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FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

Present to Gen. Jackson of a Gold Ring containing the Hair of Gen. Washington, and sent by the hand of Gen. Lafayette.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22d, 1824.

To Gen. JACKSON:—The birth-day of Washington is a fit time for a tribute to him whose glorious achievements place him next to the Father of our country.

On this day I present to Gen. Jackson a ring of the hero's hair, of the color it was when he led our soldiers to victory. It was made in this city, and of American gold.

Wear it in remembrance of him who was the first in the hearts of his country, and of her who gives it to you with her best wishes for your health and happiness.

ELIZA W. CUSTIS.

General Jackson replied as follows:

My Dear Madam:—By the hand of our mutual friend, General Lafayette, I have had the extreme satisfaction of receiving a ring containing the hair of Gen. Washington, which you have done me the honor to present. Believe me, I shall retain and wear it with the greatest pleasure. I will wear it in the remembrance of your kind opinions expressed toward me, and of the illustrious and revered man, the recollection of whose virtues and disinterested patriotism, none can ever be unkindly of. Could the present be at all increased in value, it would be by the consideration that its presentation has been through the illustrious Gen. La Fayette, who devoted himself in early life to the service of our happy country, and who was the friend and associate of our beloved Washington.

Your most obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

Mrs. E. W. CUSTIS.

George Washington Parke Custis presents a Gold Ring containing the hair of Washington to Gen. Lafayette, accompanied with the following address:

"List of the Generals of the army of Independence! At this awful and impressive moment, when, forgetting the splendor of a triumph greater than Roman Consul ever had, you bend with reverence over the remains of Washington, the child of Mount Vernon presents you with this token, containing the hair of him whom while living you loved, and to whose honored grave you now pay the manly and affecting tribute of a patriot's and a soldier's tear.

"The ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts from the earliest ages of the world; and this will unite the affections of all Americans to the person and posterity of Lafayette, now and hereafter. And when your descendants at a distant day shall behold this valued relic, it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire who received it, not in the palaces of princes, or amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laureled grave of Washington.

"Do you ask, is this the mausoleum befitting the ashes of Marcus Aurelius, or the good Antonius? I tell you that the Father of his country lies buried in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the brave, the good, the free of all nations and ages. Do you seek for the tablets which are to convey his fame to immortality? They have long been written in the freedom and happiness of his country. These are the monumental trophies of Washington the Great, and will endure when the proudest works of art have dissolved and left not a wreck behind.

"Gen. Lafayette: Our fathers witnessed the dawn of your glory, partook of its meridian splendor; and oh, let their children enjoy the benign radiance of your setting sun. And when it shall sink in the horizon of nature, here with pious duty we will form your sepulchre; and united in death as in life, by the side of the great chief you will rest in peace, till the last trumpet awakes the slumbering world, and calls your virtues to their great reward.

"The joyous shouts of millions of freemen hailed your returning foot-prints on our sands; the arms of millions are opened wide to take you to their grateful hearts; and the prayers of millions ascend to the throne of the Eternal, that the choicest blessings of Heaven may cheer the latest days of Lafayette!"

Gen. Lafayette, having received the ring, pressed it to his heart, and replied:

"The feelings which at this awful moment oppress my heart, do not leave the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and the best of men, my paternal friend!"

After weeping over the grave of Washington at Mount Vernon, Gen. Lafayette bears the gold ring, containing a lock of his hair, to Gen. Jackson. A lock of hair! The most sacred of relics!—the most hallowed memento of affection! Priceless treasure! "The hair of Washington of the color it was when he led our soldiers to victory!" A lock for Gen. Lafayette,

the brave nobleman who crossed the ocean to fight for American liberty, and a lock for Gen. Jackson, "whose glorious achievements placed him next to the Father of his country." Illustrious trio of American patriots! Their swords were drawn in defence of the same principles of civil liberty. The ring was an emblem of their hearts, and a symbol of the union of the States and people under our beneficent Government. "I will wear it," says Gen. Jackson to the fair donor, a representative of the family of Washington, "I will wear it in remembrance of the revered man whose name none can be unkindly of."

