

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Proprietor.

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

It is estimated that a million of human beings were sent into the eternal world during the four years of civil war in the United States, which the party in power claim to have been a war waged, not for the Union, but to realize the divine idea that "all men are created equal." That "divine idea" emanated from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, in his draft of the declaration of independence. The party that have given their sanction to the divine origin of this declaration, will not dare to dispute the divine inspiration of the remainder of the sentiments and doctrines which emanated from the same immortal mind. As they have drenched the earth in blood to vindicate the truth of one short phrase, containing just five words written by his hand, they will not have the boldness to deny the truthfulness of his statements, when relating his struggles with this same party to prevent them from establishing a government where white men even could not be equal, but where the rich could dominate over the poor, and hold them in abject slavery. The leader of this party, the great autocrat and opponent of Thomas Jefferson, was Alexander Hamilton, whose picture is still revered by his followers, and which adorned the hall where his worshippers, from every State in the Union met in September last, to renew their vows of "loyalty" to his principles, and to form a stronger "league and covenant," to crush, to wipe out, and exterminate by the sword, every follower of Jefferson from the face of the earth who dared lift a hand in opposition to their monarchical designs.

Thomas Jefferson, a few years before he died, recounts his early battles with monarchy, the history of which is first presented to the reader, and after this, every circumstance will be corroborated by other authorities, as well as by his own letters and writings at the time. He says:

"The contests of that early day, were contests of principle; a contest between the advocates of Republican and those of Kingly government, and had not the former made the efforts they did, our government would have been, even at this early day, a very different thing from what the successful issue of those efforts have made it."

"The alliance between the States under the old articles of confederation, for the purpose of joint defence against the aggressions of Great Britain, was found insufficient, as treaties of alliance generally are, to enforce compliance with their mutual stipulations, and these once fulfilled, that bond was to expire of itself, and each State was to become sovereign and independent in all things. Yet it could not but occur to every one, that these separate independencies, like the petty States of Greece, would be eternally at war with each other, and would be at length the mere partisans and satellites of the leading powers of Europe. All then must have looked forward to some further bond of Union, which would insure internal peace, and a political system of our own, independent of that of Europe."

"Whether all should be consolidated into a single government, or each remain independent as to internal matters, and the whole form a single nation as to what was foreign only, and whether that national government should be a monarchy or a republic, would, of course, divide opinions. Some officers of the army, as it has always been said and believed, (and Stephen and Knox have ever been named as the leading agents), trained to monarchy by military habits, are understood to have proposed to General Washington to decide this great question by the army, before its disbandment, and to assume himself the crown. The indignation with which he is said to have scouted this partial proposition, was equally worthy of his virtue and his wisdom."

As Jefferson wrote this before Washington's private correspondence was published to the world for the first time, by Mr. Sparks, he could not then touch for its truth, as it was afterwards confirmed by the exhibition of Washington's own reply to this proposal "to assume himself the crown."

"The want of some authority which should procure justice to the public creditors, and an observance of treaties with foreign nations, produced, sometime after, the call of a convention of States at Annapolis. Although at this meeting a difference of opinion was evident on the question of a Republican or Kingly government, yet so general through the States was the sentiment in favor of the former, that the friends of the latter confined themselves to a course of obstruction only, and delay to everything proposed; they hoped that nothing being done, and everything going from bad to worse, a kingly government might be usurped and submitted to by the people as better than anarchy."

Who, with the least discernment and the slightest knowledge of history, can

fail to observe the same strategy brought to their aid by the same party? Why do they pretend that anarchy exists in the Southern States but to give a pretext for usurping kingly authority over that region? And why have they tried to produce anarchy by overthrowing the existing State governments, but to prepare the way through anarchy to monarchy? This is the true reason why the Union is not now restored.

"The effect of their meanness, with the defective attendance from the States, resulted in the calling of a more general Convention to be held at Philadelphia. At this Convention, the same party exhibited the same practices, and with the same views of preventing a government of concord, which they foresaw would be Republican, and of forcing through anarchy their way to monarchy."

This was the party which Mr. Sparks says "were glad to see the distractions of the country increasing, till the country should be weary of them, and discover their only hope of security to consist in a strong government, as it was called, or in other words, a constitutional monarchy." Let it be remembered, that a strong government means monarchy. A consolidated or centralized government must have a king or monarch to administer it. That such is the government the Republicans are now determined to establish, is too evident for contradiction.

