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[The following poem, brimfull of pleasurable and characterized in every line by true poetic genius, is from the facile pen of our friend William Fordham, of Somerset, Ky. Mr. F. we knew among our old friends of the editorial fraternity, and we note with pleasure his every contribution. May there ever shine for friend F. a "lucky star" to light his way on life's uncertain paths.]

THE STAR SHOWER.

BY WM. FORDHAM.

Can I ever forget, those terrors sublime,
That thrilled thro' my nerves at that notable time
When the stars were to fall? Ah! well I remember,
That night of all nights, in the month of November,
When the meteors' glare would illumine the night,
So terribly grand, so dazzling, so bright,
Determined to see all the glories of heaven,
When the gods from their homes in the stars should be driven,
I had taken my stand at the root of a tree,
Where I could see no one, and no one see me;
To protect me from cold, and the inclement air,
I'd provided myself with a competent share
Of all I thought needful, for viewing the stars,
Two bottles of whiskey, and a dozen cigars.
In order to brighten my vision I took
Four ample potatoes to help me to look.
Then turning my face toward the beautiful stars,
Gazed steadfast and fixed at the planet called Mars.
The heavens glowed bright with cerulean blue,
But instead of one star, I thought I saw two;
This wonder amazed me a little at first,
But soon I conceived it had already burst,
And waiting awhile his godship's desire,
Ere he started to move in his chariot of fire.
It was painful indeed to be gazing so long,
And the bones of my neck, though healthy and strong,
Were nigh being broke with the twisting they got.
With looking straight up, all the while at one spot,
My neck gave a twinge, from the effect of the strain,
And I drank of my whiskey, to ease me of pain.
Half mad with anxiety, whiskey and fear,
Expecting each star to leap from its sphere,
And plunge through all parts of infinite space,
And annihilate all but the African race,
I gazed and drank on, and smoked my cigar,
Till star after star was added to star;
The firmament never had shone half so bright,
With new constellations created that night;
New galaxies formed at every potation,
And wheeled into orbits in proper rotation,
Had I stood at the head of the starwise profession,
With the aid of the glasses I had in possession,
A thousand new stars would have brightened my fame,
And a thousand new titles attached to my name.
As it was, even then I was crowned with delight,
By the wonders displayed, and discoveries that night;
My joy was unbounded; like a king on his throne,
The stars were my satraps, the world was my own;
On the pinnacles of Fame I could visit each star,
And myriads of votaries would welcome me there.
As I gazed on our planet's broad banner unfurled,
And drank the ecstacy and joy of the world,
My bosom grew big with emotion and pride,
For Science my hand-maid, and Fame as my bride,
Stood gazing in wonder and pride at my form,
Like an eagle defying the tempest and storm.
Oh, World! I exclaimed, how beauteous thy face,
How verdant thy landscapes, how firm in thy place,
How sweet are the flowers that to man thou hast given,
How glorious the twinkling star-light of Heaven,
The dew-drops and crystalline fountains how pure,
How balmy the zephyrs, how constant and sure,
Thy seed time and harvest, how beauteously thy spring,
When the waters and warblers enchantingly sing,
Oh bright shining worlds above me, shall ye
Leap forth from your orbits, as frantic and free
As the lightning in frenzy! as chainless and grand

As the comet's bright glare by the sun's fury fann'd!
O tell me bright orbs that bespangle the sky,
Are ye to dissolve, to fade out and die—
Like the Pleiads shoot forth and start from your sphere,
No longer to shine on the star-gazers here?
O twinkle once more, oh stars of my heart,
And cheer my despondency, ere thou start
On thy way to the utter dimensions of space,
To find the lost Pleiad, the first of thy race
Who wandered away from their orbits on high
And bade their companion an eternal good bye.
As I spake the last word, I stumbled and found
Myself in despair, supine on the ground;
Each star in the heavens above me burst forth
In bright scintillations above the whole earth:
My vision a radiant spectrum presented,
And heavenly glories were there represented.
The heavens dissolved; a thousand wild stars
Shot forth from the disc of my favorite Mars.
Oh God! I exclaimed, has my own mother earth,
The home of my childhood, the place of my birth,
Left her place in the skies to follow the track
Of her frolicsome sisters, and never come back?
A thousand wild fancies revolved in my brain
As I writhed in the maddening contortions of pain.
The day was approaching, I lay there alone,
With the clear sky above me, my head on a stone,
My whiskey all gone, and my favorite Mars
Still shining in heaven, the king of stars.
I have only to say to Professor Agassiz,
And a score of such astronomical asses,
When they fool me again with the falling of stars
They may find themselves riding astride of old Mars,
And butting their heads 'gainst the rocks in the moon,
Or be sent on a goose to the skies with a broom. QUINXUS.

