 tf

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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. je2 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

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HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY, AT

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Will attend to the duties of his profession promptly.

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NEW MILFORD, PA.,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

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CHEAP FOR CASH,

AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.

nov5 4m J. H. SMITH.

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Of New-York.

CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETTS 1st July' 1860,	$1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, " "	43,068.68.

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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 Homœopathic Colleges of Medicine, would return his sincere thanks to the people of Gt. Bend and vicinity for the very liberal patronage with which they have favored 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, Fur, 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 Todd's Hotel.

New Milford, July 17, 1861

ABEL TURRELL

HAS for sale, Metallic Oil, for Sewing Machines, Clock & Watch Oil, Bed Bug, Rat and Mouse Poison, Homœopathic Remedies, Pond's Extract, and a great variety of Liniments, Salves, Pills, and Plasters, and an endless variety of Patent Medicines.

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. 19.

THE APPLES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

The Apples of New England!
  How hang their loaded boughs
Over the grey stone fences,
  In reach of the dappled cows;
O! every red-cheeked Baldwin
  Hath a merry song to sing,
Of some old moss-roofed cottage,
  Where the farmer is a King.

Yes, the king of his bursting acres,
  Whose grain takes a thousand hues
In the wonder-tinting sunshine—
  Yes King in his cobbled shoes;
King of the sturdy plowshare;
  King of the sickle keen;
King over God's full meadows,
  Budding in white and green.

The Russets of New England!
  What ruddy fires they see,
Where the crack of the veiny Walnut
  And the crack of the pine agree;
Where the herbs hang high in the chimney,
  And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And the rollicking boys guess riddles,
  With many a shout of mirth.

O! the Greenings of New England!
  Of the old Rhode Island stock—
Brought from the English gardens
  To grace the land of rock;
As fair as Britain's daughters,
  As hardy as her men,
But fairer lads and lasses
  Have plucked their fruit since then.

O! the Pearmain of New England!
  With its blended milk and rose,
There's a smell of Albion's orchards
  Wherever the good tree grows;
A stout old Pilgrim brought it,
  And to cradle its seed he broke
The sacred soil of Hartford,
  By the root of the Charter Oak!

O! the Pippins of New England!
  What lovers' smiles they see,
When their yellow coats in letters
  Tell tales at the apple bee;
What rosy cheeks at the quilting!
  What kisses in husking time!
That soon lead off to the parson,
  Or end in a wedding chime.

O! the apples of New England!
  They are famous in every land;
And they sleep in silver baskets,
  Or blush in a jeweled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming,
  On a beautiful, crimson lip,
And taste of the nectared blisses
  No lover has dared to sip.

They go to the southern islands,
  They go to the western wild,
And they tell of their glorious birth place,
  To every frolicking child;
Of the home where men are noble,
  And the women as good as fair;
O! the Apples of New England!
  They are welcome everywhere.

* * *

Domestic Animals

One of the first and most important duties of the present month is, daily care of domestic animals.

We are really in winter quarters now, and every animal must have its allowance dealt out to it. They can no longer obtain a supply of food in the field; and piercing winds and pelting storms will use up a dollar's worth of fat and flesh in sustaining an animal. I have always found that it is much more economical and better in every respect, to sustain animals in good stables or sheds, with enough to eat than to leave them where they will be compelled to use up any of the fat they have laid up, during the summer, for want of a proper supply of food.

Is every animal well fed and properly protected? Are your stables all in order? or are the boards knocked off here and there, so that the cold winds and storms can beat upon the horses? Does every milk cow have a good supply of nutritious food, not less than twice daily? Cows cannot be expected to yield even a tolerable supply of milk unless they have a good supply of succulent food. Does every animal have a comfortable place, where they can lie during the night, and enjoy quiet rumination and rest?

How is it with your calves? Do they have all the good hay they can eat during the night—and do they get a little meal every day—and have they a comfortable shed or stable? Do they fill themselves well—or do their sides—as my little boy said—"look as if some one had kicked them all in with a big boot?"

Where are your sheep? Are they away off in some distant field, trying to make a meal by pawing the snow off the grass? Have your lambs been separated long ago form the old sheep—and do they now have the benefit a good shelter, a plenty of fodder and a little grain every day?

Do you intend to keep those colts in that field all winter, with no protection but a rail fence? That is a practice that economical farmers cannot afford to adopt in raising domestic animals.

