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For the Democrat.

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

Before the American Colonies rebelled against the British Throne, the House of Lords and Commons passed the two following statutes, from which the "Military Reconstruction Bill" is copied. The first was entitled, "An act for the better regulating the government of the province of Massachusetts Bay;" the second was entitled "an act for the impartial administration of justice, or for the suppression of riots and tumults in Massachusetts Bay."

Faithful and true to their meaning, and almost to the very words of these two acts, their lordships in the thirty ninth Congress of the United States passed a statute entitled "an act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel states, to suppress insurrection, disorder and violence, and to punish, or cause to be punished, all disturbers of the public peace, or criminals."

The president placed his veto upon the act of Congress, and in a Message, stated his reasons therefor. That message contains the vetoes and protests of all the dead patriots and heroes of the revolution of 1776, and their appeals to the north in behalf of the south. The very first Congress of the United Colonies of America put forth the following appeal and protest against these acts to the people of Great Britain.

Whereas, since the close of the last war, the British Parliament, claiming a power to bind the people of America by statutes in all cases whatever, and whereas in the last parliament two statutes were made, one entitled, "an act for the better regulating the government of the province of Massachusetts Bay;" and another entitled "an act for the impartial administration of justice in the cases of persons questioned for any act done by them in the execution of the law, or for the suppression of riots and tumults, in the province of Massachusetts Bay, which statutes are impolitic, unjust, and cruel, as well as unconstitutional and most dangerous and destructive of American rights:

"The good people of the several colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, justly alarmed at the arbitrary proceedings of parliament, have severally elected, constituted, and appointed deputies to meet and sit in general Congress, in the city of Philadelphia in order to obtain such establishment, as that their religion, laws, and liberties, may not be subverted, whereupon the deputies so appointed, being now assembled in a full and free representation of these colonies, taking into their most serious consideration the best means of altering the ends aforesaid, do, in the first place, as Englishmen in their ancestors in like cases have usually done, for asserting and vindicating their rights and liberties, declare, "That the inhabitants of the English colonies in North America, by the immutable laws of nature, the principles of the English constitution, and the several charters and compacts, have the following rights:

1st. That they are entitled to life, liberty, and property, and they have never ceded to any sovereign power whatever, a right to dispose of either without their consent.

2d. That the foundation of English liberty and of all free government, is a right in the people to participate in their legislative council, and as the English colonies are not represented in the British parliament; they are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their several provincial legislatures, where their right of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal polity.

3d. That the respective colonies are entitled to the common law of England, and more especially to the great and inestimable right and privilege, of being tried by their peers of the vicinage, according to the course of that law.

4th. That the keeping a standing army in these colonies, in times of peace, without the consent of the legislature of that colony in which such an army is kept, is against law.

That the acts of Parliament in relation to these colonies are violations and infringements of their rights, to which they cannot submit, but in hopes their fellow subjects in Great Britain will, on a revision of them, restore us to that state in which both countries find happiness and prosperity, we have for the present only resolved to pursue the following peaceable measures. To prepare an address to the people of Great Britain, and a memorial to the inhabitants of British America, and to prepare a loyal address to his Majesty, George the third."

We give an extract from the address to the people of Great Britain.

"We consider ourselves, and do insist, that we are as free as our fellow subjects in Britain, and that no power on earth has a right to take our property without our consent, we claim all the benefits secured to the subject by the English constitution, particularly that inestimable one

of trial by jury, we hold it essential to English liberty that no man be condemned unheard, or punished for supposed offences, without having an opportunity of making his defence.

"Let justice and humanity cease to be the boast of your nation! Consult your history,—it may, turn to the annals of the many arbitrary states, and kingdoms that surround you, and shew us a single instance of men being condemned to suffer for crimes unheard, unquestioned, and without even the specious formality of a trial, and that too, by laws made expressly for the purpose, and which had no existence at the time of the act being committed. Now mark the progression of the ministerial plan for enslaving us! Well aware that the attempt to deprive us of that valuable right of trial by jury, to destroy our charters, and change our forms of government, would be resisted, the army was sent to force us to pass under the yoke, and consent to become slaves, by owing the omnipotence of Parliament."

"Let us beseech you to consider to what end these plans and measures lead! Admit that the ministry are able to reduce us to slavery. What advantages would you reap from such a contest? May they not with the same armies enslave you? Nor will you have reason to expect that after making slaves of us, many of us would refuse to assist in reducing you to the same abject state. Take care that you do not fall into the pit that is preparing for us. But we tell you that we never will submit to be slaves."

