

Mr Lee Herald

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For the Democrat.

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

The great drama which the Republican party are now enacting has its comedy and farce, as well as its tragedy. One of its farcical scenes was performed in Richmond May 15th, 1857, which produced "shouts of applause."

"That 'great arch-traitor,' Jefferson Davis, who was to have been hung on 'a sour apple tree,' was released from prison, 'and is now at liberty,'" says the Tribune, "to go where he pleases, and not at the South alone, but equally at the North, and his liberation will be hailed as a victory of common sense."

And who went to Richmond to "go his bail," and was the first to sign the bond by which his release was obtained, but the founder of this Republican party, the Hon. Horace Greeley? This proves the old adage true, that "there is honor among thieves." There is also honor among secessionists. Horace Greeley helped to get Jefferson Davis into trouble; it is honorable and right that he should try and help him out again.

He has done so, and instead of having to pronounce maledictions on his head from a "sour apple tree," Jefferson Davis grasped his hand in a court-room, and earnestly thanked him for his kind offices.

"Mr. Greeley," says a looker-on, "accepted the thanks with a countenance so indicative of pleasure and self-satisfaction, that the surrounding spectators broke out in a loud laugh."

Well might Mr. Davis grasp the hands of his friends, and thank them for saving him from the fate which Underwood, the modern Jeffries, was preparing for him. The Tribune, but the day before his release, describes the condition of the "prisoner of State," as follows:

"After an imprisonment of two years in Fortress Monroe, Jefferson Davis returns as a prisoner of war to Richmond. Scurvy and powerless he stands at the bar of a civil court, accused of the highest crime known to American law; and by a revolution of which his wildest dreams of rebellion could have had no intimation, he is to be tried for his life by men for whose enslavement he used all the forces of war. Five negroes sit upon the grand jury in Judge Underwood's court, and before them the President of the Confederacy is to repeat the words, 'I will be tried before God and my peers.'" If this is not punishment enough, it is humiliation enough. Judge Underwood is determined, it is said, to commit him to Libby prison. And the curtain falls for the night on this scene!

The next day, "the time soon came when to the court devolved the duty of saying, 'The requirements of bail having been fully met, the Marshal is directed to discharge the prisoner.'" Then arose shouts, and in a moment Jefferson Davis was surrounded and congratulated with an enthusiasm that threatened to raise him upon the shoulders of men, and bear him from the scene of triumph. As it was, he passed out through a crowd murmuring "God bless you," and was driven off in a carriage amid cheers. The streets were lined with people, and they cheered and waved their hands and handkerchiefs until he passed into the hotel, where he entered a room adorned with innumerable branches of flowers."

Who should rejoice in this change of scene if not the founder of the Republican party? And another Northern man was there who enjoyed this triumph. He too had come to be a bondsman for the "arch traitor." This was the founder of the "abolition party" in the State of New York—the Hon. Gerrit Smith. How just and right it was for these two Northern secessionists to desire the escape of Jefferson Davis from punishment? Before a single State had seceded, Mr. Greeley gave them leave to go. He said:

"Whenever any considerable section of this Union shall insist on getting out of it, we shall insist that they be allowed to go. And we feel sure that the North generally cherishes a kindred determination. If they fight, they must hunt up some other enemy, for we are not going to fight them. If the people of the Southern States shall ever deliberately vote themselves out of the Union, we shall be in favor of letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless. And whenever a considerable section of our Union shall resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measure to keep them in. We hope never to live in a Republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

In March, 1861, he says: "In the Republican party there is a large interest in favor of cutting loose from the cotton States altogether, by peaceable separation."

In May, 1862, Mr. Greeley said: "If the great mass of the Southern people had really desired a dissolution of the Union, and been willing to exercise a reasonable patience, their end might have been attained without blood and carnage, for we, with thousands more in the North, would have done all in our power to in-

cline our fellow-citizens to defer to our request, and let them go in peace. All governments derive their power from the consent of the governed, was the fundamental axiom of Jefferson. We have not a word to say about the indissolubility of the Union. Our country is no more indissoluble than the British empire, from which our grandfathers wrenched a part.—We insist that the great principle asserted in the Declaration of Independence is sound, and that it would justify the South in making a new government for itself, as well as it justified our fathers in asserting their independence."