If every animal does not have good supply of food, and a comfortable protection, no time should be lost in supplying these very important items, without delay.

Is the barnyard in a good condition for the comfort of your animals—or is there nothing but fine manure, mud and water for them to stand or lie down in? Have all the holes and crevices been stopped about the sheds—or does the cold wind and storms rush through them, and render the shed colder than it would be away from such shed?

Let us have all these jobs attended to without delay, if they have not been performed; and keep the yard well littered with straw.

* * *

The Horse.—At the commencement of the battle of Bull Run, Lt. Hasbrouck of the West Point battery, was riding a little sorrel horse, which was shot three times, and from loss of blood became too weak for further service. He was stripped of bridle and turned loose, as his owner supposed, to die. In the heat of the contest nothing more was thought of the little sorrel, nor was he seen again until the remnant of the battery was far towards Washington on the retreat. It passed Centerville, and while resting there Lieutenant Hasbrouck was delighted to be joined by his faithful horse, which, by a strong instinct, had obeyed the bugle call to retreat, and had found his true position with the battery, which is more than most of the human mass engaged on the field can boast of doing. He came safely into Washington, and is now recovered of his wounds, and ready for another fight.

War for the Union.

SPEECH OF HON. H. B. WRIGHT,

OF LUZERNE COUNTY.

Dec. 16.—The House of Representatives having under consideration a bill to authorize the raising of a volunteer force for the better protection of Kentucky, Mr. Wright said:

Now, sir, I do not propose that the House shall be general with regard to the manouvers of the Army upon the field; but I do propose that the Commons here, in their places, shall furnish the ways and means and the men to carry on the war. That comes within our province. We are the judges as to what number of men, and what amount of money is required. I take it that the members of this House, and of the other branch of Congress, are the sole judges of that question.

Sir, if this war is conducted upon legitimate principles, I have no fears in regard to its result. It you will confine yourself to the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, issued on the 19th of April last, when he made his appeal to the people of this country, saying that *he wanted an army to put down insurrection and rebellion, and to protect the rights of property and the rights guarantied by the Constitution to the States*—if gentlemen will but adhere to the principles contained in that proclamation, there is no danger with regard to the result of the war, with the number of troops we now have in the field. But if it be the desire and the plan to change the object of the war, *and make it a war for emancipation*, I can tell those gentlemen who bring the negro so closely to their bosoms that they [illegible] *very life and existence of the Government itself.* I do not pretend to say whether the gentleman of Illinois be of that party or not. If gentlemen will confine themselves even to the principles of the message which the President sent in at the opening of this session, we need have no fear with regard to the result; but, as the gentleman from New York [Mr. Steele] observed the other day, I repeat, if you change the object and principle of the war, you paralyze the bravery of the army; you present another question; you present a divided North and a South united. That would be the effect of such a change of policy. *It is a war for the supremacy of the Constitution and laws, and the honor of the flag, and not for the emancipation of slaves.* I believe that it is the sworn duty of this Government to accept all the men who offer to come to our standard for that purpose, as these twenty thousand men seek to enlist under our standard in Kentucky, and to make our ranks formidable. I believe that we have already a well-disciplined Army.

I have confidence in the commanding general who has been put at the head of this great army of six hundred thousand men. I have great confidence also in the generals subordinate to him. But let the ranks be filled, and let it be shown to the people of the South, to the men who are engaged in secession, that our Army is, indeed, "an Army with banners." That Army, disciplined as it is now being disciplined, can march on to the accomplishment of its work, *and there is no power that can prevent its success unless you undertake to change its object, and say that it is marching for the emancipation of slaves, instead of the protection of the Government and the Constitution.* The army was called into the field to protect the Government, and when the President issued his proclamation how nobly did the responce come up from all the loyal States to that appeal? Six hundred thousand men in arms answered within a period of six months; an army has been brought in the field larger than the great Napoleon ever commanded, and as brave, during his brilliant career; that army was brought in the field as the proclamation called it into the field, to protect the Government, to put down secession and crush out rebellion. Let that issue be maintained, and I tell you that the destiny of rebellion is sealed; it is sealed forever. No, sir, *I am not one of those who would for my life change the principles on which this war was inaugurated*, for it has assumed now such formidable dimentions that we must call it a war. That is now its proper and legitimate name. It is a war, and one of vast dimensions; and in its issue is involved the cause of freedom—of the power of man for self-government. The time for calling it rebellion has gone by. It is war; and so we must regard it. The dictates of humanity require that the Government shall now adopt system in regard to the exchange of prisoners.