"But the mass of that Convention was too honest, too wise, and too steady, to be baffled and misled by the maneuvers of the monarchists. A form of government was then proposed by Col. Hamilton, which would have been in fact a compromise between the two parties of royalism and republicanism. According to this, the executive and one branch of the legislature were to be during good behaviour, that is, for life; and the governors of the States were to be named by these two permanent organs. This, however, was rejected; on which Hamilton left the Convention, as desperate, and never returned again until near its final extinction. These efforts for monarchy caused great jealousy through the States generally, a jealousy which yielded at last to a determination to establish certain amendments to the Constitution as barriers against a government either monarchical or consolidated. In what passed through the whole period of these Conventions, I have gone on the information of those who were members of them, being absent myself on my mission to France."

"I returned from that mission in the first year of the new government, having landed in Virginia in Dec. 1789, and proceeded to New York in 1790, to enter on the office of Secretary of State. Here, certainly, I found a state of things which, of all I ever contemplated, I the least expected. The courtesies of dinner parties, given me, as a stranger arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of a kingly over a republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative Houses. Hamilton's financial system had then passed, and another was on the carpet at the moment of my arrival. This fiscal measure was well known by the name of the Assumption, and to this I was most innocently made to hold the candle. Another engine of power was the bank of the U. S."

"By this combination, legislative expositions were given to the Constitution, and all the administrative laws were shaped in the model of England, and so passed. Here then was the real ground of the opposition which was made to the course of administration. The object of the opposition was to restrain the administration to republican forms and principles, and not permit the Constitution to be construed into a monarchy, and to be warped in practice, into all the principles and polities of their favorite English model."

Nor was this an opposition to Gen. Washington, for he was aware of the drift, or of the effect of Hamilton's schemes. Unversed in financial projects and calculation, his approbation of them was based on his confidence in the man. But Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption. John Adams said, at dinner with me, 'Purge the British Constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government that ever existed.' And this was assuredly the exact line which separated the political creeds of these two gentlemen. Adams was for two hereditary branches, and an honest elective one. Hamilton was for an hereditary King and House of Lords and Commons, corrupted by his will, and standing between him and the people. When General Washington was withdrawn, these emergences of royalty, kept in check by the dread of his honesty, now mounted on the summit of State, and free from control, like Phœnix on what of the

sun, drove headlong and wild, looking neither to the right or the left, until the eyes of the nation were opened, and they were disbanded from their place."

May a like fate happen to the same party again, when the eyes of the Nation are opened!

## IN THE ARBOR.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

"There comes the horse-car, Dick—hurry, if you are going out to the street." Dick jumped from his stool, his little office, seized his hat, and pulled it down over his eyes, and rushed out into the street and into the crowded car. Only just room enough for him in one corner, where he crushed in and almost disappeared, except his head and shoulders, amid the great mass of crinoline carried by the lady beside him. He thought to himself that he had grown small very suddenly, and wondered if he was really five feet nine, with a "manly breadth of shoulder," or not. Once he looked at his friend, Sam Dodridge, who stood in the office door, just to assure himself that he had not been swallowed up by some awful monster, but was still a denizen of this earth, this world of woe, this vale of tears. Yes, it was all right. Sam was there; but where was he? He felt very much like a chicken about to be gathered under the wing of its mother—"only more so," he thought.

When the conductor came into the car, Dick began to fumble around for a pocket which he knew must be somewhere, and at last was successful, though he wasn't positive whether the pocket belonged to him or the lady beside him. However, as it contained a ticket, it answered every purpose, and so passing it to the conductor, he looked up out of his nest and—well, he whistled, very low, almost under his breath; and then he said, "Jehu!" in a whisper, for right opposite him, encased in one of the neatest, sweetest blue bonnets—only a tiny shell of blue silk and lace and flowers—was the most wondrously beautiful face that was ever seen (yes, and Dick was willing to bet on it) in a horse-car since the first tramway was laid.

And so Dick sat looking at the beautiful face, and growing very much in love with it, till the tender blue eyes that belonged to the beautiful face did the same when they both looked away, and he nestled down further into the corner, just stealing a glance occasionally when he thought she was looking the other way, only to become more and more bewitched, until at last he was almost tempted to rush out and cut away one of the car-horses, spring upon the back of the noble (?) steed, implore the young lady to fly with him—which of course she would do—when they would gallop off with the speed of the wind on a calm day, to some bright little isle of their own.

