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For the Democrat.

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

In 1763 the British Parliament began the great work of reducing the thirteen American Colonies to a state of slavery. Their pious undertaking was interrupted by General Washington at the head of an army of rebels, who took up arms in defence of their liberties. The Republican party are now engaged in bringing to completion the unfinished task of British tyrants.

As we turn to the drama of the Revolution of 1776, it is wonderful to find how faithfully and truly their lordships in the Congress have performed their parts in what was called by Samuel Adams "The Tragedy of American Freedom."

"Nowhere," says Bancroft, "did popular power seem to Parliament so deeply seated as in New England, where every village was a Democracy whose organization had received the sanction of law, and the confirmation of the king. Especially Boston, whose people in 1748 had liberated its citizen marines, when impressed by a British admiral, was accused of a rebellious insurrection. The conspiracy against the colonies extended to New Jersey, the royal council having represented to the king a growing rebellion in that province. Letters from Pennsylvania also warned Parliament that the Quakers in that province pretended not to be accountable to the English government. On the 3d of March, therefore, 1776, Parliament reported a bill to overrule charters, and to make all orders by the king, or under his authority, the highest law in America."

The colonies protested against this attempt, so repugnant to the laws and Constitution of Great Britain itself, and to their own inestimable privileges and charter-rights of being governed by laws of their own making. Massachusetts said such a bill abrogated for their people their common rights as Englishmen, not less than their charter privileges. Parliament consented to drop for the present and reserve their despotic clauses, but it continued to cherish the spirit of dictatorship. The world had never witnessed colonies with institutions so free as those of America. The fervent attachment of each colony to its own individual liberties repelled the overruling influence of a central power.

"But in 1763 Parliament was fully impressed with the necessity of bringing the American colonies into order. The charters were obstacles, and therefore the arrangement of provinces was in contemplation, and this arbitrary policy required a standing army. It was estimated that twenty regiments were needed. The House of Commons listened with complacency to a plan which would give twenty new places for colonels that might be filled with members of their own body."

"Lord Grenville refused to take part in the schemes to subvert the charters of the colonies, and control their domestic government. He also desired to keep the army subordinate to the law, and not place the military above the civil power. His voice and the voice of other members of Parliament who agreed with him were of no avail. The American continent was divided into a Northern and a Southern district, each with its Brigadier, besides a commander-in-chief, and undefined power was committed to their hands. Such was the sad condition of America. The king, the ministry, and the crown officers in the colonies all conspiring against her liberties."

Ten States of America are to-day in the same sad condition as described above, and when the schemes of the new British tyrants are completed, the whole of the once United States will be ruled by a standing army. The great conspiracy against the liberties of America, which our ancestors compelled Great Britain to abandon, after eight years of bloody warfare, is now being carried out by the Republican party, who are destroying the charter rights of ten millions of people. The chief of the conspirators in Congress is Thaddeus Stevens. In 1865 he completed their plans, commenced in 1863, of enslaving the South, and establishing a military despotism. He says:

"The sovereign power of the nation is lodged in Congress. Yet, where is the warrant in the Constitution for such sovereign power to intermeddle with the domestic institutions of a State, mould its laws, and regulate the elective franchise? It would be rank, dangerous, and deplorable usurpation. In reconstruction, therefore, no reform can be effected in the Southern States if they have never left the Union. But reformation must be effected—the foundations of their institutions, political, municipal and social, must be broken up and relaid, or all our blood and treasure have been spent in vain. This can only be done by treating and holding them as conquered provinces. Then all things which we desire to do will follow with logical and legitimate authority. As conquered territory Congress would have full power to legislate for them."

But John Adams said: "If our Char-

ters (or State Rights) would be forfeited, the only consequence would be that the king would have no power over us at all. The connection would be broken between the crown and the natives of this country. The charter of London in an arbitrary reign was decreed forfeited. The charter of Massachusetts was declared forfeited, also. But no American charter will ever be declared forfeited again, or if any should, the decree will be regarded no more than the lower house of the Robbinhood society."

