

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1863.

VOLUME XX. NUMBER 9.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**EVAN JENKINS,**  
Licensed Auctioneer,  
FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.  
[Post Office address, Dundaff, or South Gibson, Susq. County, Penn a.]  
By the 5th section of the act of Congress of July 1, 1862, it is provided, "That any person exercising the business of auctioneer, without taking out a license for every such office, 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 the information of the fact, whereby said forfeiture was incurred."  
Feb. 3, 1862-1860

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

**WM. H. COOPER & CO.,**  
BANKERS, -Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turnpike-st.

**MCCOLLUM & SEARLE,**  
ATTORNEYS and Counselors 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 warranted.

**JOHN SAUTTER,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, -Montrose, Pa. Shop over 1. 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 2th, 1860-17.

**P. LINES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, -Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Head, Watson & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 6th.

**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.

**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 T. J. Eiler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. July 7

**ABEL TURRELL,**  
DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, WINDING GLASS, Groceries, Fancy Goods, 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 attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Todd's Hotel.  
New Milford, Jan'y 17, 1861

## MEDICAL CARD.

**DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER,**  
LATE 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 faithfully and punctually, that may be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times.  
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 soon returned.  
Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862-17

## TAKE NOTICE!

**Cash Paid for Hides,**  
Sheep Pelts, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Fur. 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

## 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, \$500,000.  
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, Sec'y. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres.  
Montrose, July 15, '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Ag't.

## HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of New-York.  
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.  
ASSETS 1st July 1860, \$1,481,819.27.  
LIABILITIES, " " " 45,088.68.

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

Policies issued and renewed by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.  
nov 27 '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Agent.

**REMITTANCES**  
To England, Ireland and Scotland.  
ABRAHAM BELL'S SON'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., Montrose, Pa.  
No 30-62

## Poetical.

### ON THE MARCH.

A soldier lay on the frozen ground,  
With only a blanket tightened around  
His weary and wasted frame;  
Down at his feet the flinty light  
Of fading coals, in the freezing night,  
Fell as a mockery on the sight,  
A heartless, purple flame.  
All day long with his heavy load,  
Weary and sore, on the mountain road,  
And over the desolate plain;  
All day long through the crusted mud,  
Over the snow and through the flood,  
Marking his way with a track of blood,  
He followed the winding train.  
Nothing to eat at the bivouac,  
But a frozen crust in his haversack,  
The half of a comrade's store—  
A crust that, after a long fast,  
Some pampered spaniel might have passed,  
Knowing that morsel to be the last,  
That lay at his master's door.  
No other sound on his slumber fell,  
Than the lonely tread of the sentinel,  
That equal, measured pace,  
And the wind that came from the cracking pine,  
And the dying oak and the swinging vine,  
In many a weary, weary line,  
To the soldier's hollow face.

But the soldier slept, and his dreams were bright,  
With the rosy glow of his bridal night,  
And the angel on his breast;  
For he passed away from the wintry gloom,  
To the pleasant light of a cheerful room,  
Where a cat sat purring upon the loom,  
And his weary heart was blessed.

His children came—two blue-eyed girls,  
And cheeks of ruddy glow,  
And the mother pale, but lovely now,  
As when upon her virgin brow  
He proudly gazed his early vow,  
In the summer, long ago.

But the reveille wild, in the morning gray,  
Startled the beautiful vision away,  
Like a frightened bird of the night;  
And it seemed to the soldier's misty brain  
But the shrill tattoo that sounded again,  
And he turned with a dull, uneasy pain,  
To the camp-fire's dying light.

## EDUCATIONAL.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS DESIGNED FOR THIS COLUMN SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO A. N. BULLARD, MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENNA.

### Keep your Tongue still and your Whips out of sight.

The attempt to repress disorder in a school by ominous threats, backed up by a display of whips, is foolish and futile. We have never seen good order secured in this manner, much less effective control. It is like an attempt to quell rebellion by portentous proclamations. Instead of meeting misconduct by threatening to do something effectual in case it occurs again the better way is to deal with it now. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

We do not mean that punishment may not be deferred, or be made dependent on the repetition of an offense. We object to the announcement of this fact, and especially the habit of so doing. "It may be best to caution a scholar in regard to misconduct, or even if the teacher means just what he says, to inform him that it must not occur again. In this, however, the teacher need not say what he intends to do in case it is repeated. Punishment, anticipated by being often threatened, is greatly weakened; or to express this truth with greater mathematical precision, a punishment, anticipated by ten threats, is only one-tenth as effective as the same punishment without threats.

But the habit of threatening is almost certain to lead to the use of objectionable language. Such expressions as "I'll take your hide off," "I'll whip you in an inch of your life," etc., are exceedingly reprehensible. We need not disgrace our pages by quoting the low slang sometimes used by teachers whose bringing up and position ought to promise better things. The truth is, the secret of a good disciplinarian's success lies in what he does rather than in what he threatens to do.

