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FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

### The Great Conflict Between Democracy and Abolitionism, or the War Upon President Johnson.

When the Chief Magistrate of this nation is publicly arraigned on a charge of "unexamined treachery towards the party whom he owes his election," Justice demands an investigation of the charges, before a verdict of condemnation is awarded against him. Among the most bitter enemies of President Johnson, now stands one, who, but a few weeks ago, was holding up his policy before the people, as worthy of admiration and hearty approval.

On the 4th of October last, John W. Forney, wrote as follows: "At the great Baltimore Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for re-election, and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee for vice President, all the doctrines known as radical were debated and disposed of by that great high court of the union party. Not a single doctrine like that of degrading the States into Territories, or that of exceptional confiscation—or that of making the issue of the question of universal suffrage upon the States, was endorsed, or even hinted at, in the platform, which had been first carefully considered, and finally adopted with tumultuous unanimity by the delegates. Here was the very question which must come up in the next Congress as it came up in the last, viz: Whether States which have duly cleansed themselves of secession, and honorably accepted the conditions of the Government, and sending Senators and representatives to Washington competent to obey the conditions of the oath should be rehabilitated with all the rights and franchises of their free equals, and whether the Senators and Representatives should be admitted into the National Council chambers? An article from the Nashville Union deserves our careful reflection. It says:

"Some of the men who dissent from the President's plan of reorganization, charge him with abandoning the principles and policy of the party which elected him, such a charge is without foundation. The party which elected him was not the Republican party proper, but a national Union party, composed of Republicans, Democrats, Abolitionists, and others whose views coincided in regard to the prosecution of the war. The idea of treating the rebel States after the suppression of the rebellion, as Territories, and denying them representation in Congress until they conferred political equality on the freedmen, formed no part of the bond which held them together. Had such a proposition been incorporated in the Baltimore platform, Lincoln and Johnson would have been defeated, and the nation to-day, under the administration of McClellan and Pendleton."

On the 28th of September, Mr. Forney says: "No statesman who watches the progress of public affairs, fails to ask himself whether had Abraham Lincoln lived, he would have pursued the course which is unquestionably the sincere, if not the settled policy of Andrew Johnson. It is instructive, as we trace the career of the departed President, to see how little of the partisan pervaded his action, and how much of the indulgent and forgiving philanthropist. He did nothing in anger, and was disposed to treat the offender with mercy, rather than to respond to the loud cry for vengeance. It is not unjust to either side to say that Abraham Lincoln never really came up to the expectations of what are called the 'earnest men,' and that his very last utterance, was an unconscious criticism of their counsel, and an undoubted difference from their policy. This utterance was his speech from the window of the white House on the 11th of April three days before he died. Let us then, as we contemplate the reconstruction policy of Andrew Johnson, do so in the luminous light of Abraham Lincoln's example."

Andrew Johnson says: "The war of these radicals is not simply upon me, but upon my predecessor also, whose policy I am now pursuing." Mr. Forney admits that the very last utterances of President Lincoln was an undoubted difference and condemnation of the policy of the radicals, and also that the convention at Baltimore which nominated him for President, and Andrew Johnson for vice President, discarded the doctrines of the radicals, or the Abolitionists.

Notwithstanding all this he glories now in having deserted President Johnson, who was carrying out the policy of his predecessor and the party which elected him, and joined himself to the party which he has often declared "hated President Lincoln," and of which Wendell Phillips whom he pronounced "a traitor in his very soul" is the acknowledged leader. Now when the President pronounces Wendell Phillips and his followers in Congress, Traitors, Mr. Forney exclaims, "what do I see? Andrew Johnson, in front of the Presidential mansion, denouncing leading patriots as traitors."

And yet this man had told the people long before that President Lincoln made a speech from the window of the White House concerning these same men, whom he might as well have called by the name of traitor, as to say that he differed from their policy, for if Abraham Lincoln was a patriot those who differed from his policy, and obstructed the restoration of the Union were traitors.

Forney says in the article quoted above, "It was scarcely within the scope of President Lincoln's argument to suppose that the obstacle to the restoration of the 'practical relations' between the seceded States and the Government would come from without these States, from those States which had been contending

to bring these sections back to their proper place, and thus restore the Union."

And yet Mr. Forney is now among those who have been fighting under the pretence of contending for the Union and who now declare the Union dissolved.—President Johnson says to the people of the North:

"You denied that any State could go out of the Union. The issue was made and it was settled that the States had neither the right nor the power to go out of the Union; with what consistency can any one now turn round and assume that they are out, and that they shall not come in?"

In the Press of April 2d, Mr. Forney says:

"President Johnson denounces the action of the radical majority in Congress as revolutionary. Notwithstanding his repeated assertions that he does not intend to take one step backward, he is beginning to be pretty well convinced that there are men in Congress as decided as himself, and a little more so."

