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For the Montrose Democrat. The Great Conflict between Democracy and Abolitionism—Or between Liberty and Despotism.

Centralization of power was the great evil against which the American patriots endeavored to guard the country, by securing legislative authority to the several States. It is this feature of our Constitution that has preserved the Republic so long. France has no conception of a State in which different provinces shall be self-governing, enacting and executing their own laws. England has just begun to discover that this is the true principle of government; ignorance of this law cost her the brightest jewel in her crown. After the American colonies had achieved their independence, they were jealous of their right of self-government, as independent States. Any attempt to rob them of their sovereignty would have signally failed. The fathers of the revolution understood what the genius of freedom required. They knew that the surest foundation for permanent, harmonious union, was the recognition of independent State sovereignty. The powers of Congress were defined, and the field of legislation restricted. Instead of governing the States by a central, paramount authority, each State is guaranteed supreme control within its own limits. All history shows that for any great extent of territory, a consolidated republic is an impracticable form of government. It must be ephemeral. It contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. It will either be broken into fragments by jarring interests, or pass over into the hands of a Dictator. The fugitive slave law thus interferes with the sovereignty of the States, and if the claim over the States is persisted in, collision is inevitable—revolution is begun.

The above theory of our government was given by a religious organ of the anti-slavery Society in 1857—the American Baptist—and although the return of fugitive slaves to their masters was a compact between the States, and one of the compromises of the Constitution when the Union was formed, these Abolitionists were so tenacious of the sovereignty of the States, and the right of each State to self-government, that they declared civil war, if the laws in regard to fugitive slaves should be carried out; and said that resistance to those laws was as justifiable as the resistance of their fathers to the stamp act of the British government. Yet, although they declared that centralization of power was the great evil which the American patriots endeavored to guard their country against, they formed a conspiracy to centralize all power in their own hands, and take away the right of self-government from eleven American States. They declared to the world that it was this very feature in our Constitution that had preserved our Republic so long; yet they have proposed an amendment to the Constitution which destroys that feature, and thus destroys the whole structure of our government, and consolidates it into an empire.

They owned that "our fathers were jealous of the right of self-government, as independent States, and any attempt to rob them of their sovereignty would have signally failed."

Yet they admit that they have waded through four years of bloody war to compel the South to be robbed of the rights which our fathers would have yielded but with their breath.

They admitted that "the powers of Congress were defined by the framers of our government, and the field of its legislation restricted."

Yet this abolition Congress claims unlimited power over eleven unrepresented States, and an unrestricted field of legislation.

They admitted that "instead of States being governed by a central, paramount authority, each State is guaranteed by the Constitution supreme control within its own limits." Yet they now claim the right to govern the Southern States themselves, and usurp supreme control over the domestic affairs of six millions of people, whom our fathers forbade their intermeddling with under the penalty of law.

They asserted the fact that "all history shows that for any great extent of territory, a consolidated republic is an impracticable form of government; that it will be broken into fragments, or pass over into the hands of a Dictator." Yet with the ink still bright upon the pages which recorded these declarations, this very Abolition party resolved, for the sake of power, and under the pretext of giving liberty and equality to the negro race, to overthrow the government of their fathers, and destroy the liberties of the white people of America. They conspired against the liberties of their own race, and resolved to pass them over into the hands of a Dictator. What aggravates their crimes, and makes their treason more odious is, that they waded through oceans of blood, bearing aloft the banner of the Union, to win soldiers to the strife, while a consolidated empire was written beneath its folds.

And now for the proof that President Johnson was right in declaring that Congress was but a nest of traitors, trying to

destroy the Union, and establish a monarchy. We give this same paper as authority. As it is what is called an orthodox Abolition organ, it should be entitled to more credit in its assertions and declarations of the principles of that party than the organs of the infidel Abolitionists, although they all act in concert and harmony together in the great conspiracy for the overthrow of the government. After laboring assiduously for thirty years to drive the Southern States from the Union so as to bring on a civil war, the Abolitionists succeeded at last. War began and their hour for the consummation of their conspiracy arrived. The President of the United States called out troops to put down rebellion and "maintain the integrity of the National Union," and the Abolitionists joined in the patriotic uprising of the people to suppress the insurrection, but with what motives will be seen in the following records of their intentions and designs. The Abolition papers quoted above says, in June, 1861:

"Slavery must go down. Human laws and Constitutions that rest not on natural rights are as cobwebs. Temporizing statesmen and legislators, who have no higher ideas of government than are derived from the Constitution and statute books, are not the men for these times. We must have magistrates of the Cromwellian stamp, who, in the absence of law for punishing the guilty, be they monarchs or subjects, will not hesitate to make one. We do not want leaders who will prate of Union, the Constitution and the Flag. The men who are in earnest value Constitutions and laws only as means to an end—instruments through which they can secure human rights; and when they no longer accomplish the object for which they were designed, they are trampled under foot as nullities."

