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'SLAVERY' IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We owe to Mr. George H. Moore, the Librarian of the New York Historical Society, many thanks for the masterly and merciful exposure which he has just published of the impudent and utterly unfounded assertions of Mr. Charles Sumner, that "no person was ever born a slave on the soil of Massachusetts."

Not only has Mr. Moore unhesitatingly and brought all his pretensions of historic veracity to grief, but he has punctured in many places the gaseous volumes wherein Professor John Gorham Palfray has glorified the holy horror of those bogus saints, the "Puritan Fathers," to "traffic in human flesh."

The peculiar value of Mr. Moore's "History of Slavery in Massachusetts" consists in the calm, dispassionate way in which he dissects and utterly annihilates all the romance with which New England writers have surrounded those hard, harsh, cruel, truculent adventurers, bigots and sanctimonious hypocrites, whose landing at Plymouth Rock should ever be regarded as an irreparable calamity, like the appearance of the small-pox among the Indians and the rinderpest among the English cattle.

If the ruling passion of the early settlers in Massachusetts was not burning witches and persecuting all those who differed from them in religious faith, it certainly was the enslavement of human beings. The array of evidence collected by Mr. Moore from the early records, statutes, ordinances and annals of the Massachusetts Puritans, renders this fact indisputable. Immediately after their landing at Plymouth Rock, and before they were strong enough to reduce the Indians to slavery, they sold white offenders against their code of barbarous Blue Laws into slavery, perpetual and temporary. After their famous raid upon a slumbering Pequot town, the enslavement of Indians became a regular business with the Saints.

From the accounts of the Colony of Massachusetts for receipts and expenditures of an Indian war commencing 1745, and ending in 1748, Mr. Moore finds among the credits the following humane item:

"By one hundred and eighty-eight prisoners sold into captivity, £397 13s. 4d."

At that time the people of Massachusetts—the African kings and the—Algerines—were the only barbarians engaged in the export of slaves. The puritan fathers sent off ship load after ship load of Indian captives to foreign countries.

In the "Plymouth Record," vol. v., p. 173, in August, 1675, there is an order for the sale in "foreign countries" of "one hundred and twelve Indians." The accounts of the "Treasurer of ye Colonie" give us most interesting statistics of the extent of this traffic of the "elect of God" in human flesh.

In September, 1678, one hundred and seventy-eight "prisoners of war" were put on board a vessel commanded by Captain Sprague and sold into Spain. A humane Puritan named Elliot petitioned the Council to stop this traffic, but his petition was utterly disregarded and the traffic flourished.

In 1776 one hundred and fifty Indians came in and voluntarily surrendered themselves, praying mercy of the Puritans, but they were "sold for slaves," remarks Easton in his "Relation," and they were "shipped out of ye country."

The wife and child of the most celebrated of Indian Kings—we allude to Phillip of Mount Hope—were sent to the West Indies and sold. The Indian princess was the daughter of good old Massasoit, the first and best friend of the Puritans in New England, whose faithful friendship saved the Plymouth Colony from destruction upon more than one occasion. This fact Edward Everett states in one of his orations. Finally the Christian nations to whom these captives were sent refused to buy them, and a cargo of North American Indians were sold by the Puritans of Massachusetts to an African prince. This was carrying the slave-trade into Africa with a vengeance.

Mr. Moore devotes forty-eight pages of elaborated history to the traffic which the Puritans carried on for nearly half a century, in Indian captives, the preachers and elders writing long and sanctimonious arguments to prove that they were trafficking in human flesh in strict accordance with the "will of God!"

One of "Ye Saints" in 1637 coveting an Indian prisoner of war, proposes to buy the chattel, after the following characteristic fashion:

"It having again pleased the Most High to put into your hands another miserable dove of Adam's degenerate seed [meaning Pequot prisoners of war,] I am bold to request one of the children. I have fixed mine eye on this little one with the red about his neck, but I will not be particular about my choice."