That the President is right in denouncing the majority in Congress as revolutionary, is proven by Gen. Martindale one of the Republican speakers in the last New Jersey campaign. He says:

"The policy of the Republican party is a revolutionary policy, as radical as that which dethroned the Bourbons—more radical than that which brought the head of Charles I to the block. That policy is beyond the researches of statesmanship. It cannot be carried forward alone by the civil power; it demands the presence of that military power which achieved the victory."

That policy as we have seen was to make the President a military dictator, and hold the South under a military despotism. What was the revolutionary policy that dethroned the Bourbons, and who were the radicals that dethroned them? Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Brissot, and the other Jacobins of France, brought around the horrors of the French revolution, and dethroned the Bourbons by cutting off the head of Louis XVI, one of the mildest monarchs that ever sat upon a throne. Napoleon dethroned his successor, Louis XVIII, and became the military dictator over France. President Johnson refused to become a military despot, and besought Congress to maintain the Constitution and restore the Union founded by Washington and our patriotic fathers. They therefore raised the cry "let Andrew Johnson be crushed before the wheels of revolution."

The people remember that the revolutionists of France were enemies both to Gen. Washington and Gen. Lafayette.—They said Washington in the person of Gen. Lafayette shall not dictate to us the policy of France. They denounced him as a traitor, and ordered to the guillotine the loom friend of Washington. Sustain President Johnson against a revolutionary Congress, and you sustain Gen. Lafayette who fought for your liberties by the side of the father of our country. Uphold Congress against the President, and you uphold Robespierre and the Jacobins of France, who were condemned by Jefferson and Washington, and became enemies of your own patriotic ancestors who fought and died for American Liberty.

**EARLY RISING.**—Early rising gives long days, invigorating light in abundance, and healthy cheeks. This beautiful passage from Bulwer's *Caeston*, is worthy of perpetual remembrance: "I was an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The gladness of a happy child I doubt if any man can be called 'old' as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And youth!—take my word for it—youth in dressing gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of the youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dew sparkle upon blossoming hedge rows."

**FRANKLIN COUNTY.**—The Valley Spirit says: The result of the spring elections in the county is most gratifying to the Democracy. We have elected thirteen judges of election out of twenty three, with majorities in the aggregate amounting to 225—a gain of 359 on the vote of last fall. Hurrah for the "greenspot!" This is indeed a brilliant opening of the gubernatorial campaign.

Scholar, a bald man, and a barber, traveling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep; then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed: "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me!"

—Somebody has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be better taken in the night than in the day time. A photographer has missed several from the frames that hang by his door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

### THE MISER'S STORY.

I was born in England. I remember nothing but poverty, stalking crime and absolute want. The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the bleak-eyed old man who kicked and commanded me was my father, I never knew. Whether the old woman who sometimes fed and oftener beat me, was my mother, I cannot say.—All that I know is, that I had a miserable drag-about life of it, going round after cold victuals—knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was a rather good-looking boy; they call me good-looking now, for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I see them. Of course I was like the rest of my class. I could fight a little, and swear a little, steal a little, and eat a good deal—that is when I got the chance, which was seldom. I was ignorant—didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education—I never saw a book from one year's end to another?

And love—gratitude—hope—I could of course understand neither. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me. Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips—"I'm going to do something to-day." What that something was I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apologies for clothes, and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry, and skulked about grocery shops, hoping I could get an apple or something that would stay my appetite, till I felt in the humor for begging. Passing round the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man standing at his horse's head, gazing about him, somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," he cried out, "won't you take care of my horse for half an hour?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"I think it was the first time I had ever put on the 'sir'."

"There's a man!" he exclaimed. "I've got considerable fruit, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you; just stand here quietly—I guess nobody will disturb you."

He went away, and I stood for a while till I was tired. Then, thinks I, I'll get a handful of the fruit and run. But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I was a mean looking fellow, but he trusted me, and I won't abuse his kindness."

Something like this reasoning ran in my head, and I squatted down on the curbstone, feeling the importance of an honorable trust, as I had never felt such a thing before. Presently some of my fellows came along and hailed me. I told them to go on. They peered about the cart, and saw the sunny faces of the peaches.

"We'll have of them," they said.

"No, you won't," says I. "I'm put in charge here, and I won't see the first thing stole."

With that they began a rumpus. They reached over the cart. I struck them, and used such efforts that they all came pell-mell upon me, and we fought till the blood came, but I vanquished them. Just then out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"O, nothing, only I had to fight for your stuff here," said I.

"You did, eh? You've got a black eye for it."

"No matter," says I. "I meant those boys shouldn't steal a peach, and they didn't."