But I have deviated somewhat from the course I intended to pursue when I rose to address the House in regard to the bill introduced by my venerable friend from Kentucky, [Mr. Wickliffe.] But I have one word more to say to the House by way of appeal. When the whole Kentucky delegation—and I believe every district in the State is represented on this floor—comes forward to press upon Congress the adoption of this measure, if you turn your back upon them, you do the great State they represent a grevious wrong. You turn your back upon your best friend—a friend that stood by you in the darkest period of rebellion. You do that which prudence, justice, right, and honor alike forbid. Pass this bill. It has received the sanction of the Military committee. It has the unanimous support and recommendation of those gentlemen who represent the State of Kentucky.—That is another reason why it should pass.

I entertain the hope that we will hear no more objections urged against this bill on the ground of expense or expediency. Look it in the face as a truly national measure, for the benefit of a truly national State. Let us give Kentucky what she wants in this particular, what the government does not pretend to deny to her, and what I think the good sense and generous feeling of this House will freely grant to her. The honorable and patriotic course of her Statesmen demands that this boon should be conceded. She is loyal, and her demand for the protection of her people is imperative. It must not, it shall not, be denied them. The voices of Crittenden and Wickliffe have

too often resounded in these halls, on the side of the Union and the constitution, to fall unheeded and unnoticed now. The people of that gallant State have responded nobly to the demands of the Government; they are entitled alike to our consideration and our gratitude. She is of us and with us; and for one, I am ready and willing to link the destiny of my own native Keystone with the fortunes and chances of Kentucky. If it be our destiny to fall in the great struggle for human liberty, and republican government, so be it. Where the loyal men for the Government and the Constitution are, there it is my hope to be, and with them may my lot be cast. The bill is right and just, and no candid, considerate man should cast his vote against it.

REPORT OF SOLON ROBINSON,

OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE,

UPON THE

VINELAND SETTLEMENT.

☞ The following is an extract from the report of Solon Robinson. Esq., published in the New York *Tribune*, in reference to Vineland. All persons can read this report with interest.

Advantages of Farming near Home—Vineland—Remarks upon Marl—Soil, its great Fertility—The Cause of Fertility—Amount of Crops Produced—Practical Evidence.

It is certainly one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the western prairies. We found some of the oldest farms apparently just as profitably productive as when first cleared of forest fifty or a hundred years ago.

The geologist would soon discover the cause of this continued fertility. The whole country is a marine deposit, and all through the soil we found evidences of calcareous substances, generally in the form of indulated calcareous marl, showing many distinct forms of ancient shells, of the tertiary formation; and this marly substance is scattered all through the soil, in a very comminuted form, [illegible] by such plants as the farmer desires to cultivate.

Marl, in all its forms has been used to fertilize crops in England, from the time it was occupied by the Romans; and in France and Germany a marl bed is counted on as a valuable bed of manure, that can be dug and carted and spread over the field. How much more valuable then it must be when found already mixed through the soil, where new particles will be turned up and exposed, and transformed to the owner's use every time he stirs the earth.

Having then satisfied our minds with the cause, they will not be excited with wonder at seeing indubitable evidence of fertility of a soil which in our situations, having the same general characteristics or at least appearances, is entirely unremunerative except as its productiveness is promoted by artificial fertilization.

A few words about the quality and value of this land for cultivation of which we have some strong proof.

Our first visit was to William D. Wilson, Franklin township, Gloucester county, who purchased some eight miles north of Milville, about three years ago, for the purpose of establishing a steam mill, to work up the timber into lumber, to send off by the new railroad, as well as the firewood and coal, for which he built a track a mile and a half long. He also furnished sixteen miles of the road whith ties, and had no doubt made the mill profitable, though his main object was to open a farm, having become convinced that the soil was valuable for cultivation. In this he has not [illegible] some of his crops prove. For instance, the second time of cropping, 306 bushels of potatoes on one acre, worth 60 cents a bushel in the field. This year, seven acres, without manure, produced 856 bushels of oats. In one field, the first crop was potatoes, planted among the roots, and yielded 75 bushels. The potatoes were dug, and wheat sown, and yielded 16 bushels; and the stubble turned under and sown to buckwheat which yielded 33½ bushels; and then the ground was sown to clover and timothy, which gave as a first crop 2¼ tons per acre.

