

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Publisher.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1864.

VOLUME XXI. NUMBER 10.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Brandy, Pa. Pen. Pension, and Exceptional Claims attended to.
Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Feb. 1864.

M. C. SUTTON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Friendsville, Susq. Co. Pa.
Jan. '64.

DR. D. A. LATHROP.
OFFICE, Post Office & Co.'s old Banking House.
Surgery in particular. Reference to 30 years experience.
Montrose, May, 1863.

DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lect. No. 2 at S. Hoopland. (July 30, 1863.)

H. GARRATT,
DEALER in Flour, Feed, and Meal, Barrell and Dray Salt, Timothy and Clover Seed, Groceries, Provision, Fruit, Eggs, Petroleum Oil, Wood and Stone Ware, Yankee Notions, &c. &c. Opposite Railroad Depot, New Milford, Pa. Feb 24, 1863—17.

A. LATHROP, H. C. STEARNS, J. P. W. RILEY,
LATHROP, TYLER & RILEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Wood & Willow Ware, Iron, Nails, Saws & Upper Leather, Flour, and all of which they offer at the very lowest prices.
Lathrops Brick Building, Montrose, Pa. April 6, 1863.

W. H. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS—Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrops' new building, Turplins-st. J. B. McCallum, D. W. Stearns.

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

DR. W. M. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' 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. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of patronage, and will do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa. July 21st, 1863—17.

P. LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Phoenix Block, over store of Read, Watson & Foster. All work warranted, as to fit and finished. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa. July 21st, 1863—17.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turplins-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 in the most satisfactory manner. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, Montrose, Pa. 1863.

W. M. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa.

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, Dry Goods, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, &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 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.
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Montrose, Pa., May 17th, 1862—17.

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THE INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA,
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The Oldest Insurance Agency in the Union.
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ASSETS OVER, \$1,500,000.
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CHAS. F. COFFIN, Pres. Montrose, July 15, '62. BILLINGS STROUD, Agt.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.
CASH CAPITAL, TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
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LIABILITIES, 76,803.39.
J. Milton Smith, Secy. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McGee, Asst. A. F. Winmar, Vice.
Policies issued and renewed by the undersigned at his office, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. Feb 11, 1864.
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R. B. & GEO. P. LITTLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, MONTROSE, PENN.
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THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And the keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The brittle chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.
Tramp! tramp! o'er the greenward
Which quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged Colonel,
With ear-ringing shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order—"Trot out!"
One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troops quick move forward
In a line on the plain.
As rings the word "gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each fowl is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
Like the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.
"Charge!" thunders the leader;
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Now gleam in the air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.
Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
Our wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
For the parry who needs—
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.
Vain—vain the red volley
Which bursts from the square;
The random shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.
The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield cause
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.
Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men!
The trumpet sounds "Rally
To color!" again.
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain.
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

Woman Courting Men.

And why not? Why should all the
business of courtship devolve upon man?
It is only fair that woman should do her
share of the work.
Besides many a match that would have
proved a happy one, has been broken off,
because the customs of society restrained
the woman from saying the right word at
the right moment. What is a bashful
lover to do if the lady of his choice will
not help him out of the difficulty of popping
the question?
The fact is the ladies do perform their
share of courtship, not only in semi-civilized
communities, as in the instances spoken
of above, but in our own enlightened
land.
A most extraordinary custom pre-
vails among the Ouzes, a powerful tribe,
occupying an extensive district in Cabul,
among the mountains between Persia and
India. It is in fact a female prerogative
that has no parallel among any other
people on the earth and reverses what we
are in the habit of considering the natural
order of things—the woman choose their
husbands and not the husbands their
wives. If a woman be pleased with a
man, she sends the drummer of the camp
to pin a handkerchief to his cap with the
pin she used to fasten her hair.
The drummer watches his opportunity,
and does this in public, naming the woman
and the man is obliged to marry her
if he can pay the price for her father.
We clip the above from one of our ex-
changes, but our brother of the quill is
mistaken in supposing that "this female
prerogative has no parallel among other
people."
A custom substantially the same pre-
vails among the Sandwich Islanders—
We remember once to have asked a good
looking Hawaiian bachelor why he did
not get married, and he replied, with a
look of innocent simplicity, that "None
of the girls had asked him."