Gerrit Smith told the South on the floor of Congress, six years before they attempted to secede, that secession was a sacred right. He declared that "If this Union is to prosper, it must be by adhering to the great and precious principles avowed at its birth; that every people have a right to break up their existing national relations, and choose its own form of government. I hold that the Northern States have a right to go off into a nation by themselves, and the Western and the Southern States. If they will go, let them go in peace."

Then why should there have been this war? Mr. Smith continued, "Of course I cannot forget that many, alas! that there are so many! would prefer following the seceders with curses and guns.—Oh! how slow men are to emerge from the brutishness into which their passions and false education have sunk them!—Brutishness, I say; for rage, and violence and war belong to it, while love, and gentleness, and peace are the adornments of true manhood."

If the Southern States had a right to secede as the founders of the Republican and Abolition parties of New York claimed they had, then the North had no right to "follow them with curses and guns." In turning upon their pursuers and fighting them with their own weapons, the South was perfectly justifiable, for they were only fighting for their rights. Mr. Greeley says, "What one party has a right to do, another party has no right to resist."

If it was treason and rebellion for the Southern States to array themselves in opposition to the Federal government, then Hon. Gerrit Smith, Chief Justice Chase, and all the Abolitionists of the North are guilty of inciting treason and rebellion.

In August, 1857, Mr. Smith addressed a large meeting in Wisconsin to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. He says to these people, "If the men collected here from all parts of the State shall dare to array their State against the Federal government, against the Federal troops, which are but servants to that government, then will one point of resemblance between the present occasion and Bunker Hill be established."

Did the people of the Southern States do more than the people of Wisconsin were counseled to do?

It has been said that if Jefferson Davis were put on trial, Chief Justice Chase would be on trial at the same time.—Among other proofs of this, the following letter bears out the position of Gerrit Smith:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 7th, 1855.

To Sherman M. Booth:

"Dear Friend:—The telegraph flashes to us the news that the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has delivered you out of prison. If this be so, that Court has the honor of first declaring the unconstitutionality of the fugitive slave law. The decision may bring on a conflict between the State and Federal judiciary, in which the State court will certainly have the right side, and the courage to maintain it. Wisconsin now presents a most interesting spectacle of Constitutional right opposed to arbitrary power."

The Chief Justice here taught the awful heresy of State sovereignty, for which the South, by believing in, has been so severely punished. The Abolitionists were also preparing to plunge the nation into civil war. Theodore Parker's journal of June, 1856, says:

"If Buchanan is elected, I don't believe the Union holds out three years. I shall go for dissolution. It must end in civil war. If Fremont is not elected, we shall be compelled to take the initiative of revolution at the North. Then the worst fighting will be among Northern men. I expect civil war and make my calculation accordingly. There are two Constitutions for America; one written on parchment and laid up at Washington; the other also on parchment, but on the head of a drum. It is to this we must appeal before long. Of course we shall fight."

And fight against the Constitution laid up at Washington! It is what the party in power have been doing for the last six years. And yet they have disfranchised every man at the South who ever took an oath to obey that Constitution, and afterward went with his State into secession. Wendell Phillips said, in 1860, "The Constitution is the weathercock on the steeple. I go for the winds." The Republican party, in the very beginning of the war, threw the Constitution to the winds. The Abolitionists blew against

and turned it hither and thither, and whatever they declared to be its import the Republicans accepted as their oracle from Heaven. "Write it on the head of a drum," and forced upon the South at the point of the bayonet and the sword.—When the Southern people said we will obey the Constitution of our fathers, the Republicans answered, "There is no Constitution left for you but that which we have written on the head of a drum"—no law but the law of a military despot. What is this but levying war against the United States, and overthrowing the Constitution and government?

This is not the party that will ever try Jefferson Davis for high treason before a civil court. Rather than do this, they would pay his bail bonds and give him another hundred thousand to go into exile. Exacting bail was a part of their farce.