The fertilizers applied to these crops were first, ashes from clearings; second, 225 pounds of superphosphate of lime; third, 200 pounds Peruvian guano; then 50 bushels of slacked lime has been spread upon the clover since it was mowed, and turned in for wheat.

Mr. Wilson's growing crops, and the wheat stubble of the present season, all indicate his land as productive as any part of the State.

At Mary Barrow's, an old style Jersey woman farmer, several miles south of Mr. Wilson's, we were so particularly struck with the fine appearance of a field of corn, that we stopped to inquire of the hired man how it was produced. We found that the land had been the year but one before in wheat, sown with clover, and this cut one season, and last spring plowed once, with one "poor old nag," and planted with corn.

"Yes, but you manured high, we suppose?" we said interrogatively, and got his reply;—

"[illegible] couldn't done that; 'cause we hadn't but forty-one horse loads altogether, for 23 acres, and we wanted the most on't for the truck."

The truck consisted of beets, carrots, cabbage, cucumbers, mellons, &c., and a very productive patch of Lima beans, grown for marketing. So we were satisfied that the soil was not infertile, even unaided by clover, which had fed the corn, because the "truck patch" had not been clovered, and had been in cultivation long enough to obliterate all signs of the forest.

Our next visit was to the large farm of Andrew Sharp, five miles north of Millville, from half to a mile east of the railroad, and just about in the centre of Vineland.—Mr. Sharp commenced work here in December, 1858, upon 270 acres. In less than three years he has got 234 acres cleared and in crops this season, all well inclosed and divided into several fields, with cedar rail or pole fence; has built a two-story dwelling, about thirty-six or forty feet, and a smaller house for farm laborers, and a stable and granary and some other outbuildings.

Considerable part of the land was cleared for the plow at $9 dollars an acre, and on some of it the first crop was buckwheat, limed with 50 bushels in powder per acre.—This crop may be put in from July 4th to 20th, and yields from twenty to thirty bushels per acre, harvested in November; when the land being sowed with 150 pounds of Peruvian guano and seeded with rye, yielded 13 to 15 bushels per acre and ten dollars worth of straw. The rye stubble turned, after knocking off a large growth of oak sprouts, and dressed again with guano and seeded to wheat, gave 15 or 16 bushels. The crop which he was threshing while we were there promises more, of a very plump grain, and the straw is very heavy.

We went over the stubble and found the clover and timothy, from seed sowed last spring, on the wheat without harrowing, looking as well as we ever saw it upon any old cultivated farm, and with a little work done in the winter to clear off some roots and rotten stumps, and setting stakes to mark permanent ones, we will be able to cut the crop next year with a mowing machine and we will guarantee two tons per acre, if he will give the overplus if it overruns the estimate.

Part of the land was planted with potatoes for a first crop, which yielded one hundred and twenty bushels per acre. It was then limed with fifty bushels per acre, and seeded with wheat and clover, yielding an average of over 15 bushels per acre, and the clover now looks beautiful.

Other portions have been planted with corn as a first crop, which yielded thirty bushels of yellow flint corn, and the second crop forty bushels, and the third crop, treated 150 pounds of guano, we are sure no one would estimate below forty bushels per acre.

[The reader will recollect that the writer is now speaking of lands perfectly new, and which can scarcely be considered in good arable condition.—Ed.]

In other cases the corn crop of last year was followed with oats this season, not yet threshed, but will average, probably forty to fifty bushels. Sweet potatoes, beans, mellons, and in fact, all vegetables, as well as young peach and other fruit trees planted this year, show very plainly that this long neglected tract of land should remain so no longer, and there is now a strong probability that it will not; for under the auspices of Mr. Landis, it will be divided into small lots, with roads located to accommodate all—the surveyor is now busy at this work—and all purchasers will be required to build neat comfortable houses, and either fence their lots in uniformity, or agree to live without fence, which would be preferable, by which means a good population will be secured who will establish churches, schools, stores, mills, machine shops and homes—homes of American farmers, surrounded by gardens, orchards, fields and comforts of civilized life.

If any one, from any derangement of business, is desirous of changing his pursuits for life, or who is from any cause desirous to find a new location and cheap home in the country, and who may read and believe what we have truly stated, he will do well to go and see for himself what may be seen within a two hours ride of Philadelphia.

