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For the Democrat.

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

"A Declaration of the Representatives of the Colonies of North America, in Congress at Philadelphia, July 6th, 1775, directed to be published by General Washington after his arrival at the camp before Boston."

"The Legislature of Great Britain, stimulated by an inordinate passion for power not only unjustifiable, but which they know to be peculiarly reprobated by the very Constitution of that kingdom, and desperate of success in any mode of contest where regard should be had to truth, law or right, have at length, deserting their duty, attempted to effect their cruel purpose of enslaving these colonies by violence, and have rendered it necessary for us to close our last appeal with arms."

"Parliament has undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent; statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts beyond their ancient limits; for depriving us of the inestimable privilege of trial by jury in cases affecting both life and property; for suspending the Legislature of Massachusetts, and altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter, and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of peace."

"But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? By one statute it is declared that Parliament can do what we are bound to do in all cases whatsoever. What is to defend us against so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it is chosen by us or is subject to our control, but on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws."

"Parliament, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them. The Lords and Commons in their address in the month of February, said, that a rebellion actually existed in Massachusetts, and they sought his majesty to take the most effectual measures to enforce obedience to the laws."

"Fruitless were all the entreaties, arguments and eloquence of an illustrious band of the most distinguished peers and commoners, who nobly and strenuously strove to stay, or even to mitigate the headless fury with which these unexampled outrages were hurried on. We are reduced to the alternative of using an unconditional submission to the tyranny of our enemies, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. Honor, justice, humanity, forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our innocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We can not endure the infamy and guilt of resigning to succeeding generations that wretchedness which inevitably awaits them if we basely entail hereditary bondage on them."

Here, the grievances and wrongs of the American people are set forth to the world, and portrayed to the soldiers called forth to resist their oppressors by force of arms. And what were these wrongs which they were receiving at the hands of the British government, which the world justified them in resisting, and which brought Lafayette, Kosciuszko, and hundreds of the friends of liberty to our shore to assist General Washington in fighting for American freedom?

There is not a wrong or an injury enumerated in the Declaration of the Congress of 1775 against the Parliament of Great Britain, that the 39th Congress has not inflicted upon the people of the South; and the President who now stands in the place which was filled for eight years by Gen. Washington, has been accused of "making war on Congress." When his speeches and veto messages are reviewed, it seems as if he had been inspired from Heaven to repeat the very Declaration directed to be published by Gen. Washington after his arrival at the camp before Boston. That declaration begins with the assertion that "the Parliament of Great Britain were stimulated with an inordinate passion for power, not only unjustifiable, but which they knew to be peculiarly reprobated by the very Constitution of that kingdom."

In his first speech, which so enraged these tyrants, the President says: "This is the day that gave birth to the Father of our country. It is the day that gave birth to him who presided over that body which formed the Constitution under which all the States entered into this glorious confederacy. Such a day is peculiarly appropriate for the indorsement of a policy whose object is the restoration of the Union of the States, as it was designed by the Father of our country. The name of Washington is embalm in the hearts of all who love free government."

The President here avows to the world his love for Washington, and his desire to restore the government which he founded. But, says he, "we find now an effort to concentrate all power in the hands of a few at the Federal head. We find that

powers are assumed and attempted to be exercised of a most extraordinary character. The Constitution of our country expressly provides that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate, and it also provides that each State shall have at least one representative in the House of Representatives; but yet the position is taken that certain States shall not be represented.— We impose taxes upon them; we send our tax-gatherers into every region and portion of those States. These people must pay taxes, but when they ask to participate in the legislation of the country, they are met at the door and told, no, you must bear burdens of government, but you cannot participate in its legislation which is to affect you through all time. Is this justice? Is it fair? The principle that carried us through the revolution was that there should be no taxation without representation. This principle is fundamental, and will be observed as long as free government lasts. Our only safety is in a strict adherence to and preservation of the Constitution, of our fathers."

The Congress of 1775 says: "But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? Not a single man of those who assume this unlimited power is chosen by us, or is subject to our control, but on the contrary, they are all exempt from the operation of such laws."

President Johnson in his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill, says:

"At the passing of this bill there was no Senator or Representative, in Congress from the eleven States which are to be mainly affected by its provisions. They should have representatives of their own in Congress to explain their condition, reply to accusations made against them, and assist in measures immediately affecting themselves."

The declaration required to be published by Gen. Washington, says: "Statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts beyond their ancient limits."

These statutes were contained in the Civil Rights bill, which the President also vetoed. In his veto message he says:

"This bill gives the district courts of the United States exclusive cognizance of all crimes and offenses against the provisions of this act. Congress thus takes from the judicial department of the States the sacred duty of judicial decision, and converts the State judge into a mere ministerial officer bound to decide according to the will of Congress."