For the Democrat.

A History of the Great Struggle in America between Liberty and Despotism.

We have heard from the lips of learned men in the Republican party, a denial of the fact that Gen. Washington refused the offer of a crown. We there appeal to history to establish the truth that there was a party during the Revolution, and at the formation of our Constitution, which desired a king instead of a Republican form of government, which has been acknowledged by the party in power to have been the "best government ever established upon the earth." It was to maintain and uphold the government already existing, and not to overthrow it and establish another, that President Lincoln called out his immense army of warriors. To overthrow the best government on earth and build another, was the design of the leaders of the party now in power, and this is the party which was defeated in its plans when the government was formed, and the aims and intentions of that party are to change the American government into a despotism or a monarchy.

S. C. Goodrich in his history of the U. S., says:

"Had Washington been as ambitious as Napoleon, or even as Bolivar or Francis, he might have been dictator for life as well as they. Such a course was even proposed to him in 1782, when it was believed that the country was not yet ready for anything but a qualified monarchy; but he turned from it with disdain."

In the funeral oration on the death of Washington, by David Ramsey, in Charleston, S. C., in January, 1800, he says:

"If Washington had been a Julius Caesar, or an Oliver Cromwell, all we probably would have gained by the revolution would be a change of our allegiance; from being the subjects of George the Third of Great Britain, we should have become the subjects of George the First, of America."

In the Masonic eulogy upon the death of Washington, before the brethren of St. John's Lodge, by brother Geo. Blake, he says:

"There was a time when, had the ambition of a Caesar been united to the power of Washington, this fair country which we now inhabit, this fair residence of liberty and peace, might perhaps have been prostrate at the feet of an imperious tyrant. Was there not a time, my brethren, when Washington might have decried our councils as Cromwell garbled the Parliament, and trampled with impunity on the freedom he was commissioned and affected to protect? But, praise be

to heaven, our Washington was incorruptible by the possession of power and glory. At the altar of Liberty, when he presented our Charter of Independence, he also laid down the sword by which it had been achieved."

In the eulogy of J. M. Sewall, of Portsmouth, N. H., on the death of Washington, he says:

"Did Washington, like Caesar, after vanquishing his country's foes, turn his conquering arms against that country? No. Before the great council of our nation the patriot hero now appeared, and in the presence of numerous admiring spectators, resigned his victorious sword into the hands of those who gave it."

In another funeral eulogy pronounced by Josiah Dunham, at Oxford, Mass., he says:

"Compare Washington with the heroes, the patriots, the sages, the legislators of antiquity. Do we not find him as much their superior as the golden sun is superior to the swift meteor of night? As a hero, compare him with Alexander, with Cromwell, with Caesar. Alas! Where is their greatness? What were their virtues? Curse on such virtues! They have undone their country. Cromwell, with sacrilegious zeal, destroyed a throne to enthroned himself. Caesar subdued nations; but Caesar was ambitious—he enslaved an empire! Washington fought not to conquer, but to defend; not to ruin the foe, but to protect his people; not to enslave a country, but to free, to bless, and build up a nation; to establish it on the broad basis of equal rights, under the enjoyment of liberty, and under the protection of law."

Wm. Linn, D. D., in his funeral eulogy on Washington in N. Y. City, delivered the following panegyric:

"America claims as her own, one who was justly the admiration of the world.—And shall she be silent in his praise? But the language of mortals can with difficulty, if ever, reach so noble a theme. The name of Washington is above what Grecian or Roman story presents; and it would require more than Grecian or Roman eloquence to do it justice. How far superior his fame to that of Alexander or Caesar! They fought for the sake of conquest and to enslave mankind; he in defence of their just rights and to make them happy."