Robinhood, as all know, was the leader of a band of outlaws and robbers. The patriots of this day reason exactly as John Adams did. "If the Southern States," say they, "are not in the Union, they are a foreign nation, and if a foreign nation, what right has Thaddeus Stevens and his party to rule over them?"

John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, said: "Parliament has usurped the right of ruling us by arbitrary laws, and have sent their armies to enforce their mad and tyrannical pretensions. The troops of George III have crossed the Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties of the people, which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and as a king, he is bound in honor to defend at the risk of his own life."

One character is wanting to make this second "tragedy of American Freedom," true to the first. President Johnson chose to act the part of Washington, and be a father to the American people, instead of a tyrant; to defend their liberties even at the "risk of his own life," instead of assisting a band of traitors in trampling on their rights. It is for making this choice that the Parliament at Washington would impeach him and put another in his place who will willingly personate the character of George III.—Wendell Phillips says:

"Congress holds out the military bill, and says to the President, 'execute this and save yourself. The people say, 'execute this, or we want your room and not your company.'"

If the British government had captured General Washington, during the revolution of 1776, and compelled him to turn and fight against the liberties of America, he would have been in the same position which President Johnson occupies to-day.

Reflections for May.

AN INVITATION TO SEEK GOD IN THE WORKS OF NATURE.

Awaken, O my soul, from the slumbers which have so long benumbed thy faculties, and attentively regard the surrounding objects. Reflect upon thine own nature, and upon that of other creatures; consider their origin, structure, form and utility, with every additional circumstance that can fill thee with love and adoration of the all-wise Creator. When thou seest the variegated and brilliant colors of the heavens, the lustre of the numerous stars that irradiate them, and the light reflected from a thousand beauteous objects, ask thyself whence all these proceed?—Who has formed the immense vault of heaven? Who has placed in the firmament those exhaustless fires, those constellations whose rays shoot through such an inconceivable space? And who directs their course with the beauty of order and the harmony of regularity, and commands the sun to enlighten and make fruitful the earth?

Thou wilt answer, the everlasting God, at whose word the Creation arose, fair and beautiful, whose wisdom still directs it, and whose mercy still operates for the felicity of all mankind. His hand has established the foundations of the mountains, and raised their summits above the clouds; he has clothed them with trees, and beautified them with flowers and verdure; He has drawn from their bosoms the rivers and streams which irrigate the earth.

To the flowers of the field He has given their beauty and fragrance, far exceeding the combinations of art and efforts of skill. All the creatures that are seen in the air, in the waters, and on the earth, owe to Him their existence, and the possession of that instinct which is their preservation; and man, in himself a world of wonders, looks up to God as his Creator and Protector.

Let our chief care and most pleasing duty henceforth be to seek for the knowledge of God in the contemplation of his works. There is nothing in the heavens or upon the earth which does not impress upon our minds the wonderful wisdom and admirable beneficence of the Creator, to whom, in the midst of the revolutions of nature, let us raise our thoughts, and pour forth the joyful accents of our love and gratitude.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

SENSIBLE petition of a horse to his driver: "Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; on level road, spare me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; of soft, dry bed, deprive me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not."

THE LEFT SLIPPER.

"I thought fairies were obsolete, and Cinderella nowhere," I exclaimed one morning, drawing out from under the sofa of my sitting-room a small slipper for a left foot; "but if ever there was a lady, she was Cinderella or Susannah, who had a smaller foot than this would fit, I should like to see her, that's all."

I sat down again to my coffee and ham, and wondered however it could happen that Mrs. Pottle, my worthy and obsequious landlady, should have allowed the slipper to have been overlooked in the "thorough cleaning" she had assured me always took place between the exit and entrance of her different sets of lodgers; yet here it was. The shining of the sort, bronze-colored leather had attracted my eye as the sun lit up the abyss beneath the sofa; and now, what must I do with it? Perhaps, after all, it was Mrs. Pottle's own; but I laughed at the idea of her elephantine foot finding entrance there; perhaps it belonged to a child or orphan; but it was not a probable interpretation of the mystery. It could surely not be kept under a sofa for ornament; and yet how should such a thing as one slipper not be missed, if the owner possessed two feet?