THE PIRATE ALABAMA.

By late English news we are informed
that the pirate Alabama was at Singapore
on the 23d of December, and after coal-
ing she started on a cruise in the Straits
of Malacca. The news by the Bremen
states that she, when last heard from,
was off the west coast of India, and had
burned an American vessel from New
York. A letter from a shipmaster at
Singapore says that she has one hundred
and eleven men on board, but all discon-
tented; there are only about six Southern
men reported on her. American com-
merce in the East has been completely
stopped, and our vessels are lying up in
all the ports. The career of the Alabama
is one of the most astonishing on record.
That she should be permitted to scour
the seas and stop the commerce of one
of the leading maritime nations of the East,
is passing strange. She must find help-
ing hands at every port she touches, and
information must be obtained by her
officers from all quarters in Eastern seas
of the situation and character of the
American vessels trading in that quarter,
as well as the chances of meeting and
avoiding her pursuers. It is to be hoped
that ere long her career will be ended;
our Government have the power and the
skill to do it if they will exercise it vigor-
ously to that end.
DRAWING TEETH.—Among the many
methods adopted to avoid the draft, that
of drawing teeth seems to be the least ex-
pensive and dangerous. To some people
it may seem almost incredible that a man
blessed with a good set of pearly teeth,
should endure the pain and mortification
of having them extracted. Yet, through
the great anxiety to avoid the draft, the
practice has recently prevailed to a con-
siderable extent. Two cases, says an
Armstrong County paper, have recently
been brought to our notice, and vouched
for by respectable authority. One in the
township of Manor, and the other in Kle-
minetown. In the latter instance, the pa-
tient went all the way to Pittsburgh to
have the draft-inviting molars extracted.
But the most singular feature (as some
may think) of the whole transaction is,
that both these young gentlemen are
overflowing with intense loyalty of the
abolition type, and bent on giving "the
last man and the last dollar" in the vigi-
lous prosecution of the cause.

SHARP TRICK OF CONTRACTORS.

Our Eastern horse-dealers are most
generally noted as being "sharp" on a
trade, but the sharpest trick that has
been played by the Abolition horse-con-
tractors was recently near Washington
City. They "done" the Government
nicely, and this is the way they performed
the feat, as related by a Washington
correspondent:
The Integrity of Republican
SHARES.—It will be remembered that
some weeks ago a great stampede of
horses took place from the Government
enclosure a few miles below this city, on
the Potomac. It was reported that a full
thousand of them had run into the river
and been drowned. It is striking out that
the whole thing was one of the many
contrivances gotten up about there to rob
the Treasury. It would seem that some
two thousand of these horses had not
been branded, and the stampede was a
gotten up affair to set those unbranded
horses loose. So also was the report that
a thousand of them were drowned, a
made-up story without a particle of truth
in it. These unbranded horses were
afterwards caught, and a number of them,
equal to that reported drowned, were re-
sold to the Government at one hundred
and forty-five dollars per head. That is
pretty sharp practice, even in the horse
line, where such wonderful tricks of trade
are reported as occurring. The affair will
I am told, undergo an investigation some
time between this and the close of the war.
This is only one of the thousand tricks
played on the Government by its political
friends! Verily, the Government is being
restored to its ancient parity by
"Jones" (?) Old Abe, and his office
holders and contractors.

Female Soldiers in the Army.

