

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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FOR THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT. A HISTORY OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM FOR THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

BY MRS. L. C. SEARLE.

Irving, in his Life of Washington, says: "Lord Dunmore's plan was to proclaim liberty to the negroes of Virginia, invite them to join his majesty's troops—in a word—to inflict upon that State the horrors of a servile war."

"If that man is not crushed before Spring," writes Gen. Washington, "he will become the most formidable enemy America has. Motives of resentment accuate his conduct to a degree equal to the total destruction of Virginia. His strength will increase as a snow-ball by rolling, and faster, if some expedient cannot be hit upon to convince the slaves of the impotency his designs."

What do these words of Gen. Washington imply, but that the slaves would have risen at the call of the king of Great Britain as soon as at the invitation of Abraham Lincoln? Bancroft says:

"What might have been accomplished had Lord Dunmore been master of the country, and used an undisputed possession to embody and train the negroes, can not be told; but as it was, though he boasted that they flocked to his standard, none combined to join him from a longing for an improved condition, or even from ill-will to their masters."

Thomas Jefferson says that "from an estimate made after the war, it was found that Virginia lost 30,000 slaves"—but they were stolen or enticed away.

"In truth," says Bancroft, "the cry of Dunmore did not rouse among the Africans a passion for freedom. To them bondage in Virginia was not a *locus* condition of being than their former one; no struggling aspirations of their own, had invited Dunmore's interposition; no memorial their grievances had preceded his offers."

Here a Massachusetts historian admits, that after the negroes had been slaves in Virginia for a hundred forty years, they were contented with their lot, and had no ill-will against their masters. They had not been reduced to any lower condition than the one they had occupied for thousands of years. They enjoyed as many privileges in Virginia as they did in Africa, and had nothing to regret by the change. Their memories could not run back to a time when they had ever enjoyed political privileges, and therefore they were not prompted to demand any change. They were not struggling for freedom themselves, for they had no aspirations for any position in life above what they were then in, and had not invoked the interposition of Dunmore in their behalf, or sent to him a memorial of any grievances for which they desired redress. It was not the slaves, then, who were enemies to their masters—not the black race who were arrayed in deadly hostility to the white people of the South, but the white tyrants of Great Britain, who wanted them to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their aristocratic brothers across the ocean; and these white princes and lords of the Old World, who had sent to Africa and brought these African barbarians over by the ship load and forced them among the colonists of America, now offered them their freedom if they would help to kill their masters, who refused to submit to their tyrannical power.

Neither was it the black race in the South who hated their masters in 1863, but the "British faction" who wanted to gain the power over the descendants of the patriots of 1776, who still clung to the Democratic form of government established by Washington, instead of one "formed after the model of Great Britain," as the Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, have been struggling for, ever since the Union was formed. To prove that it was not slavery which these Federalists hated, but Democracy, we give the opinions of Parson Brownlow, the present Radical governor of Tennessee, and a Methodist minister, for many years. "The slaves in 1775," says Bancroft, "were contented with their lot, and had no aspirations for a higher position of life." Seventy years from this time, Parson Brownlow held a discussion with Rev. Mr. Prime, of New York, upon the subject of slavery in the South, in which he gives the following description of the condition of the same race:

"The sinless spirits that surround God's throne look down with delight upon what

slavery is doing for the African race. Oh, with what ecstasy do they ponder on God's ways, when they see Him bending upon the abject African race an eye of tenderness, and in his profound wisdom, devising for them the institution of slavery as a plan of restoration, and by his wisdom bringing life, harmony and salvation to the African race through the mild institution of slavery. The preservation of the relation of master and slave is essential to the continued improvement and future welfare of the negro race of the South. American slavery is a blessing; a blessing to the master; a blessing to non-slaveholders of the South; a blessing to the white race in general, and a blessing to the negro slaves in particular."

In 1861 Brownlow says: "I am a pro-slavery man, and so are the Union men generally of the border slave States. I have long since made up my mind upon the slavery question, but not without studying it thoroughly. The result of my investigation is, that there is not a single passage in the new testament, nor a single act in the records of the church during her early history even for centuries, containing any intended censure of slavery. The original Church of Christ not only admitted the lawfulness of slavery, but masters and slaves bowed at the same altar."