One of the early Winthrops, in 1727, also claiming a share of the spoils of a midnight foray upon some Indian village, writes:

"Mr. Endeocott and myself salute you in the Lord Jesus. We have heard of a

dividance of women and children in the Bay, and would be glad of a share, viz: a young woman and a girl, and a boy if you think good. I wrote to you for some boys for Barmudas, which I think is considerable."

This exemplary gentleman was in the foreign trade it would seem.

Emmanuel Downing, who married into the Winthrop family, and who settled in Massachusetts as early as 1538, in writing to John Winthrop in 1648, furnishes a most luminous illustration of the views of the Puritan fathers on the subject of human slavery. He says:

"A war with ye Narragansett (Indians) is verie considerable to this plantation, for I doubt whether it be not a synne in us, having power in our hands, to suffer them to mayntaine ye worship of ye devill, which they doe. If upon a just warre the Lord should deliver them into our hands, we might easily have men, women and children enough to exchange for Moors (negrees,) which will be more gainfull pillage for us than we conceive, for I doe not see how we can thrive until we gett into a stock of slaves, sufficient to do our business. I suppose you know very well how we shall mayntaine twenty Moors cheaper than one English servante. The ship that shall bring the Moors may come home laden with salt, which may beare most of the charge."

Here we have a direct proposition to ship to Africa Indian captives, and bring back a cargo of more docile slaves, to help the Saints work out their destiny as the elect of the Lord.

Mr. Moore shows that in the "New England Magna Charta," the Body of Liberties of 1641, the Puritan fathers legalized the enslavement of "captives taken in just wars, (they never engaged in 'unjust war,') and of such strangers (meaning negroes) as were sold to them." Slavery, as it existed in Massachusetts, was, we hesitate not to say, the most shocking, brutal and inhuman ever practiced upon this continent. Had the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin laid the scene of her libelous romance in Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century, it would have been true to nature.

Mr. Moore, to show what negro slavery really was in 1639, quotes the following passage from Josselyn's account of his voyage to New England:

"About 9 o'clock of the morning Mr. Maverick's negro woman came to my chamber window, and in her own country language and tune sang very loud and shrill. I understood she had been a queen in her own country, and observed a very dutiful and humble garb used towards her by another negro, who was her maid. Mr. Maverick, who was desirous to have a breed of negroes, and, therefore, seeing she would not keep company with a negro man he had in the house, he commanded her 'will she will she' to lie with her! Which was no sooner attempted than she kicked him out again; and this she took in high disdain, and was the cause of her grief."

Refreshing commentary this upon the manners and morals of the "Saints."

Many of the Puritans were not so provident as the "chaste and godly" Mr. Maverick, for Mr. Moore says that generally "negro children were considered as an encumbrance in a New England family, and were given away like puppies."

Of the morals, manners, and hideous condition of the Massachusetts negroes, decency forbids us to say anything more, but the pages of Mr. Moore's history are replete with facts which show that their condition was infinitely worse than it has ever been at the South.

The work before us clearly demonstrates that both Sumner and Palfray have falsified history in their declaration that "no slave was ever born on the soil of Massachusetts."

In 1773, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that a negro born in New England was the slave of the owner of his mother. So, at a later day, in 1790, it was decided by the same tribunal that a certain negro in the Province, in Wexham, was a slave from 1765 to 1776, when she was freed by a special deed of emancipation. Three years later the same Court and the same judges, by an unanimous opinion, held a negro girl born in the Province to have been the lawful slave of a citizen.

Ample evidence can be found in many portions of Mr. Moore's work, that the children of slaves were actually held and taken to be slaves, the property of the owner of the mother, liable to be sold and transferred like any other chattels, and held as assets in the hands of executors and administrators.

With a cruelty which nothing but the truth of history justifies, Mr. Moore traces the original fugitive slave law in the Federal Constitution to "Articles of Confederation of New England of May 19th, 1643," which "Confederation" while it was, in the language of those who framed it, intended "principally to 'advance the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the Gospel in purity,' also took good care to provide for the recovery of the fugitive negro slaves. The Saints, in their articles of confederation which provide for the rendition of slaves, sententiously remark that "such servant is part

of the master's estate, and far more considerable part than a beast."