Now, gentle reader, what does this so-called Republican party say about Washington? The hero who chose to be the Father of his people instead of a King or Dictator over them, is thus spoken of by the great Leader of the party in power, Hon. Horace Greeley. He says, a few months ago:

"The fact is, our original great men are fast becoming as mythical, as shadowy, and unsubstantial as the heroes of Homer or Ossian. Washington, we are afraid we must give up. That he was a lunatic being—that he could eat and drink—that he could dance a minuet with stately grace—this we know in spite of the precautions of Mr. Sparks. But the majority of the Americans have long ago ceased to regard Washington with anything like familiar affection. He has only been a little while dead, and we already speak of him as the Romans spoke of Romulus, and as Englishmen speak of Alfred."

Ungrateful wretch! And who are those Americans who long ago ceased to regard the Father of their country with anything like familiar affection, but the party which commenced a revolution for the purpose of overthrowing the government which he founded? Who have been fighting, not like Washington, to protect and defend their country, but for conquest, for subjugation, and for the enslavement of mankind, but the Republican party? What did the founder of the Democratic party say to a proposition to put the power of a Caesar into the hands of any one man, and invest him with the title of Dictator over the people? He said, "the very thought was treason against the people—was treason against mankind in general."

What did the leader of the Federal party think of Julius Caesar? Thomas Jefferson says: "Alexander Hamilton dined with me while I was Secretary of State. The room was hung around with a collection of the portraits of remarkable men, among them were those of Bacon, Newton, and Locke. Hamilton asked me who they were. I told him they were my trinity of the greatest men the world ever produced, naming them. He paused for some time. The greatest man said he, that ever lived, was Julius Caesar." Jefferson believed that Alexander Hamilton was resolved in the first revolutionary crisis of our country to establish Monarchy by the sword. John Adams believed the same. In his life by his grandson Charles Francis Adams, this opinion is stated.

"Alexander Hamilton was in favor of a permanent military organization. His tendencies were never to popular ideas. The motives of the Federalists of the Hamilton school in wishing war between France and the United States, were 1st. The preponderance which an appeal to the patriotic feeling of the people was giving to their party. 2d. The great mil-

itary organization which it was throwing into their hands. With the aid of these forces, they trusted to procure modification in the laws, and even in the Constitution itself so to fortify their position in the Government, as to render it impregnable to the opposition. These ideas were never even remotely shared by Mr. Adams."

In other words, the followers of Hamilton trusted by the aid of the army to change, the Constitution and laws of the United States, and change the Government into a Monarchy. This is precisely what they are doing now. Look at the picture of Alexander Hamilton in the "Loyal Republican Convention" in Philadelphia. He was the admirer of Julius Caesar and took him for his model. Julius Caesar after vanquishing his country's foes, turned his conquering armies against that country, and reduced it to slavery. Alexander Hamilton despised Washington, for his love of country, instead of power and glory. His son, John A. Hamilton, for the last twenty years, in writing the life of his father has tried to disparage the services of Washington to his country, and transfer the honors due to him, to Alexander Hamilton. John A. Hamilton was present at the Convention, which selected the portrait of his father, as that of the statesman who represented their principles of the Republican party. In that Convention he boasted of having urged President Lincoln to remove Secretary Seward from his Cabinet, and for the following reasons: "Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Adams, that President Lincoln did not believe the federal government, could reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest. Only an imperial or despotic government, could subjugate thoroughly disaffected members of the State. This federal republican system of ours is, of all systems of government, the very one which is most unfit for such labor."

"The President," says Mr. Hamilton, "did not agree with me; but I think that if he had, we would have fought the battle better than we did."

Now let the difference between President Lincoln and this son of Alexander Hamilton who is true to the principles of his father, be distinctly understood. Abraham Lincoln, at honor to his memory therefore, fought for the free government established by Washington. All his despotic acts were forced upon him by the followers of Alexander Hamilton, who saw in this state of war, the crisis for establishing a Monarchy. They fought to reduce the States to conquered provinces; to destroy State rights and to rule over the people of the South as Julius Caesar ruled the country he vanquished. President Lincoln, Seward, and honorable and patriotic men, fought only to preserve the honor, with all the right, and dignity of the States unimpaired. Among those patriots was Andrew Johnson, who is carrying out the policy of his predecessors, and has thereby brought upon himself the curses, of the followers of Hamilton. Would we know the reason of the hatred of "Parson Brownlow" against President Johnson, we have but to open his "Book" and there hear him proclaim, "I am a Federalist. I believe in a strong Centralized Government. I am a disciple of Alexander Hamilton." And so were all the "Loyalists" assembled to gaze upon the picture of their great Leader. Their loyalty consists in allegiance to Monarchy.