Then where was that ring five years after? It was on the hand of the President of the United States. It was on the hand which protected the people of the South from servile insurrections, incited by the Abolitionists of the North. It was on the hand of the President who warned his countrymen against these vile conspirators, who openly avowed their aims to be the overthrow of the United States Government; and perchance the sight of that ring, containing a lock of hair from the revered head of Washington, brought to his "remembrance" the principles upon which the Union was founded, and acted with a more magical charm upon his soul than the farewell words themselves, which he quoted to the people in order to quell the mad attempts of the Abolitionists to overthrow the Constitution and Government which he founded. "The Union," said Gen. Jackson, when he looked at that emblem of the union of hearts, "must and shall be preserved!"

But the name of Washington had no charm for an abolitionist. A lock of his hair could produce no thrill of affection or love in their hearts for his glorious achievements by the sword, or for the Union which he formed for the happiness and protection of the American people.

Wendell Phillips says: "I have no interest in the Union of your thirty-three States except as it affects the black race. No parchment, however sacred; no machinery of Government, however venerable, is anything to be compared to their rights? What has the Union done? It is a piece of parchment laid up at Washington, written in fair text hand, every I dotted and every T crossed. It is the agreement of 3,000,000 how they shall be governed. That is the Constitution. Our fathers made it and you may look at it.—Andrew Jackson was the most popular man since Washington. He had behind him the strongest party that this generation ever knew. It is God's will that the slaves should rise up and fight for their liberty. Why don't they? Because the Union prevents them. That is the reason why I propose that you should break up the Union. Did you ever hear Everett ring out with those clarion tones of his that favorite phrase describing Washington as 'that immortal Rebel'?" Well, John Brown was just the same. I have got in my house a lock of hair from the temple of old John Brown, sent me by a slaveholder. When John Hancock left Boston in 1775 for a seat in Congress, his rightful sovereign, George III, said he was a traitor. When Joseph Warren fell at Bunker Hill, his rightful sovereign said he was a rebel. I do not compare John Brown with Joseph Warren—not a bit. Joseph Warren is not tall enough in that Heaven where he sits to-day—is not tall enough to touch the hem of the garment of John Brown. Mr. Seward closed his speech with the request that every man would cultivate a respect for the Union. If you will allow me to close mine, it will be to impress upon your own hearts, and teach your children to let no sacredness of parchment gag their lips, but to swear on the altar which Christianity holds to every man, the oath that he will break the fetters of the slave, law or no law—and elevate the negroes to an equality with ourselves—and may God help you to keep the oath."

This was the "covenant with death and the agreement with hell," signed by every Abolitionist who revered a lock of hair from the temple of old John Brown, instead of revering the name of Washington. And what are the characters of these followers of old John Brown? John W. Forney painted a portrait of Wendell Phillips in Aug. 1862, which we copy for our history. He says:

"Wendell Phillips is a traitor in his soul. He differs from Jefferson Davis only in this, that Davis has drawn the sword, while Davis is effective without it. What strength, what dignity has this Republic, which can permit traitors in Boston to assail it from the forum, while traitors in Richmond assail it from the battle-field? It sends men to Fort Warren for attacking the Government, and disowning the oath of allegiance; yet it permits men in Boston, men of smooth speech and choice words and elegant phrases, to glory in the fact that they disdained to owe allegiance to the country of their birth, and at the same time sought to divide and destroy it. Wendell Phillips is an enemy, a traitor, a pernicious man. He should be abated. If it can be done in no other way, there is a short and easy road from his home near Boston to a casemate in Fort Warren!"

