

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DEC. 31, 1863.

VOLUME XX. NUMBER 52.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. GARRATT,
DEALER IN Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy
Sals, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provisions,
Fruit, Fish, Canned Oil, Wooden and Stone
Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad
Depot, New Milford, Pa. Dec 24, 1863-17.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready
Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Sole & Upper Leath-
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Very Lowest Prices.
Lathrop Brick Building, Montrose, Pa.
April 6, 1863.

EVAN JENKINS,
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY.
Post Office address, Danduff, or South Gibson, Susq'a
County, Penn'a.
Feb. 3, 1863-1750

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turnpike-st.
J. B. McCOLLUM, D. W. SEARLE.

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

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Office in Lathrop's new building, over
the Bank. All Dental operations will be
performed in good style and warranted.

JOHN SAUTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
over L. N. Bullard's Grocery, on Main-street.
Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance
of his business, and will do all work satisfactorily. Cut-
ting done on short notice, in best style. Jan '60.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
in Phoenix Block, over store of Reed, Walrus
& Foster. All work warranted, and guaranteed to fit.
Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan '60.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop
near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike
street. All orders filled promptly, in best style, and
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,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Foot
of Main street, Montrose, Pa.

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

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DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Glass Ware, Palm Oil, Vaseline,
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MEDICINES—Montrose, Pa.

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 Foot of Main-street.
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 copartnership
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 opera-
tions, and all surgical diseases, particularly attended to.
Office over Webb's Store, Office hours from 10 a.
m. to 4 p. m. All foreign country produce taken in pay-
ment, at the highest value, and cases not returned.
Montrose, Pa., May 7th, 1863-47.

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides,
Sheep Pelts, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of
Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and
Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, & Shop on
Main Street.
Montrose, Feb. 25th. 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.....\$200,000.
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.
THOMAS C. COFFIN, Pres.
Montrose, July 15, '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Agt.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS 1st July 1860, \$1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, 43,069.98.

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

S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
NO. 2 PARK ROW, New York, and 5 State Street,
Boston, are our agents for the Montrose Democrat in
house entries, and are authorized to take advertisements
and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

REMITTANCES
To England, Ireland and Scotland.
BANK OF AMERICA'S DRAFTS, in sums of one
pound and upwards, payable in all the principal
towns of England, Ireland and Scotland, for sale by
S. M. P. & Co., 25 & 27, B. R. B. & Co., B. R. B. & Co.,
Montrose, Pa.

J. B. HAZLETON,
Ambrotype and Photographic
Artist, Montrose, Pa.

Would Ye Call Them Back?

Gone from the world's temptations,
Its sorrows and its strife;
Gone from the toils and trials
That make a war of life.
Gone from these thorny earth-roads
To Heaven's shining track,
The loved ones who have left us,
Oh, would ye call them back?
Gone, with their dreams of beauty;
Where beauty never dies;
Gone, with their joyous spirits,
Where tears ne'er dim the eyes,
Gone with their earnest longings,
Where faith is lost in sight;
Would ye call them from such noon-tide
Back to the shades of night?

Gone from our tender keeping,
Which yet was all in vain;
Gone from our fond affection,
Which could not spare them pain;
Gone from their friends so loving
To One who loved them more,—
Why mourn when they are happy,
E'en upon that spirit shore?

Gone from all fears of evil;
Gone from all thoughts of ill,
Gone from care's heavy burden,
'Neath which we murmur still;
Gone from the cross of anguish
The promised crown to wear—
Shall they lay aside its glory,
The weight again to bear?

Gone from their weary striving
'Gainst worldliness and sin;
Gone from all outward tempters,
Gone from all foes within;
Gone where their spirits' pinions
Are ever free to soar—
Oh, would ye draw them earthward
To wear life's claim once more?

Al, though our hearts are aching,
And though our tears will fall,
We would not in our weakness
Our loved and lost recall.
We leave them with our Father,
Whose goodness we adore,
And pray that they may meet them
Where we shall part no more.

A Smack in School.

A District School not far away
'Mid snowy hills, one winter day,
Was humming with its wondrous noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
And while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
Rose loud and clear a rousing smack!
As't was a battery of bliss.

Let off in one tremendous kiss!
'What's that?' the startled master cries,
'That, thir,' a little imp replies,
'Wash William Willich, if you please,
I saw him kith Thunham Peathe!—'
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered 'hither, Will!'
Like wretch o'er taken on his track,
With stolen chattles on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fan.

