

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1863.

VOLUME XX. NUMBER 7.

BUSINESS CARDS.

EVAN JENKINS,
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.
Post Office address, Dunbar, or South Gibson, Susq's
By the 56th section of the act of Congress of July 1,
1852, it is provided, "That any person exercising the
business of auctioneer, without taking out a license for
that purpose, as required by said act, shall for each and
every such offence, forfeit a penalty equal to three times
the amount of such license, one half to the United States
and the other half to the person giving information of
the fact. Whereby said forfeiture was incurred."
Feb. 3, 1852.—1859

HENRY C. TYLER,
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Umbrellas, Yankee
Notions, Boots and Shoes, Shovels and
Stone Ware, Wares and Brooms. Head of Navigation,
Public Avenue.
Montrose, Pa., May 13, 1862-17

WM. HUNTING COOPER, HENRY DRINKER.
A. W. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS.—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Tarranville-st.

MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa.
Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank.

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

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 22, 1860.—17

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop
in Phoenix Block, over store of Read, Watrous
& Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish.
Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 10

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop
near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike
road. All orders promptly filled, in best style. All
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 Jessen's
store, Montrose, Pa. oct 25 17

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot
of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug 17

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose,
Pa. Shop over Tyler's store. All kinds of work
made to order, and repaired done neatly. July 2

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 17

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

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER,
GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a partnership
for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are prepared
to attend to all cases of disease, in person or by
mail, in the most judicious and successful manner.
Diseases and deformities of the EYE, surgical operations,
and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to.
Office over Webb's store. Office hours from 8 a. m.
to 9 p. m. All sorts of country produce taken in payment
at the highest value, and cash advanced.
Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862.—17

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Sides,
Shoes, Hats, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of
Furs. A good assortment of Leather Goods, Boots and
Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tarranville-st. & Shop on
Main-street.
Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. ESSLER

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,
AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Has Established an Agency in Montrose.

The Oldest Insurance Co. in the Union.
CASH CAPITAL PAID IN \$200,000
ASSETS OVER \$1,200,000

THE rates are as low as those of any good company in
New York, or elsewhere, and its Directors are among
the first for honor and integrity.
CHARLES PLATT, Secy. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, 62. BILLINGS STROUD, Agt.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of New York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS July 1st 1860, \$1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, 49,068.68.
F. Milton Smith, Secy. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McKee, Asst. A. F. Wilmarth, Vice.

Remittances
To England, Ireland and Scotland.
ABRAHAM BELMONT'S DRAFTS, in sums of one
pound and upwards, payable in all the principal
towns of England, Ireland and Scotland, for sale by
WM. H. COOPER, & Co., Bankers,
Montrose, Pa.

Poetical.

ROLL-CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear;
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!" then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only the rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
Those men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books;
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in his terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—at the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Dean!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

Closed by the roadside his body lies;
I passed a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

Miscellaneous.

DR. EDSON B. OLDS, AT HOME.

The Horrors of Fort Lafayette Exposed!

We have heretofore stated the fact that Dr. Edson B. Olds, a member elect of the Ohio Legislature, had arrived at his home in Lancaster, after an incarceration of some months in Fort Lafayette. In reply to an address of welcome from Judge Martin, Dr. Olds in the presence of ten thousand persons made the following remarks:

On the 12th of August last, after 10 o'clock at night, my house was forcibly entered by three government ruffians, who with violence seized my person, and holding a revolver at my head, demanded my surrender.