Can any one further doubt that the stars and stripes, the emblem of American liberty, serve only to conceal the "British Lion," which opened its jaws to devour the lives and liberties of our patriot ancestors? The flag of freedom should be removed from the Capital where Congress passed the Military Reconstruction bill, and the British flag should float in its place. The British lion is King over America, and his plan is reached out, first to crush the south, and when the south lies prostrate under his feet, we be us at the north likewise. Trial by jury was abolished first in the north, and men were "condemned to suffer in prison unheard, without having an opportunity of making their defence." These outrages were a violation of the English as well as the American constitution. In the diary and writings of John Adams, long before the revolution he thus speaks of the excellency of the British constitution: He says: "In the execution of the laws, the liberty of the people is guarded by a trial by jury. The people choose a grand jury to make an inquiry and presentment of crimes. Twelve of these must agree in finding a bill, and the petit jury must try the same fact over again, and find the person guilty before he is punished. Innocence, therefore is so well protected in this wise constitution, that no man can be punished till twenty four of his neighbors have said upon oath that he was guilty. No man's liberty or property can be taken from him till twelve men in his neighborhood have said under oath, that by the laws of his own making, it ought to be taken away. Two branches of popular power, voting for members of the house of commons, and trial by jury, the one in the legislative, and the other in the executive part of the constitution, are as essential and fundamental to the great end of the preservation of the subjects liberty, and to prevent the government from running into an oligarchy or aristocracy, as the lords and commons are to prevent its becoming an absolute monarchy. These two popular powers therefore, are the heart and lungs, the mainspring and the centre wheel, and without them the body must die. The watch must run down, the government must become arbitrary, and this, our law books have settled to be the death of the laws and constitution.

"In these two powers consist wholly the liberty and security of the people. They have no other fortification against wanton, cruel power; no other indemnification against being ridden by horses, felled like sheep, worked like cattle, and fed and clothed like swine and hounds; no other defence against fines, imprisonments, whipping posts, gibbets, bastinadoes, and racks. This is that constitution which has prevailed in Britain from an immense antiquity. It prevailed, and the house of commons, and trial by jury made a part of it in the Roman times."

Now let the reader look at the veto Message of President Johnson, and say he does not tell the truth, when he says, that "no people in five hundred years, who speak the English language, have borne such servitude as Congress has inflicted on the south. No master ever had a control so absolute over his slaves, as this bill gives to the military officers over both white and colored persons."

Deprived of the benefit of trial by jury, and all other civil laws. They have no "fortification against wanton, cruel power, no other defence against fines, imprisonments, whipping posts, gibbets, bastinadoes and racks."

And this is the condition to which the party in power, boasting of their religion and superior civilization, and humanity, who have each taken an oath to obey the Constitution of the United States, which secures to the people a trial by jury, after the forms of the English laws, have reduced ten millions of their own race. The very condition, and worse, that British troops were sent to impose upon our ancestors, who, with one united voice, exclaimed, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death."

MAUDE'S ORDEAL.
It was rather an embarrassing thing to do but Charley May had done it well and bravely, like a man. He was nothing but a clerk at eight hundred dollars a year, nevertheless, he had boldly craved audience of the poorly old mill owner, and asked him for his daughter as he might have asked for the milliner girl round the corner.

Mr. Bryant coolly wiped his pen and laid it in the carved bronze rack; he moved back his chair a pace or two, looking at Charley May full in the face as he did so, with a curious, mocking light in his cold blue eye.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"I do, sir," said Charley.

Provokingly handsome he looked as he stood there, with the reddish brown hair thrown back from his square, white forehead, the hazel eyes, clear and confident, and the perfectly cut lips, a little apart. Somehow, in the midst of his wrath and derision, old Richard Bryant could not help thinking that were he a girl of eighteen, he might possibly have fallen in love with such a young man as Charley May.

"Is there any other little trifles, I could let you have? sweeter the caustic old man. "A block of houses, or a Broadway house or so, or any other small favor?"

"You are laughing at me, sir," said Charley, coloring, yet speaking with a certain quiet dignity. "I have asked you a simple question, surely I have the right to a frank answer."

"Then listen to me, young man," said Richard Bryant, with sudden abrupt sternness. "You are aspiring altogether too high—you can not have my daughter Maude. Now you have your answer—go!"

Charles May stood for a moment like one upon whom a thunderbolt had fallen with sudden blinding power, then he turned and walked quietly out of the handsome Gothic library, where the blue and gold circles of light from the oval windows quivered over the deep crimson of the Wilson carpet, and the pure marble faces of Pallas and Venus de Milo watched him as he went.