With smile suppressed & birch upraised
The threatener faltered—'I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to it?'
'Twas she herself, sir,' sobbed the lad,
'I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susanna shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And darnt kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot,
I know,—boo hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo hoo
I thought she kind o' wished me to.'

A radical print talks about the changes
of opinion in Maryland. This change is
like that of the individual unexpectedly
robbed by a foot pad. 'I did not think
of meeting a robber here,' observed the
victim as he handed over his purse.
'Do you call me a robber?' said the
ruffian, presenting a pistol. 'Oh, no,
that argument convinces me that you
are a very honest gentleman,' was the
answer. After this fashion, if at all,
Maryland talks among the converts to
abolition.

The Washington Star states that in
the recent stampede of horses from Camp
Stoneman, over one thousand animals,
valued at \$750,000, were drowned in the
Potomac and Rappahannock.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY T. S. ASTOR.

"When did you hear from Thomas?"
A young lady had stopped at the door
of a small house, standing at the outskirts
of a village in Pennsylvania, and asked
this question of a woman who sat work-
ing on a coarse garment.

"It is more than two months since I
heard a word from him," replied the wo-
man, in a half-troubled, half-complaining
tone. Then rising, she added, "Won't
you come in, Miss Annie?"

The young lady accepted the invita-
tion, and as she took the proffered chair,
said:
"Two months is a long time not to
have heard from your son, Mrs. Rodgers.
Where is he?"

"The last news I had came from Wil-
liamsburg, just after the battle. He sent
me three or four lines, to say he wasn't
hurt."

"And you've heard nothing since?"
"Nothing, Miss Annie. He may be
dead or a prisoner, for all I know, Oh,
dear, dear! It's worrying the very life
out of me."

"When did you write to him last?" in-
quired the young lady.

Mrs. R. moved uneasily, and a shame
flush covered her face, as she replied:
"I haven't taken a pen in my fingers
these five years. They're all cramped
with hard work, and I couldn't write fit
to be seen."

"A single line from your hand, Mrs. R.,
blotted and scrawled though it might
have been, would have come to Thomas
in his far away camp as a most welcome
visitor from home. Think of his com-
rades getting letters by every mail, while
there came not a word from their own
families."

"Oh! but Miss Annie, I've sent him
two pairs of stockings knit with my own
hands; and he's never so much as let me
know that he received them."

"A letter should have gone with them,"
said the young lady. "The stockings, if
they ever reached him, were but dumb
signs, a loving sentence, even if he had
been obliged to spell it out slowly from
among ill-formed words, would have spoken
to his heart and warmed it with a living
pleasure. Write to your son, Mrs. R. No-
thing that you can send him will do
Thomas half so much good as a letter
from his mother. A single line will be
precious. Don't let him any longer have
the feeling, among his comrades, that he
alone has no one to care for him, or send
him sweet remembrances."

"I don't believe I can write, Miss An-
nie," said Mrs. Rodgers.

"Try. Have you pen and ink?"
"No, Miss. As I told you just now,
I haven't had a pen in my fingers these
five years; and I don't believe I could
compose a letter, even if I had the skill
to write it out."

"I'll be back again in a little while,
with pen, ink and paper. Between us,
Thomas must have a letter."

On Annie's return with writing mate-
rials, Mrs. R. still reluctant to undertake
the unaccustomed task of penning a letter,
sat down, half by force, and made sundry
awkward attempts to form words and sen-
tences by way of practice, before essaying
the epistle, which her ardent young visit-
er had made up her mind should be pro-
duced and mailed to the absent young sol-
dier that day.

"Very well done! Of course you can
write!" said Annie, encouragingly, as she
watched the efforts of Mrs. R. "Now
take a sheet of paper, and just think you
are talking to him. Write down what
ever you would like to say, just as much
about home, and what is going on here,
that you think would interest him, as you
call to mind. Take your time to it, and
don't feel hurried. I'll come round again
in the course of an hour, and see what
you have done. Then we'll both go over
it, and I'll make all the corrections need-
ed, so that you can copy it out fairly. My
word for it, there'll be a nice letter for
Thomas, that will do his heart good."

In an hour Annie came back, as she
had promised. Mrs. R. had filled two
pages of paper with rather bad-spelled
sentences, but the matter was all right as
far as it went. Annie made all needed
corrections, and then waited until Mrs.
Rodgers had copied the letter, which she
folded and directed for her.