When, after my capture, I demanded to know by what authority they had thus rudely broken into my room, and by what authority they had thus seized my person, they very grudgingly informed me that they were acting under the authority of the War Department. I then demanded to be shown their warrant. They informed me that I had no right to make any such demand—that the order which they held was for other protection, and not for my gratification. They, however, permitted me to see it. The document was signed by the Assistant Secretary of War—was dated at Washington city, August 2, 1862. It was directed to W. H. Scott, and commissioned him to take with him one assistant, and to proceed to Lancaster, Ohio, and arrest Edson B. Olds, and to convey him to New York and deliver him to the commanding officer of Fort Lafayette; and that if he was resisted in the execution of the order, he was directed to call upon Governor Tod, of Ohio, for such assistance as might be necessary. The order contained no intimation of the "nature and cause" of the accusation against me with the commission of no offense whatever; and when I demanded of my captors to know what were the charges against me, they replied that they "did not know." Thus, my friends, was I dragged from a sick-bed, for I was at that time, and for many long and weary days, nights afterwards seriously afflicted with an attack of the bloody flux. In this condition I was hurried to a carriage, and during the remainder of the night taken to Columbus, and just at daylight placed upon the cars and taken in my sick and exhausted condition, without a moment's delay, to Fort Lafayette. After the degrading operation had been performed, and before conducting me from the commandant's room to my dungeon, all the other prisoners about the fort were locked in their rooms, that I might not be

seen and recognized, lest peradventure information might be given to the world and my friends of my whereabouts and the cruelties about to be practised upon me. One of the prisoners having learned a few days afterward, through the medium of the newspapers, who the mysterious stranger was, wrote to a friend of his "that Dr. Olds, of Ohio, had been brought to Fort Lafayette and placed in solitary confinement." His letter was returned to him by the commandant, requiring him to strike out so much of it as referred to the case of Dr. Olds. My dungeon was on the ground, with a brick pavement or floor over about the one half of it; and so great was the dampness that in a very short time, a mould would gather upon the floor. My bed was an iron stretcher, with a very thin husk mattress upon it—so thin, indeed, that you could feel every iron slat in it the moment you lay down upon it. The brick floor, with all its dampness, would have been far more comfortable than this iron and husk bed, had it not been for the rats and the vermin that infested the room. I had also in my room a broken table and a chair; a chunk of government bread, with a slice of rusty tin of Lincoln coffee, with a slice of boiled salt pork, was my fare. My only drink other than their nasty coffee, was rain-water. I was furnished with no towels, neither could any entreaty procure one for me. Neither could I induce my jailors to let me have a candle during my long tedious sick nights. No entreaty could procure for me the return of the medicine which had been taken from me when I was searched. Again and again I begged for the little bit of opium to relieve my suffering, which had been taken out of my pocket with my other medicine, but all in vain. After ten days of such treatment and such suffering, late one night the sergeant of the guard brought me some medicine which, he informed me, the surgeon at Fort Hamilton had sent me. This surgeon knew nothing about my case, having never seen me or been informed by me of my condition. With no light in my cell, with no one to give me even a drink of rain-water, you can well imagine that I would not take the medicine. I did not know but that my jailors designed to poison me. Their previous treatment justified such an opinion. I made up my mind that if I died in Fort Lafayette, I would die a natural death, unless indeed Lincoln ordered me to be tried by a drumhead court-martial and shot, which I felt he had as much right to do as he had to arrest and imprison me in the manner he had done. Under such treatment, and by this time, you may well imagine that I had got a "big mud" on me; and this I think, helped to save my life, for the truth is, I had got too mad to die, and no thanks to Lincoln, but under a kind Providence I began to get better from that time on. If anything could add to the cruelty inflicted upon me during these long days and nights of my sickness and suffering, it was the refusal of the commandant to allow me the use of a Bible. Day after day I begged the sergeant to procure one for me. His constant answer was, "the commanding officer says you shan't have one." I begged him to remind the commanding officer that we lived in a Christian, and not in a heathen land—that I was an American citizen, and not a condemned felon. Still the answer was, "the commanding officer says you shan't have one, and you need not ask any more;" and it was not until after sixteen days of such more than heathenish treatment that Col. Burke, of Fort Hamilton, upon the importunity of my son, sent an order to the commandant of Fort Lafayette to let me have a Bible. It was upon the sixteenth day of my lonely imprisonment that my son, upon an order from the Secretary of War, was permitted to see me, not in my lonely cell but in the commandant's room and presence. It was with much difficulty that, even at that time, I was able to walk from my cell to the commandant's room. This was the first time during my imprisonment that I was able to obtain an interview with the commandant. In his weekly inspection of the prisoners he had carefully avoided my dungeon. No kindly message of inquiry as to my wants and condition had ever reached me from him. I seized upon this opportunity to let him know that I was a human being, and as such, entitled to humane treatment; that such a thing as refusing a prisoner a Bible was unknown in a civilized community. His answer was, that he was not permitted under his orders, to let me have one. I had great reason to be thankful that my son's visit gave me opportunity to see the commandant, for that time, although kept in solitary confinement, my condition was made more comfortable. A better mattress was put on my bed, occasionally a