But just then the lady beside him arose, pulled the strap, the car stopped, the lady got out, followed by the angel with the beautiful face and the tender blue eyes, who wore the blue bonnet with the little white flowers in the back of it; and Dick, looking out after them, saw that it was the corner of May street, and remembering that his sister lived on that street only five doors from the corner, and also having a faint idea that was the place he started for, he arose and followed too.

And he walked up May street behind them, noting the light, graceful form of the angel, her easy carriage, the neat little foot—ah! wasn't it a beauty? Dick couldn't help thinking so, thinking too that the soft pit pat of those little boots on the pavement was the sweetest music he ever heard—a sort of bootee solo, I suppose, far superior to G. Swain Buckley on the bones; but just then she looked back at him, and Dick got a gush of loveliness right in his face and eyes just before she disappeared up the steps of the tall brick house next door to his sister's.

He stood still just for a moment to recover himself from the flood of beauty that had almost swamped him, and then remembering that it was tea time, and that his sister always waited for him Saturday evenings, he hurried on and found her standing in the door; and little Jennie his niece, came out to the gate to meet him. So he took her in his arms and gave her a kiss, saluted his sister Mary and her dear John, as she always called him, who, according to her account, was one of the best husbands that ever lived, patted the dog Bose just for a minute, and received a welcome from that animal after the fashion of dogs, and then, looking up at the brick house next door, thought he saw a face at the upper window, tho' he wasn't positive, and it was all the same for tea was ready, and Dick was just a little bit hungry. So he went into the house and sat down to the table between John and Mary, and commenced talking and eating just as if he hadn't lost his heart fifteen minutes before, and couldn't tell for the life of him who had it, except that it was a beautiful young lady with melting blue eyes and golden hair, with cheeks like peaches, and lips of roses bright with dew, who wore a blue bonnet and had the neatest little foot in the world.

But after tea was over and Mary had washed up the dishes, and put little Jennie to bed, though she had to kiss Uncle

Dick twice before she would go, Mary came into the parlor and sat down beside Dick on the sofa, and began to give him a delicious account of a young lady whose cruel parents were about to force her to marry a man she did not love. An old fellow aged enough to be her father, ugly as sin, who would make her miserable all her life if he didn't die, and the probability was that the cross grained old fellow wouldn't if he thought it would please anybody. He was rich, and so the girl's parents thought that it would be an excellent match.

"And who is the distressed maiden?" asked Dick, feeling very much like appearing as champion for the young lady, and running the old curmudgeon through with a butter knife and marrying the maid in spite of the old folks.

"Why, it's Katie Weaver—she lives next door in that brick house."

"Oh, ho! You don't!" exclaimed Dick, starting to his feet.

"Don't what?" asked his sister in some alarm, grasping his arm.

"Don't say so."

"Yes, I said so; but why?"

"Then—I've seen—her!" replied Dick, in a very solemn tone, resuming his seat. "Yes, these eyes have seen her, and—and—"

"Well, that isn't very strange."

"No! Oh, no, it's nothing to see the most beautiful woman that ever trod the earth—nothing to behold the light of her radiant countenance, perhaps; and those eyes, so blue, so tender, and so—Oh, yes, that foot, that bonnet—oh, no, 'tis nothing—perhaps."

"Are you crazy, Dick?"

"No," after a pause, "I'm only in love; but that is quite as bad, perhaps. And she is to be married?"

"Yes," replied Mary, looking very sad, while poor Dick felt very much like crying; and John said if he was a young man he would see what could be done; and Dick asked what that would be, and John said he didn't know, and Mary said she couldn't think, and Dick said it was a great shame, and Mary and John said, too. And Mary said he ought to be tied up and whipped; and John thought State prison too good for him, while Dick said he should be hung up as high as Haman; and though they talked till ten o'clock, they didn't conclude what they would or could do about it, but went to bed in a very sorry frame of mind.

The next day was Sunday, a long, dreary, rainy day. Dick went to church in the forenoon, but in the afternoon he staid at home and read part of the time, and thought about Katie Weaver, and how he might love her, and how happy they could be—that is, providing she could love him, and there was no old curmudgeon of a rival in the way—ah, that was the rub.