In Parson Brownlow's book, printed in 1862, he says:

"In 1858 I was engaged in a debate on the slavery question with Rev. Abram Prime, in which I defended the institution of slavery as it exists in the South. The debate was published, and exhibits my sentiments upon that great question, which have undergone no change since then. Thirty years ago I had a controversy with Mr. Posey, a Calvaistic minister, a man of talents, and I herewith give my opinions on slavery then, and they are the same now. Mr. Posey taunted me with the false charges that Methodist preachers were the friends of negroes and opposed to slavery; and that Wesley, their great idol, wrote and preached against slavery. Both of these charges are false. Many of the Methodist preachers are opposed to slavery; but as many more of them own slaves and are advocates of the institution. I own none, but it is because of my poverty, and not because I am opposed to owning them. The Methodists in New England, and other denominations there, take the ground that slave-holding is a sin, an injustice, a barbarism. I do not believe them. I believe, with the Constitution of my country, that slaves are a lawful species of property, and that those who feed and clothe them well, and instruct them in religion, are better friends to them than those who set them at liberty."

Three years after the publication of his book, Parson Brownlow thus describes the blessings of freedom to the negroes of Tennessee:

"There is a bad feeling between the negroes and the whites, and it is daily growing more bitter. Many of the negroes are insulting to white families, who never owned any of their color, and never did them any wrong. They frequently elbow white women off our pavements, and curse white men passing them just to show their authority. Others swear that they will clean out the town. And still another class swear that if they are not allowed their rights at the ballot-box, they will resort to the cartridge-box. And they swear that they will be backed up by the government. As one desiring the welfare of the colored people, they will permit me to say that they cannot drive the Legislature of Tennessee into conferring upon them the elective franchise. The Federal government has no right to control the suffrage question in Tennessee; and the great Union party of the nation will have more sense than to attempt to control the question by Congressional legislation."

"The negroes entertain the idea that the government is bound to supply all their wants, and one third of them are not willing to stoop to work. They think the government is bound to furnish them with houses, if, in order to do that, the white occupants must be turned out. There is a large demand for labor, in every section of the State, but the negroes, with here and there a noble exception, scorn the idea of work. They fiddle and dance at night, and lie around the stores and street corners in the daytime. And some of the indiscreet teachers of the negroes from the North, who know nothing of the negro character, have been known to tell them not to hire to white people. Having the single idea in their heads of abolition, they advise the negroes to a life of precarious subsistence, of idleness and dancing, and of crowding into the towns to be educated, in preference to good wages and comfortable homes in the country. The negroes, as well as the whites, must learn to take care of themselves. A portion of them, I believe, will be quiet and industrious citizens, providing for themselves and families. The great majority of them will not, and they will get into trouble—many of them will break into the penitentiary. They will fail by their threats of violence to accomplish any good, and he is their best friend who advises them against this course of

conduct. I am informed that balls are getting to be very frequent, which white soldiers and officers attend, and dance with the colored women. One Ohio soldier procured a license to marry, but not disclosing the color of his intended, actually married a young weech, formerly a slave in this city! If this sort of alliance suited his taste, I have no complaint to make. But I do complain that the morals of the colored population are not so good since their freedom as when they were in bondage. And at the speed which is making in the direction of their enlightenment, of teaching, preaching, praying, singing and dancing, half of them will go to ruin in a short time."

"Colored soldiers in Federal uniforms, with guns and pistols in their hands, must know that East Tennessee will not be intimidated by them, or suffer their families to be abused. I know these people, and I know they will not submit to be run over by negro soldiers. And knowing this, I desire to keep upon any conflict between the races. Loyal men concede to the negroes their freedom, but they are not prepared to see all their churches and school houses turned over to them, and the innocent white children of Union parents, who never owned any slaves, denied houses of worship, and houses in which to teach school, because a few impudent teachers, upstarts from the North, out of any employment, have conceived the idea of immortalizing the negro. There are those of us here, claiming to be on the side of the Union, who still think, notwithstanding the result of the war, that a white child is as good as a black one. We do not recognize the right of the government, after emancipating the negroes of Union men, to take their lands and property as a punishment for having owned slaves! There are those of us here claiming that there is no discount upon our Unionism, who do not recognize the right of the captain of a negro regiment, upon the representation of a negro of bad character, to arrest respectable, loyal white men with negro bayonets, and march them from one county to another for trial, when their condemnation has been agreed upon by the negroes in advance, and there thousands of true-hearted Union citizens and discharged Federal soldiers, who will die right here, in a second war, before they will submit to such insults, wrongs, and outrages. There are those of us here, claiming to be getting up throughout the State upon this subject. I think I see where and what it will lead to, and I desire to remedy the evil. Let those who have control of the negroes advise them to a peaceful course, and to reconcile it to themselves to see white men and their families enjoy what rightfully belongs to them. Let them grow down all malicious complaints from negroes of bad character against white persons who always stood fast. Let them cease to arrest gentlemen of character and standing and of loyalty because some enraged negro has fancied he can procure such an arrest. A day of reckoning will come hereafter, and if these encroachments upon the rights and liberties of loyal men are continued, the day will come sooner than any of us want to see."