The New York Times of Dec. 1862,

says: "Wendell Phillips and the fanatics who follow his lead, claim for the negroes privileges, immunities and rights, which they would never dream of claiming for the whites. They profess to support the Constitution until it stands in the way of their schemes for negro supremacy; then they abandon the Constitution and stand by the negro. Their test of patriotism is devotion to the negro. They are for preserving the union if it will help the negro, if not, they are for destroying it. They are for prosecuting the war if it will help the negro, the moment it will not they are for peace."

These fanatics stand to-day precisely where they stood in 1863. The Abolitionists in Congress who follow the lead of Wendell Phillips and other traitors who are out of Congress, are legislating to give the negroes more rights and privileges than they would ever dream of claiming for the whites. They profess to support the Constitution until it stands in the way of their schemes for negro supremacy, then they abandon the Constitution and stand by the negro. They are for preserving the Union if it will help the negroes and serve to keep their party in power, if not they are for destroying it.

What hope is there for the white race in America? Is there no man who cares for their liberties? None who loves the Union of our Fathers and the Constitution formed for the protection of the white people of the land? Are the negroes indeed to rule over them as the conspiracy of the Abolitionists designed they should do? Yes! A voice comes forth from the White House in Washington, on the anniversary of the birth-day of the Father of his country, just forty-two years from the day in which Lafayette and Jackson received the lock of hair from the beloved head of Washington—a voice breaks through the thick gloom, and says:

"My policy is intended to restore the glorious Union of these States, founded by Washington, whose name this city bears. The name of Washington is embalmed in the hearts of all who love free government. In the language of his eulogist, he was 'first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

Who is this that declares for Washington instead of old John Brown? whose soul has been marching on while his body lies mouldering in the grave? Are the souls of that illustrious trio of patriots, Washington, Lafayette and Jackson, slumbering with their bodies in the dust, or do they reanimate some human forms, and inspire them with the love of their fellow men of their own race, and to demand their liberties at the hands of despots and conspirators united for their destruction? Yes! The voice which spoke for Washington and liberty, was the voice of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee. John W. Forney wrote in Dec. 1860, the following for the Press, which he republished in June, 1864, to prove that Andrew Johnson was the living Andrew Jackson:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1860.

The cloud that has been hanging over the capitol and the country, has lifted.—The Union has found a gallant defender in the American Congress, in the person of the living Andrew Jackson of the South—namely, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. He concluded his two days' speech at half past four o'clock this afternoon. His manner and his language carried consternation to the hearts of the fire-eaters. They listened to his strong sentences with amazement. He recognized the existing Union as the greatest blessing conferred by God upon man, after the Christian religion. His whole speech was crowded with points and facts, and when the Senate adjourned the hearts of the Union men beat proudly.—The word has been spoken from the home of Jackson. Our threatened liberties have at last found a Southern defender.

Hail, then, to Andrew Johnson, the living Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee!

J. W. F.

Washington Dec. 20th, 1860. "If any body doubted that the Union still lives in the hearts of the American people," it was only necessary to hear the great speech of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, to dispel any such illusion. The man himself seemed to be inspired. Alternately eloquent and satirical, he portrayed the advantages of the Union, and laughed to scorn the efforts of those who are seeking its disruption. It was impossible, during the delivery of this speech, to avoid the conclusion that Governor Johnson, entirely self educated as he is, is a man of the highest intellectual development. His defence of the Constitution and the Union will be made a text book by all who cherish the recollections of the revolution, and who believe that the only way to preserve our free institutions, is by adhering to the present Government.

June 15th, 1864. We republish the above articles from "The Press," to show what high ground Andrew Johnson took in 1860-61, and with what ardor and power he placed himself in the front rank of the defenders of the Union. From the first day that treason was uttered on the floor of Congress to this, it has had no enemy more determined and inveterate than the Andrew Jackson of Tennessee."