We will close this number by quoting the following from Willard's History of the United States: There were officers in the American army whose personal ambition, carried them beyond the mark of right and justice; and brought up the reflection that if the army could remain entire under its head, it might now subdue the country which it had defended; and although if a monarchical government were established, the Commander in Chief must be the sovereign, yet the officers coming in for the next share of power and consequence, would become the aristocracy. To tempt Washington to countenance these views, one of the Colonels of the army was fixed upon, who wrote him a letter in a smooth and artful strain. He commented on the weakness of republics, and the benefits of mixed Governments. There was a prejudice existing which confounded Monarchy with Tyranny, and it might be necessary to choose, with a monarchical government, some title apparently more moderate, but the writer believed that strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of King."

Washington was astonished, displeased and grieved. He replied that no occurrence during the war had given him more painful sensations than to learn that such ideas existed in the army, ideas which he most view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity.

Among the officers of this army was Alexander Hamilton, whose history and character will be exposed in the following numbers.

In Albany, a few days since, a little boy by the name of Hogan was playing among some empty barrels with his comrades, when he got into one of barrels, feet foremost, and his companions raised the barrel upon the end, thus placing him upon his head. In this position he was left for some time. When removed he was insensible, and died in a few hours afterward.

A Bit of Romance.

The Chatfield, Minnesota, Democrat relates the following "truth stranger than fiction" story:

Had we the time and ability, we have here the ground work for a pretty little romance—something to dim the glasses of old ladies' spectacles and make young girls blubber; but as we have neither, we will tell the facts and leave the romance to the novelist. Well, to begin: Some twenty years ago, there resided in England Captain Sladden, who held a commission in the English navy. The Captain's family consisted of wife and two children, a boy and a girl; the Captain enjoyed an ample fortune, and had all to make life pleasant. When Sarah, the name of the girl, was some four years old, the father sickened and died, leaving his fortune to his children. An interim of some six or seven years now occurred, and the next we hear of the parties, thirteen years ago the girl says, is that the widow is married to a Mr. White, and residing at Detroit, Michigan. A sister of Mr. White's was then visiting the family, and after remaining a while, left clandestinely, taking the girl with her, it is supposed at the instigation of her brother, now Mrs. Sladden's husband. The boy, Sarah's brother disappeared about the same time, but with whom we are not informed. After remaining with her aunt for some time, she discovered that she, as an innocent and virtuous girl, could not remain with her in safety, and leaving she went to reside with a family with whom she was acquainted. With this family she lived several years, residing, during the time, at Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and other points. At some point in Wisconsin, she could not learn how long since, she left the family with whom she had been living and joined that of another, who soon thereafter brought her to the vicinity of Preston in this county. We next hear of her as a hired girl, working in the family of the Rev. Mr. Kemper. While there a brother of Mr. Kemper, residing in Cincinnati, visited him, and during his stay learned the eventual story of this girl's life. In the meantime she worked in different families until some two months ago, when she was married to Mr. Robert Sturgeon, a worthy, industrious farmer's son, living near Preston. When married she was at work in the woolen factory in this town.

Now for the interesting part of the story. Mr. Kemper returned to Cincinnati, and a few days since, while looking over a newspaper his eye fell upon an advertisement under the head of "Information Wanted." In looking over the advertisement he saw that the information sought was for the whereabouts of a young lady. Reading the description of the girl in the advertisement, Mr. K. was startled to find that the description corresponded exactly with that of the girl he had met at his brother's. Feeling a lively interest in the matter, Mr. K. immediately wrote to the person desiring the information, and in a short time received a letter from Sarah's mother, describing her so accurately even to marks on her body, that no doubt is entertained by any one but that she is the "lost one." Mr. K. forwarded a copy of the advertisement and the letter to his brother a short time since, with a request from the mother of Sarah that she would come to Detroit, for which point she and her husband left last week, to take possession of a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars or two that had thus far been wrongfully detained from her.

The brother has been discovered and is at home, and the meeting between mother, daughter, son, sister and brother, may be better imagined than described.