The Congress of 1775 said "statutes have been passed for suspending the Legislature of Massachusetts, and altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter."

President Johnson says: "The purpose of the military bill is to change the entire structure and character of the State governments and to compel the Southern people by force to adopt principles to which it is known they are opposed, and laws which they are unwilling to accept, if left to themselves."

The Congress of 1775 said, "The Parliament have attempted to effect their cruel purpose of enslaving these colonies by violence."

President Johnson says, "The military bill reduces the whole people of ten States to the most abject and degrading slavery."

Washington drove the British tyrants back to their own shores. How came they here again? Gen. Jackson drove the troops of Lord Wellington from New Orleans, who had come the second time to subjugate America, and preserved the liberties established by Washington.

How came the British lion to break into the fold of freedom and commence again to devour the lamb of liberty? Who took the side of Great Britain in the war of 1812, and hoped the British troops would conquer Gen. Jackson? The Federalists of New England. Who declared that they would break up the Union, if the Democratic party defended the liberties of the American people by force of arms against the attempts of Great Britain to destroy them? The Federalists. Who said in Nov. 1814, "On or before the 4th of July, if James Madison is not out of office a new form of government will be in operation in the Eastern States. The contest then will be in other States whether to adhere to the old or join the new government." Ans: The same party that want President Johnson out of office, that they may not be hindered in making their new government."

Jefferson wrote in 1823 to Gen. Lafayette, who helped to achieve our liberties: "You are not to believe that the lion and the lamb are lying down together. The Hartford Convention—the victory of New Orleans—the peace of Ghent prostrated the name of Federalism. Its votaries abandoned it through shame and mortification, and now call themselves Republicans. But the name alone is changed—their principles are the same."

Having been completely down, and despairing of ever rising, again by rallying partisans to the principles of monarchy, they got up the slavery question, under the pretense of its being a moral one, but with the view of ensnaring them into the election of the next President.

The people of the North went blind-fold into the snare, until they found that the slaves had been used merely as tools for electioneering purposes, and that *trick of hypocrisy* fell as quickly as it had been gotten up. The line of division now is, the preservation of State Rights, as reserved by the Constitution. The Tories are for strengthening the Executive and General Government. The Democrats cherish the rights reserved to the States as a bulwark against consolidation, which must immediately generate monarchy."

Now what did these Tories do to destroy the reserved rights of the States and establish a monarchy? Jefferson was scarcely cold in his grave before, the Tories of New England sent Wm. Lloyd Garrison across the ocean to form an alliance with the old enemies of American freedom, and ask their aid in overturning the government. He returned with a member of the British Parliament, (Geo. Thompson), and he joined with these Tories in pronouncing the "Union a curse," and the Constitution, framed by the patriots of the Revolution, an "agreement with death, and a covenant with hell."— Their avowed object was to effect a dissolution of the Union.

But twenty years after Gen. Jackson defeated the British army, and saved his country's freedom, he was warning his countrymen from the Presidential chair, that British emissaries were again among them, and had united with the Abolitionists in "wicked attempts to incite a servile war in the South, to destroy the rights of the States, the laws, and destroy the Union." The Abolitionists are British Tories, and the identical tyrants which Washington and Jackson conquered in the two wars with England. If one can be made to believe that their pretended love for Southern negroes is anything else than "a trick of hypocrisy" to gain their votes to keep them in power, and that they are now using them as "tools" in destroying the liberties of the white people of America, he has read American history in vain, and must believe that the greatest tyrants are the best friends of Freedom.

Not any Shanghai.

The shanghai ruseeter is a gentile, and speaks in a foreign tongue. He is built on piles like a Sanday Hill crane. If he had bin built with 4 legs, he wd resemble the peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often cums off sekund best in a ruff and tumble ste; like the injuns, the cant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing. The roost on the ground, similar tew the mud turtle. Tha offtio go to sleep standing, and sum times pith over, and when tha dew, tha enter the ground like a pickaxe. Three food consist of korn in the ear. Tha crow likid a jackass, troubled with the bronskeesucks. Tha will eat as much to onst as a district kule master, and generally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy tew cook, yu hav to bile one eend of them to a time yu kant git them awl into a pot or kittle to onst. The femal ruster lays an eg as big as a kokernut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a little of yung shanghai she has tew brood them standing, and then kant kiver but 3 ov them—the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a cikus tent, gitting a peep under the kanvas when ever tha kan. The man who fust brought the breed into this kuntry ought tew own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers, caught bi hand. I never owned but one and he got choked to deith bi a kink in a clothes line, but not until he had swallowed 18 feet ov it. Not enny shanghai for me, if yu pleze; I wd rather board a travelling kolporter, and as for eating one, give me a biled owl rare dan, or a turkee bizzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair ov injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghai for me, not a shanghai!—
Josh Billings.