Now, could it be believed possible that John W. Forney, who hailed Andrew Johnson as the living Andrew Jackson, in whom our threatened liberties had found a defender, is now denouncing that very man, because he still adheres to the same principles. Still believes that "the only way to preserve our free institutions, is by adhering to the present Government," and therefore rejected the offer of the Abolitionists to become dictator or King over the American Republic.

Secretary Seward says: "Why fellow citizens, the power offered to the President might tempt a Maximilian—a Louis Napoleon. It was insufficient to tempt Andrew Johnson, when the time shall come, when there shall be in the White House, a President, who, besides 60,000 men which he does need, will take 50,000 more which he does not need, and in addition to 11,000,000 dollars, will receive 25,000,000 more from a deficient Congress, then, I tell you the time will have arrived for the rolling of an Imperial Throne into the White House, and surrounding it with Imperial Guards.

And the Abolitionists all over the land denounce President Johnson for adhering to the principles of free Government, and spurning such an offer. Henry Ward Beecher says: "It is a most extraordinary spectacle of the times, to see Congress favoring a bill and putting it into the hands of the President, thereby clothing him with a power greater than any monarch ever wielded, and the President vetoing it, and returning it, and saying I cannot give my assent to it, vetoing a bill that makes him so strong. Do you suppose you will always have a President like Mr. Johnson?"

Had President Johnson been an abolitionist he would have accepted of a power greater than any monarch ever wielded, and the Abolitionists are all enraged to find that he is a true Democrat and not in favor of Monarchy.

Hon. Henry J. Raymond says, "We may still have one in power at Washington, who shall be called simply a President, but you will find that the likeness of a kingly crown will get upon his head, and he will wield more than kingly power, unless the principles laid down by President Johnson continue to form the basis of our Government."

John Van Buren says "President Johnson was offered a patronage that a King might envy,—a power that would have made him Dictator or President for life, and yet he rejected it."

Now who would offer such Imperial power to a President, except those who are in favor of Monarchy?

The title of King was offered to the Father of our Country, as well as the power of a Monarch. He rejected the offer with disdain. Andrew Johnson is therefore a second living Washington as well as a living Andrew Jackson. In him, our threatened liberties, from the tyrant Abolitionism have indeed found a defender. Every patriot should send a salutation to the White House, and say to the President as John W. Forney said in 1864, "Hail to Andrew Johnson, the living Andrew Jackson of Tennessee," and hail to the second Washington, the saviour of the American Republic!"

The Voice of the People.

Party men—mere trading politicians—who live by agitation and excitement, may rave as they please at the manly stand the President has taken against the destructionists in Congress. But the people of the country are heartily with him. They—the active business and laboring people—the money earners and tax payers—desire a speedy restoration of the Union—the re-establishment of the Government in its full constitutional action, that pecuniary burdens may be diminished by the return of harmony between the States, and the public debt redeemed by the increased productiveness of a united country. Government has ample power to enforce obedience to the Constitution and Laws in every State, County and Town; then why this continued agitation and acrimonious crimination? It is for the benefit of demagogues only, at the expense of the peace and safety and prosperity of the country. Agitators have so long fed upon it that it is hard to wear them; but the mass of citizens are tired of factionists South and North, and have resolved to be rid of them. Such agitators would ride the negro to death, and then sell his skeleton to an Abolition museum if they could advance their personal interests thereby; but both blacks and whites have tested the full value of such services, and pray to be relieved from such friendship; at all events they are resolved to emancipate themselves from radical dictation and control.

—The burning oil well at Pithole has been sending up a column of flame thirty or forty feet in diameter and sixty feet high for nearly four weeks. The ground is baked solid for hundreds of feet all around it. Trees in the neighborhood have commenced to put forth leaves, and grass has grown two inches high. The roaring of the flames can be heard a mile off, and at night a newspaper can be read several miles distant by the light afforded.

The "Buckshot" War.

