

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1864.

[VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 7.]

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, PENSION,
and Exceptional Claims attended to.
Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Pottsville, Susq. Co.
Jan. 1864.

DR. D. A. LATHROP.
OFFICE, Post, Cooper & Co's old Banking House.
Surgery in particular. 227 North Second St. 20 years ex-
perience. (Montrose) May, 1863.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Pottsville
and vicinity. Office in the old Court House, East
Side at N. Second St. (July 20, 1863, 17)

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dairy
Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provision,
Fruit, Fish, Potatoes, Oil, and other Goods.
Wants, Yanket Nottoway, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad
Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb 24, 1863, -17.

LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready
Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
Wool & Willow Ware, Iron Nails, Sole & Upper Leather,
Fish, Flour and Salt, all of which they offer at the
lowest prices.

WM. H. COOPER & CO.,
DEALERS in Groceries, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper
& Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, opposite the Bank.

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

DR. WM. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST, - Montrose, Pa. Shop
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. Bland's grocery, on Main Street.
Wanted for past favors, he solicits a continuance
of his business, and will do all work satisfactorily. Cut-
ting on short notice, and warranted to fit.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, - Montrose, Pa. Shop
over L. N. Bland's grocery, on Main Street.
All work warranted, as to fit and finish.
Short notice, in best style. Jan. 1864.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, - Montrose, Pa. Shop
over L. N. Bland's grocery, on Main Street.
All orders filled promptly, in the latest style.
Cutting on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,
DEALER in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry at the
lowest prices, and on reasonable terms. All
warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's
store, Montrose, Pa. Dec 11, 1863.

WM. W. SMITH,
CARPENT and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS, - Foot
of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. 202 17

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose,
Pa. Shop over Devitt's store. All kinds of work
made to order, and repairing done neatly. Feb 7

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Wy-
the, Glass, Wares, Paints, Oils, Vanilish, Wil-
son's Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewels, &c.
&c. - Agent for all the most popular PATENT
MEDICINES. - Montrose, Pa. Aug 17

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. E. PATRICK, & DR. E. L. GARDNER
GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
OF YALE COLLEGE, have formed a partnership
in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and are pre-
pared to attend to all business faithfully and punctually,
and to be intrusted to their care, on terms commensurate
with the times.

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

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF New-York.
CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETS, 1st July 1860, \$1,481,819.27.
LIABILITIES, 43,068.68.

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

R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
MONTROSE, PA.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Bank.

THE SOLDIER.

Too oft the cannon's deadly thunder
Disturbs his sweetest dreams of home,
And rudely bursts the ties asunder
That in his nightly visions come;
Its pealing, from his fond embraces,
Uncle's the loved ones hiding there,
And leaves, alas! the deadly traces
Of battle in the lurid air.

O, may that happy moment hasten,
That marks the dismal strife; (ten,
That brings him dreams to soothe a chase-
And wakings of the blissful yore;
That points the end of marches dreary,
Of pallid death and dread disease,
And to the hero, worn and weary,
Brings back the cheerful scenes of ease.

With lov'd ones fondly round him clinging
In sweet embrace from day to day—
The peaceful scenes of home-life bringing
To cheer the sometimes rugged way.
His life, as down a waveless river
A boat glides to the endless sea,
May calmly float to thee forever—
The ocean of eternity.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

After a whole winter spent in studying
art at Rome, I had come down, sitting
back between two Germans in a cheap
veterinary carriage, to study nature at Na-
ples. I was so sick of huge picture gal-
eries, hired models, and the gossip of the
studios, that I thought it would be a re-
lief to paint landscape for a change; so I
said to others, and so I said to myself;
but my own heart contradicted me. I
knew very well, in my innermost soul,
that it was in bitterness of spirit that I
left Rome, unable to bear the sight of
men and women's prosperity. It stung me to
see men whom I knew to be inferior to my-
self in taste, in knowledge of color, in
originality, in everything, but a plodding,
stolid industry, pass me in the race of life.
This is a cold, hard, work-a-day century
of ours, an age without sympathy for the
flaws and failings of genius, and measur-
ing all capacities by the same pitiful little
rule of the results attained.

