

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1863.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

H. GARRATT,

DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provision, Fruit, Fish, Petroleum Oil, Wooden and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb 24, 1863-17.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY.

DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Tin, and Copper Goods, Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the very lowest prices.

Lathrop & Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1863.

EVAN JENKINS,

Licensed Auctioneer, FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.

[Post Office address, Dundaff, or South Gibson, Susquehanna County, Penn'a.]

By the 59th section of the act of Congress of July 1, 1852, it is provided, "That no person desiring to exercise 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 to the United States the sum 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, 1852-1750.

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

J. W. COLLETT, D. W. SEARLE, McCOLLUM & SEARLE, ATTORNEYS and Commissioners 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 I. N. Bullard's Grocery, on Main-street. Thanks for past favors, he solicits a continuance—pleading himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa., July 24, 1860-17.

P. LINES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Reed, Watrous & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 10 '63.

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 Jewels 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 Devitt's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repaired done neatly. Feb 7.

ABEL TURRELL, DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Crockery, Cans, Jewels, Perfumery, &c.—Agent for 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 on Main-street, Hotel. New Milford, July 17, 1862.

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 business 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 Welch's Store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. All sorts of country produce taken in payment, at the highest value, and cash not deferred. Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1862-17.

TAKE NOTICE!

Cash Paid for Hides, Sheep Fats, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Hides and Skins constantly on hand. Office, Taney, & Shop on Main Street. Montrose, Feb. 6th. A. P. & L. C. KEELER

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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.....\$1,500,000.

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.

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CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS let July 1860, \$1,481,819.27.

LIABILITIES, 49,068.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President. John McGee, Asst. A. F. Winship, Vice.

Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned at this office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.

WILLIAMS STROUD, Agent.

REMITTANCES

To England, Ireland and Scotland.

BRUCE 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

W. H. COOPER, & Co., BANKERS, 80-102 Montrose, Pa.

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Ambrotype and Photographic Artist, Montrose, Pa.

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EDUCATIONAL.

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

SCRAPS FOR YOUTH.

Isaac Newton.

Sir Isaac Newton was one of the wisest and cleverest men that England has ever produced. He was born at Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, Lincolnshire.

At twelve years of age he was placed by his mother in the Grammar School at Grantham, where at first he was very inattentive, but afterwards rose to be head of the school. The time which other boys spent in play, Isaac occupied in making various little machines and contrivances, such as models of windmills, terraces, &c., in which he showed great skill.

He tried to understand all that came before him, made sun-dials, and tried various experiments in science.

At fifteen years of age he went home again, as it was intended to make him a farmer, but instead of looking after sheep and cattle, Isaac spent his time in reading and studying. Being found by his uncle working out a mathematical problem under a hedge, he was wisely sent back to school, and from there to Cambridge, where he made those great discoveries which have rendered his name famous.

He used to say that he had made them by "patient thinking". Young friends, let this be the lesson we all learn from Sir Isaac Newton—Patient thinking is the sure Road to Knowledge.

How Rain is Formed.

If we stand near to a railway engine when the steam is rapidly escaping a fine small rain may annoy us. A few moments before, that fine rain was vapor, hot and invisible in the boiler; but having escaped from its burning prison of iron, it is converted into rain by the cold air.

In like manner cloud vapor is condensed or formed into rain. The little particles combine by mutual attraction as they fall, and thus they form drops, and the larger the drops are the heavier they are, and the more rapidly they fall to the earth.

Hilly lands are more subject to rain than wide plains, because the air, in passing over the hills, rises to higher and colder regions, in which the vapor is condensed. Snow is formed by the vapor being frozen in the state of cloud before it is formed into drops, and hail by the drops being frozen after they are fully formed.

Hail is frozen more rapidly than snow, and by the rain-drops passing quickly into very cold currents of air. Hail often appears during thunder storms, which is a matter of great wonder to many, but it is owing to the explosions of electricity, causing very rapid changes in the temperature in the cloud regions. It has sometimes been so large, during an electric storm, as to form heavy pieces of ice, which have done much damage as they fell. How strange these things appear sometimes to the young, but all can readily understand them if they will study, investigate and think.

The Right Spirit.