"Shall I mail it for you?"
"If you please," said Mrs. Rodgers.

And the young lady went away, taking
the letter. Since learning that Thomas
Rodgers, whose she very well remembered,
had not once received a letter from his
mother, although he had been absent for
over a year, she had felt pity and concern
for the young man, whose she remembered
as a little wild in his habits before he went
into the army. This had made her more
urgent that the mother should do her duty.
The letter was as well as could have
been expected under the circumstances.

Still, as Annie's thoughts went off to the
distant camp, and dwell on the young
man's particular case, which had seem-
ed to her all that he needed.

"I'll write to him," she said, as she
continued to dwell in her mind, pre-
sented itself in stronger and stronger
light. "He was away for a short time,

my scholar in Sunday school, and that will
be my warrant."

So she wrote him a brief but pointed
and earnest letter, touching his duties as
a soldier and a man. Not in a superior,
lecturing tone, but in a kind, suggestive
way, and in language calculated to touch
his feelings and arouse his better nature.

An officer sat in his tent, near Gaines
Mills, Va., three days previous to the as-
sault on the right wing of our army be-
fore Richmond.

"In the guard-house again?" he said,
speaking to the orderly, who had just sub-
mitted his report. There was regret as
well as discouragement in his voice.

"What are we to do with the man?"
"You will have to order severe punish-
ment. Simple confinement in the guard-
house is of no use."

"He has in him all the elements of a
good soldier," remarked the officer. "No
one goes through the manual better. He
is perfectly drilled; is quick, steady and
brave. At Williamsburg he fought like a
lion. I cannot forget that, but his prompt
punishment. I owe my life, no—not severe
punishment. We must bear with him a
little longer. What is his offense now?"

"He was away at roll-call; and his re-
port of himself is unsatisfactory. The
man is restless and brooding; and some-
times so ill-natured as to make trouble
with his comrades."

The officer sat in thought for sometime.
He was about speaking, when a sergeant
came in with letters, a mail having been
received. In running his eyes over them,
the officer noticed two directed to Thom-
as Rodgers, the soldier reported as in the
guard-house. He held them a moment,
and then laid them aside with his own
letters.

"Let me see you in half an hour," he
said to the orderly, who must do some-
thing to reform this man. There is good
in him, if we can only discover the way
to make it active."

The orderly retired, and the officer be-
came occupied with his letters. After
getting through with them, word was
passed to have Rodgers brought before
him. He came, under guard, but the
guard was dismissed, and the man was
alone with the officer, who regarded him
more in pity than in anger. The soldier
was young man, not over twenty years
of age, of slender figure, but compactly
built and muscular. Even under disgrace,
there was a manly self-poise about him
that did not escape the officer's notice.

"Under arrest again! What have you
to say for yourself?" The officer tried to
be stern and speak with severity.

The soldier did not answer; but a look,
half dogged, half defiant, was visible in
his face.

"I shall have to order severe punish-
ment."

There was no reply; only a slight
change in attitude, and expression of
countenance, that indicated a bracing
of mind and nerve for more endurance.

"When did you hear from home?"
asked the officer, who did not remember
to have seen a letter addressed to Rodgers
until the receipt of that day's mail.

"Not for a long time," was answered,
and with apparent surprise at so unexpec-
ted a question.

"Here are two letters to your address."
And the officer, who had the letters in his
hand, held them toward the soldier, who
started, with a strange look of surprise
and bewilderment, and received them
with a hand that trembled visibly.

"Sit down and read them," said the of-
ficer, pointing to a camp-stool. The man
sat down, showing considerable excite-
ment, and after looking curiously at the
delicately written superscriptions, opened
one of the letters and glanced through it
hurriedly. The officer's gaze was on him,
and he read in his countenance the rapid-
play of various emotions. Then he open-
ed the second letter, which riveted his at-
tention. As he finished it, he drew his
hand hastily across his eyes.

"From home?" queried the officer.
The young soldier stood up, giving the
usual sign of respect, as he answered in
the affirmative. The officer noticed that
his face was graver and paler, and that
the late look of dogged defiance had faded
out.

"And now, Rodgers, what have you to
say for yourself? You know, as well I
do, that discipline must be enforced."
There was remonstrance, not anger in the
officer's voice.