"Well, you've got good pluck, my boy; here's a dollar for you—but don't swear."

My eyes stood out.

"A whole dollar!" says I.

"Yes, do what you please with it, but I would advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart; "it pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him in his wagon.

I home! I thought I was in heaven, although I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I dared to put my feet upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me.

The next day there came a man to see me. I was washed clean, and had a good suit of clothes. Says he—

"Youngster, I'm going in where you live, and probably I shall make a bargain with your people. I want a boy—just such a bold, clever boy as you are, and if you behave yourself I promise you that you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

Well, that was good. I hardly dared to speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I never was so happy clear through as I was that day. They gave me some light tasks to do—I wished they were more important.

From that day I was treated as one of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children, consequently I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one he died, and left me seventeen thousand dollars.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth; it became an idol to me. How to increase it was my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel I put my money out at interest—bought stock and mortgages. I grew wealthier; my business (my benefactor had stocked me a fancy store) prospered, and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn haired—her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl, whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid! She was an heiress in her own right—she was beautiful and accomplished. Heavens! what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet, ravishing. I was charmed and she was pleased with me.

Alas! I met her too often. In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she magnetized, thrilled me. It was a triumph to feel, that so beautiful, gifted and wealthy a woman loved me—me, who had been brought up in the purlieus of a city—who had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her—she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale—that heavenly eye languid—and although I seldom met her, I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter, a touching letter, not one word of upbraiding, not one regret! Oh, what a noble soul I wounded! And she could calmly wish me joy, although the effort made her heart bleed. I knew it did.

I tried, however, to forget her, but I could not. Even at the time of my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before radiant in rich fabrics and glittering diamonds, the white face of poor Lucy glided in between, and made my heart throb guiltily.

Oh, how rich I grew! Year after year added to my gold. My miserly disposition began to manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks and then to my own safes. I put constraint on my wife—for very generously she had made over her whole fortune to me—and began to grumble at expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally ran up large bills where and when she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had open quarrels more than once. My clothes grew shabby; I could not afford to buy new ones, although the interest of my investments was more than I could possibly spend for rational living.

I finally grew dissatisfied with every thing but my money. I neglected my wife and grew careless about her society. Several gentlemen came to my house, among them a would-be author and celebrity. He came, I thought, too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue her company. She refused and I looked her up in her room. How she managed to set herself free I never knew; but in the evening, when I returned, she was gone from the house. That caused me some uneasiness, not much, for I was soon absorbed in taking account of my gains. It was perhaps nine in the evening. I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment, to read out its business details, when the door opened, and in came my wife, dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by the moustached celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, in the coolest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend.

"Stop!" I cried, my jealousy aroused; "that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman and my friend—shall sit here, sir," said my wife firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I collared the scoundrel. He was my match; but, God of heaven, my wife coolly put a dirk knife that she drew from a case into his hand and he stabbed me. I fainted, and remembered nothing more, till I found myself on a bed in my own chamber, watched over by my housekeeper.

"Where are they?" I gasped.

"Gone," was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash of lightning that nobody was near when I was wounded, that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed, perhaps, of all my available property.—The thought threw me into an agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my safe and bring me the papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there, and all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses and imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason; literally trading the verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deathly feel-

ing as I opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw standing, her soft eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment I thought I might be in heaven—but no—I reasoned with myself, I loved money to well. My treasure was of the earth. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but oh, did it not wear the sainted beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out, and I was once again innocent, untouched by the gripping hand of avarice, true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last, as my strength surely returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety she had left me, and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank.

I wandered around my room, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits. I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revolution. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, and deceived me, shattered my health, destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done to me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the discovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed, and lonely man. I had been thinking thoughts that only burned my brain, but did not purify my heart.

"If I had only married sweet Lucy," I said again and again, "all this had not been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter; an unusually large package it was—and as it bore a foreign postmark I opened it with a trembling hand. What was that? A rustling, crumpled bank-note! Another and another came forth until there laid upon my knees twenty bills of the largest denomination. A few trembling lines accompanied them:

"My husband—I am dying; my disease, there is no need to tell you. Forgive me and accept this enclosed as a faint effort toward restitution. It is not much over half that we took from the safe. The rest is—I know not where. I am deserted. Farewell, forever."

An icy chill thrilled me. It seemed as if her spectral presence was near me. I shuddered as I rolled the bills together, and threw them across the room.

"Lie there till I have conquered myself; ay, if the victory is not won till you are rotten."

I shut the door up and sealed it, and for six months I toiled like a penniless man, till I partially redeemed myself. By managing cautiously, I placed my business on a successful footing, and began life again as a new man. It took many a year to wear off my old habits of parsimony, but every effort gave me new and agreeable pleasure.