And so I went to Naples; and when
the heats of the sultry Italian summer
came on, I led a roving life among the coast
towns and petty watering places within
reach of the great city, now at Portici,
now at Sorrento, and dawdling away
weeks at Salerno or Castellmare. A lazy,
good-for-nothing life it was; a little of
castle-building, of regrets that I tried to
banish, and of hopes that I knew could
never blossom into realities. I was still
young, not four-and-twenty, but I thought
I had a right to consider myself a dis-
appointed man. Doubly disappointed—
First, because I had not met with encour-
agement from connoisseurs and the pub-
lic. Secondly, because Lucy Graham,
dear little Lucy, whom I loved, and had
loved for years, and who would have
shared my poverty unmurmuringly, was
not to be my wife. Her relations were
wise, forsooth. "They could not hear,"
they said, "of the dear girl's throwing
herself away upon an idle, purposeless
man, who would drag her down with him
into the mire of meretricious poverty." How
false and selfish such reasoning was! They
might have known—Lucy's aunt and Lu-
cy's brother, to whose will her gentle na-
ture deferred—that with such an induc-
ement, such a talisman, as her love and her
welfare depending on my toil, I should
have done fifty times as much as I had
ever achieved without such a spur to exer-
tion.

A penniless artist cannot live, even in
that country, always cheap to those whose
wants are few, without work. I, there-
fore, worked; but in an unambitious fash-
ion that did not task my patience over-
much. Colored sketches of mountain
scenery, and bits of blue Mediterranean,
with bronzed fishermen, peasants in goat
skins and brown serge, square-capped wo-
men with pitchers, nets, olives, vineyards,
rocks and red caps, I drew from time to
time, and these sold freely. My chief pa-
trons were the foreign visitors to Sorrento
and Castellmare, who were glad to carry
home with them some memento of the
rich scenery of the Neapolitan coast. I
worked when I was hungry, earned about
enough to pay for beef and macaroni,
and lived altogether in an improvident,
hand-to-mouth fashion, like an educated
lazzarone. All this time I was very far
from happy. There was not a much heav-
ier heart in the kingdom of Naples than
that of Hugh Edwards, British subject
and artist, as his passport described him—
when he sauntered out of the little inn
at Portici one autumn evening.

The sun was going down; one could
see the scarlet light flaring and blazing
through the green boughs of the rustling
chestnut trees, but there was plenty of
light as yet, and the prospect was a pleasant
one; even to jaundiced eyes like mine.
Portici and its painted houses were soon
left behind, and I struck off by one of the
many paths that lead into the hills.
Presently I stopped, and looked around
me from a small eminence that command-
ed a view of the surrounding country.

There was one object that especially
caught my eye, the new railroad, then in
process of construction, and which was
being carried out, like most of the iron
ways of Europe, by English skill and Eng-
lish capital. As I looked, I saw a cutting
far beneath me, in which a gang of labor-
ers were still at work. The low rays of
the sun flashed upon their variously clad
forms, their heads topped by the red Na-
ples cap, or bound turban-like with a red
colored handkerchief, and the picks and
spades that tearing a way through the
volcanic soil. I stood afar off and watch-
ed them; but not with any sympathy
with their toil or its ultimate objects. On
the contrary, as I looked, I felt my lip
curl, and my brow darken, for the spec-
tacle suggested unpleasant thoughts. The
contractor who had undertaken that sec-
tion of the new line was no other than Lu-
cy's odious elder brother, that very Geo.
Graham who had the chief share in
breaking off the half engagement between
his orphan sister and myself. A clever,
plausible man, who had succeeded, and
who, like all the successful in this world,
treated failure as a crime.