"In 1787 the Constitution was formed and we became a nation. By this instrument the powers of Congress were enlarged, but still no distinct authority was conferred to legislate upon the internal affairs of the States. On the contrary, several provisions were inserted, though avoiding the obnoxious word slave, and so worded as to suit the slaveholder's purpose, and to admit of that construction in his favor which has prevailed from the day of its adoption till now. Congress could declare war, but its authority to legislate for the States, or to right domestic wrongs, was not admitted. But the tramp of armed legions echoes along the Potomac, and it is for Congress now to make its watchword universal freedom to the slave."

Finding the Constitution still in their way, in September they all conspired together to trample it under their feet as a nullity. They said:

"Whatever the estimation in which the Constitution has heretofore been held, and we know it has been worshipped with a reverence nearly amounting to idolatry, it is perfectly plain that it is rapidly losing its importance in the minds of the people. The popular rallying cry is simply 'Union.' The Constitution is of secondary importance. Another change will be the further consolidation of our government. The separate States, which have heretofore been allowed almost the entire control of their own affairs, can never again enjoy the same freedom from Congressional control. The Southern States have so abused the independence they have been left to enjoy, so violated all their federal obligations, that a strong centralized government becomes an absolute necessity. The doctrine that Congress cannot interfere with 'social and domestic institutions,' is not, never was, and now, as we believe, never can be, a part of our Constitution. The theory that every State can make whatever absurd law it pleases, without interference from Congress, cannot be tolerated."

In July, 1812, the same Abolition organ continues thus:

"By assuming the perpetuity of the Republic, it is easy to see that it must undergo considerable change of form and structure. The broken Union can never be restored. The crisis through which we are passing is not a mere insurrection—it is a revolution. The result, should the nation survive, will be the more complete solidification of the Republic. We may desire or deprecate, but no human ingenuity can prevent it. The success of the national arms ensures a consolidated empire. We may change our Constitution, or retain it as it is; but its practical working will be centralization. The power of the separate State governments will be reduced to the smallest proportions. Henceforth we are a United State rather than States; a consolidated Republic; or it may be, an Imperial Despotism. 'We protect and defend the rights of universal man' will be the motto of the age now coming. John Brown caught a glimpse of that glorious idea when he told his captors that the Golden Rule was his warrant for delivering the captives from their bonds. The soul of the gallant old hero is marching on, and is giving shape and substance to the Republic that is to be."

An imperial despot protecting and defending the rights of universal man! Such is the government the Christian Abolitionists of our country have been preparing for us, under the leadership of the

spirit of old John Brown. Carlyle, in his history of the French revolution, says:

"Very frightful it is when a Nation, reading asunder its Constitutions, seeks its wild way through the New Chaotic."

Such a frightful vision has been before the minds of the thinking people of the North for five long years. It was asked by Couthon of one of the Jacobins in the French revolution, of which the late war is almost an exact repetition—history repeating itself—"What hast thou done to be hanged, if counter revolution should come?"

The Jacobins of America may well ask this question of each other; for, as they have often said, "revolutions never go backward." They should remember that in France it devoured its own authors. Are the followers of John Brown, who are trying to establish the same kind of government in America that Robespierre tried to establish in France, (as we shall prove,) any better than the followers of Robespierre?

Andrew Johnson said in 1859: "I want all these modern fanatics, who have adopted John Brown and his galleys as their Christ and their Cross, to see who their Christ is! He stands before the country as a highway robber, and a murderer. He whose hands were red, crimson with the blood of a father and his two sons, fell at Harper's Ferry with his two sons. It seems that Divine Providence intended it as an illustration that vengeance will not only overtake its victim, but mete out justice in a similar manner!"

Justices having overtaken the leader of those blood-thirsty fanatics, it is reasonable to believe that it will yet overtake his followers. Their war records are not all yet brought out. The next number will exhibit more fully their high-handed treason.

My Mother's Voice.

There's music in the Autumn wind,
Around the dripping eaves,
And where its pinions stop to play
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow
Along the pebbly shore,
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song
I hear through evening's shade,
And in the low distant herds
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play,

But there's music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice,
Now in the land of bliss.
A music time may never still;
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear
In mansions in the skies,
But there's not a sound on earth
Like mother's gentle voice.
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
As Nature whispers in my heart,
She will not come again.