However the little innocent-looking slipper, fit to case a very fairy's foot, lay there and destroyed my peace of mind as I looked at it. My readers may laugh at me as they choose; but I will frankly confess, that while some men fall in love with a bunch of curls, a pair of eyes, a smile, a hand, a voice, I was, before breakfast was half over, head and ears in love with a slipper; but so it was. Philosophers would say it was the form my imagination conjured up as the real owner of the slipper; but I don't care to be so particular—I believe I fell in love with the little slipper itself. Such a pretty little thing it looked and felt as I turned it over in my hand, with its silken sandals, and rosette of blue, and its neat lining of white silk; a dainty little article, indeed, perfumed with a soft, sweet odor of roses, that all its long isolation from its sweet mistress had not wholly destroyed.

I heard Mrs. Pottle ascending the stairs with my letters, and hastily put the slipper in my coat-pocket. I had determined that I would be guilty of theft, if theft it was, sooner than part with my new treasure. The landlady entered, "Letters, sir, if you please, sir!"

"Thank you," I answered coolly, and let her go again; though I longed for the history of her previous lodgers. I thought she eyed me suspiciously, but, of course, I was mistaken; and I turned and finished my breakfast, and then broke open the envelopes of my letters.

I ring the bell. Mrs. Pottle enters. I am sitting on the sofa reading my paper; but I just say carelessly, "You have kept these lodgings some time, I suppose, Mrs. Pottle?"

"Law! yes, sir," she answers, stopping short in the general gathering together of plates and dishes; "nigh upon twenty years. Through my poor Samuel being taken off early, sir, I was obliged to begin at forty. Now I'm turned sixty, sir; though some do say," said Mrs. Pottle, with a smile, "that they hardly can think 'tis more than a few years ago I began,—I'm so much the same."

"There they are right," I said, willing to propitiate Mrs. Pottle,—"you might as well pass for fifty, and a young looking woman at that; but, however, what sort of people do you mostly get here,—young men, like I am, in merchant's offices, or something of that kind?"

"Well, yes, sir; first and last, I've had some scores of clerks and junior partners, but still, 'tisn't always so; but there was one young man,—nearly the first I ever had—"

I did not exactly want a twenty years' list of lodgers, so I interrupted the worthy soul by saying, "But who have you had lately?—who was the last now, before I came?"

"A curious old couple, sir, as you ever cast eyes on."

"Old!" I gasped, "I—"

Mrs. Pottle did not, I suppose, notice my agitation, but replied, "Yes, sir, the gentleman about seventy-five, I should think, and the lady might be a year older or younger,—not much difference between them,—but I beg your pardon,—that's your 'bus, sir." And Mrs. Pottle disappeared with the tray just as the horn and the rattling wheels were distinctly heard nearing the terrace. I put on my hat mechanically, and went down stairs, vexed with the abrupt termination of her recital. As I rode along the thought struck me that the whole affair was a trick, and that Mrs. Pottle wanted to bind me to the spot, or make me interested in her house, or inveigled in some foolish love affair. This decided me to take no notice of her attempts at conversation for the future, and not even permit her to finish the story begun in the morning.

Just then the omnibus stopped, and an old maiden lady, whom I had known through her acquaintance with a much respected aunt of mine, similarly circumstanced as to age and matrimony, entered it. I politely handed her to a seat for my aunt's sake, and commenced a conversation which I strove to render inter-

esting, though my mind was certainly very absent that day; so absent that in one of the pauses of our discourse I incautiously drew out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my forehead, and with it—horror of horrors!—the little bronze-colored slipper, with its blue rosette. I shook it hastily from my lap into the straw beneath, but the old lady had seen it, and I felt agitated as I remembered that the story of that little slipper for the left foot of my pretty Cinderella would probably cost me £5,000 of my discreet aunt's money.