Miss Lizzie Maria Compton was arrest-
ed by the Provost Guard of Bardonia,
Kentucky, last week, discovered to be a
pretty young lady of some sixteen sum-
mers, and sent to Louisville. She had
been encamped with her regiment, the
11th Kentucky Cavalry, of which she had
been a member for several months past.
Her history during the past eighteen
months is strange and romantic. She has
served in seven different regiments, and
participated in several battles. At Freder-
icksburg she was seriously wounded,
but recovered, and followed the fortunes
of war, which cast her from the army of
the Potomac to the army of the Camber-
land. She fought in the battle at Green
River bridge on the 4th of July last, and
received a wound which disabled her for
a short time. She has been discovered
and mustered out of the service seven or
eight times, but immediately re-enlisted
in another regiment. She states that her
home is in London, Canada West, and
that her parents are now living in that
place. This young girl has served a term
of eighteen months in the army, and were
it not that she dreads the annoyance of
being discovered and mustered out, she
would enter the service again.
The Richmond Examiner has the fol-
lowing account of the discovery of a female
soldier, a member of the 16th Maine
regiment, in prison at Richmond:
"Yesterday a rather prepossessing-
looking lass was discovered on Belle Isle,
disguised among the prisoners of war
held there. She gave her real name as
Mary Jane Johnson, belonged to the 16th
Maine regiment, and had been a prisoner
some time. She gave as an excuse for
adopting her soldier toggery, that she
was following her lover to shield and pro-
tect him when in danger. He had been
killed in battle, and now she would have
no objection to return to the more peace-
ful sphere for which nature, by her sex,
had better fitted her. The heroine of a
novel yet to be written in Yankeeedom
was considerably unburdened and roughened
by the hardships she had encountered,
but still retained marks of some womanly
comeliness, which would be heightened
by a calico frock and orinoline. Upon the
discovery of her sex, Miss Johnson was
removed from Belle Isle, and is now con-
fined at Castle Thunder. She will prob-
ably be about nineteen years of age."

Rather Fast.

Artemus Ward, in speaking of his re-
turn from the wars, tells the following
story:
I must relate a little incident which oc-
curred to your humble servant on his re-
turn from the wars. I was walking along
the street, looking so gallant and gay, in
my brass coat and blue buttons, and other
military harness, when a excited female
rushed out, and threw her arms round
my neck, and said—
"Do I behold thee once again?"
"You do—and I think you are a hold-
in-me-too fastly," sez I, a trying to re-
lease the eccentric female's arms.
"Oh, have you cum back—havin you
cum back!" she wildly cried, hugging
tighter to my neck.
"Certainly I've cum back, or else I
would not be here. But I don't think I
know you muchly."
"Not know me—your own Claretta
Rosetta Belletta—she who has not set
eyes onto you for more'n ten years. Yes,"
she continued, placin her hands onto my
shoulders, and lookin up into my face like
a dyin' boss-fly—"yes, I see my own Al-
fred's eyes, his nose, his ears, his—"
"Madam," sez I, "excuse me, but al-
low me to correct you. Ef I'm not mis-
taken, these eyes, and ears, and nose,
belong to myself, individually, and your Al-
fred never owned 'em scarcely."
"Away with this face," sez she, "You
can't deceive your own Claretta. Cum in
to the house, and see your little son, Lin-
coln Burnsides McClellan Beazer."
It was evident that the female was mis-
taken—that it was not me but another
man she wanted.
"How old is he?" sez I.
"Which?" sez she.
"The little son, Lincoln Burnsides Mc-
Clellan and so 4th."
"He's just 6 months old, the little dar-
lin."
"Well, madam," sez I, "ef Little Lin-
coln Burnsides McClellan and so 4th is en-
ly 6 months old, and you havn't set eyes on
your Alfred for more'n ten years, I think
thair's a mistake somewhair, an that I'm
not Alfred, but another man altogether."
The woman shot into the house like
60; and this was the last I saw of my Claretta
Rosetta Belletta; but I pity Alfred!

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reading of the day. We speak of this
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is merited. Each number contains fully
144 pages of reading matter, appropri-
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bines in itself the easy monthly and the
more philosophical quarterly, blended
with the best features of a daily journal.
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a love of pure literature.—Tribner's
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received so large a tribute of admiration
from cultivated classes that delight in a
healthy, diversified, elevating periodical
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of the day. The fireside never had a
more delightful companion, nor the mini-
on a more enterprising friend than Harpers
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—John L. Burns, the only citizen of
Gettysburg who joined the army and
fought in the great battle of that place, is
to have a pension of eight dollars a month
by a special act of Congress.

THE PHILADELPHIA AGE—1864.

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC DAILY JOURNAL
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THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE
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Put that Impudent Rascal Out!