In the early days of Massachusetts, when the "Saints" solemnly re-enacted the laws of Moses, they attempted to justify all of their cold-blooded and atrocious misdeeds towards the Indians and negroes. Then they dwelt, as Mr. Moore shows, with great delight upon the justification of negro slavery by the Old Testament, and insisted that it was a divine institution. We find a reference in the volume before us to many of their scriptural arguments. Here are a few of them:

1. "These Blackamores are of the posterity of Cham, and therefore are under the curse of slavery."—[Genesis ix. 25, 26, 27.

2. "The niggers are bro't out of a Pagan country into places where the Gospel is wholesomely preached."

3. "The Africans have wars one with another. Our ships bring lawfull captives taken in these wars."

In the tax laws of Massachusetts "negroes and Indians are rated with brutes." Mr. Moore gives us a notable argument of Judge Sewell, in 1716, to prevent the discontinuance of so revolting a classification.

"It has been asserted," says Mr. Moore, "that in Massachusetts, the miseries of slavery were mitigated," but the record does not bear out the suggestion, and the traditions of the town at least preserve the memory of the most barbarous and brutal of all, "raising slaves for the market."

The first newspaper published in New England illustrates among their advertisements the most hideous features of slavery, as it existed among the most remorseless adventurers, who, even in the name of God, practiced innumerable vices and crimes.

The advertisements in the New England papers relating to the negro slaves are exceedingly curious. Negro men, women and children are mixed up in the advertisement with sales of wearing apparel, gold watches and other goods. "Very good Barbadoes rum" is offered with "a young negro who has had the small-pox," and competitors offer "likely negro men and women just arrived." "Negro men and new negro boys who have been in the Colony some time," and also "just arrived a third parcel of negro boys and girls." A "likely negro wench" is also advertised for sale, "with a child six months old, to be sold together or apart," and "a likely negro man taken by execution, to be sold by auction at the Royal Exchange Tavern at six o'clock this afternoon," concludes these extracts.

The length of this article constrains us to leave much the larger portion of Mr. Moore's history of slavery, as practiced among the Puritans, unnoticed.

It is a wonderful and startling record of the horrors and terrors of slavery as it was practiced for more than a century in Massachusetts and other New England States.

Base Ball.

This game is a great invention. It is easily understood. All you have to do is to keep your eye on the ball.

It's all about a ball.

They also use a bat. The bat is a club built on the model of the club Barnum killed Captain Co-k with. This is why the organization is called a club.

One fellow takes a club on a line, and another stands in front of him, and fires the ball back at him.

The chap with the club hits back. The ball flies in the other direction.

The first fellow drops the club as tho' he was scared, and runs like a pick pocket with an M. P. after him.

Several fellows run after the ball; somebody catches it and fires it at somebody else, when the chap who had the club stops running.

Another fellow then takes the club and the same man who is called "pitcher," pitches on him, fires the ball at him, and he hits back, knocks the ball, drops his club and cuts his stick for the first base.

Half a dozen fellows out on picket duty scramble for the ball.

One reliable B. B. is posted behind the club man, in case the club man misses the ball, to see that it don't go by and hit the Umpire.

When one side is out the other side goes in, and when both sides are out, it is called an innings.

It is quite an intelligent game, depending entirely on the use of your legs. The first principle of the game is running.

When you are "in" you run away from the ball; when you are "out" you run after it.

It is splendid exercise; keeps you so warm, consequently is always played in the summer time.

—General Cass's health has recently improved very rapidly, and he is now better than for some time past.

—There is now on record in the County Clerk's office in Newark, New Jersey, a document upon which there are revenue stamps amounting to \$1,955.

—Louis A. Colin has been held to answer for embezzling \$42,000 of the funds of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, and has been locked up to await investigation.

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellow men;
Masters, rulers, lords remember,
That your meanest kind are men—
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal right to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little sparkling rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Traveling in Brazil.

It was "7 o'clock on a Monday morning when we left the unbearably hot city of Rio, drove to the harbor, and went on board of a little steamer about as large as a common size railroad car. The day was hot, but the sky was clouded so that we were at least protected against the burning rays of the sun.