raw onion or a tomatoe was added to my dinner, and twice, I believe some pickled beets were sent me from the cook room. My son was compelled to visit Washington city and obtain from the Secretary of War an order to that effect, before he could see me. As soon as he learned how I had been treated, he returned immediately to Washington, and with the assistance of a very kind friend, procured an order from Secretary Stanton for my release from solitary confinement, and that I should have all the privileges accorded to the other prisoners. And thus, after twenty-two days of this loathsome and worse than heathenish treatment, my dungeon door was unlocked, and I was permitted to hold intercourse with my fellow prisoners. Such, my friends, is a plain statement of the manner of my arrest, and the treatment I received during the twenty-two days of my solitary confinement. If it affords any gratification to these Republicans who caused my arrest, they are welcome to it. Their time will come some day. "The end is not yet." After my release from solitary confinement, I was put into a casemate with eleven others, making twelve of us in a room measuring 15 by twenty-five feet. In this room we slept, cooked and eat. In it were our beds, tables, trunks, cooking utensils, table furniture, &c. We were locked into our room at sundown, and unlocked again at sunrise. Through the day we were permitted to stand or sit in front of our cells inside the fort. We had, morning and evening, what was called a "walking hour." This hour was sometimes ten, and sometimes thirty minutes, long, just as suited the caprice or whim of the sergeant. Our walking ground was inside the fort. We walked backwards and forwards across the area of the fort, which was perhaps a little larger than your City Hall. We were permitted, through the commanding officer to supply and cook our own food. We were compelled to use rain-water for all purposes—cooking, washing, and drinking. Each and every thing that we drew any from the cistern we were required to first obtain permission from the guard. This like all cistern-water, was sometimes quite useable and sometimes quite offensive. Mr. Childs, one of my mess informed me that at one time during the latter part of last winter, in consequence of the accumulation of ice in the gutters, all the washings and scourgings from the soldiers' quarters run into the cistern out of which the prisoners were compelled to draw the water which they used—then the water became so filthy that they had to boil it and skim off the filth before using it; and that notwithstanding they had three other cisterns inside the fort, full of comparatively clean water, yet the commanding officer compelled them to use this filthy washings from the soldiers' quarters.

I will, with your permission, my friends, relate another incident connected with Fort Lafayette, so monstrous, so heathenish as almost to challenge belief—giving the incident as related to me by an eye witness, himself one of the prisoners referred to. There were at one time confined in one of the rooms of what is called the battery, so accurately described in Gov. Moorehead's narrative—some thirty prisoners. One of these poor fellows was prostrate with sickness and near unto death. Night came on and it was thought that the poor fellow could not live until morning. The prisoner confined in the room with the dying man, begged that for that one night, at least, they might be permitted to have a light in their prison, and instructions as it may seem, this request was refused, and in this boasted land of liberty, civilization, and Christianity, these prisoners were locked up in their dark prison-home with the dying man. During that long dark night they could hear his dying moans; deeper and still deeper grew the death-rattles until near morning, when all became still and hushed; and when morning broke in upon that loathsome dungeon, death had done its work. This poor victim of Lincoln's despotism had ceased to live; his released spirit had gone to that world where the "weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." There is to-day confined in one of the cells of Fort Lafayette a poor prisoner said to be partially deranged; since last February he has been in solitary confinement. His cell is darkened; a sentinel marches night and day before his prison door; he is permitted no intercourse, not even to see the other prisoners. "You can well imagine how strict his confinement is when I tell you that his aged and widowed mother who for months had been seeking to obtain an interview with her son, at last, having obtained the long sought for permit, came one Sabbath day to visit him.