A young lad, whom we will call Johnny, wrote to his father not long since for leave to join a cavalry company. Then being formed in a neighboring town. He was a mere boy, hardly old enough to enter the United States' service; but his young heart was fired with true patriotism, and he was quite anxious to march to the defense of his country! His request, for good reasons, was not granted; but we are quite sure if Johnny had been permitted to go to the war, he would have made a brave soldier, for he is a brave boy and never flinches from duty. His mother said he would, if a soldier, make a true one; and never hesitate if duty required, to march straight up to the cannon's mouth, and we believe he would. One little incident in his early boyhood will exhibit something of his spirit.

His father, wishing to get rid of a tree which stood upon his grounds, first removed the earth from around the roots, and then, not being able to sway it over so as to bring it to the ground, desired Johnny to climb up into the top of the tree and assist him by his weight in bringing it to the ground. For a moment Johnny hesitated, and then did as his father desired.

A short time after, his mother asked him why he hesitated, and he gave her this reply:—"Mother," said he, "I thought if I climbed the tree I should certainly be killed, but I thought again, if I was killed in obeying my father, it would not be bad for me. That is what can be called true courage."

Johnny knew the danger, for to him it was real, and he deliberately made up his mind to meet it bravely. A true sense of duty prompted him to act, feeling confident that in obeying his father nothing bad could happen to him. Whether Johnny goes to the war or not, we hope that his life will be spared; for the country needs just such men as Johnny will surely make it—not in the army alone, but in the Cabinet and in Congress; in all places of influence and trust; men who will not flinch, but be ready to die, if called to this, in the performance of duty.

We are (especially at the present time) in want of men who will come forward and perform great and important duties, not from mere selfish motives, (as too many are doing) but from a conviction that they are actuated by the right spirit, a spirit that prompts them to adopt the good old "rule" of doing to others as they would have others do to them.

Young friends, strive to imitate Johnny, and deliberately make up your minds to obey all the reasonable requirements of your parents and teachers; labor to acquire none other than virtuous habits; store your minds with valuable and useful knowledge, and you will surely make such men as your country needs. Remember your destiny is in your own hands; you can be good and great if you choose. "Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

LINES

On the death of Lewis F. Darrow, composed by his great-grand-mother, in the 8th year of her age.

Lewis F. Darrow now is dead—
The grave has now become his bed;
It seems this stroke is most severe—
Parents feel more than others near.

Oh, 'tis so hard that he must die,
So far from home in dust to lie;
Where his dear parents could not be
To watch with him in his last day.

The Lord did spare him from his birth
Twenty-one years to live on earth.
His twenty-second was begun
Three days before his life was done.

Oh God, comfort each kind parent—
Make up their loss in blessings sent;
Give them to know that they've loved him,
So that their hearts may joyful be.

Brothers and sisters you are spared;
Rejoice, believe, and be prepared
To meet your God when He shall call;
May God have mercy on you all.

Lord, comfort mourners—be their stay,
Whose friends have led so far away.
And help all widows in distress—
Provide for all the fatherless.

January, 1862.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the early part of the day were about half completed. It was well understood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichol's garden. I rather think I know the thief—Tim Baker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge now preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too unearthly fair for health; it had, notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripping stood before that place of judgment, and that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed,—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is proving to men that schools can be better governed than by lashes, and tears and sighs. We are waxing toward that consummation when one of the old-fashioned schoolmasters, with his cowhide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingenious methods of child-torture will be gazed upon as a scorned memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed that day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichol's garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "I was."

"Well, sir, I'm glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbery, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell. "And I didn't do anything last night, that I am ashamed to own."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan: "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little; his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his features, "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterwards to meet an acquaintance; and—and—But I did not go into the garden; nor take

anything away from it. I would not steal,—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last evening. You were seen, Tim Baker, to come from under Mr. Nichol's garden-fence, a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of something or other, over your shoulder. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit; and this morning the melon-beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspiration ran down his white forehead like rain drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the meantime, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand grasping his ratan, lowered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick.