I had never met this prosperous rela-
tive of Lucy's, nor did I desire to meet
him. His opinion of myself had been
formed from the report of mutual acquain-
tances, from the conversation of Lucy and
her aunt, and from a brief correspon-
dence that had begun and ended in anger.
To meet George Graham was more than
I had bargained for, and I quickly made
up my mind to quit Portici.

A strange whim had urged me to visit
this little town, and that whim had been
disappointed. While last at Salerno, an
American traveller had given me an an-
imated description of some adventures
with the banditti, and had told me a num-
ber of anecdotes of the most celebrated
brigand chiefs of the day, Saltecco, Capo
Rosso, Malinghetti, and another freeboot-
er, whose nickname of L'Agnello, or the
"Lamb," ironically expressed his pecu-
liarly ferocious disposition. My informant
was a doctor, and to this circumstance he
had owed his immunity from any ill-usage
while in the hands of his dangerous hosts,
many of whom were at the time suffering
from malarial fever, and among them their
leader, Saltecco. The American had been
lucky enough, having a medicine chest
among his luggage, to cure some of
these invaders, and in return for his
medical service, they had set him free,
uninjured and unransomed, retaining,
however, his gold watch and chain, which
the chief promised to wear as a keep-sake.
The account Dr. Hucks gave of the wild
bivouacs, high up in the thin clear air
of the mountain solitudes, of the dances,
the village merry-makings, in which the
brigands took a part as welcome guests,
had piqued my curiosity. My desire was
to obtain, if I could, a safe-conduct to in-
spect the camp of these marauders. For
the idea of painting a great picture, and
growing famous at a single effort, haunt-
ed my fancy yet, as a similar idea does
that of many and many an idle man. Who
knew whether some quaintly savage scene
amid the hills might not suggest matter
for a work that should, even yet retrieve
my blighted fortunes?

Most complete, however, had been the
failure of these romantic notions. I found
the good people of Portici by no means
desirous to admit the existence of brig-
ands in their vicinity. All stories of out-
rage and plunder were gross exaggerations.
A petty theft might now and then take
place, but, beyond the pillage of a
hen-roost or a vineyard, no transgression
was authentic. In fact, I suspect the
Bourbon government at Naples, anxious to
avert the troublesome advice of foreign
powers, issued orders that the banditti, if
they should not be exterminated, should
be ignored.

"I beg your pardon, but I conclude
that your name is Edwards, and that you
are staying at the Albergo d'Inghilterra;
is it not so?" said a voice in English at
my elbow. I turned and confronted the
speaker, who had approached me, lost as
I was in reverie, without my hearing his
step. He was a strongly-built man of
middle height, with a sun-burnt face and
quick blue eyes, that looked neither
thither, and seemed in an instant to take
the measure of any object or person. His
hair was getting gray, but probably more
from toil and exposure to the weather
than from age, since he did not appear my
senior more than three or four years. His
attire, of dark colored tweed, was neat
and plain, and by the compasses and ivory
rule that projected from the breast pocket
of his shooting-coat, I easily guessed
him to be one of the English surveyors
employed in laying out the line. His
voice was loud, and rather abrupt, like
that of one used to command, but there was
something pleasant in the ring of it.

I admitted my identity, wondering
what the new-comer could want of me.
He had not the air of a mere loung-
er, seeking to kill time, and hailing a fellow-
countryman for the sake of a chat in his
native tongue. Besides, he had taken the
trouble, somehow, to ascertain my name.
"Then this letter is yours," I thought
it must be. You dropped it on the bridge,
said a goatherd gave it to me, so as I had
noticed you pass by the embankment, I
followed you to restore it, and I am glad
to return it to the right owner."

The letter was from Lucy, received that
morning. I was vexed at my own care-
lessness, for I might have dropped it in
some more public place, and I knew that
all travellers are not over-scrupulous as
to perusing the waifs and strays of corres-
pondence that may fall into their hands.
I, therefore, thanked the surveyor more
heartily than was my custom.