THADDEUS STEVENS, THIRTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

It is known to our readers that Thaddeus Stevens is the recognized leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives of the "Rump" Congress. But, in view of the length of time which has elapsed, it may not be so generally known that this same man was the acknowledged leader of another "Rump" House many years ago; and, therefore, we propose to refresh their memories by a brief recital of a few of the most prominent incidents connected with the last named memorable body. We desire to do this with a view of showing that his whole public life has been characterized by a total disregard of the popular will, as well as of individual rights.

His first public act, which gave him any notoriety, was the *inquisitorial* committee he had organized in the House of Representatives at the State Capital in 1835, of which he was chairman. The object of this *inquisition* was to extort from men connected with the institution of Masonry, an exposition of their principles, including the secrets of the order, which it was alleged they had sworn to preserve inviolate. To this end many of the most prominent statesmen of the Commonwealth were dragged before this Star Chamber, and held in "durance vile" for weeks, and compelled to submit to every indignity that malice could invent. Had they been the *veriest criminals*, they could not have been subjected to greater ignominy.

Among those who were thus outraged may be mentioned the lamented Governor Wolf and Shunk, and the Hon. George M. Dallas—nor did even the sacred desk escape the persecution of this fanatical *anti-mason*. The Rev. Mr. Sprolls, an eminent divine of the Presbyterian church, was dragged by an officer of the House before the "modern jugernaut," as he appropriately styled the Committee, and put under the torture, with a view of compelling him to divulge under oath what he knew about this ancient and respectable institution. But he, following the example of the distinguished statesmen we have named, spurned the miserable tyrant, who would thus have him violate his honor. These men were only released from *durance* by the united votes of the Democratic members, who were of the opposition. Thus ended this *diabolical anti-masonic Stevens inquisition*.

We next find this man, Thaddeus Stevens, in 1838, at the head of a wicked conspiracy to overthrow civil government in our peaceful old Commonwealth, by ignoring the clearly expressed will of the people at the ballot box; and but for the indomitable courage of the Democratic members of the Legislature, the hellish plot would have succeeded, and "the election treated as though it had never been held."

There were two Senators and eight members of the House, who had been fairly elected by a majority of some seven or eight thousand, who this "sold, bad man" attempted to exclude from their seats, and substitute in their stead a set of men, who, it was notoriously known, had been rejected by the people by an overwhelming majority. This being an important chapter in the history of the man whose acts we are criticizing, our readers will bear with us if we go a little more into detail.

At the period last referred to, 1838, the county of Philadelphia elected two Senators and eight members of the House, separately from the city, and the county was divided into seventeen election districts, ten of which were Democratic and seven opposition.

When the return judges met it was ascertained that the Democratic ticket was elected, whereupon the seven opposition return judges *seceded*, and set up a little convention of their own; that is, they made out a certificate, setting forth that the Whig members had received the number of votes set opposite their names in the districts represented by these seven judges, excluding altogether the ten districts represented by the Democratic judges, which comprised much the largest proportion of the votes of the county.

This *minority paper* was forwarded to Harrisburg, as was also the certificate signed by the majority, and at the meeting of the Legislature the former was the only one presented in either House by the Secretary of the Commonwealth. To attempt a detailed statement of all that occurred during that memorable struggle between those who determined, at every hazard, to maintain the inviolability of the ballot box, and those who wickedly assailed it, would require more time and space than we can now appropriate. But, suffice it to say that, upon the motion of Mr. Stevens, the opposition members of the House went through the form of electing a Speaker, and before the Clerk of the House had called over the names of the members, to ascertain who was present, the tellers appointed by Mr. Stevens announced that Thos. E. Cunningham was duly elected Speaker.

None, of course, but the opposition members participated in this revolutionary movement, and they numbered but fifty one, including the eight spurious men

from Philadelphia, whose claim to seats was based solely on a paper signed by seven out of seventeen return judges, and which did not possess even the common forms of an election return,—which carried upon its face the most unmistakable impress of fraud.