The last Man in the Barber Shop.

We have seen many illustrations of misery, many that move the hardest heart to pity; but nothing can be more touching to an observer, nothing better defines misery, than a man in a barber shop, with a dozen or so ahead of him, waiting to be shaved. It is impossible for any one who never has experienced it to know how much nerve is required to pass successfully through this ordeal. Different natures, of course, experience different degrees of misery as they wait. "The poor but virtuous young man, struggling with a monstache" (the fading hue of which has brought him again to the tonsorial artist) having an engagement with Susan—who has told him, "anything but a feller as isn't on time"—can probably be put down as the subject of most abject wretchedness and despair, as he enters and looks around upon "less miserables" who are "ahead" of him, the last of whom mingles with his misery a grim satisfaction that some one comes after him.

The young man would rather "dye" at once than be subjected to the suspense he must endure. Talk of ambition; of fame, as she beckons from afar to the midnight porer over volumes filled with learning and wisdom, or to the warrior as he cuts his way with his sword and wades thro' seas of blood to his shining goal! The

scholar's ambition fades to insignificance, and the soldier's dream of glory vanishes before the mighty yearnings of the last man in the barber shop, waiting for his turn. No goal but the cushioned chair does he see, "so near, and yet so far."

There is music to him in the barber's "next," as it lessens the distance between him and his ambitious goal; and when it finally appeals to him, he experiences a joy that the homied words of flattery fail to bring to him who has found fame. Enforce the Maine law, prohibit tilting hoops, make good street crossings, &c., and we will submit, but deliver us, good Lord, from being the last man in the barber's shop.

The Printer's Estate.

The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here and a dollar there scattered over numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to these widely scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather such force, and demand, with such good reasons, your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as ye are in the aggregate, single ye will never pay the cost of gathering. Come in here, in single file, that the printer may form you into a battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him, and vindicate his feeble credit!"

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes?

A Delightful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day: I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his without his acknowledgment." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives said within himself, "My eldest brother has a family, I have none; I will contribute to his support, I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to guard and solve the mystery. They did so: when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world! Alas! In these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock, than add to it a single sheaf.

Learn all you Can.

Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said even in a stage coach he always found somebody who could tell him something that he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is therefore a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said, that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime.

So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

—Carlyle in his advice to young men, says: "If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt."

A House at Damascus.

A traveller who has been visiting the dwelling of Assal, one of the leading citizens of Damascus, gives the following description of the building:

When we arrived at the front of the mansion we were surprised at the meanness of its appearance—at the walls of sunburnt bricks and the few miserable windows, stuck here and there, without order or arrangement, possessing no glass, but covered with a thick lattice formed with crossbars of wood. Great, however, was the contrast between the exterior of the house and the scene that presented itself when we passed through a door opened by a slave. We saw, to our surprise and pleasure, a spacious and magnificent court, paved with Dutch tiles and marble. In the centre of it was a large fountain, bubbling over into a cool, clear, circular reservoir of water filled with pet fish. Around this court extended a range of buildings one story high, of a pretty, fantastic style of architecture, decorated with Moorish or Saracenic ornaments. At the upper end of the grove was a grotto, or alcove, floored with various colored marbles, opening on the spacious area, but elevated three steps above it. A rich figured divan extended around the walls, and the little secluded spot presented a cool and delightful smoking retreat, from which the large court and murmuring fountain were most agreeably surveyed. Seating ourselves on the soft, luxurious divan, we were served with coffee.

Some black slaves in scarlet dresses, with long white wands, then came to conduct us to see some of the apartments of the mansion and of the harem, the ladies of which were absent at a summer villa in the garden. The building on the western side of the court contained a succession of detached handsome rooms; the floors were covered with a thick matting, and the ceilings were painted in a beautiful manner and with great taste. The walls were adorned with rich carving and gilding, and all around them, raised about a foot and a half from the floor, extended a divan covered with rich figured mixed silk and cotton stuff of Damascus manufacture. The grand saloon or reception hall on the ground floor, on the northern side of the court, in which strangers and visitors are received, was by far the finest apartment of the place. We first came on to a square floor paved with different colored marbles, having a fountain in the centre, and overhead a handsomely painted and gilded ceiling. From this floor we ascended by steps to other raised floors, paved with marble and covered with a handsome matting. Scrolls and different devices were painted around the walls, something in the Chinese style, and divans extended around the apartment, placed against the wall. Gilded bowls of sherbet were handed round, and slices of lemon and chopped almonds floating in; in then came a black slave, who held in his hand an embroidered handkerchief, which he just pressed to our lips when he had ceased drinking. The presence of the slaves was commanded by clapping of hands, as mentioned in the "Arabian Nights." Cups of coffee were then again handed round.