Before the prisoner was taken from his dungeon to the commandant's room in which his mother was permitted to see him, the other prisoners, myself among them, were all locked into their room; a file of soldiers was detailed to guard him from his cell—a double guard placed in the sallport. And what suppose you was that man's offence, that for so many months had been so inhumanly treated? Why, simply this: One dark and stormy night, with a life-preserver made out of oyster cans, he jumped into the sea and attempted to escape.

And in conclusion, my friends, permit me to say, that although I would not take the oath, attempted again and again to be forced upon me by Mr. Lincoln, as a condition to my release, yet, when in two weeks from this time, I take my seat as your representative in the Legislature, I shall most cheerfully take the oath of allegiance to both the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Ohio. That oath, notwithstanding the examples of both Lincoln and Tod to the contrary, I shall maintain inviolate. All those sacred guarantees which both these Constitutions throw around you, to protect you in your inalienable rights, I will endeavor to enforce to the utmost of my poor ability, in defiance of the despotism of both the President and the Governor, although by so doing I may be again returned to my lonely cell in Fort Lafayette. Again, my friends, for this extraordinary reception—for this most cordial greeting, I tender you my heartfelt thanks.

Negroes and White Soldiers—How They Are Treated.
The following letter is written by a soldier in the Rappahannock army.
Take it on the whole, the whole army is getting tired of fighting in such a strange kind of war as this is. I received a paper from R—tonight, which spoke about the niggers living on soft bread and the soldiers on hard tack. That is nothing but the truth. I have seen enough of that. Down on the wharf where the niggers are, the government gives them soft bread, and we get nothing but hard tack. They have got Sibleys (tents) and stoves, but we have not had any stoves yet, but with some brick have built a kind of stove, only it smokes so that if we live to get back we will be quite black.—The mail-boat comes in every day at noon, and there was a man on it sold first-rate bread at ten cents a loaf, and some of the boys would go down and buy for one another, but there has been a stop put to that; but the niggers go on board and get bread sent to them by the government. So goes the world.

If you was to see how things are managed you would say it is ridiculous. There is any quantity of niggers down here which have come into our lines, and the officers have set them to work, but they are lazy. When we come down on the wharf to go to work we see them go in the cabins of the boats by the fire. They get from ten to fifteen dollars a month, and last Sunday they were paid off, getting all greenbacks, and we poor soldiers have been four months without one cent of pay. I think it is too bad. There are as many officers around the dock ordering as there are men, and I think if some of them were to shoulder a musket and assist in putting down this rebellion for the purpose of preserving the Union, and not for the purpose of emancipating niggers or anything else, it would be a great deal better. We ought to have more experienced officers and less of them, and every effort ought to be made to bring this war to a close, and not for the purpose of filling the officers' pockets with money.

Gov. Andrews seems determined to keep the negroes out of Massachusetts, and besides to rid the State of as many of those within its borders as he can. He refused his colored friends work and an asylum in the old Commonwealth, and now he has induced the Secretary of War to issue an order allowing him to enroll black men as soldiers throughout the State, to garrison southern forts and fight in the southern swamps.—N. Y. World.

An old bachelor geologist was once boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew a rock of which he was ignorant. "Name it, madam!" said Cyclops in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.