SOLON ROBINSON.

The "Anderson Body Guards."

The Pittsburg Post of Dec. 3d speaks as below, of the above company, of which Chas. H. Webb, Wm. E. Post, and Giles Watrous, of Montrose are members.

It has never fallen to our lot to see a finer body of men collected into one company than the "Anderson Body Guards," which arrived here last night by the mail train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, en route for Kentucky. The company is now full, though but ninety-three members are now here, and for physical developement general intelligence and soldierly appearance we have never seen them equalled.

As our readers are already aware this troop (for they are dragoons) is made up of picked men from all parts of the State. They have been drilled for several weeks at Camp Kentucky, near Carlisle Barracks in this State, and have already acquired astonishing proficiency. The officers are Captain, Wm. J. Palmer, of Philadelphia; First Lieutenant, Wm. Spencer, of Carlisle; Second Lieutenant, Thomas S. Maple of this city. The company is splendidly equipped with blue cloth uniform, cavalry leggins, regular army caps, comfortable overcoats, blankets and everything necessary. The arms are the heavy dragoon sabre and Colt's eight inch revolver.—When they reach their destination they will be mounted on fine Kentucky bred horses. Every member of the company has taken a pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquor, on pain of summary expulsion.

It was formed for the purpose of serving as a body guard to the hero of Fort Sumter, and for special service under him in Kentucky. The plan was drawn in [illegible] with his wishes, upon the belief that good soldiers can be made from intelligent, moral men, and the company organized in pursuance of the plan. Unfortunately the illness of General Anderson made it necessary for him to withdraw from the command in Kentucky, and he directed them to report to Gen. Sherman, who having given way to Gen. Buel, they were now under marching orders to report as soon as possible to him at Louisville.

We have every confidence in this splendid corps, and if occasion arrives, expect to hear of their valiant deeds in arms.

Abolition in Kentucky.

The following letter from Frankfort indicates how the Union men in Kentucky feel on the emancipation question:

Arriving here yesterday evening on the same train with the Cincinnati papers which brought to the Legislature of Kentucky their first information of the Secretary of War's imbroglio with the President, I have had an excellent opportunity of observing the profound feeling with which the subject was regarded. Of its intensity there can be no doubt. The Presidents modification was the theme of conversation in every group last night, and the voices were wonderfully unanimous. On every hand I heard congratulations over the good news, mingled only with fears that it might "be too good to be all true."

"We are as good Union men as you at the North." Such was the substance of the conversation on all sides. "We have done far more than you to prove our devotion to the Union and Government of our fathers. You raise your soldiers and make your efforts to suppress the rebellion in peace and quiet home; we are bearing up and holding out faithful amid the very whirlwind of civil war at our own doors. All we ask is that the pledges you have made shall be held sacred. We have told our voters that those men slandered your Northern Administration who said you were going to wage an abolition war. We have assured them that slavery was not involved in this war, that it was only a question of loyalty or treason to a beneficent government; and now we call upon you to make good those pledges, on which alone we carried Kentucky for the Union, and preserved her from the fate of all her sister States. Our honor is involved in the issue."

It was useless to present the arguments so current at the North that those who attempted to overthrow the Constitution could lay no claim to constitutional privileges. "Certainly not," was the reply, "but we demand that in punishing them you shall not disgrace and ruin us."

"Do you propose to inundate us with free niggers?" demands another; "I would as lief be in hell at once." And the bystanders unite very heartily in the somewhat emphatic expression.

"It is not the value of the slaves we care for," said the representative from one of the Southern counties to me: "I, for one have not seen my home for five months. It would be worth my life to venture there. I do not suppose myself to-day worth more than the clothes in my trunk up stairs. Everything I had I have sacrificed for my loyalty, and I have therefore some right to speak my mind. It is not the mere loss of our own slaves we care for. Freeing the slaves of the secessionists in our midst would reduce our own to a mere nominal value, as well as destroy their obedience and usefulness; but it is not this mere pecuniary loss to which we object. I believe the Union men of Kentucky would to-day sacrifice every dollar's worth of slave property they own, if that would restore the Union and end the war. But it is the principle we complain of; the dishonoring of our word before our constituents; the spirit that would ruin friends and such friends as we have proved ourselves, to strike an ineffectual blow at foes; the unendurable mortification of having a large free negro population in our midst."