"Maude, my love, my darling, what is the matter?"

The red glow of the November sunset could scarcely pierce the folds of ruby velvet that hung over the plate-glass windows, yet in the colors twilight Mr. Bryant saw his daughter, with her face hidden in the satin sofa pillows, and the heavy, bluish black curls drooping low over the curved rosewood.

"Tell me, little Maude, what troubles you, whispered the merchant, bending fondly over the girl. Maude had never known a mother, and there was a tenderness in the old man's tones at that instant that was almost maternal.

She looked up, with the stain of fresh tears on her crimson cheek.

"He has gone, papa—he has gone and left me!"

"Who?"

"He? Who?"

"Charley May?"

And Maude Bryant, who had spoken all her life long to her father as if he had been a loving mother also, hid her face on the kindly breast and cried afresh.

"Whew-w-w!" was the merchant's softly breathed comment.

"I have been trying to convince her how very absurd all this is," said Aunt Eloise, a portly widow in garnet silk and carbuncle jewelry, who sat by, alternately quoting truisms at her niece, and sniffling at a gold earring that hung at her waist.

"Maude," said Mr. Bryant, gravely, "do you mean to tell me that you actually care for that young snip of a clerk?"

Maude sat up indignantly, with lightning in her black eyes.

"Care for him papa? I love him!"

"Very improper!" groaned aunt Eloise.

"Aunt, I wish you'd hold your tongue!" spluttered Maude, growing prettier every moment in her bright indignation. "I do love him, papa, with all my heart and soul!"

Aunt Eloise uttered a hollow sigh, and Mr. Bryant looked at his daughter with a face that was half troubled, half amused.

"My little lily flower," he said, gently, "all this sounds to me like a girl's romance. Maude Bryant is scarcely fitted to be the wife of a young man like Charles May."

"But why not, papa?" pleaded Maude, piteously. "I love him, and I think he loves me."

"Very probably," said Mr. Bryant, smiling. "But did it never occur to you how very unsuitable a wife you would make to a man who has his own way to win in the world?"

"No, papa," said Maude, eagerly. "I can dust furniture, and I can make jelly cake, and once I baked a cranberry tart."

"Most important qualification, yet not quite all sufficient," said her father, with the utmost gravity. "But just consider, my dear; here, on the one hand, is a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, or nine, we'll say. It's just possible that out in Chicago, where he has gone, they pay nine hundred dollars a year, and here, on the other, is Miss Bryant, with her little, white, useless hands, and her luxurious ideas, and her diamonds, and her silk dresses. Why, my child, I don't suppose you know what calico means."

"Yes, indeed, papa," interrupted Maude, earnestly. "I had a pink French calico once, with pink coral buttons that were three dollars each—don't you remember?"

"You a poor man's wife," went on her father, patting her little, favored hand.

"Maude, it would be like taking one of the white juncos out of the conservatory, and planting it on a bleak New England hill. What idea have you of the trials and sacrifices of life, my little petted child?"

"Papa!" sobbed the young girl, passionately. "I am ready to endure any ordeal—to make any sacrifice. What do I care for diamonds and dresses? Papa!" she exclaimed, suddenly starting up with an emphasis that made aunt Eloise drop her gold essence bottle, "you think me a mere butterfly that cares for dress and jewels only. Now listen to me: For one year from this time—for one year, mind—I pledge myself to wear no silks or jewels. Will you believe in me at the year's end?"

"I shall think you a very extraordinary young lady, Maude, but—excuse me, darling—I have no very strong faith in your persistence."

"You will see," said Maude, shaking her curls triumphantly. "And oh, papa—"

"Maude," said Mr. Bryant, with quiet decision, "I have already answered you—my decree admits of no appeal."

She would not cry any more, this brightly little girl—she was too proud to cry; but she rose up, and went away with compressed lips and eyes whose glitter was sadder far than tears.

"I won't be discouraged, for all this," she thought. "I will show papa that I am something more than a doll."

"Maude; you are not going to Mrs. Hemingway's in that dress?"

Mrs. Harrington, superb in wine colored velvet, with garrets blazing round her plump throat and at her wrists, stood horrified as Maude came tripping down stairs.

"Why not, aunt Eloise? I think the dress is very neat."

Mr. Bryant looked up from his evening paper at the slender figure in white, floating muslin, with white roses hanging in among the blue black curls that touched her shoulders.

"I think so too," he said quietly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" angrily exclaimed aunt Eloise. "Richard Bryant's daughter in white muslin with piltry roses in her hair? You should have worn pink satin and diamonds."