While this "Rump" House was going through the mockery of electing other officers, appointing committees, &c., the Democratic members, having answered to their names, proceeded to the election of Speaker, which resulted in the election of William Hopkins. Thus was presented the extraordinary spectacle of two Speakers occupying the chair at the same time; no, not exactly the chair, for Mr. Hopkins occupied it, while Cunningham stood on the platform on his right.

On the night of the day on which these proceedings occurred, quite an exciting scene occurred in the Senate. In this body the same attempt was made, and for a time was successful, of forcing into seats two men as Senators who had been rejected by the people, and while Mr. Brown, one of the duly elected Senators, was making an effort to be heard in vindication of the majesty of the ballot box, some indignation was exhibited on the part of those present whose rights had been trampled upon, and Stevens & Co., finding themselves foiled in their treason, and fearing that a righteous retribution might be visited upon them, like trembling traitors, made good their escape out at a back window of the Senate chamber.

This "Rump" House met for some days in a room at Wilson's Hotel, and afterwards in the supreme court room, and the regular House met in the hall of the House.

It is due to three of the members of the "Cunningham House" to say that they never met with that body, after the first day, but having discovered the infamy of the conspiracy, like honest men went into the "Hopkins House," as it was called, in contradistinction from the "Cunningham House," and took the oath of office. This left the "Rumpers" with but forty eight members, including the eight spurious men from Philadelphia, who had been, as has been shown, rejected by a decided majority of the people. Those three were—Messrs. Butler and Sturdevant, of Luzerne county, and Montelius, of Union county. The latter testified before the committee of investigation that he told Mr. Stevens that his conscience would not permit him to sanction these "corrupt proceedings." "Conscience, indeed," said Mr. Stevens, "throw conscience to the devil, and stand by your party." The two Houses stood as follows:

HOPKINS HOUSE.

Regular Democrats without dispute 48
With Philadelphia disputed, 50

CUNNINGHAM HOUSE.

Regular Anti-Masons, without dispute 43
With Philadelphia disputed, 51

To aid in this infamous scheme of subverting the Government, Stevens induced Governor Ritner, who, though perhaps honest, was a very weak man, to call out the military, and some twelve or fourteen hundred volunteers, with all the pomp of war, with "buck-shot and ball," were quartered at Harrisburg for weeks, at an expense to the people of perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of intimidating the Democracy. But it failed; law and order were maintained, and the integrity of the ballot box preserved, very much to the discomfort of the conspirators.

Is it any wonder then, that a man with such antecedents should now be found at the head of a band of conspirators against "the life of the nation," setting at naught the unanimous protest of the white population of the District of Columbia, as well as those of the Southern States?

HOW TO RUN OFF WITH A PAIR OF BOOTS.—A few days since a stranger came into a boot and shoe store in Canal street to purchase a pair of shoes. He was a long time engaged in trying different shoes before he could find a pair to fit. Meantime another gentleman came in to buy a pair of boots. He soon found a pair which he drew on, and which fitted exactly, and while he was thrusting his hand into his pockets for the "ready" the shoe purchaser darted off with the shoes, without either payment, or even saying so much as "by your leave sir." "The villain!" exclaimed the boot purchaser and the bootmaker in the same breath, and both gave chase. The man in the new boots, however, had the best wind and the cleanest heels. He soon shot ahead of Crispin, while the latter urged him to push forward and overtake the shoes. There was no need of urging. The shoes turned a corner; the boots followed, and for anything that Crispin knows, they are pursuing each other yet.

IN MEMORIAM.—John W. Forney, D. D., was suddenly attacked with the Johnson "grip," the same disease that was so fatal in Mr. Tyler's administration, on the 22d instant, in front of the White House, Washington, which carried him off before assistance could be rendered. It is proposed to deposit his remains in the museum of the Smithsonian Institute, as a most wonderful specimen of a *new* *quadruple* *Jackass* of the nineteenth century.