The Deacon and the Wasps.

A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action.

One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swarth just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath he moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfort.

"Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle.—"The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple-pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture on trivial occasions.—[Ex.]

—There has never been a divorce granted in South Carolina.

Shetland Stockings and their Knitters.

There is perhaps no community that gives such indications of industry among the female population as Shetland. The knitting needles and the worsted are continually in their hands, and seem to form a part and parcel of the woman herself. If you take a walk toward Tingwall, you will meet or pass dozens of women going for or returning with peat from the hill, all busy knitting—one a stocking, and another a stout shawl or cravat. The finer articles, scarfs, veils and lace shawls, which are often exquisitely fine, cannot be worked in this off-hand way, and are reserved for leisure hours at home. The "keysie" —straw basket, like a large inverted bee hive—may be full or empty, but you never fail to find the busy fingers. This carrying peat is an almost daily task; and you sometimes see a woman with strongly marked features and large frame who from constant exposure to sunshine and shower, and rendered gaunt and wiry by hard work, recalls Sir Walter Scott's description of "Norna of Fitful Head." The poorer classes generally wear no shoes, but "rivillins," a kind of sandal made of untanned cowhide, or sometimes seal skin, with the hair outside, and lashed to the foot with thongs. All the wool of the pure Shetland sheep is fine, but the finest grows under the neck, and is never shorn off, but "rood"—that is, gently pulled. It is said that an ounce of wool can by skill be spun into upwards of 1,000 yards of three ply thread. Stockings can be knitted of such fineness as to be easily drawn through a finger ring. The annual proceeds of the industry are said to be no less than £10,000. It is quite common for a servant, when making an engagement to stipulate that she shall "have her hands to herself."

All she can make knitting goes into her own pocket. The industry of the women is to be accounted for by the fact that by their knitting they supply themselves with dress, but especially with tea, of which they are intemperately fond. It is a perfectly ascertained fact, that the value of tea annually consumed in Shetland far exceeds the whole land rental—about £30,000. Very large quantities of eggs are sent south, bringing in, it is said, thousands of pounds annually, a great portion of which finds its way into the teapot.

"Lee's Rock."

The grounds comprising the Antietam Cemetery, Sharpsburg, Maryland, was the spot occupied by General Lee and his staff during the battle of Antietam, and a rock protruding about three feet above the surface has been pointed out to all visitors as the one on which General Lee stood and viewed the progress of the battle. It was from this rock that he issued his orders. Those who took part in the battle usually take their position upon this rock to point to their friends the farm house to the left in which General McClellan had his headquarters, the Burnside Brigade to the right and Keelo's Mountain in the distance on the apex of which the gallant General of that name fell mortally wounded early in the battle. In short, all the points of interest are especially visible from "Lee's Rock."

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners representing a few of the States held at Sharpsburg last spring, a vote was taken on the question of leaving Lee's Rock stand, when it was, by a close vote, decided to have it blown up and removed. At a meeting on Thursday evening last, held in this city, on motion of the Commissioners from West Virginia, seconded by New York, the order to destroy the rock was rescinded, and it was decided that it should remain. The majority in thus deciding, considered Lee's Rock to be a historical mark of the battle field, that must always prove of interest, especially to the visitors from a distance, who for the first time view the field of this most sanguinary battle.—Baltimore American.

—Don't put out kerosene lamps by blowing down the chimney. A doctor in Peoria tried it the other night, the lamp exploded, and the doctor narrowly escaped losing his eyes.

—Noticing the recent public burning of the Constitution of the United States in the streets of Joliet, Illinois, by a mob of the Radicals of that place, amid great cheering, the Springfield Register says:—"It wasn't worth while to burn the poor old document; it wasn't in their way."

—They have a fashion in Boston of illustrating their election tickets. At the recent municipal election in that city the Republican ticket had on it a large spread eagle on a slate colored mezzotint field. On the front was an engraving of a soldier and a sailor, with the city seal above and a fort and monitor below. It was headed "Republican ticket," in fancy letters. The straight Democratic ticket had a very handsome figure head, viz: Liberty, seated on a pedestal, her head surrounded by stars, with rays of flags on each side. Below her a view in a manufacturing city on one hand, a Southern plantation on the other, with clasped hands between them.