Should I throw myself on the old lady's mercy at once,—in the omnibus,—by confessing the truth? But would she be likely to believe me if I did? I thought not. I should only have increased the value of the black list already prepared, I doubted not, for presentation to my aunt. I knew the old lady would not go as far as I did, for she had already told me her destination; so I kept my own foot on one edge of the little slipper, determined to pick it up again, spite of all, the first opportunity.

"I think you dropped something, sir," said my aunt's friend, coldly.

"Nothing of consequence, I think, thank you," I replied, confused.

"I should rather think it was of great consequence," she remarked, cruelly; "doubtless the young lady wants her slipper matched or mended."

The young lady! What young lady? Ah! if I could only find this Cinderella. Deeply mortified, I said no more; and the old lady soon left me. I went into the office, carrying my handkerchief in a different pocket, that I might not draw out the slipper with it, and sat down to my writing; but my head was confused, and that little bronze-colored slipper danced over the page, over every line of my ledger, in each leaf of the memorandum book. "If things go on like this," I exclaimed, mentally, "I shall grow mad about that slipper. I almost wish I had never seen it."

Just then one of the partners came into the office. "Haley," he said, "did you pick up an account written on a slip of paper, of an order to be executed for Grylls?"

"I did, sir, and put it in my pocket-book, as I thought you had most likely dropped it."

"Thank you, Haley. Just like him. I admire a young fellow that has his wits about him."

I put my hand in for the pocket-book, and forgot all about the slipper for a moment, in my pleasure at my employer's praise; but it had not forgotten me, and tumbled out. The scandal, being entangled with the pocket-book, hung from my hand, as I slipped the elastic off the book, and then the slipper fell upon the floor. All this happened much more quickly than I have written it, but a grave frown rested on my employer's face as I handed him the paper.

"Take care, Haley. Don't resent it, if I give you a fatherly word of warning. It is better a young man should not carry such things in his pocket; at least, should not allow other people to see them."

I looked up astonished. Mr. Arnold, second partner in the firm, was fifty years of age, and a bachelor. What did he know about such things?

"I think I could explain to your satisfaction, sir, that this is an accident, if you had time, and really involves nothing at all wrong."

"I quite believe you, Haley, but every one won't be so merciful."

Mr. Arnold went out and closed the door. I never thought, never guessed, before, what elaborate circumstances might depend upon a slipper; but when I got home I looked it away, determined to bring no more annoyance upon myself by keeping it too close at hand.

I had invited one, two, or three young men, a few days afterwards, to have a pull on the river, and then to sup with me.

After a pleasant hour and a half we came back hungry and exhilarated. I conducted my friends to my room, and, whilst we chatted, Mrs. Pottle brought in supper. A discussion arose about a lecture of Ruskin's, and his opinion about a certain picture of Turner's. "I can tell you exactly what he said," I exclaimed, pulling out my keys and opening my desk, "for I copied the paragraph into a note-book."

I turned down the lid, and there, in the sight of my three friends, was—not only the note-book—but the little left slipper for that unknown, unseen foot. A roar of laughter recalled me to my senses.

"Is that a Chinese specimen, Haley? I heard you'd bought one."

"What a sly-bey you are. Who is she, Haley?"

"Brown, turned out with blue. Very tasty indeed, I should say."

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

"Who stole the slipper?"

Need I say more? Mrs. Pottle, walking about the room, heard some of these remarks, and gave me, I thought, a look of malicious triumph.

"Be merciful to a fellow for once," I said desperately, "and keep the affair secret, till I give you leave to split."

"When will that be?" asked Harry Dawson.

"Give me a month, Harry."

"And you'll let us know in a month how it goes on?"

"Yes, if I know myself."