One of these days of reckoning came soon after this document of Parson Brownlow was issued, which was known as the day of the "Memphis Riots" another as the "Massacre of New Orleans." The key to all these tragic scenes is found in the fact which the Parson states, that white people would not submit to be run over by negroes. Congress therefore has sent an army South to compel them to submit, by giving the negroes the political power to rule over them; and Parson Brownlow, with the instinct of a demon, has joined the side of the negroes. That Stevens says, "the Southern people deserve to be shut up in the penitentiary of hell," and the Republicans have prepared the penitentiary and guarded it with bayonets. Brownlow says if they rebel, they will be swept from the earth.

The picture which Parson Brownlow gave of Tennessee, after the negroes were liberated from slavery, was a true picture of all the other States in the South. The white people were the ones who were insulted, wronged and abused by the negroes, causing all the disturbances, which Congress has undertaken to remedy by putting the whites into bondage to their former slaves.

"The sinless spirits that surround God's throne, who looked down with delight upon what slavery was doing for the African race, in redeeming them from a state of barbarism," behold now the whole South turned into a pandemonium; the masters who civilized and christianized the barbarians, punished with disfranchisement and slavery, and made to change places with their negroes, because they refused to submit in 1866 as in 1776, to aid in establishing despotic power over America. If they would vote the Republican ticket, and thus restore and ratify the claims of the King and Parliament of Great Britain, now represented by the Congress of the United States, every Southerner would be released from this prison-house to-morrow. They hold in their hands, now as ever, the liberties of the whole white race in America."

At Atlanta, Ga., new flour sells at 6.50 a barrel.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Speech of Judge Sharswood at the Anniversary Dinner of the Hibernian Society, March 17, 1860.

In response to the sixth regular toast, "Pennsylvania," Judge Sharswood said: That he felt highly honored in being the guest of the Society on this, as he had been on so many former anniversaries, and especially on the present occasion, in being called on to respond to a toast in honor of his native State. Pennsylvania has not been sufficiently appreciated by her own sons. Many reasons may be given for this. There never has been a feeling of brotherhood among the people in different parts of the Commonwealth. There has been always something of a jealousy of Philadelphia through the interior which is not to be observed in other States towards their metropolis, and which may, perhaps, be traced to early political differences. Besides which the Quakers in the East, the Germans in the midland counties, the Scotch and Irish in the West, and the Yankees in the North, have never fully fraternized. The time is at hand when these marked distinctions of races will have worn out. The valuable though varying traits which distinguish them, when blended in their common descendants, cannot fail to produce a state or national character, we may hope good as well as great. The simple but earnest discipline, mental and moral, of the Friends, the steady industry and frugality of the Germans, the indomitable courage and energy of the Scotch and Irish, and the inventive enterprise and shrewdness of the sons of New England, these have all had their respective works to do in founding and settling our broad Commonwealth, and well have they done it. To their descendants, the present and coming generations, they have left the task of uniting together, and cementing more strongly the North, the South, the East and the West, in the common sentiment that we are indeed all brethren of one family. In the future history of the Federal Union—this great Commonwealth of nations of which Pennsylvania is one—she will have an important part to act. She, the very keystone of that old Federal arch, which, springing on one side from the shores of the Atlantic on the north-east, and almost from the Gulf of Mexico in the very centre. Although her geographical position in relation to her sister States has been much changed from what it was with the Old Thirteen, not so with her political position. She is still the Keystone of the Arch. Always true to the Constitution and the Union, she will stand by these priceless legacies of the Revolution to the very last. In every conflict which involves these—God forbid that such conflicts should ever come—she will know where to find the sons of Pennsylvania—bravely fighting under the old stars and stripes as long as a single shred remains.