The practice of keeping a whip always in sight is open to the same criticism. It is a visible threat. When we enter a school-room and find the teacher's table or the black-board adorned with whips, bearing evidence of more or less hard service, we involuntarily form low estimate of the teacher. We would sooner keep vials of apothecary drugs on our parlor table as a standing advertisement of ill-health.

We need not add that a whip or ruler always in the hand of the teacher is still more objectionable. We frequently find a whip used, especially in primary schools, as a pointer! It is a very poor index: It points in two directions—toward the map

or chart and toward personal weakness in the teacher. Every school-room can and ought to have a good pointer.

We believe that there is a place for everything and that the rod should abide in its place. It has increased power when needed by being kept out of sight. We read that "the rod is for the fool's back," not to be carried in his hand.

### Music in School.

Beyond the sanitary effects of musical culture in the schools, and beyond its use as an auxiliary in the acquisition of a full and pleasant elocution, it has a moral and recreative power. All sects and all religions whatever, recognize, elevate and purify the feelings. The mind perplexed by the study of difficult problems, or harassed by care, or troubled or over-laden in any way, is harmonized by music. It is a mode of attuning the mind to serious labor, and bringing all the faculties into harmonious action. If pastime must be had, it is a wise economy that selects that which, while it has no bad effect, and is really an essential of physical education, best prepares the mind for study, and endows the school room with some of its most delightful associations.

## Miscellaneous.

### Speech of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

Delivered in the United States Senate, February 7, 1820.

### HE DECLARES THE LIBERTY OF THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES INCOMPATIBLE WITH THAT OF THE WHITES.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE SPEECH.

The other cause, domestic slavery, happily the sole remaining cause which is like to disturb our harmony, continues to exist. It was this which created the greatest obstacle and the most anxious solicitude in the deliberations of the Convention that adopted the general Constitution. And it is this subject that has ever been regarded with the deepest anxiety by all who are sincerely desirous of the permanency of our Union. The Father of his country in the last affecting and solemn appeal to his fellow citizens, deprecated, as a calamitous event, the geographical divisions which it might produce. The convention wisely left to the several States the power not necessary to the plan of Union which it devised, and as one with which the General Government could not be invested without planting the seeds of destruction. There let it remain, undisturbed by any unhalloved hand.

Sir, I am not in the habit of speaking lightly of the possibility of dissolving this happy Union. The Senate knows that I deprecate allusion, on ordinary occasions, to that dreadful event. The country will testify that if there be anything in the history of my public career worthy of recollection, it is the truth and sincerity of my ardent devotion to its lasting preservation. But we should be false to our allegiance to it if we did not discriminate between the imaginary and real dangers by which we may be assailed. Abolition should no longer be regarded as an imaginary danger. The abolitionists, let me suppose succeeded in their present aim of uniting the inhabitants of the slave States. Union on one side will beget union on the other. And this project of reciprocal consolidation will be attended with all the violent prejudices, embittered and implacable animosities which ever degraded or depraved human nature.

A virtual dissolution of the union will have taken place while the forms of its existence remain. The most valuable element of the Union, human kindness, the feeling of sympathies and fraternal bonds, which now happily unite us, will have been extinguished forever. One section will stand in menacing and hostile array against the other. The collision of opinion will quickly be followed by the clash of arms. I will not attempt to describe the scenes which now lie happily concealed from our view. Abolitionists themselves would shrink back in dismay and horror at the contemplation of desolate fields, confagrated cities, murdered inhabitants and the overthrow of the fairest fabric of human government that rose to animate the heart of civilized man. Nor should these abolitionists flatter themselves, that if they succeed in their object of uniting the people of the free States, they will enter the contest with a superiority in numbers that must insure victory.

All history and experience prove the hazard and uncertainty of war. And we are admonished by Holy Writ that the

race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But if they were to conquer whom would they conquer? A foreign foe—on whom had insulted our flag, invaded our shores and laid our country to waste? No sir. It would be a conquest without laurels, without glory—a self, a suicidal conquest—a conquest of brothers, achieved by one over another portion of the descendants of common ancestors, who nobly jingling their fortunes, and their honors, had fought and bled, side by side in many a hard fought battle on land, on the ocean, secured our country from the British yoke, and established our national independence.

The inhabitants of the slave States are sometimes accused by their Northern brethren with displaying too much rashness and insensibility to the operations and proceedings of Abolitionism. But before they carve judgment, there should be a reversal of conditions. Let me suppose that the people of the slave States were to form societies, subsidize presses, make large pecuniary contributions, send forth numerous missionaries throughout all their own borders, and enter into machinations to burn the beautiful capitals, destroy their productive manufactories, and suik into the ocean the gallant ships of the Northern States. Would these incendiary proceedings be regarded as neighborly and friendly, and consistent with the fraternal sentiments which should ever be cherished by one portion of the Union toward another? Would they excite no emotion? No lead to any acts of retaliatory violence? But the supposed case falls short of the actual one in a most essential circumstance. In no contingency could these capitals, manufactories and ships, rise in rebellion and massacre the inhabitants of the Northern States.