The apprehension on this subject for the last few days are declared to have been intense.

The fears of the Union men appeared to be that Cameron's policy, or the action of Congress in the matter, would split the Union party of Kentucky. Already, they said, that some of their members were restive, and resolutions had been offered which no man would have dared last session to present.

The elements of human happiness—love of God and man and love to one woman

NO. 1.

Strange Adventure of a Picket.

While on my lonely beat about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and on looking up I beheld one of the Secesh's pickets standing before me.

'Stranger,' says he, 'you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born, but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw terbacker.'

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the first families of Virginia. I looked at him and says:

"Let's compromise, my brother.'

'Never!' says he, 'the South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.'

'Stand off ten paces,' says I, 'and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first.'

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the Secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

'Soldier,' says he, 'was there anything in my head before you fired?'

'Nothing,' says I, 'save a few harmless insects.'

'I speak not of them,' says he. 'Was there anything *inside* of my head?'

'Nothing,' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'just listen now.'

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

'What is that?' I exclaimed.

'That,' said he, 'is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling round in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach, but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?'

Too much affected to speak, I drew a coin from my pocket and handed it to him. The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

'This,' said he, 'is the first quarter I have seen since the fall of Sumter, and had I wounded you, I should have been totally unable to give you any quarter.—Ah, how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and how good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel.'

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose. He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down on that fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singularly it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot the body was gone! Had it gone to heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so—but I havn't seen my quarter since.

* * *

A Craven Cry.

The New York World, a 'Republican" journal, speaks as follows of the "military necessity" of abolition:

"The Secesh are upon us! Ho! niggers, to the rescue!" Can it be believed that there are American freemen dastardly enough to raise a cry like that? There is not a day we do not hear it. It is bawled at every point of the compass, and comes down to us from even the sacred walls of the Capitol. They demand emancipation as a military necessity. In effect we are told that the twenty millions of the North are no match for the six millions of the South—that we are doomed to defeat unless we get the help of the black man. They do not like to have it put just in that style but it amounts to exactly that. Short of that, their "military necessity" would be a misnomer, and their claim to abolitionise under the war power the baldest pretext. We say that a viler insult was never dealt upon the Northern name. The worst libel ever uttered by Southern slavedrivers does not equal it. If it be true that, with such numerical odds in our favor, and with the noblest cause that ever appealed to man, we must crave the succor of slaves; if we must look to the poor, blind creeping African to help vindicate our birthright and stay us up in our extremity, then let it be recorded, we are "mudsills" indeed. There is no word of scorn too low for us. We cannot court the alliance of slaves without proving that we are ourselves fit to be slaves. It is our heritage that is assailed, not theirs; and if our own good right arms, with all the advantage they have, cannot protect it, we may as well at once advertise our degeneracy to the world, and prepare to take our place as underlings. Emancipation as a military necessity! A Military necessity! If emancipation must come, for the honor of our fathers, for our own independence, for the prospects of our children, for the good name of free government, and for the dignity of the white race, let it take any shape but that.

* * *

I WANT'EM NOW.—It was way up out of the world, somewhere near the Saco river in the Pine Tree State, that Major Warning lived. He raised heaps of melons, cucumbers, and others garden truck. His nephew Joe, who lived a mile off, was given to stealing.—One night Joe crept into the Major's melon path, and filled his pockets with cucumbers, tied up a lot of melons in his handkerchief, and was about decamping when the hand of the Major was laid upon his shoulder, and Joe stood. The Major spoke: "Joseph! Joseph! what have you to say for yourself? Joseph, you theif, you rogue to come here and rob your uncle, when you might have had all you wanted for the asking! When you want cucumbers or melons, don't steal'em; come and ask for them, and I'll give you all you want; only ask for them whenever you want em." Joe felt very melon-choly but managed to cry out: Well, I want 'em now!"

* * *

Half our lives we pass in the shadow of the earth; and sleep, the brother of Death, exacts a third part of our lives.

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 variet of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlet circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, an other kinds of work in this line, done according to orde

Business, Wedding, and Ball CARD Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and despatch.

Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Note Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to orde

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for or deliver

ANOTHER CONVERSION.—We published a few days ago an extract from a sermon of the Rev. H. W. Beecher showing that that gentleman, who had hitherto maintained the doctrines of the extreme abolition school, has at last became aroused to the necessity of respecting the Constitution. We have another equally remarkable conversion to record. James Redpath, formerly Kansas correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune—an abolitionist of the most ultra stamp—is out in an article recanting and repudiating all the views which, under the influence of passion and fanaticism, he has heretofore entertained. We quote an extract:

"A Preparatory Word.—Having become sincerely convinced that many of the political doctrines that I have advocated in my writings are dangerous and abhorrent to the higher insight; the murderous policy, for example, of inciting the slaves to insurrection;—which I have urged repeatedly and with terribly mistaken zeal—I wish to announce here that I shall retire from any participation in the political management of this journal, excepting for the purpose of retracing past errors, until such time as I feel that I have attained a clearer and more human and Christian view of the duties of the freeman to the enslaved.

I shall confine myself exclusively to the editing of the outside pages of the paper. The name of the acting editor will be duly announced. The articles signed with an asterisk (*) were mine; of these I will retract many; my associates who indicate their respective writings by the initial L, and by the marks †, ‡, and §, are alone responsible for their thoughts thus labelled. I repudiate my war doctrines, utterly and forever.

James Redpath.

"The world does move," exclaimed the Tribune the other day, at the imaginary success of some abolition scheme. We think so too. Who speaks next?

How to Get Along.

We have some suggestions to offer, which will enable our readers to get through life in the most easy manner. If a bee has the audacity to sheathe its sting in your cuticle, justice demands that you should instantly upset the hive wherein the offender has his head quarters, and exterminate every bee therein. If a dog bites you in the calf of the leg, stern justice demands that you should bite the dog in the calf of his leg. On the same principal, if an irate donkey rudely elevates his posterior extremities against your sacred person, the true way is to kick. If a horse falls upon you, the sublime principle of *lex talions* requires that you should fall upon the horse. If Joggs calls you a liar, the treatment is to call him a liar, and thief into the bargain. If you are a farmer, and a neighbor's cow happens to get into your young corn, your instant mode of satisfaction is to turn all your cows and hogs into his own. By follow-out these sublime ideas of justice and self-respect, your daily life will be full of sweet peace, and you will evidently become as docile and playful as a kitten.—*Cincinnati Press.*

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BOOTS IN SECESSIONDOM.—A writer in the Nashville (Tenn) Patriot gives his experience in attempting to purchase a pair of sewed boots in that city, in the following words:

The owner of the shop took down from a peg a pair of stitched boots. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my feet had been melted and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might. "I'll take them," said I stamping my right foot on the floor, and taking a ten dollar bill from my vest pocket, "Take your pay out of that," said I, handing him the costly shinplaster. I really believe the individual who stood before me was the most thoroughly astonished bootmaker I ever saw. He looked first at the money, then at me, turning alternately pale and red, while his eye balls protruded from their sockets as if they were being shoved outward by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry "fire," or run for a doctor, or something of the sort, he spoke. "You're from the country, aint you?" I answered that I was. "I thought so," said he; "them boots is eighteen dollars!" I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled off "them boots," more in sorrow than in anger, drew on my own, and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the establishment must have taken me for the Prince of Wales, or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots! I earnestly trust that posterity will not think me too particular about trifles, but I can't pay such prices.

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SALT.—In one of the towns in southern Virginia, as a rebel volunteer regiment was about leaving for the seat of war, a parson, in addressing them on their duty as soldiers, &c., told them that "having put their hand to the plow, they must not look back. Remember," said he, "the fate of Lot's wife, who, for looking back was turned into a pillar of salt." At this moment a careless sojer who did not exactly see the application, and had just finished munching a piece of fresh calf without a particle of seasoning, suddenly started up and throwing his hat into the air, shouted lustily, "Hooray for salt,—Bully for Lot's wife."

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TEACHERS INSTITUTE.—All the School Teachers of Susq. Co., are earnestly solicited to attend the next meeting of the "Susq. County Teachers Institute," to be held in Brooklyn, on Friday and Saturday the 10th and 11th days of January next, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. the first day. Messrs. E. A. Weston, E. P. Gardner, and Richard Kent, have been appointed a committee of arrangements and reception. J. B. McCollum, Esq. and others will deliver addresses before the Institute. School Directors and citizens generally, will you come forward and assist, as it is expected that questions of importance to all will be before the Institute for discussion.

A. N. BULLARD, Co. Sup't.

Montrose, Dec., 16th, 1861.