While a congregation was collected at
church on a certain occasion, an old, dark,
and hard-featured, skin and bone individual
was seen wending his way up the side
aisle and taking his seat near the pulpit.
The minister began his prayer by saying—
"Father of all, in every age, by saint
and savage adored."
"Pop!" said a slow but clear voice
near old hard-features.
The minister, after casting an indignant
look in the direction of the voice, contin-
ued—
"Whose throne sitteth on the adaman-
tine hills of Paradise."
"Milton!" again interrupted the hard
voice.
The minister's lips quivered for a mo-
ment, but recovering himself he contin-
ued—
"We thank thee, most gracious Father,
that we are permitted once more to as-
semble in Thy name, while others, equal-
ly meritorious, but less favored have been
carried beyond that bourne from whence
no traveller returns."
"Shakespeare!" interrupted the voice.
This was too much. "Put that impu-
dent rascal out!" shouted the minister.
"Original!" ejaculated the voice, in
the same calm but provoking manner.
It is a fact that the only Northern
man, since the war began, known to have
given valuable information to the Con-
federates, is Mr. Harvey, a Republican
and now Lincoln's minister to Portugal.
It is also a fact that the only persons in
the North, known to have furnished
materials of war to the Confederates, are
Republicans—was Palmer, Collector; Bar-
ney's Clerk; and chairman of the New
York Republican Central committee.—
Lincoln promptly put him under Federal
protection, to shield him from prosecu-
tion for his crimes.
A LETTER from out West from a pious
individual says: "Dear Brother, I have
got one of the handsomest farms in the
State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops
are good and prices never better.—
We have had a glorious revival of religion
in church, and both of our children (the
Lord be praised!) are converted. Father
got to be rather an inebriate, and
last week I sent him to the poor-house."
A LEGAL DECISION.—In a case recent-
ly tried in the District Court of Phila-
delphia, involving the question as to who
is to pay the cost of the stamp required in
making a conveyance of property, Judge
Sharwood decided the case so as to
throw the expense upon the purchaser,
taking the ground that the general cus-
tom required the purchaser of property to
pay the expense of the transfer, and the
stamp now required by law, was only a
necessary part of that expense. The
stamp in this case amounted to ten

Lincoln and Chase Photographed.

A Loyal Boston abolitionist by name of
Heizen, connected with the Pioneer, a
radical German paper, has published his
impressions of the President and Secreta-
ry of the treasury, after a visit to Wash-
ington, during which he was brought in
contact with those distinguished persons.
He is pretty severe on the smutty joker,
but the following from his remarks will be
read with interest:
"They [members of Congress] told me
openly that this is no Democratic govern-
ment—the 'Frock Coat King' holds the
nation in his pocket.
"Chase sent me word he would like to
see me, so I went. His appearance indi-
cates more good-heartedness than power,
more smartness than character. He is am-
bitions, but seems to have good intentions.
I doubt, however, that he is the man nee-
ded for the crisis. I have not been able
to ascertain from him that he would cling
to the Monroe doctrine as a condition sine
qua non.
"As for Mr. Lincoln, he has not the
least interest for me. He is, from every
view, a total null—a good-natured mon-
ster, totally devoid of ideas, upheld simply
by his concealed cunning, a quality which
harmonizes so well with coarseness. Here
in Washington he has few friends. All
speak of him with contempt. His love of
show alone would excite my republican
indignation. Two cavaliers hold consti-
tutional guard at his gate, and two infantry
at the entrance to his door. Mrs. Lincoln,
they say, wants it so, and, to please her,
the republican President, must make lac-
quays of a dozen republican citizens every
day. Even in Europe no prince permits
himself such humbug. Congress ought
to take hold of this matter. One of the
most prominent politicians in Washington
told me he heard Mr. Lincoln say: "The
best policy is to have no policy at all."
I replied, "Translated into German that
means it is best to have no principles at all,
and as little sense as possible." This is
applied expressed by our German proverb:
"He gets along by his stupidity." And it
is very simple, for those who are smart-
er make use of him, and those who are
still more stupid aid him."
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