"I will tell you some—some other time.—Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes, that's very likely;" and Mr. Lugare bulged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are a precious little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet.—I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth; then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trembling to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village-school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Baker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks.—This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had been interested in the widow's little family.—Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and amongst the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his elder brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow; and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them except himself and the grateful object of his kindness. It might be, too, that the widow was loth to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered an object of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichol's garden-fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unkindly boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important

and responsible office. Hasty to decide and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so especially.—Punishment he seemed to delight in.—Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry.—They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every enquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Baker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been made of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute passed in death like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minutes which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be, that he felt pained at the horror depicted on the faces of those around him; or it might be that he was glowing with pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman! let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging for the thought of it, can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat.—With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeping boy. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights, which reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan, high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness.—But still Tim showed no sign of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; and his eyes stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his seemed as though it would momentarily fall him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse. W. W.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

The Coming Draft.

We see it proposed out West, that the cities raise in gross sum the amount necessary to pay for substitutes for citizens—\$300 apiece. A city that had to raise 5000 men, would thus get off by paying a million and a half!

This proposition which elicits the approval of the Albany Journal, was made by Valandigham to the citizens of Ohio, on the occasion of the enthusiastic reception which they gave him on his return from Congress.

The Journal mentions the following, as one of the objections urged against the Conscription law:

That it takes from the State authorities the right to commission officers to command the drafted men.

And proceeds to answer it as follows:

"It is undeniably in the power of the President, as commander-in-chief, to make such disposition of the drafted men as he pleases. This power is necessarily inherent in his office. But it does not follow that because he has this power that he will exercise it, or needlessly take from the Governors of the States any of the prerogatives they now have, and which have been hitherto exercised with unquestioned prudence and patriotism.—This power, like others conferred by the bill, will be used discreetly; and we doubt not to the entire satisfaction of the State authorities."

As to the first point made by the Journal—the power of the President—the Constitution expressly reserves "to the States respectively" the appointment of the officers.

As to the second point, that the President may not exercise this power of appointing officers—the Conscription law in no way recognizes the rights of Governors to appoint the officers, but on the contrary provides that all persons drafted shall be assigned by the President to military duty in such corps, regiments or other branches of the service as the exigencies of the service may require.

The President is placed in a strait between the Constitution and the Conscription act. The first gives to the States the appointment of officers—the last evidently contemplates taking that power from the States and assigning the men, by direction of the President, to service in existing regiments—or at least in regiments organized and officered under Federal authority. The Conscription law entirely ignores and repudiates State action.

Of course, if the States, or the cities and counties, furnish money, in gross, instead of men, under the federal requisition, the Conscription is at an end. If the old mode of appointing officers is maintained, and the men are to be invited to volunteer by the attraction only of bounties, then recruiting next year will be precisely what it was last year; and the immense paraphernalia of Provost Marshals, Military Law, Enrollment Lists and Conscription got up by Congress, will be wholly useless—an idle terror to the people and a wasteful expense.—N. Y. Argus.

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT—WHAT IT WAS MADE FOR!—NEGROES TO FORCE WHITE MEN!

Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, made a speech to the republicans in Hartford, on Monday evening, March 23d, 1863. The Evening Press reports the speech, from which we copy the following:

"I am told that the details of that bill; the conscription act—do not please the copperheads. It never was intended to, but only to catch some of them and make them fight. But it will be resisted, say some. As true as there is a God in Heaven, if the law cannot be executed without, I would march an army of blacks from the South, with a bayonet at the back of every copperhead who should attempt to resist." [Applause.]

This is lovely. In the first place, Judge Kelley has no right to say that Democrats (he means Democrats when he says copperheads,) will resist any constitutional law. He cannot deny that they have a right to resist, before the Courts, in a lawful manner, an oppressive and unconstitutional act. No Democrat ever proposed any other mode of resistance to any law.

But Judge Kelley assumes that the law shall be executed, (he makes no exception to legal decisions,) and assures the frogmen of Connecticut that they must go in to the army under that act, though it require an army of blacks from the South to push them in at the point of the bayonet!

Here is "republicanism" for you, men of Connecticut. You are to be driven by negroes with bayonets at your backs.—This is one of the phases of Lincoln abolitionism.—New Haven Register.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Our friends may rely upon it, that Pennsylvania is overwhelmingly and unchangeably Democratic.

We have watched the Spring election returns, in the various counties, with the closest care, and have no hesitation in predicting that the Abolitionists will be in the minority at the next Fall election by 50,000 at least. The change in public sentiment is astounding—or, rather would be if there was not so much cause for it.—Erie Observer.