A mother! oh, when she departs
Her like is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only, only one!
And brighter will that record grow,
Through all the changing years,
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of Sorrow's tears.

General Sherman in a recent speech at New Haven talked very plainly. He told the crowd gathered to receive him, that the people of New England had been too hard on the South, and were too strong in their prejudices, but perhaps they were not responsible for it, as they have been so educated. He was for the whole country, North and South alike, and he was willing to forget and forgive all past differences.

His sentiments are those of nine-tenths of the gallant men who did the fighting during the war. The radicals, who stand at home, are the men in favor of extermination.

THAD'S FLOCK.—A southern papersays that 127 negro babies have been born in a neighboring county since the meeting of Congress. Of this number more than fifty were named Thad. Stevens. The assessor asked the mothers the reason for naming their babies that name, and they universally replied that they had been told that there was a great man in Congress by that name whose wife is a negro woman.

—The N. Y. Independent says: "The name that nerved our volunteers and gave us victory at last over rebellion, was the saintly one of old John Brown." This may be true as regards such soldiers as Gen. Geary. It was Stonewall Jackson's name, however, that nerved the General's legs when he put Snickersville so far behind him.

HIS WITS ABOUT HIM.

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways; said peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulant state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that; but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And, as to his ever being surprised at anything, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion in his life. What that occasion was, I shall naturally mention before I am done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the academy at Sandford, one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sandford school. The principal's house was on the corner across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen or so of the students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the floor piazza, studying. It was late in a summer's afternoon. As he entered the gate I leaned over to look at him, and when he was just underneath, I chanced to drop my book. It struck him on the shoulder, and fell thence to the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his big cane.

What does he carry that big cane for? thought I; and why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do any other thing that a rational being would!

He rung the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it he never looked at me once—nor, indeed, at any one else, it seemed—which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than I ever did at any other young man in my life—in the same length of time.

After tea, we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing, and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then, for the first time, looked at me—rather, he looked through me—as if he saw something behind me, and my head were as transparent as glass. Then he smiled and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the peculiar manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know. When Belle Harrison asked me, afterward, how I liked her cousin, I said I didn't like him at all. She only laughed, and said she believed nobody ever did like him at first.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner—which I had been taught to believe was not an inferior manner, by any means. My voice is good, and I had received the best musical culture. What mysterious influence was at work upon me I did not know; for, if ever I thoroughly disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked this Mr. Harrison; but it is true, notwithstanding that I sang for him; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments, if he chose to make any, or his manner and its meaning, if he chose to hold his tongue.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall—looking at it standing up, with his hands clasped behind him, and his back to the company. Was there ever such a clown?

"What was the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor.

I told him.
"I must have it," said he; "it is exquisite." And he took out his lead pencil to write on a card the name of the piece. He broke his pencil lead. "Will some one lend me a knife?" he asked. "I have left mine."

Mr. Harrison heard the question, tho' he was still looking at the painting, and produced a large pocket knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It's very sharp," said he; "be careful."
The first thing Redway did was to cut his hand. The blood spurted out in jets. He turned pretty white, but just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said it was "a mere scratch, of no consequence."

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke; "it's of some consequence. You'll lose your life, if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took his knife, shut it carefully, put it under the handkerchief next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceased to flow.

"Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison.

"A doctor!" uttered Redway. "Isn't this a good deal of fuss over a little cut?"

"A little cut," said Mr. Harrison, "when you cut an artery, it is a big cut."

Dr. Miner, was three doors off, and he came in a few minutes. He expressed great approbation of you Harrison's conduct.

Young Harrison as unconcerned as a post, had returned to his inspection of the painting he seemed to admire so much. Mr. Redway soon went off with the doctor.

The knife lay on the table. Out of pure impudence, or some similar feeling, I took up this terrible knife, and accidentally cut the end of one of my fingers nearly off. I screamed loudly, for it was a horrid wound, and the blood flowed copiously.

"Well, upon my word!" remarked Mr. Harrison. "Here's another!"
Another! How contemptuous the word sounded me! I, Margaret Baily Monroe, confessedly a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heiress to a hundred thousand dollars—I was just "another!" Why didn't he call me a person, and done with it?

"Well, what would he do with my frightful wound?"

"Mix a little flour and salt and put on it," said he; "that will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

It may have been a trifle, but it was enough to make me swoon. Or perhaps I swooned out of downright vexation at the man.

When I recovered, he was gone. By and by when Belle and I were alone—we roomed together—I asked her what Mr. Harrison said and did when I fainted.