"Only this," answered the soldier,
humbly yet in a firm voice. "I have done
wrong, and am very sorry. Forgive me;
and if I break a rule of the service again,
shoot me."

"Spoken like a man and a soldier! I
will trust you, Rodgers," said the officer;
and dismissing the guard, he sent him to
duty.

Two days afterward came that over-
whelming assault upon our right wing,
and the next day the terrible conflict at
Gaines Mills. Among the coolest and
bravest in all the fierce battles that fol-
lowed, and among the most enduring in
the long nights of retreat, was young Ro-
gers. He was with the body of infantry
which lay at the foot of Malvern Hill, and
our dear-dealing batteries, the fire
which shattered, and then drove back the
rebel masses, whose desperate courage in
that maddest of all assaults, was worthy

of a better cause. Twice during this se-
rie of battles, as, once at Williamsburg,
had Rogers, risking his own life, saved
that of his Captain; and in several of the
conflicts, he had shown such coolness and
courage, that positions were saved, which
but for the infusion of his spirit into his
comrades, would have been lost.

One day, about three weeks after the
letters were written to Thomas Rodgers,
the young lady whom we have called An-
nie, received a reply from the soldier, dat-
ed "In camp near Harrison's Landing."
It ran thus:

"A good angel must have put it into
your heart to send me that letter, for it
came just in time to save me. I was in
the guard-house for neglect of duty and
disobedience of orders. I was reckless
and desperate. All my comrades were
getting word from home—letters came to
them by every mail—but no one wrote to
me or seemed to care for me. But your
kind words—your talk about the past
when you were my teacher—your strong
appeal to my better nature—your calm,
sweet sentences, dear lady! stirred my
heart with new feelings, and filled my
eyes with tears. I was before my Cap-
tain in disgrace when your letter was
placed in my hands.

He waited for me to read it; saw that
I was touched, and like a true man as he
is, forgave my offence. Then and there,
I resolved to die sooner than swerve a
hair's breadth from duty. I have been in
fearful battles since, but God has kept me
from harm. To-day for bravery and faith-
ful service in these battles I have been
made a second lieutenant. Thanks, thanks
to you, kind, good friend! You have
saved one who come nigh being lost!"

Fair reader, is there not in some far-
away camp, a soldier who would be made
better or happier through a letter from
your hand? Think! If there is, write to
him. Brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers,
write often to the soldiers who have gone
out from your homes. They are in the
midst of temptations, trials, suffering, and
privations, and your words of love, your
tenderly manifested interest, your exhor-
tations to courage and duty, cannot fail
to do them good.

Popping the Question.
We have heard of many cases of "pop-
ping" under very singular circumstances
the eccentric, the abrupt, the business
like, the silly, and a hundred other styles.
Of the eccentric we could cite the case of
a certain well known merchant, who one
day dining at a friend's house sat next to
a lady who possessed rare charms of con-
versation. The merchant did not possess
this faculty in a very rare degree, but he
could do that which was next best,
he could appreciate, which he endeavored
to show by the following mode of ac-
tion:

"Do you like toast, Miss B—?"
"Yes," responded the lady, slightly
surprised at the question.

"Battered toast?"
"Yes."
That is strange; so do I. Let us get
married.

There cannot be much doubt, that the
lady was taken slightly aback, a fact that
did not prevent the marriage coming off in
a month afterwards, not the accession of
the lady to one of the finest establish-
ments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall
cite the case of a gentleman who had re-
tired from business at the age of forty,
and built himself a beautiful house deter-
mined to enjoy life to the utmost. One
day a friend was dining with him and
said, half jokingly,

You have everything here that the
heart can desire but a wife.

That's true. I must think of it, and
then relapsed into silence for a few min-
utes, at the end of which time he rose,
begged to be excused for a short time,
and left the room. He seized his hat and
went instantly to a neighbor's and was
shown into the parlor with the informa-
tion that neither the master nor mistress
were at home. He told the servant that
he wanted neither, and requested that the
housekeeper be sent to him. She came,
and the gentleman thus addressed her:

Sarah, I have known you for many
years, and I have just been told that I
want a wife. You are the only woman I
know that I should be willing to entrust
my happiness with, and if you agree, we
will be instantly married. What is your
answer?

Sarah knew the man that addressed
her, and knew that his offer was serious
and as well weighed, as though consid-
ered for a year, and she answered him
in the same spirit.