Ancient Pens and Ink.

The stylus, or metallic pen, was never used for writing on papyrus or parchment. The unhappy moderns who introduced this instrument of torture, deserves to sit at his desk with nothing but steel pens during a wretched immortality. The age of calligraphy is gone, and the iron age has succeeded it. The ancient pen was made of the Egyptian reed, cut down to a point, split, exactly like the quill, and thence called cloven footed. The ink most commonly used was black, and some of it—the Egyptian ink—was so excellent and durable, that letters, hieroglyphs, and figures, traced more than five and twenty centuries ago, have the freshness and gloss of yesterday. The ink stands, some of which have been found in Pompeii, were made much like our own, single for one kind of ink, or double for red and black, and round or hexagonal. One was discovered at Herclaneum, containing ink, which, though somewhat thick, could still be used for writing. The inks of the ancients are thought to have resembled printers' ink; and not to have been so flowing as those now in use. The Roman satirist, Persius, describes an author who attributed the sluggish current of his ideas to the thickness of his ink—a natural delusion, which every one in the habit of writing must have experienced. For our knowledge in the actual details in the preparation and materials of Greek books, we have to depend on Egypt, and the burial cities of Herclaneum and Pompeii. In Egypt, the use of paper rolls written in hieroglyphic, hieratic, or demotic characters, dates from a very remote period. The copy of the Book of the dead, published by Lepsius, is supposed by him to belong to the fifteenth century before Christ. Fragments of manuscript contracts and documents in Greek, and of Greek poets, have been sold in considerable numbers, belonging to the Ptolemaean period, and dating three centuries before Christ. These are deposits taken from the tombs which, built in the solid rock and freed from the slightest moisture, pre-

served them until the monuments were opened in the course of modern researches. Very recently numerous and important fragments of an oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes—ones often mentioned by the ancients, but supposed to be irrevocably lost—have been found in a collection of old papyri, and published. Two libraries, containing a considerable number of manuscripts—one in a villa in the neighborhood of Herclaneum, another in the house called that of the Tragio Poet of Pompeii—have restored a large amount of lost literature. These rolls or volumes, though retaining their original shape, are nearly reduced to coal, and can be opened daily by the nicest care and the most skillfully devised apparatus. Several have been successfully unrolled and published—among the rest, a treatise on Music by Philodemus, a Greek author contemporary with Cicero.—*Felton's Lectures on Greece.*

The Intelligence of our New Made Citizens.

The following from the New Orleans correspondent of the Louisville Courier, illustrates the intelligence of the new made citizens of African descent in that quarter. He says:

The registering of voters under the military bill is progressing rapidly, the negroes registering in great numbers, and far exceeding the whites. The scene of registering is rich and funny. Two ranks are formed outside of the Register's office, principally of darkies of every grade, interspersed here and there by a few white men. The following is the process of making voters, or conferring the franchise on colored citizens of African descent:

Register—What is your name?
Colored Citizen—My name is Casar, boss.

Register—What is your other name?
Colored Citizen—Well, boss, dey didn't gib me my odder name, but old missa's name was Grandison, and I 'spose I must hab his name now.

Register—Did you ever hold any office under the United States or under the State of Louisiana?

Colored Citizen—Yah, yah; well, yes, boss; I sweeps out an assurance office an a lawyer's office.

Register—Did you ever give aid or comfort to the Confederate States?

Colored Citizen—I didn't gib nuttin, 'cause I didn't hab nuffin to gib.

Register—Did you ever serve in the Federal or rebel army?

Colored Citizen—Well, boss, I didn't serve in neifer; but de Yankee want to take me to make brewfrows for 'em, and so I went to cook for de rebs.

Register—Then you gave them aid and comfort, didn't you?

Colored Citizen—Why no, boss; dey gib me all de aid and comfort, for if it was not for dem I'd been dead nigger long ago.

Register—Swear him in.
So goes the farce.

Absence of Mind.

We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific or theological investigation, which monopolizes the mental powers. We could point out many individuals who fill the pulpit with ability, and display in their discourse vast powers of intellect, who, in the social party, carry on some mental exercise which disconnects them from passing events. In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals, is likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also are frequently found in his pockets when returning from social tea parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on her return for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the rightful owners. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron, string and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guests after tea, on some subject in which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the thread of the discourse, she untied the apron string and let it go, a little amused at seeing the whole affair or two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his pocket.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—Chief Justice Story was once a guest at a public dinner in Boston, at which Edward Everett was present: wishing to pay a delicate compliment to the latter the learned judge proposed as a volunteer toast: "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." The brilliant scholar and consummate orator, not at all disconcerted, rose, and tossing up his wine glass, responded, "To whatever heights judicial learning may attain in this country, it will never rise above a Story."

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a happy married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."