Meantime Lucy Manning became dearer to me than she had ever been in the flush of youth. I entreated her forgiveness, humbled myself in all ways, and convinced her at last that I was as worthy now as once I was in seeming. On the day of my wedding, I opened the sealed door. The bank notes lay where I had flung them. I took them up with the pride of a conqueror, and placing them in her hands, exclaimed:

"They are no longer my masters; use them as you will."

"Now I am a man—redeemed from the thralldom of covetousness. I have three blooming children. Lucy is an angel of goodness, and I, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am.'"

**A MATRIMONIAL TRICK.**—A rich old widower in Canada is said to have practiced a very artful scheme to gain the hand of the belle of the village. He got an old gipsy to tell the young lady's fortune in words which he dictated, as follows: "My dear young lady, your star will soon be hid for a short time by a very dark cloud, but when it reappears it will continue to shine with uninterrupted splendor until the end of your days. Before one week, a wealthy old widower, wearing a suit of black and a fine castor hat, will pay you a visit and request your hand in marriage. You will accept his offer, become his wife, and be left a widow in possession of all his property, before the close of this year. Your next husband will be the young man of whom you think most at present." Three days after, the old gentleman, dressed in the manner described by the gipsy, presented himself to the young lady, and the marriage followed. The year is more than out, but the tough old widower still lingers.

**LONG HOSE.**—A lady, a regular shopper who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough.

"I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made."

"Then, Madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the engine house."

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

### "Come Unto Me."

The wondrous spell of God's glorious presence rested upon the place. The music swelling over and around us, seemed almost angel tones; the soft pure light irradiating the room to emanate from the glory of his countenance. From the lips of his messenger, to whom twas given to break the bread of life to all of us that were an hungered, fell in low, reverent tones. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Down into the depths of our soul like oil they fell, calming the troubled waters there, and to our heavy weary eyelids, came refreshing, long repressed tears, watering the arid sands in our heart, and washing away the sinful, half insane rebellion against unalterable destiny, that like some dark, ill omened spirit, had preyed upon a feverish distorted fancy, till we had turned shuddering away from the phantom like picture of coming gloom and sorrow, that a morbid imagination saw through the mysterious, mystic veil of the future. "Come unto me." The dear tones of our blessed Saviour seemed repeating them over and over to us, not with stern command, but O so tenderly, and with such pitying, yearning love, till at last with a sudden, wild impulse, our heart broke away from its bonds of selfishness and pride, and bitterness, and with a passionate, pleading cry for forgiveness, bowed humbly down at his feet, and there rolled all its burdens off. "And I will give you rest." How very, very near seemed heaven to us then. Earth's clouds, and cold grey shadows, that had so lately lowered darkly round us, melted away into new clear sunlight of hope, and faith, and the complaining cry "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," that our spirit in its deep sadness had before uttered, changed to the grand beautiful anthem, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." The way that had appeared toilsome, and dreary, and desolate, now to our altered vision grew smooth, and easy to tread; roses bloomed along the path, whose dewy fragrance breathed of heavenly odors, sweet birds trilled and warbled their joyous notes, that seemed a prelude to the songs of praise angel choirs are ever chanting, their thrilling melody echoing through vast corridors of God's eternal church, and lingering even along heaven's vestibule—"the narrow way"—till they fall faintly, sweetly upon the ear of the weary traveler, inspiring his heart with new fervor and zeal, giving to his faltering feet fresh vigor and strength to push on in the upward way, till he reach the celestial gate, the "straight gate," of which our Saviour said, "to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

VIVIAN BELL.

### Vital Statistics of Mankind.

There are on the globe about 1,228,000,000 of souls, of which 369,000,000 are of the Circassian race. 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race. 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race. 176,000,000 are of the Malay race. 1,000,000 are of the Ande American races.

There are 3,648 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 3,333,333 persons. Thus at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 36 years. One Fourth of the population die at or before the age of seven years—one half at or before 17 years.

Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 80.

Married men live longer than single ones. In 1000 persons 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other month in the year.

One eight of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity.

In 1000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators, or public speakers; 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employes, 20 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 25 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 Christians. There are 5,000,000 Israelites. There are 80,000,000 of the Asiatic religion.

There are 180,000,000 Mahomedans. There are 200,000,000 Pagans. In the Christian Churches: 180,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic.

75,000,000 profess the Greek faith. 80,000,000 profess the Protestant.

**VALUE OF METAL-TIPPED SHOES FOR CHILDREN.**—An acquaintance who has three children, informs us that since he commenced buying tipped shoes (one year ago), he has saved the price of new boots for himself.—*Commercial Bulletin.*