Capt. John Brown, of the 30th Ohio regiment, son of old Oshawatomie Brown, who was hung at Charleston, Va. is one of the officers recently dismissed from service for desertion.

Letters from the Army.

FROM J. S. STERLING.

CAMP STAFFORD, Va., Jan 27, 1863.
DEAR SISTER—I received a letter from an old friend, and am glad to hear that the Democracy of our State is triumphing over abolitionism and niggerism. All of the commissioned officers that we started with from home have resigned and gone home, together with some of the non-commissioned officers. We have now got a new and better set. An Orderly Sergeant has been promoted to the 1st Lieutenant, and the next Sergeant in rank to the 2nd. This country is full of northern troops moving on to the field of carnage, to be slain or perhaps maimed and crippled for life, and for what? If to restore and perpetuate the Union, we are satisfied. No sacrifice is too great for that holy purpose. But if it be, as the authorities at Washington seem to indicate, a war to abolish African slavery, it is not worth the sacrifice of a single drop of white men's blood. It is strange thing to me that the Republican papers insist that the majority of the soldiers belong to that party. I tell you that there are very few abolitionists here. Here is the place to find out the boys' minds.
Truly Yours,
JAMES S. STERLING.

FROM LIEUT. MILLER.

SUFFOLK, Va. Jan. 30, 1863.
MR. BOLTON:—Our regiment has been performing fatigue duty during the past month, and our being thus engaged at present, has kept us from an engagement so far, and perhaps will during the present fight, now furiously raging 12 miles west of here. Last night at 10 o'clock I was called from bed and ordered to furnish 15 men for pickets and have them report immediately at the Adjutant's quarters. I accordingly called Sergeant West and ordered the men detailed at once, which was soon attended to, but not without questions being asked as to the lateness of the detail. I had a few minutes to reflect that I was fortunate in not having to go and stand out on the wet, cold ground, when the order came that Lieut. Miller report immediately at the adjutant's quarters. I put on my sword and government overcoat, wound a blanket into a roll, tied the ends together, and put it on as hunter's sling their bullet pouches, and reported myself in readiness. The other officers and 40 men soon made their appearance, when we were ordered to the drawbridge two miles distant, with instructions to send to their quarters immediately all troops belonging to the 135th N. Y. and 167th Pa. Reg. It was plainly to be seen that these regiments were to go into battle as they had been drilling of late, whilst we were fatiguing. Before we reached the drawbridge across the Naneymone the artillery wagons began to rattle, the long-roll was heard, and troops were in motion in direction of the deserted house, on the road to the Blackwater river. Our orders were, that we should not allow our men (or rather the men in our charge at the time) to leave their posts until the relief came, if it was not in two days. All was quiet until 2 o'clock, A. M., when the booming of cannon was plainly heard. The time between each report becoming less and less until there was nearly a continuous report; lasting however with such rapid succession but a short time. The cannoning however being kept up much more rapidly than I had heard on any previous occasion, until the break of day, after which the shots were much less frequent. We were relieved at 10 o'clock this morning, and on returning to my quarters found there had been a rebel battery planted near the deserted house, and that our cavalry had come upon them yesterday, and been driven in with the loss of two horses only. A reconnoissance showed the enemy strong, and consequently our batteries, with the 19th Indiana, 6th Mass., and the 11th and 13th Pa. regiments attacked them. The result of the engagement I cannot give, though the rebels are said to be worsted, as they were once driven back, but came to a stand again. The fight is expected to be renewed, if not going on at the present time between the infantry and cavalry. Our regiment lays nearest the enemy, and consequently our guard-houses are full of stragglers, the rebel prisoners being taken to town. The colonel of the 167th Pa. is wounded mortally. The colonel of the 130th N. Y. slightly; but I cannot give full details.—An Orderly of Co. D, our regiment was anxious to be in the fight, went in with the N. Y. boys and was killed. I have