In an hour's time we were steamed across the splendid Bay of Rio, for Petropolis, situated on the opposite side. The Bay of Rio is so large that it contains several hundred islands. We passed a great number of them. Some were covered with luxuriant vegetation, and houses are scattered here and there near the shore, or are partly visible through the beautiful green of the tropical trees; others again consist only of bare rocks. A magnificent spectacle is presented by these rocks. Great, gigantic, smooth stones, one laid upon the other, hanging over the water, as if the hand of man had placed them there with great art and diligence. The boat had left Rio at 3 o'clock we reached the opposite shore. We immediately entered the railroad cars, and rode for about half an hour at a terrible rate of speed through a low wooded country, sometimes seeing uncultivated prairies, covered with broad leafed grass seven feet high, and sometimes fine fields, planted with corn and sugar cane.

The cars stopped at the foot of a mountain, seemingly as high as the clouds. I wondered how we could possibly ascend to such a height. We, however, entered a heavy wagon, and four strong mules dragged us along. The road which lead to Petropolis is a truly astonishing and interesting work of art. It is so wide that two wagons can easily pass at the same time. It is as smooth as a macedonized road, and is protected on one side by a wall which is continued up to the summit. Every traveler who visits Rio ought to see this wonderful road. During the ascent of the mountain a continuation of new views delights the eye of the traveler; the most magnificent waterfalls, murmuring rivulets, majestic trees, and the rich green of tropical vegetation.

After the lapse of an hour—about half way up—the mules were changed, and we had, in the forest solitude, the pleasing view of a little farm house. Before the door stood a young German and his wife. The latter bore in her arms a little light haired child. After a short delay we proceeded onward; before long we had the lower stratum of clouds beneath us, and the world seemed to be covered with a large white veil. At last the summit was gained, and the surprised eyes of our little party looked upon a new world.

Here, high above the clouds, a peaceful valley lay before us. On both sides of the road stood neat, clean looking houses, surrounded by gardens filled with the most fragrant flowers. This valley is elevated so high above the earth, that it is almost as quiet as if nothing could disturb its quiet and peace.

The land upon which Petropolis was built formerly belonged to the Emperor.

When the German colonists arrived every one of them received a piece of land, for which they had to pay a small yearly sum of money to the government. All the people here have fresh, healthy looking complexions, even consumptive patients, who come to this place from Rio, find the location to their advantage. The air is always mild, fresh and moist; we could feel its beneficial effects upon the system after the first twenty four hours of our stay here. If we expose ourselves to the rays of the sun, we, of course, feel it, as a Brazilian sun is always felt; but a fresh breeze is most always blowing, so that we cannot at all complain of heat in the shade and inside of the house. In the morning the weather is always fine; in the afternoon, however, rain falls regularly. The morning hours, are, consequently, mostly selected for walking out. We get here good, fresh, hard butter, while the same article in Rio is put on the table as a liquid state. This little colony seems to be quite a paradise; it has all the advantages of the most favored places on earth.

Last Sunday we went to church, for the first time since we left home. How unutterably happy we felt when we heard the words of hope and confidence which the venerable preacher uttered. They greatly comforted us and assured us that the Lord is near us everywhere, even on the remote mountains of Brazil.

Alpine Cookery—A Traveler's Invention.

A paper on "Switzerland in Summer and Autumn," in Blackwood gives an account of ascents of high peaks of the Alps, accomplished under great difficulties and accompanied by perils which are vividly described. Once, nearly overcome by fatigue and ready to perish with hunger, the traveler devised a rare soup, which seems to have had a magical effect. We copy his description.