"I shall wear no more silks and jewels, aunt," said the little lady, very decidedly.

"Now, Richard," said Mrs. Harrington, turning to her brother, "are you going to allow this? She will set half New York talking!"

"Maude shall do as she pleases," said the merchant, quietly, and Maude gave him a bright, grateful glance as she flattered away like snow white bird.

The next morning a small triangular casket of amethyst velvet lay beside Maude's plate at the breakfast table. She took it up with an inquiring look at her father.

"Your birth-day, my child," he said, simply.

She opened the casket with a low exclamation of delight as her eye fell on the white gleam of a magnificent pearl necklace.

"Oh, papa! how splendid this is! Don't they look like drops of frozen moonlight? And I have always so longed for pearls!"

Mrs. Harrington looked on complacently.

"They will be the very thing to wear to-night with your white silk dress."

"My white silk dress!" Maude paused abruptly, while a deep crimson blush stole over her fair forehead. She rose and crept softly around to her father's side.

"Papa, I am very much obliged to you—but—but I had rather not take the pearls."

"Not take them, Maude?"

"No, papa—you remember my resolution."

"Maude!" exclaimed aunt Eloise, "you will never be so absurd as to refuse that pearl necklace that a royal princess might be proud to wear, just because of an idle whim!"

"It is not a whim, aunt Eloise."

And no amount of coaxing or bantering could induce Maude Bryant to take the pearls.

"Give me a bun from the conservatory, or a bit of a book, such as I used to have when I was a wee thing, and I'll value it for your sake as long as I live, but I cannot take the pearls."

So the merchant with a curious moisture in his eyes gave her a kiss, and told her "that would have to do."

And the weeks and months passed on; and Maude, surrounded by temptations on every side, thought of Charley May, and resisted them all.

"Maude," said the old man, suddenly, one day, "when did you last hear from young May?"

The Idiot Boy.

BY ROBERT SOUTHBY.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned. A thing of idiot mind. Yet to the poor unreasoning boy God hath not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child, Whom helplessness made dear, And life was everything to him Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood Each half articulate call; For he was everything to her, And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived, Nor knew a wish beside, But age at length on Sarah came, And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her, He called her o'er and o'er; They told him she was dead—the words To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her, While he stood wond'ring by, And when they bore her to the grave He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house, And sung the funeral stave, And when the mournful train dispersed, He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer When'er they saw poor Ned, Now stood and watched him at the grave, And not a word was said.

They came and went, and came again, And night at last drew on; Yet still he lingered at the place Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone, He quick removed the clay, And raised the coffin in his arms, And bore it swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot, And laid it on the floor; And with the eagerness of joy He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse Upright in her chair, And then he heaped the hearth and blew The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair, It was her wonted place, And bright the fire blazed and flashed, Reflected from her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands, Anon her face behold, Why, mother, do you look so pale— And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors on next morn Had forced the cottage door, Old Sarah's corpse was in her chair, And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy His only friend to call; Yet God was not unkind to him, For death restored him all!

Crying for More.

When the Constitutional amendment was adopted by the last Congress it was given out by the radical leaders, and reiterated time and again during the last campaign, that the amendment should be a final settlement of the difficulties between the North and South; but no sooner were the elections over than it was repudiated by the very men who were instrumental in its passage; and Massachusetts refuses to ratify the amendment. On the reassembling of Congress, in December, new schemes of reconstruction were brought forward by the radical leaders in Congress, regardless of their pledge to abide by the constitutional amendment. After three months more of agitation, the Sherman military bill was forced through Congress over the President's veto, as the new radical plan of reconstruction. This, it was said, would be a finality on the subject. This measure is so harsh and exacting in its provisions, that it was thought by all that the malignancy, vindictive, Partisan fanaticism which now holds sway in Congress would scarcely dare to go farther. But here again the people were mistaken. Proposals have already been introduced in both houses of the fortieth Congress, imposing still further conditions upon the South, and making the tyranny which they are attempting to establish over that section still more galling and despotic. How long? Oh! how long will the American people patiently submit to these usurpations which, if continued, will most assuredly result in the total subversion of republican government in this country?

A woman named Weiss, attired herself in man's apparel, in Newark, New Jersey, and undertook to thrash a Mrs. Miller, when Mr. Weiss, her husband, came along and, discovering a man beating a woman, interfered and gave his wife a sound whipping before he discovered who she was.

The Indians on the plains have taken over 3,000 white scalps this season.