"No trouble at all, not worth mention-
ing," said my compatriot, wiping his fore-
head as he glanced around him; "it has
given me a pleasant walk and a pretty
prospect. How fine that sunset is!"

And he glanced at the deep glow of or-
ange and crimson burning in the fast-fading
splendor on the edge of the western sky,
with an enjoyment that was evidently
genuine. Before long I found myself deep
in conversation with the stranger, whose
blunt honesty of manner pleased me bet-
ter than the bearing of a more courtly
person might have done. On my side, I
did not profess to be other than I was, a
poor and lonely artist.

"Not a bad trade either, if a man's
true vocation be the brush, and he sticks
to it," said the stranger, tapping the
crumbling rocks with a switch he carried,
as if to test their solidity.

"We don't generally regard it as a
trade," said I, with something of a sneer.
"Pooh, nonsense! everything by an honest
man makes a living, from soldiering
to shoe-making, is a trade, and only
coxcombs are ashamed to own that they
work," broke in the stranger, rather
unceremoniously; "don't let us quarrel
on matters of professional etiquette. My
trade, now, is a rougher one than yours,
yet Michael Angelo knew something
about it."

I laughed, and replied that to build a
cathedral was a nobler task than to plan a
road.

"I don't know that," said my new ac-
quaintance, sturdily. "I never go about
my task in tunnel or cutting, without re-
membering that every one of these iron
links between town and town, country
and country, as a step toward bridging
over the gulf that lies between mankind
and happiness and liberty. To my mind,
every tinkle of the hammers of our plat-
formers is a pledge and a promise of a good
time coming," as the song says. No civil-
izer like a railway."

My employer, Mr. George Graham,
shared these fine sentiments with regard
to the iron ways which he was building.

"The stranger's eyes twinkled.
"Geo. Graham," he said, with a dry
laugh; "Graham is obliged to have an
eye to the main chance. He can't afford
to indulge his fancy much, but must look
to the balance sheets and steer clear of
the Gazette. I sometimes think he would
prefer a safe salary to the profits he nets,
and the anxious days and sleepless nights
that go to the winning of them."

Presently I asked him what he thought
of his employer, Graham, but he was
somewhat reserved in his replies.

"A strict hand. Keeps us all to our
collars. Won't tolerate any shirking of
work, on his own part or that of others.
He pays well, but he will have the penny-
worth for the penny," was all I could
gather, and I own I was disappointed. I
wanted to have a right to despise this
hard money-grubber, who stood between
his gentle sister and myself, and it would
have been music to my ears to hear him
called tyrant and miser. Independently
of this, I took a great fancy to the rugged
stranger, and not the less, perhaps, be-
cause he bluntly disagreed with my own
theories of social life, which I freely pro-
pounded to him.

"I've heard most of your arguments
before, Mr. Edwards," said he; "but I
hope you won't think me rude when I say
that when a young fellow is on bad terms
with the world, it isn't so much the
world's fault as that of the other party. I
know practice is better than precept, and
I have no right to preach, but one thing
I'll say, I've taken a liking to you, brief
as our acquaintance has been, and in spite
of your wild talk and if I can ever be of
service, I will. Perhaps you may not
think a poor engineer's help worth hav-
ing, but should you ever be really in want
of a friend, while I am in Italy, send me a
line. I'll do my best for you, and not
even ask for thanks."

I smiled, for I was in the humor to
treat the offer as a jest.
"You forget," said I, "that we are not
on equal terms. You know my name,
while yours is unknown to me."
"I'll give you an address, by which
your letter is sure to reach me," said the
engineer, penciling some words on a leaf
which he tore from his pocket book, and
handing the leaf to me; "and now good-
bye, for I must hurry back to Portici, and
pay wages and docket vouchers for a
couple of hours at the least."