He would not dwell on such a topic but hasten to ask what will not Pennsylvania become with such a population, and with her great physical resources and material wealth, in the onward progress and expansion of this great Confederacy? The eminent scientific gentleman, (Professor N. D. Rogers,) under whose superintendence the geological survey of the State was conducted, has, in his riant report, summed up the results by expressing his deliberate opinion that the coal strata of Pennsylvania alone "confer upon it an amount of accessible wealth surpassing that of any other Commonwealth of the Confederacy, or that, indeed, of any equal country on the globe." "To the statesman," he adds, "this display of the pre-eminence of Pennsylvania in mineral wealth cannot but be viewed with deep interest, as it must appear to him by far the largest element in the problem of her future industrial, social, and political career." The coal measures within her limits cover an area of about 12,622 square miles, or not much less than one-fourth of the whole surface of the State. Each acre of a coal seam, four feet in thickness, is equivalent to about 5,000 tons, and possesses a mechanical power equal to the life labor of more than 1,600 men. Each square mile of one such single coal bed contains three million of ton of fuel, equivalent to one million of men laboring through twenty years of their ripe strength. Multiply that by 12,622.

This is but a single element of the future growth and power of Pennsylvania, if she continues to share, in common with her sister republics, in the blessings of Union and peace. Add to this her inexhaustible mines of iron, the most useful of all the metals—her rich valleys, which gained for part of them the well deserved name of the gardens of America—all combined with multiplied means of easy transportation and internal communication—and who will undertake to calculate in figures what she will be, even half a century hence, in population and wealth? With schools and colleges everywhere established and growing in favor with the masses, and with that constant and steady progress, the feeling of which is that which gives life and strength to a community—who will undertake to foreshadow the moral and political power in

the Union, or the moral and political influences of that Union upon the destinies of the whole race?

Let a summer tourist, who flies his accustomed haunts in order to benefit health or enjoy relaxation, instead of wasting his time, without gaining either, at some crowded watering place, in a toil of pleasure and a round of discomfort, seek both in an excursion through our own State. He will see natural beauties of scenery not surpassed anywhere, while the local and particular knowledge he will acquire of men as well as things will foster a just State pride and better fit him for the practical duties of the citizen. He will know and feel that Pennsylvania is a State for her native sons to be proud of, and that it becomes them to support and maintain her just claims to a high and commanding position. Let him pass through the great Valley of Chester County and look down upon a landscape painted like a chess-board, but in brighter and richer hues—through Pequea Valley, with its broad acres and well garnished barns—through Cumberland Valley, with all the evidences of a happy and wealthy farming population, in fields heavy with abundant harvest. Let him climb the side of the Cove Mountain, and from its summit survey that glorious valley stretching south even to Mason and Dixon's line, often had the speaker stood there and shuddered at the bare thought that those quiet and smiling scenes, studded with towns and villages—Chambersburg, Mercersburg and Greencastle—and ever and anon some modest church spire pointing heavenwards, and sending up as it were hymns of grateful praise to the Creator—might, at some distant day, even though long distant, be the battlefield of civil war. Or if the tourist prefers, let him start north, through the rich German settlements of upper Berks, Northampton and Lehigh, until from the brow of the Wilkesbarre Mountain the beautiful Valley of Wyoming bursts upon his vision; or, taking the great central route, let him pass through the midland counties, along the Valley of the Juniata, across and through the heart of the great mountain chains which divide our eastern and western waters.

He could easily dilate upon this topic, but he would not detain the society longer. He might be allowed to say that Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen, have variously which have made Pennsylvania, and especially the western part, what it is. They have left their mark on her history, filling chairs in her institutions of learning, seats in her legislative halls, and on the bench of the Supreme Court, as well as honorably representing her in the councils of the Union, and bravely fighting the battles and leading the armies of the country in all her wars. When an Irishman adopts a country he does it, as he does everything else, with all his heart, and as his heart is always in the right place, it follows that wherever the honor or welfare of his adopted country is at stake, he is always in the right place too.

Obadiah Snodgrass being called upon to depose, duo so at once without sermimony as follows, viz: "That 'Truth is stranger than Fiction,' yes, and stranger too. That the 'Love of money may be the root of all evil,' but sum how or other people do take to the root most awfully. That the saying, 'in times of peace prepare for war,' applies to a cross wife full as well; by tying her up when she is good-natured so as to be ready when the spell kums on. That the saying 'fast to-day and fast to-morrow' has reference I suppose to the day before fastin. That a contented mind may be a continual feast, but I don't believe it compares with roast turkey and stude oysters, dus it, if it dus its the cheapest livin' invented yet. 'Hope ma keep the hart bull,' but the thing hoped for makes it huller, I'll bet a shillin'. 'A life on the rollin' sea' sounds well on paper, but when you git thare in earnest it's most too rollin' for a man of weak stumick and limited bowels. That to git a luvva wife is a good investment, no doubt, but if the old man has plenty of munish I think the afoursed dear will be more lovin' in a finanshall pint of view. O. SNODGRASS, B. B.