"Haley hasn't cheek enough to cary on courting," said Dawson. "He hardly knows what's what, who's who, or when's when. I think, my boy, you'd better come to me for a drill in the art. I've had plenty of practice, and am up to a nice little thing or two. I should advise you to get the other foot and have a pair of them."

"You're a dreadful nuisance, Dawson," said Frank Jones. "Let the poor fellow rest in peace now, and come away home; it is getting late."

But I had no rest that night, for continually that little slipper walked round my head, my chest, and on my forehead, and round my bed again.

Next day I thought Mrs. Pottle looked at her spoons and furniture suspiciously, and appeared ill at ease; the day after that I found her hunting behind my sofa when I came into breakfast, and I ventured to say, "Are you looking for anything, Mrs. Pottle?"

"Well, no sir, thank you, sir," she said hesitatingly; and immediately went down stairs for the coffee-pot.

When I returned home in the evening there was a young lady in the passage talking to Mrs. Pottle; but I passed up without a close investigation. Just as I turned the corner of the staircase I heard these words in a pleasant voice, "I wish I could find it; it is such a ridiculous thing to lose. I am almost sure I must have left it in the parlor when I brought it down to show Grandmamma, and forgot to carry it away. I am sorry to have troubled you again, Mrs. Pottle, and it is of no very great consequence."

"Shall I ask Mr. Haley?"

"O no! of course not; if he had seen it, he would have given it to you. It wasn't his." And she laughed a girlish, silvery, merry laugh.

I softly opened my room door and went in. Would she think me a thief, then? Who was she? The front-door closed after a "Good evening, Mrs. Pottle," and I looked out of my window and watched her; then, taking my hat, obeying a sudden impulse, I ran down stairs and followed her.

Soon she turned into a wide street, then another, and then calling a cab, she stepped into it; but I heard the address, No. 14, Victoria Terrace. So I called another and followed her. On we went till the Terrace was reached, and I stepped out, dismissed the cabman, and waited for Cinderella to alight. A curious accident occurred here; the horse took fright as the cabman descended to open the door, the poor man fell on the pavement, and the young lady, whose foot was on the step, fell into my arms; but I could not avoid her receiving a bad sprain, though she acted bravely, like a true little heroine, and did not faint.

"You are hurt, I fear," I said, carefully lifting her in my arms, and slowly ascending the steps. Just then the door of No. 14 opened; an old lady and gentleman and one or two servants appeared. The poor old gentleman began to cry. He was evidently childish. "Look to the poor cab-driver," I said to the servants as I passed. "Madam, where shall I carry the young lady?"

"In here, sir, if you please. I am so very much obliged to you; it would have been the death of us both if anything had ever happened to Katie."

The old lady led the way to a handsomely furnished dining-room, and I laid Katie on the sofa. She opened a pair of very mischievous brown eyes, and looked up in my face.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir; I am afraid I'm very heavy. Where is that poor cabman? Will you see about him for me? and don't let him want for anything."

I promised to do so, and to come back at once and report to her, and I hastened down. The driver was lying in his own cab, to which another horse was being harnessed, whilst his own, rather badly wounded, was led off to the stables, as he had requested the bystanders it should be. I got in beside the poor fellow, and accompanied him to the hospital.

"I should like to see my wife," he said. "Of course you would," I will go for her at once; where does she live?"

He gave me her address, and I set off, feeling I was fulfilling Cinderella's wishes. I told my tale to the cabman's wife, who was naturally thrown into much distress.

"You say I can go to him at once, sir?"

"Yes, surely you can."

"And stay the night with him?"

"I really don't know about that; you must ask the matron. The young lady wished me to say that she hopes you will allow her to help you in every way she can."

I then put a sovereign into her hand, and left a card on which I had scribbled, "14, Victoria Terrace." She thanked me and I left her.

It was getting late, but I proceeded at once to Cinderella's abiding place, outside the door I found a doctor's carriage, and my anxiety was at once awakened. I rang the bell, and the servant who answered it told me that Miss Ayrton's foot was badly sprained, and that her papa, Dr. Ayrton, had been sent for, and was

now with her; but she expected Miss Kate would wish to see me, for she had inquired, more than once, if the gentleman had brought any news of the poor cabman. After a few minutes the girl came again and requested me to follow her to the dining-room.