I am, Mr. President no friend of slavery. The searcher of all hearts knows that every pulsation beats high and strong in the cause of civil liberty. Wherever it is safe and practicable, I desire to see every portion of the human family in the enjoyment of it. But I prefer the liberty of my own race to that of any other race. The liberty of the descendants of Africa in the United States, is incompatible with the safety and liberty of the European descendants. Their slavery forms an exception—resulting from a stern and inexorable necessity—to the general liberty in the United States. We did not originate, nor are we responsible for this necessity. Then liberty, if it were possible, could only be established by violating the uncontested powers of the States, and of subverting the Union. And beneath the ruins of the Union would be buried, sooner or later, the liberty of both races.

But if one dark spot exists on our political horizon, it is not obscured by the bright effulgent and cheering light that beams all around us? Was ever a people before so blessed as we are, if true to ourselves? Did ever any other nation contain within its bosom so many elements of prosperity, of greatness and glory?—Our only real danger lies ahead conspicuous, elevated and visible. It was clearly discerned at the commencement, and distinctly seen through our whole career. Shall we wantonly run upon it, and destroy all the glorious anticipations of the high destiny that awaits us? I beseech the abolitionists themselves solemnly to pause in their mad and fatal course. Amidst the infinite variety of objects of humanity and benevolence which invite the employment of their energies, let them select some one more harmless that does not threaten to deluge our country in blood.

I call upon that small portion of the clergy which has lent itself to these wild and ruinous schemes, not to forget the holy nature of the Divine mission of the Founder of our religion, and to profit by his peaceful example. I entreat that portion of my country women who have given their countenance to abolition, to remember that they are ever most loved and honored when moving in their own appropriate and delightful sphere; and to reflect that the ink which they shed in subscribing with their fair hands to Abolition petitions may prove but the prelude to the shedding of the blood of their brethren. I adjure all the inhabitants of the free States to rebuke and discountenance, by their opinions and their example, measures which must inevitably lead to the most calamitous consequences. And let us all as countrymen, as friends, and as brothers cherish in un-fading memory the motto which bore our ancestors triumphantly through all the trials of the Revolution, and if adhered to will conduct their posterity through all that may, in the dispensation of Providence, be reserved for them.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

### HOW A FRIEND WAS KILLED.

There is a among the remembrances of my life as a railroad man, one of such sadness, that I never think of it without a sigh. Every man unless he is so morose that he cannot keep a dog, has his particular friends; those in whom he confides, and to whom he is always cheerful, whose society he delights in, and the possibility of whose death he will never allow himself to admit.

Such a friend had I in George H. We were inseparable—both of us unmarried; we would always manage to be together. Did George's engine lay up for the Sunday at one end of the road and mine at the other, one of us was sure to go over the road "extra" in order that we might be together.

George and I differed in many respects, but more especially in this, that whereas I was one of the "fast" school of runners, who are never so contented with running as when mounted on a fast engine, with an express train, and behind time; George preferred a slow train, where, as he said, his occupation was "killing time," not "making it." So, while I had the "Baltic," a fast engine, with drivers six feet and a-half in diameter, and usually ran express trains, George had the "Essex," a freight engine, with four feet drivers.

On Saturday night I took the last run North, and was to "lay over" with my engine for the Sunday at the North terminus of the road until two o'clock, P. M. George had to run the "night freight" down that night, and as we wished particularly to be together the next day, I concluded to go "down the line" with him. Starting time came, and off we started. I rode for a while in the "caboose," as the passenger car attached to a freight train is called; but as the night was warm and balmy, the moon shining brightly, tinged with silvery white the great silvery white fleecy clouds that swept through the heavens like monstrous floating islands of snow drifting over the fathomless waters of the sea, I went out and rode with George on the engine. The night was indeed most beautiful; the moonlight shimmering across the river, which the wind disturbed and broke into many ripples, made it glow and shine like a sea of molten silver. The trees beside the track waved and beckoned their leafy tops, looking sombre and weird, in the half darkness of the night. The vessels we saw upon the river, gliding before the freshening breeze, with their signal lights glimmering dimly, and the occasional steamers, with light streaming from every window, and the red light of their fires casting an unearthly glare upon the waters—these all combined to make the scene spread before us, as we rushed shrieking and howling over the road, one of excellent beauty. We both gazed at it, and said that if all scenes in the life of a railroad man were as beautiful as this, we would wish no other life.