"He said," Belle answered, "lay her on her back, and leave her alone?"

"Is that all he said?"
"No; not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put it on your finger, and said, 'There tie a rag around it.'"

A rag!
I should certainly hate this young man. After that he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep my mind off him an hour at a time.

I was not long in learning something of his history. It seems that a love of adventure had sent him on a cruise round the world, when he was a boy of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country four years without interruption, and on his return had decided to go to the academy a short time to correct certain lacks in his education. This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school—for he was twenty one if he was a day, Belle assured me. I myself was about seventeen. I was the only female student of German at the academy, and it was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me, I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him after all.

The following winter, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells one moment in an upper chamber which was used as a cloak room for the lady guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red hot. Nellie was a pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some gauzy fabric, and going too near the stove, it took fire. I ran out of the room, screaming at the top of my voice:

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison! Oh, Mr. Harrison!"
He came quickly into the hall; saw me; was up the stairway with a bound; and as I was running back into the room, he went past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, and took in all with a quick cool glance. Nellie had hauled a quilt from a bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames. He threw her on the floor, rolled her over and over in the quilt, like a mummy; and extinguished the flames at once—bugged her, too. She was very badly burned, after all; but her face was not touched by the flames; so that she was just as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr. Harrison afterward, to a group that clustered about him in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"—he looked at me—"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile. "If I ever marry, I shall marry a sensible woman—a woman who would not set up a scream if your youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor."

Somehow, I was vain enough to think this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should certainly scream in such case. It was my nature to scream, and how could I help my nature?

As for that poor little Nellie Wells, I hated her and almost wished it had been my own dress that had caught fire—only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison would have come and wrapped me in a quilt and hugged me.

From that day forward, some powerful influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured to the pursuit of perfection, to ask him how he could do it.

"I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sympathy with those in peril—that I feel very strangely the necessity for being calm when the others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady may have for losing her wits—and that is, at the best, very little—a man has no excuse whatever. I always try to keep my wits about me."

"To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or change the sex, her wits about her."

"Just as," I added, "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it said he.
On one thing I was fully determined—he never should hear me scream again.

However, he left school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months. I had effected a great change in myself when we met again.

It was in the summer of the year which saw me pass my twentieth birthday day, that we met at Niagara Falls. He was there with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Harrison, and I with my mother and sister.

On a certain day, we were all taking a walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank some fifteen or twenty feet, and out of reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank after it, but though he used proper caution, his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, as he was returning, and he slid rapidly down, to the very verge of the precipice. I expected nothing else than to see him go over, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks a hundred feet below; but though the three other ladies screamed loudly, I did not. You see, I was pretty thoroughly drilled by this time. However, as Mr. Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, he threw out his right hand—still holding the parasol in his left—and seized the upturned roots of a tree which leaned out over the chasm. The tree shook violently under the sudden shock, and the roots began to tear themselves out of the thin soil slowly and steadily, under the influence of this superadded weight. In a few minutes more it would give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I knew my face was pale, and I was terribly frightened; but I leaned forward and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to do."
"Take all the ladies' shawls, skirts, and any other articles of dress that you can spare, and which are strong; cut them in wide, strong strips; tie them firmly together and make a rope."

I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, he very sure. He while I was doing his parting, and he spoke as deliberately as if he stood in safety by my side.

"Your calmness is quite charming, Miss Monroe," said he. "Be sure and make the knots tight. I judge that this tree may be relied on with perfect confidence for ten or fifteen minutes yet. Your rope is long enough, now, I think. Tie a stone to the end, and let that end down to me. That's it. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come up to you."

He drew himself up, hand over hand, with extreme caution, and was saved. My mother's parasol was restored to her with a courtly bow; and he brushed the dust from his clothes and walked away with us. I walked by his side; but he made no reference to the peril just passed.

That evening however, as we sat on the piazza of our hotel, where it overlooks the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below!—he said:

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and I can thank you for saving my life, without offence to the other ladies."

It was too dark, out there, for him to see the blush of delight that went over my face at these words. How much they meant to me!

"I knew I was as good as saved," said he, "when I saw you standing with tightly clasped hands and your under lip suppressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself which you manifested to day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere it would naturally have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings."

The tone in which he uttered these words was so tender and true—it said so plainly that he would gladly devote all his future life to me! But, though tone and manner said this, his words did not say it; and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant who had been a school mate with my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married.

I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already betrothed. He was an agreeable companion in the parlor—a good dancer, and all that; but cared I more for one look of Joseph Harrison's earnest, honest gray eyes than I did for William Willis's whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay. He arrived on the evening of the