He was gone, and it was not until I
had watched his disappearing figure across
the olive grove, that I thought of looking
at the address he gave me. The words he
had pencilled were merely these: "S. D.,
care of Burlbridge and Styles, English
Bank, via Siretta, Naples." My new ac-
quaintance had not revealed his name af-
ter all. For a moment I was undecided
whether I should fling away the scrap of
paper, or keep it as a curiosity. I took a
middle course, for I thought it hardly in-
vite to my pocket, and sauntered away up

the hill. It was getting very dark, but
the moon was half full, and threw light
enough on the less thickly wooded parts
of the landscape to save me from stum-
bling. There was no trace of the sunset
glories left in the darkling sky to west-
ward. It was black night among the cas-
cus shrubs and rustling bushes that fringed
the rocks on my right and left hand.
Only a pale yellow streak of light fell be-
tween the boughs of the stone-pines, and
showed the water-worn pebbles and red
sand at my feet.

"Faccia a terra!" called out a deep
voice from the thicket overhead; and
then followed the sharp click of a gun-
lock. I stopped, and looked quickly in
the direction of the invisible speaker.
Again came the harsh summons, spoken
in the vilest Calabrian patois, but quite
intelligible. "Face-to—the ground!
English fool! Beppo, Niccolò, let him
see the carbines."

Instantly the branches crashed, and
through the evergreen foliage were thrust
the gleaming barrels of several guns,
while the order to lie down and press my
face to the earth was gruffly renewed. I
had been half incredulous at first, half in-
clined to suspect a trick or a delusion of
the senses, but now I doubted no longer.
I was in presence of the brigands, and, as
I realized the truth, a quick tingling sen-
sation ran like fire through my blood, and
I scarcely knew whether the thrill was
one of pain or pleasure. Then came a
heavy body crashing and tearing through
the boughs and matted creepers, in head-
long descent to the bank. I attempted to
fly, but overtaken, turned desperately
round on the pursuer, wrenching the car-
bine from his hand, and hurling him with
a force that surprised myself, upon a heap
of stones and twisted olive roots. But
two stout fellows were close to the heels
of the first, and they threw themselves
upon me, grappling me with a tenacious
hug that could not be shaken off, while a
fourth came up in a more leisurely way,
and pressing the muzzle of his piece to
my forehead, ordered me to leave off
struggling, on pain of instant death.

I submitted, and in an incredible short
space of time my arms were tied behind
my back with a cord, my watch, purse, pocket-
book, sketch-book, and pencil-case, were
transferred to the care of my captors, and
I was left alone.

So long as our course lay through a cul-
tivated district, my lawless guides either
kept silence altogether, or only spoke in
growling tones, and as curtly as possible.
But when the olive terraces and walnut
groves had disappeared, and the walled
vineyards and fenced fields had given
place to bare rocks and thorny shrubs the
spirits of the robbers rose in proportion to
their remoteness from civilization. When
we were quite in the uncultivated coun-
try, the two younger of the brigands be-
gan to whistle and sing scraps of opera-
airs that from La Scala had found their
way into the hills.

It was quite in vain that I protested
against my captivity, assuring the elder
and graver of the four that I was a most
unprofitable prize, if indeed, I had not, as
seemed probable, been taken for another;
that I was a poor artist, with hardly a sou-
d beyond the silver coins they had found
in my pocket, and that no one was willing
or able to pay ransom for a lonely stran-
ger like myself. The only answer I got
to these appeals was a push from the butt
of a carbine, coupled with a rough
command to hasten my steps. Presently
I had not much breath to spare for such
useless remonstrance, as I found myself,
perforce, scrambling up steep and stony
gullies that were probably the mere beds
of dried up torrents, dragging myself
painfully over rocks in whose fissures
grew the mountain thistle and the stunted
cactus.

Breathless, spent, and with bruised and
bleeding feet, my light boots proving a
poor protection against the sharp stones
over which I had for hours been obliged
to stumble as I best might, I sank down
on a fragment of rock, and declared my
inability to go further. The bandits
threatened me, struck me; but in vain. I
could no more. One of them at last drew
a guard from his pocket, uncorked it and
held it to my lips.