Miss Ayrton was still lying where I had left her, and the old gentleman and lady were at her side.

"It is very kind of you, sir, to come again to-night. I have given you a great deal of trouble. This is my papa."

"The doctor gave his hand cordially. 'I am very thankful to you, sir, for saving my poor little girl from what I feel sure would have happened to her but for your presence of mind.'"

"I fear I made an incoherent reply."

"And now," said Miss Ayrton, with more animation, "sit down, Mr. Haley, and tell me all about that poor cabman." I did so, and when I had told her all, she said: "Poor woman! I wish I could go and comfort her; but you will see to her for me from time to time, won't you, Mr. Haley, and come and tell me sometimes?"

She took her papa's purse and handing me a magnificent sum of money, said, "Do not let them want for anything, please, Mr. Haley."

I readily promised, and was about to leave, when the snapper was brought in, and Dr. Ayrton invited me to take a few mouthfuls with him and then he would drive me home.

"I expect it will be out of your way," I said, blushing a little as I felt the secret of my following her might now be guessed by Miss Ayrton. "I lodge—at—at Burnwood Place."

"How strange!" said the old lady. "Why, that was the very place Katie went to this afternoon, to inquire about a slipper she thought she had left there. We lodged there, sir, a little while, till we found a house to suit us. How very strange! And I suppose you are in our old rooms."

"I have one parlor and bedroom on the first floor," I said, quietly, but coloring to the very roots of my hair.

"Ah, yes; those were two of our rooms; and we had a parlor down stairs as well. You don't happen to have seen such a thing as a little bronze-colored slipper, with a blue rosette, anywhere, about the size for Katie?"

"O, grandmamma! please!" said her granddaughter entreatingly, "of course Mr. Haley can't have seen it. What a funny question to ask a gentleman!"

I looked confused, I suppose, and the doctor noticed it.

"Come, come, Mr. Haley, there is a story behind this; let us hear it."

I was in for it now, and protested; but bit by bit it was drawn from me by the amused little group around the supper-table. Miss Ayrton listened and laughed heartily, though her face was covered with blushes too; and as I told of my aunt's friend in the omnibus, Dr. Ayrton shook his sides with laughter. I thought I had certainly made myself foolish at last.

When we withdrew, Miss Ayrton said, with a roguish twinkle of her eye, "you will bring me that left slipper when you come again."

But I made no promise, and I never did return the "little bronze-colored slipper with a blue rosette." I have it still, locked away with my treasures in a private drawer, from which even Cinderella herself would not venture to subtract her little slipper.

The cabman is quite recovered, and is the owner of three cabs instead of one. My aunt's wrath never showed itself, if the story came to her; and if £5,000 should be extracted from my legacy, it will, I am confident, only be done to confer it upon my son and heir, now lying asleep in Cinderella's arms.

Commutation to Prisoners.

Congress has provided by law that soldiers, sailors and marines, who were captured during the war and held as prisoners, shall be allowed, as a commutation for their rations, the sum of twenty-five cents per day.

This money is paid by the Commissary General of Prisoners at Washington, and it is necessary that the names of the claimants shall appear on his books. The act of Congress only permits the payment to be made to privates in the land and naval forces. Officers are not entitled to it. Notwithstanding this fact many of the latter have applied for commutation, and others may yet apply. To save trouble, it is proper that the conditions of the law should be understood.

As there are soldiers, marines and sailors, who have not made application, they should do so at once, before the payments are closed.

The election in Baltimore passed off very quietly, on the 2d. The Democratic candidates for Judge and Clerk of the new Court were elected. A light vote was polled.

The Criminal Court of the District of Columbia adjourned on Tuesday, to re-assemble on the 27th inst., at which time it is understood that John H. Barrett will be called for trial.