### A Swarm of Bees Settle on a Man's Face—A Dangerous Situation.

A correspondent of the London Field gives the following interesting narrative:

In June, 1854, Mr. Simmonds, a farmer residing at Brooklands Farm, Weybridge, was dressing in order to attend the rent audit at Woburn House. Before putting on his coat, he perceived from his window an unusually large swarm of bees, filling the air with their cloud and noise. It was, in fact, as he afterward ascertained, two swarms that had come out of two distinct hives, and had united in the air. He ran out in his shirt sleeves, and without his hat, to see where they would alight. The bees, after making some circles in the air, led him off to the bank of the River Wey. Thinking that the bees might cross the river, and perhaps escape, he adopted a plan not uncommon with bee masters, namely, that of throwing dust into the air among the bees. This often makes them settle quickly. They did settle quickly, and this more so than he expected, for in a short time the whole of one of the largest swarms he had ever seen settled upon his head, face and breast. They hung down in front like a great beard to the bottom of his waist-coat. Had he not been well accustomed to bees, and perfectly collected his situation would have been a very dangerous one; for had he at all irritated this mass of armed insects, he would no doubt have received a sufficient number of stings to have placed his life in peril.

He was obliged to close his eyes slowly and to keep his mouth shut. Then, in order to prevent their entering his nostrils, which they endeavored to do, he slowly thrust one hand through the mass and with his two forefingers managed to keep drawing and pushing them away from his nostrils as they tried to enter, he breathing all the while as softly as possible. This was necessary, as bees are generally irritated by being breathed upon. He was some distance from his house, and no one near him nor within call. His first thought was to walk slowly into the River Wey, and gently sink his head under the water, and then throw off the swarm. But a moment's consideration dissuaded him from that attempted remedy. He could not have disengaged them all, for many were between his neckcloth and his skin, and still more were crawling down his back. He found that if he walked he could not help disturbing the hanging mass and that every little agitation, however slight, caused a hum and a hiss from some thousands. He then remembered the account given in Thorley's work on bees of a servant maid, who escaped unhurt by the carand advice of her master, he, without irritating the swarm, having lived it from off her with a hive well smeared with honey.

To avoid agitating the swarm, Mr. Simmonds slowly knelt down on the grass and remained perfectly still. He then found a number of bees were gathering in a mass under the waistband of his trousers, in the hollow of his back, to which spot the others were drawing, indicating that the queen was there. Fearing, therefore, that the tightness of the waistband—rendered tighter whenever he breathed—might crush, or, at any rate, irritate this part of the swarm, he slowly unbuttoned the front of his trousers.

It is not easy to conceive a more helpless condition than that to which Mr. Simmonds was now reduced. He that was the master of forty hives, from which he could usually rely what spoils he pleased, killing his thousands at his pleasure with a brim stone match, was now so completely in the power of one detachment of his own army, and was reduced to the most suppliant position. Even to call for help would have been dangerous, as the bees near his mouth would have been irritated and would have probably entered his mouth.

At this moment he heard a railway train on the Chertsey Branch Railway, from which he was about fifty yards. It fortunately happened that the engine driver was known to him, and had a little commission from him to sound his railway whistle if he saw anything wrong among his cows and sheep.

This engine driver seeing Mr. Simmonds on his knees, with one arm extended as if for help, and something odd hanging from his face, sounded his whistle. This was heard by Mr. Simmonds'

wife, who, supposing that some cow was ill, sent her son and a farming man out into the fields. They soon found Mr. Simmonds in the predicament above described. In addition to the hanging mass, there was a cloud of bees still flying around him, so that to approach him was not the most agreeable office. However, they came near enough to hear him speak, which he did very gently, merely saying, "Bring a bushel hive, well rubbed with honey, and some bricks."

While they were going at the top of their speed for this, he remained perfectly still. The tickling of the bees' feet on his face was almost unbearable, and the danger of irritating those that were down his neck and back was imminent.

The most difficult part he had to perform, however, was that before mentioned of dissuading the bees with the end of his two forefingers, from getting up his nostrils. These bees were not in a good humor, as they were breathed upon, and also deterred from doing as they pleased, and one bee showed his displeasure by stinging Mr. Simmonds at the fork of his two forefingers; this was not pleasant of itself, but it was a serious occurrence, as it might be the prelude to a more extensive attack.

He avoided making any start when he was stung, and continued to push away as gently as possible those that were near his nostrils. This was the only safe place to breathe from, as it was necessary to keep his mouth perfectly closed. Of course, the few minutes that elapsed before the return of his son and the servant, seemed a terribly long period to Mr. Simmonds, and during the whole of it he remained as motionless as possible on his knees.