"Drink!" he said, impatiently; "there
is but a mile to travel. Drink! San Gen-
aro light, you—do you fancy the good
liquor poison?" The coarse and fiery brandy
revived me; but it was not without a
great deal of hustling, supporting, and
pushing, on the part of my conductors
that I contrived to stagger on, until we
entered a narrow glen between steep
peaks, and suddenly turning a corner came
upon a small plain, in which a strange
scene awaited me. A number of ruddy
watch-fires, perhaps twenty, were burning
with red and smoky light, and around
these reclined, sat, or moved in a variety
of more or less active employments,
groups of dark forms, most, but not all
of whom wore the pointed Calabrian hat so
familiar to playgoers. Here and there the
glare was reflected from the barrels of
guns which the owners were cleaning or
examining by the fire-light, and before sev-
eral of the fires cooking operations were
going on, and whole kids, hares, or great
pieces of half-raw meat, were being slow-
ly turned, as they dangled on a string in
front of the blaze. From the group, I

ger than the rest, came the notes of a
guitar, and of a deep voice singing some
brava song, such as the Italians of the low-
er class pick up like parrots from an occa-
sional visit to a theatre. And as the song
came to a close, I distinctly heard the
shrill voices and laughter of women ming-
ling with the mirth and applause of the
men. This, however, surprised me little,
for I had heard that the brigands kept on
friendly terms with the villagers, whose
relations they frequently were, and that
the wives, sisters, and mothers of mem-
bers of the band were constantly visiting
their haunts for the purpose of conveying
intelligence, or provisions to the outlaws.
[Concluded next week.]

The Soldiers and the Democrats—The power of Falsehood.

We have had frequent conversations
with soldiers, returned here on furloughs,
&c., with reference to the feelings and
views of the army concerning the people
of the north—the position of parties, &c.;
to ascertain to what extent the poison of
abolition intolerance and proscription had
perverted the minds of our volunteer
soldiers. Without exception, the story
is the same. Abolitionists are the true
loyal men, and Democrats are copper-
heads and traitors. We asked one soldier
the question: Why do you call Dem-
ocrats copperheads and traitors?

"Because," said he, "they are in league
with Jeff Davis."

"What evidence have you said was
that Democrats are in league with Jeff
Davis?"

"We read it in the papers."

"Have you ever seen anything in Dem-
ocratic papers expressing sympathy with
south, or in any manner advocating the
cause of the rebels?"

"I haven't seen any Democratic papers;
we don't permit them to come into the
lines."

"Why don't you permit them to come
into the lines?"

"Because they teach treason and cor-
rupt the loyalty of the soldiers."

"How do you know that Democratic
papers teach treason, when you say you
never see them—that they are not per-
mitted to come into your lines?"

"Who tells you so?"

"We read it in the papers."

"What papers?"

"Why the papers we get."

"What papers, pray, do you get?"

"Sometimes the Chicago Tribune,
mostly the St. Louis Democrat, and
occasionally the Keokuk Gate City."

"Have you ever seen the Chicago Times,
the Quincy Herald, or our own paper?"

"The officers sometimes get them, but
they never let the soldiers read them be-
cause they are full of abuse of the govern-
ment."

"Well, do the officers also tell you that
Democrats are copperheads, and disloy-
al?"

"That is well understood."

"What is understood? that the officers
tell you so, or that you understand it?"

"We pay but little attention to these
things, except to do as our officers tell
us."

"How long have you been at home on
this furlough?"

"Three weeks."

"In this time you have met and convers-
ed with many Democrats; will you tell
us how many of them bear the character
of disunionists and traitors, your officers
and your Tribune and Gate City have giv-
en them?"

"I haven't seen any. I have found no
traitors that I know of. I am much pleas-
ed with the talk of all Democrats I have
met, and I do not think they are disunion-
ists."