But George's engine did not work well. Her pumps did not work. After tinkering with them awhile, he asked the fireman if there was plenty of water in the tank; the fireman said there was, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I went and looked, and lo! there was not a drop. Before passing through the station George had asked the fireman if there was plenty of water. He replied that there was; so George had run through the station, it not being a regular stopping place for the train, and here we were in a fix. George thought he could run from where he had stopped to the next water station; so he cut loose from the train and started. We had stopped on the outside of a long curve, to the other end of which we could see; it was fully a half mile, but the view was strait across the water—a bay of the river sweeping in there, around which the track went.

In about twenty minutes after George had left we saw him coring around the furthest point of the curve; the brakeman at once took his station with his light at the end of the cars, to show George precisely where the train stood. The engine came swiftly toward us, and I soon saw that he was getting so near that he could not stop without a collision, unless he reversed his engine at once; so I snatched the lamp from out the brakeman's hands and swung it wildly across the track, but it was of no avail. On came the engine, no slackening her speed the least. We saw somebody jump from the fireman's side, and in the instant of time allowed us, we looked to see George jump, but no! he stuck to his post, and there came a shock as of a mountain falling. The heavy freight engine running, as it was, at as high a rate of speed as it could make, crashing into

the train; thirteen cars were piled into a mass of ruins, the like of which is seldom seen. The tender was turned bottom side up, with the engine lying atop of it, on its side. The escaping steam howled; the water pouring in the fire, crackled and hissed; the stock, (sheep and cattle,) that were in the cars bellowed and bleated in their agony, and it seemed as if all the legions of hell were there striving to make a pandemonium of that quiet place by the river side.

As soon as we recovered from the shock and got used to the din, which at first struck terror to our hearts—and I think no sound can be more terrible than the bellowing of a lot of cattle—that are crushed in a railroad smash-up—we went to work to see if George was alive, and to get him out, dead or alive. We found him under the tender, but one side of the tank lay across his body, so that he could not move. We got rails and lifted and pried, until we raised the tender and got him out. We took one of the doors from the wrecked cars, laid it beside the track, and made a bed on it with our coats and the cushions from the caboose; for poor George said he wanted the few moments left him of earth beneath the open sky, and with the cool breeze to fan his cheek. Of course we dispatched a man to the nearest station for aid; and to telegraph from there for an engine; but it was late at night, everybody was sleeping, and it was more than three hours before any one arrived, and all that time George lingered; occasionally whispering a word to me as I bent over him and moistened his lips.

He told me while lying the reason why he did not stop sooner. Something had got loose on the inside throttle gear; and he could not shut off steam, nor, owing to some complicity of evil, could he reverse his engine. So on he had to come pell-mell, and both of them were killed; for the fireman had jumped on some rocks, and most have died immediately, as he was most horribly mangled.

The night wind moaned through the wreck; the dripping water, yet hissing upon the still hot iron of the engine; the waves of the river gurgled and rippled among the rocks of the shore, and an occasional bellow of agony was heard from amidst the cattle cars, where all the rest of the hands were at work releasing the poor creatures; but I sat there, in sad and solemn silence, waiting for him to die that had been as a brother to me. At last, just as we heard the whistle of the approaching engine; and just as the rising sun began to gild and bespangle the purple east, George opened his eyes, gave my hand a faint grasp, and was no more. I stood alone with the dead man I had loved so in life, but from whom death had now separated me.

The organs of disunion and of abolition work together in continued harmony. Both are opposed to peace and the "Union as it was." Both are anxious for more blood. Both are determined that the North and South shall never live together as equal members of the same government. It has been so from the beginning. Abolitionism and secessionism were allies in bringing on this war, and unless they are cast aside, will continue to wage it till the whole country is engulfed in one common pit of bankruptcy, death and desolation. It depends upon the honest, common-sense people of both sections, to rally in their might, and put down these two wicked factions, and unite the country on its former basis of prosperity and happiness, and strength.—*Eric Observer.*

### No Arbitrary Arrests in 1812.

In the war of 1812 with Great Britain, says the Newark Journal, we were engaged with a powerful foe, our superior in numbers and in wealth—a foe who had command of the ocean. We are now engaged in a civil war, with an enemy occupying the same country without a navy, and without means at all comparable to our own. During the progress of the war of 1812, the administration was greatly embarrassed in its finances, and it had to meet disaffection and opposition in a large, wealthy and populous portion of the Union. Had the national Government then attempted the policy of arbitrary arrests on mere suspicion because men were opposed to the war, a revolt and secession from the Union would have taken place in New England. The fathers of those Eastern Abolitionists who now attempt to justify the violations of personal liberty by wholesale orders for indiscriminate arrests by provost-marshal's scattered through the community, would have risen in rebellion against the Government, and declared their internal separation from the Union rather than submission to such high-handed tyranny and oppression.