On their arrival, the hive was placed on three bricks, with its mouth downward, and Mr. Simmonds slowly laid himself on his breast on the grass, with his head close to the hive. The honey soon attracted the bees nearest to it, and a slow movement of the bees took place, till at length the whole swarm gradually gathered itself under and within the hive, except a few patches of bees, which, in walking away, Mr. Simmonds easily disengaged from his dress with his hand, and made them join their companions. Mr. Simmonds thus escaped from not only a disagreeable but a perilous situation. It occupied two hours from the time that the bees alighted on their master, to the time of his release.

### Reflections for June.

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

Celebrate the praises of the Lord, and adore Him. Exalt, praise, and sing the marvelous and wonderful works of your creator, all ye whom He has made capable of enjoying them!

For great is his power who has created the heavens and all their hosts, whose beauty and splendor announce the glory of the Parent of light and life; the universe declares it, and the eye is worn weary with contemplating that in which it continually discovers new beauties.

But the eye alone does not enjoy those pleasures; the beauties of nature speak to the soul, and fill it with rapture. O man, is there a blade of grass, a leaf, or a grain of dust, which does not proclaim Thee, the council of the SUPREME BEING?

How rich is He in power and beneficence but, alas! how often does He find thee insensible; thy heart is hardened, and thine eyes turn away from his works! Yet for Thee His creative hand has diffused life and beauty through all things; for Thee He has created, preserved, and adorned so many different beings which thou beholdest in the garden of nature.

God has need of nothing: it is for thy happiness that he has diversified the creation with so many charms, and that he has endowed Thee with an intelligent, immortal soul. Why then wilt thou seek happiness in that which is false and deceitful? Turn thine eye to thy God; from Him thou wilt divine true felicity; Enjoy the blessings which he gives Thee, and repentance will never follow the enjoyment.—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

Gen. Butler has set the radical press at loggerheads by raising the question of the responsibility of the execution of Mrs. Surratt. Thus the Boston Commonwealth says:

"Perhaps it would have been well if General Butler had not said what he did of Mrs. Surratt. But there are thousands of thoughtful people who think her was right. Mr. Bingham did pursue her like a bloodhound."

"Not at all. If there were any bloodhounds in the hunt, they were Stanton and Holt; set on, too, we fear, by many Northern people and papers, of which latter, too, we suspect the Commonwealth was one."

This is not the first time that men equally guilty have turned States evidence against each other.

The Ebensburg Freeman thinks the Lewistown Gazette's effort to defend the last Legislature against the assaults of its Republican friends a very large undertaking for so small a paper.

### A Faithful Dog.

The Edinburg Scotsman says: "A very singular and interesting occurrence was yesterday brought to light in the Burgh Court, by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog tax. Eight and a half years ago a man named Gray, of whom nothing is known, except that he lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in 'old Greyfriars' Churchyard. His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone is now scarcely discernible; but though no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave, and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax. James Brown, the old curator of the burial ground, remembers Gray's funeral, and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning 'Bobby,' as the dog is called, was found lying on the newly made mound; this was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate stating, in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. 'Bobby' was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the old man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him and gave him some food.

"This recognition of his devotion gave 'Bobby' the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that his interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed to have his way. At almost any time during the day he may have been seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night may be, nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration it has undergone, he has faithfully preserved. 'Bobby' has many friends, and the targeteers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was allowed by Sergeant Scott, of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. John Trail, of the restaurant, 6 Greyfriars' place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his midday visits by the sound of the tube gun."

"On the ground of harboring the dog in this way proceedings were taken against Mr. Trail for payment of tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but so long as the animal refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible, he argued, to fix the ownership—and the court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons. 'Bobby' has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his interesting history. His constant appearance in the graveyard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts out of number have been made from time to time to get possession of him. The old curator, of course, was the next claimant to Mr. Trail, and yesterday offered to pay the tax himself rather than have 'Bobby'—'Greyfriars' Bobby,' to allow him his full name—put out of the way."

Greeley to be Expelled.