And so he laid there on the sofa in the back parlor, the shutters all closed, with only a dim light in the room, holding a book in his hand, with his eye fixed on the toe of his slipper, thinking, thinking, thinking, thinking, till he became very desperate, and was almost willing to undertake anything for the sake of Katie; but there wasn't anything for him to do that he couldn't think of except to wait, and just then some one called:

"Tea is ready, Uncle Dick," and little Jennie was standing in the doorway waiting for him. So he took her in his arms and kissed the little round, rosy face and carried her out to supper, thinking himself how happy sister Mary and John ought to be with such a sweet little bundle of sunshine to gladden their hearts, for Dick loved children.

One evening more in the parlor, Dick sitting at the window looking across the garden at the tall brick house, and John lying on the sofa with little Jennie in his arms listening to her innocent prattle, and Mary reading there in the little rocking chair, swaying to and fro, and looking up at John and smiling occasionally. By and by she put down her book and turned to Dick.

"John didn't tell you we were going to Sawny's Pond next Wednesday?" she asked.

"No, I haven't heard anything about it before," replied Dick, turning away from the window.

"Well, we are, and Katie is going with us. Couldn't you drive out there alone, say about four o'clock?"

"Don't know but I could," and he twirled his moustache for a moment, and then brought his hand down on his knee very hard—"and I will," he added. "It's just what I've been wanting."

"Yes, and Katie wouldn't be there if you went with us, you know—Mrs. Weaver wouldn't allow it."

"No, of course not," said Dick; "but I shall be there all the same."

And so it was settled, and Dick went back to the office and his seat on the high stool next morning quite cheerful, keeping an image of Katie in his mind, all the time, with thoughts of her that made even the dingy old office look bright.

But Sam Dodridge didn't know what to think of him, he seemed so happy all day long; and when he questioned him his only reply was—"Tis all right, my boy. Just wait awhile."

Of course it's all right, Dick. I know there's nothing wrong; but what makes you so happy?" asked Sam.

"Why, don't you know?" putting on a very serious look.

"No."

"Well, then you can tell me one," and Dick laughed and went back to his ledger; but Sam didn't ask any more questions.

So Wednesday afternoon came, and a splendid horse with a top carriage to match, and Dick Vernon inside, rattled over the level road toward Sawny's Pond.

John, with Mary and Katie, had gone on before; but while John was fastening his horse to the stump of a tree near the lake, and the ladies were sitting in the boat by the shore, Dick drove up in a cloud of dust, with his horse all flecked with foam, and breathing very hard, as if the grass had not a chance to grow under his feet.

"Well, John, you didn't get much the start of me," said Dick, jumping out of the carriage and proceeding to fasten his horse; after which they walked down to the boat where the ladies were, and Mary introduced Dick to Miss Weaver; and there was a conscious blush on Katie's face when she gave him her hand, and he thought she remembered seeing him in the horse-car, trying to flatter himself that she did.

But whether she remembered him or not I do not know, and she didn't tell, though she made herself very agreeable to Dick and he did everything in his power to please her, and they became excellent friends in a very short space of time. And they rowed all around the lake and filled the boat with lilies, and Katie sat down and made a wreath of them when they got ashore, and put it on Dick's head; but he thought it would be more becoming to her, and so crowning her with the lilies, he whispered, "My queen!" and looked so very much as if he meant it that Katie blushed, she didn't know why, but I think she was trying to fancy how Mr. Stevenson, that old man that her father wanted her to marry, would look, on his knees before her, crowning her with lilies, and whispering "My queen!"

But Dick wasn't thinking of rivals then; and when John said that it was time to start for home, Dick stood up, and looked down at Katie sitting there on the grass, and asked her if she didn't think it would be more comfortable to ride home with him than to go with John and crowd them into one carriage; and she said she thought it would though of course she didn't think anything about the pleasure of Dick's society any more than he did of hers.

They became very well acquainted on the way home; and though they knew there was no one to hear, still they talked very low to each other, and Dick found out all about his rival, Mr. Stevenson, and I don't know but he went so far as to hint that the old gentleman never could love her as a "certain young man" always would, for the simple reason that he couldn't help it.

But I know that Dick thought that the ride home was very short. Even Katie made the remark that Dick had a very fast horse, though John and his wife had been at home half an hour at least.

If old Mr. Weaver had been awake he might have heard something out by the gate that sounded very much like kissing; but then it might not have been that, tho' I don't think Dick Vernon's conscience would have ever troubled him if he had kissed such a pretty girl as Katie Weaver, even if the old folks had been unwilling.