"I agree."
"Will you be ready in an hour?"
"I will."
"I shall return for you at that time."

Which he did, the gentleman who had
suggested the idea, accompanying him to
the clergyman's. Many years have pas-
sed since then, and neither party has
seen any cause to regret the abrupt pro-
posal and acceptance.

Of this business style, we can cite a
case related to us, which we know for a
true one. A young man, who had suc-
ceeded to the all kept and badly cultivat-
ed, though highly valuable farm of a
deceased uncle, saw at a glance that two
things were absolutely necessary to suc-
ceed in the management of the property.

able him to succeed; the first being a
wife to take charge of the woman's de-
partment, and the second, a few thousand
dollars to stock it with.

He could not help thinking to himself
that, possibly, these two great aids to
his happiness and prosperity might be
found together, and yet without sacrific-
ing to put his matrimonial and financial
ideas into practice, he allowed them to
haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer
started upon a "horseback journey" to a
distant part of the county, and upon his
return made an acquaintance upon the
road, in the person of an old gentleman,
who was jogging the same way. The
companions dined together at a way side
inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during
which the young man opened his heart to
the elder, telling him all his plans and
aspirations, when the old gentleman ad-
dressed the younger:

"I rather like you, my friend, and your
honest way of telling your story, and if
you will come and see me, I will be glad
to have your daughters, all as good girls as
ever lived. Now, perhaps, one of them
may be the very one you are looking for;
if so, I will do my best toward making
the balance of the matter agreeable. Ride
over and see me to-morrow, take
dinner, and stay the afternoon, which
will give you a fair chance to see them and
judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the
proposal, making only a condition that
the young ladies should not be informed
of the nature of his errand. This was
agreed to; and they separated.

The next day at the time appointed the
young man dismounted at the door of the
house of his new made friend, and was
heartily welcomed. The hour before din-
ner was consumed in looking over the
farm, the young man in admiring its keep-
ing, and the old one in approving of the
sensible and practical remarks of the
younger when the meal was announced,
and the three young ladies and their
mother were introduced. They were all,
as the old gentleman had said, fine girls;
but the younger, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed
and laughing faced, charmed the young
farmer especially. The dinner over, they
once more walked out for a chat.

"Well how do you like my daughter?"
was the gentleman's first question.

"They are all nice girls, very nice,"
said the young man, thoughtfully.

"And which of them do you like best?"
was the next question.

"The youngest, Kate, she is charming,
and if I am to be your son-in-law, you
must give me Kate!"

"This will never do to take the youngest
and by all odds the prettiest," said the
old gentleman, seriously.

"I must have her or none," was the re-
sponse spoken decidedly.

"How much money did you say you
wanted?"

"Five thousand dollars will put my
farm in excellent order, and make worth
twenty thousand to-morrow. I must have
five thousand dollars."

"I'll give the sum with either of the
other girls," said the old man, positively;
but I will give but three thousand with
Kate."

"Then I may as well go to my home,
Five thousand I must have—I have set
my mind upon it."

"And I have just as strongly deter-
mined to do only what I have said," was
the old gentleman's reply; "so I sup-
pose the matter is at an end. However,
we will be good friends, and you must
sometimes run over and see me."

This ended the conference and they par-
ted.

The young man mounted his horse, and
rode down toward the road, but just as he
was about opening the gate, stooping from
his saddle, the laughing faced Katie
sprang through the shrubbery to save
him the trouble.

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"
"Yes; by George I will, if you say so,"
was the instantaneous response.

"Then come over tomorrow morning
before ten o'clock and tell him so," and
the girl vanished like a fairy among the
leaves.

"The young man rode slowly home, but
he was on hand next morning, according
to bidding, and married the fair Kate in
two months after.

We ascertain from the report of
the Agricultural Bureau that there is a
deficiency in the corn crop of this year of
one hundred and forty millions of bushels,
and the demands of the Government are
such that to insure the supply it is esti-
mated that all distillation of grain will be
restricted in Ohio and Illinois, as in the
case at present in Kentucky and Tennes-
see, where no distillation is permitted.

FRANCIS ASKS.—How many of the
hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men
who have just voted that the rebellion
must be put down, meant to vote that
they would go and help put it down?
And how many meant to vote that the
whole work must be done by other peo-
ple?

An editor having heard that the per-
sons in a dropping condition