The "loyal" shoddy radical leagues are in a terrible bubble over the defection of the Tribune philosopher. The N. York branch of the concern summoned Mr. Greeley to appear before it, the other day, to explain why he went bail for Jefferson Davis, intimating that unless he should do so expulsion would be the punishment. Mr. G. replies in the Tribune of the 23d. The following is the concluding portion of his letter:

"Gentlemen: I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town, and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully comprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause, but don't know how. Your attempt to base a great, enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a bloody civil war is as though you should plant a colony on an iceberg which had somehow drifted into a tropical ocean. I tell you here, that out of a life earnestly devoted to the good of human kind, your children will select my going to Richmond and signing that bail bond as the wisest act, and will feel that it did more for freedom and humanity than all of you were competent to do, though you had lived to the age of Methuselah. I ask nothing of you, then, but I wish you to proceed to your end by a direct, frank, manly way. Don't slide off into the mild resolution of censure, but move the expulsion which you purposed, and which I deserve if I deserve any reproach what-

ever. All I care for is, that you make this a square, stand up fight, and record your judgment by yeas and nays. I care not how many vote with me, nor how many vote against me; for I know that the latter will repent it in dust and ashes before three years have passed. Understand, once for all, that I dare you and defy you, and that I propose to fight it out on the line that I have held from the day of Lee's surrender.

HORACE GREELEY.

### Shot Through a Plank.

A Scotch paper, the Haddington Courier, has an extraordinary story of the escape of a miner who fell down the shaft of a coal pit, near Tranent. An old shaft was made use of to open up a communication with a new pit recently sunk. About half way down the shaft, which was two hundred and seventy six feet deep, a wooden staging composed of strong two inch planks, was built, completely intersecting the down shaft, to afford a firm footing to the miners entering the side shaft. At the bottom of the down shaft was a considerable accumulation of water, as is usual in pits which have not been worked for some time. On the occasion in question, a young man named Mylne, rather than wait for the comparatively tedious process of being lowered down by the windlass, said he would slide down the rope. Disregarding the advice of his companions, he got upon the rope, and they were in another moment horrified to see that he had lost hold of it.

The crash of his body against the wooden staging was heard, and they were making preparations to descend for the mangled remains, when a cry for assistance was heard coming up from the very bottom of the pit. The rapidity of his descent of 170 feet had propelled him thro' the two inch boards as neatly as if his body had been a rifle bullet, and with about as little injury, for not a bone was broken, and, except a small scratch on his chin, his person did not bear the slightest mark of coming in contact with anything during the descent. Falling into the water at the bottom, he had, on coming to the surface, providentially thrown his arms over some wooden framework which happened to be there and had thus been saved. The man was found here and was conveyed home quite conscious, and under medical care was soon able to go out of doors.

The story has certainly the appearance of a fable, yet if it is possible to shoot a candle through an inch board, why cannot a man be shot through a two inch plank? The narrative is at least amusing, and any body who chooses can have the liberty of doubting that it is well authenticated.—Boston Advertiser.

### Having It Out.

A gentleman riding through the country a few days since, struck up with the following rich "case," and giving, as it does, a new phase in nature common to us all, we gladly give it a place. Our friend, riding leisurely along, approached a fence corner, when his ears were greeted by exclamations of anger, accompanied by vigorous thrucks on some object that, judging from the dust arising from the locality, was anything but patient under the infliction. Approaching the spot, our informant beheld a tow headed robin of some twelve summers, be laboring, with all the strength he was master of, what seemed to be most stubborn specimen of the genus mule. The operation did not apparently discompose the beast further than to arouse its "mulinahness," and to which it gave vent by a series of kicks that would do honor to Castello's circus ring. At this juncture, our informant ventured to remonstrate, when the following explanation was vouchsafed:—"Dad whips mam, (whack—kick), mam whips sis, (whack—kick), and sis, (gratuious kicks), darn her, beats me, an' I'm going to take it out!"—(whack).—Griffith Herald.

### Shrewd Editor.

There are some persons who seem to think that some editors regard it as one of the greatest intellectual luxuries to "pitch into" somebody, and they suppose themselves to have conferred a great favor by furnishing belligerent contributions, in which some person, corporation, or society is soundly abused. Such people may take a hint from the following:

A noted chap once stepped into the sanctum of a venerable and highly respectable editor, and indulged in a tirade against a citizen with whom he was on bad terms.

"I wish," said he, addressing the man with the pen, "you would write a very severe article against R—, and put it in your paper."

The next morning he came rushing into the office in a violent state of excitement.

"What did you put in your paper? I have had my nose pulled and been kicked twice."

"I wrote a severe article, as you desired," calmly replied the editor, and signed your name to it."

At the recent fire in Cincinnati ten thousand boxes of candles were melted in the basement. The grease puddle was valued at thirty thousand dollars.