After that Dick and Katie met very often. It was generally at the house of Dick's sister Mary, though sometimes they had stolen interviews in the garden by moonlight; and Katie came to think very much of her younger lover, and was almost persuaded to run off with him in spite of the old folks; but she always said wait till she was of age, and then she would have a right to do as she pleased—that was only three months longer, and so Dick tried to be as patient as he could.

And at last the three months had nearly expired. "Only a week longer," said Dick as they sat on the seat in the grape arbor. Katie trembled just a little, and Dick put both arms around her and pressed her to his bosom and kissed her, just as he thought he had a right to; but Katie looked up then, gave a little shriek, and fell back into Dick's arms again.

What was the trouble? Nothing, only Mr. Stevenson had appeared, at least Dick thought it was he. And now he stood in the arbor doorway looking very sternly at the lovers, though he didn't speak at once.

"Walk in," said Dick, determined not to be frightened till he saw some cause to be so.

The old gentleman advanced a few steps toward him, drew out his snuff box, took a pinch, put up the box, took out his handkerchief, and then spoke:

"Young man," said he, "do you love that girl?"

"Better than my life," Dick replied, drawing Katie closer to him.

"And, Miss Katie, do you love this young man?"

"Yes, Mr. Stevenson," answered Katie, in a trembling voice.

"And you never cared anything for me? Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you never asked me," was the simple reply.

"And when I asked you to be my wife, your mother answered for you."

"Yes."

"What a fool I've been!"

"Exactly," replied Dick, "you've hit the nail on the head now."

"It isn't my nature," said he, after a pause, "to marry a woman whose heart is already another's. I don't think I could ever be happy with such a woman. I could not be happy with you even, Katie, after what I know now. Adieu!" and Mr. Stevenson passed out of the arbor toward the house.

What he said there I don't know, but the next day Dick received a letter from Katie, saying that he could visit her at the house now whenever he pleased. But the visiting did not continue long, for a month from that night when Mr. Stevenson met them in the arbor, there was a wedding at Mr. Weaver's, and Mr. Stevenson gave away the bride; and Dick Vernon said that it was the happiest day he ever saw, though, by the by, he has seen a great many happy days since.

## The Effects of a Dream.

The five leading journals of Paris contain long and circumstantial accounts of a distinguished engineer whose head was turned perfectly white by a most frightful dream. The engineer had visited a rough and unfrequented mineral region, for the purpose of exploring and reporting to a company of capitalists upon the richness of a certain mine. The night of his arrival, and before he descended into the mine, he lodged at a small inn, and after eating a pound or two of pork, went to bed.

He dreamed, that he had visited the mine and was being hauled up, when he discovered that the rope was almost severed, and there was but a single strand to support his weight and that, of the bucket in which he was being drawn up. Suddenly, when he had ascended two hundred feet, the rope, he dreamed, gave way, and he uttered a fearful shriek, which aroused the inmates of the house, and when they burst open the door of the dreamer's room they found a white-headed man in place of the black-haired young gentleman who had retired a few hours before.

The story is well authenticated, and this is the first instance on record of a man's head being turned white from the effects of a dream.

## The Happiest Season.

At a festive party of old and young, the question was asked, "which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:

"When the Spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its beautiful foliage, and singing birds are in its branches, I think how beautiful is summer! When Autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is serene winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look through the leafless branches, as I never could till now, and see the stars shine."

## A Grave Question.

The Bradford Argus quotes the letter of President Lincoln to Edward Stanley, military Governor of North Carolina, in which occurs the following passage: "I shall be much gratified if you can find it practicable to have Congressional elections held in that State before January. It is my sincere wish that North Carolina may again govern herself conformably of the Constitution of the United States," and remarks as follows thereon:

"If Andrew Johnson is wrong now in his policy, and a usurper, deserving impeachment and excretion for his course in the matter of restoration, Abraham Lincoln was equally wrong in his policy, and his policy deserves to be cursed in lieu of the punishment he should have received in person during his lifetime. If the radical position be now correct, there is no escape from this conclusion. Every shot fired at Johnson on account of his restoration policy has to first pass through the coffin of 'the lamented Lincoln.'"

These are true and unanswerable conclusions.

—In the gardens of a certain nobleman's country house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not to pick the flowers without leave." Some wag got a paint brush and added an "a" to the last word.

—When a man passes a day without reflecting, he may well exclaim at night, "I fear that I have done something wrong."

—A gentleman asked a friend if he ever saw a cat-fish. "No," was the response, "but I have seen a rope walk."