It was six at night, and dark, when we got back to the Faulburg Cave. Oh, the horror of the last of one hundred and fifty feet from the glacier! I was so knocked up and shivering with weakness that I could not speak, and had to motion the guides to make me some tea. I had eaten nothing all the day except a few prunes, and I felt that I must either eat or die; but my stomach revolted at the prospect of the stringy leg of mutton with which Mr. Wellig had burdened us, of the tough bread, and of hard eggs, without salt or pepper, these condiments having been left on the Jungfrau. A great effort of gastronomic genius was necessary, and there luckily came to my aid sundry recollections of experience in another hemisphere. It was necessary, to make soup, and for that soup I determined to use all the ingredients at my command. I made Marti break the bone of the leg of mutton and produce some marrow; then the misanthropic iron pot was emptied of tea; and here, O weak minded cooks, were the ingredients I put into it; water, red wine, mutton marrow, hard eggs, cheese, bread, butter, honey and prunes. A sort of divine furor—a gastronomic inspiration—came over me, so that the quantity of each ingredient was most cunningly calculated. Never had I before tasted, never do I again hope to taste, such a glorious potage as this Salmonigondis a la Faulberg. It was not hunger that supplied the sauce, for I was so sick and weary that nothing but the most exquisite food could have roused my appetite. The red wine had diffused a warm fragrance through the whole mess; the cheese of Gruyeres more than supplied the want of condiment, and some of it had been burned at the bottom of the pot so as to give a fine pungent flavor; the marrow served as the very finest stock, the mutton and egg had been out to tenderness, and the mellowing honey unity to the whole. It was not only my eating which was the proof of this potage, contempt at the whole proceeding, and when I had finished, took up the pot with a skeptical leer and tasted the remnant by aid of a cup, for we had no spoon.

The very first taste, however, wrought an entire change in his opinions. Without saying a single word, he looked at Marti and handed the pot over to him. Marti tasted and looked eloquently at Ritz. Ritz looked at Marti, and straightway, without exchanging a single word, the two worthies fell to work to make a similar concoction. I am happy to say their combined efforts turned out a failure. That could no more have been repeated than "Paradise Lost" could have been re-written. Under its soothing influence, I was able to sleep the sleep of innocence, and peace in my rocky hollow, and did not wake until morning was far advanced; and Ritz, whose services were no longer required, had departed.

TO START RUSTY NUTS.—A little carbon oil, (kerosene) dropped on will penetrate the thread, and the screw can be immediately turned.

—Some burglars entered the residence of Hon. George H. Pendleton, in Cincinnati, on Tuesday night, while the family were asleep. They made themselves at home, lighted a fire, boiled some eggs, and made coffee; used the silver spoons, and singular to say, did not steal them.

How much makes a Man rich.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, formerly Secretary of State, requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he "I was called upon one morning, at my office, by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

"I replied that was my name."

"Bill Marcy?" said he. I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?" "I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at."

"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force: "I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who lived in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?"

"I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me, I couldn't recollect even having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name."

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, and we used to go to school together, thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose?"

"I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in:

"Oh! yes you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller for—for a long time; and the next time we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I know that you would come to something."

"I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?'"

"Oh! yes," said he; "I can't get nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State." "And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

"Well, he replied, 'I dont know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash!' And he was rich, for he was satisfied."

The Treasury Clerks

Secretary McCulloch has rendered his report concerning the clerical force of the Treasury, called for by a recent resolution of Congress. From this report we learn that the total number of clerks employed in the Treasury is 2,005, of which number 439 are females. Of the 1,566 male clerks, 547 have served in the United States army, and if the female clerks and copyists at least three fourths have lost near relatives during the war. In compliance with the instructions of the President, the Secretary has appointed mastered out and disabled soldiers to positions wherever practicable. Of 106 watchmen, messengers, and laborers, 83 were partially disabled in the service.

Negroes for the Offices in the South.

The recent announcement of the Chronicle, that "it did not see why the post-offices of the South should go a begging while the black element remains in the South," seems to have been an authoritative utterance of the cabal that rules Congress. For the House Committee has reported adversely on the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Postmaster General for such a modification of the test oath as will enable them to supply the small offices needed at the South for the assessment and collection of revenue, and for the diffusion of letters, and newspapers among the people.

—A Newspaper correspondent says that in Georgia, where Sherman's army made a sweep of all the carriages, the ladies go visiting in cars. They call them cadies de visite, and console themselves with the thought that they are in the height of fashion.