The cost of supporting the army in the Southern States during the present year is estimated by the Treasury Department at \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

Think of that, you tax-ridden tax-payers! But for the Radical system of tyranny in the South, forty million dollars worth of officers and soldiers could be dispensed with, and that amount of taxes saved annually. This sum will pay the interest on \$500,000,000 of government bonds. This species of extravagance will continue just as long as the Radicals remain in power, for it is one of the means they use to perpetuate their dynasty.

The Negro Bureau officials are engaged in transferring to Tennessee from other States all the vagrant negroes that can be picked up, in order to make them voters for Brownlow. Northern taxpayers are thus made to support perhaps thousands of darkies in idleness for weeks and months in order to secure the election of that old reprobate. Will such infamous doings never cease?

BOTH SIDES.

"Kitty, Kitty, you mischeivous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself?"
But Kitty was now
Asleep on the floor,
And only drawled dreamily, "O haw-ow!"
"Kitty, Kitty, come here to me,
The naughtiest Kitty I ever did see!
I know very well what you've been about;
Don't try to conceal it, master will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?"
"O I have had a breakfast rare!"
"Why don't you go and hunt for a mouse?"
"O there's nothing at to eat in the house!"

"Dear me! Miss Kitty,
This is a pity;
But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.
What has become of the beautiful dress
That built her nest in the heap of brush?
A brace of young robins as good as the best;
A round little, brown little, snug little nest;
Four little eggs all green and grey,
Four little birds all bare and grey,
And Papa Robin went foraging round,
Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.
North wind, or south wind, he cared not a great,
So he popped a fat worm down into the nest;
And Mama Robin through sun and storm,
Hugged them up close and kept them all warm;
And me, I watched the dear little things,
Till the feathers picked out on their pretty wings,
And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.
Kitty, Kitty, you know the rest of the story.
The nest is empty, and silent and lone;
Where are the four little robins gone?
O Puss! you have done a cruel deed!
Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?
Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?
Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,
Or you just coddle down in the hay and purr,
Curl up in a ball and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes.
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door,
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over—
Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Olover!"

Then Kitty arose,
Rubb'd up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows;
Rounded her back,
Leaped from the stack,
On her feet, at my feet, came she with a whack.
Then, fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
Smoothed down her whiskers, and unheathed her claws.
Winked her green eyes
With an air of surprise,
And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.
"Killed a few robins! well, what of that!
What's a virtue in man can't be 'viced in a cat.
There's a thing or two I should like to know,
Who killed the chicken a week ago?
For nothing at all that I could spy.
But to make an overgrown chicken pie?
That's what you do!
'The plain is to see,
The odds is, you like fricassees.
While my bristly maw
Owns no such law.
Content with viands a la raw."

"Who killed the robins? O yes! O yes!
I could get the cat now into a feast!
An old stocking-foot,
Tied up with strings,
And such shabby things,
On the end of a sharp, slender pole,
Dipped in oil, and set fire to the whole.
And burnt all the way from the kitchen door,
The nests of the sweet young caterpillars!
Grilled fowl, indeed!
Why are you ranting?
You had not even the plea of need;
O even a caterpillar for all your boasts!"

"Who killed the robins? Well, I should think
Hain't somebody better wick
At my peccadilloes. If houses of glass
I do to throw stones from those who pass!
I had four little kittens a month ago—
Black, and white, and white and snow,
And not a very long while before
I could have shown you three kittens more.
And so in batches of fours and threes,
I'm looking back as long as you can see.
You will find, if you read my story anon,
There were kittens from time immemorial."
"But what am I now? A cat bereft
Of all my kittens, but one is left!
I make no charges, but this I ask—
What made such a splash in the waste-water cask?
You are quite tender-hearted, I do not doubt!
But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
O bother! don't matter excuses to me:
Quit fact per alium fact per se!"

"Well, Kitty, I think full enough has been said,
And the best thing for you is to go straight back to bed.
A very fine pass
Things have come to, my lass,
If men must be meek
White puss-cats speak
Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek!"
Our Young Folks for July.

The Bottom Falling Out.

The Hazleton Sentinel gives the following account of the late "sinking sensation" of Jeannville, Luzerne County: The old mine working under a portion of Jeannville, where the pillars have been robbed, gave way on Tuesday morning, causing a depression of an acre of ground to the depth, in the centre, of six to eight feet. The Armyory building attached to the house of John C. Hayden, Esq., Superintendent, and the back porch of the Jeannville Hotel, parting at the top a few inches from the main buildings, and an ice house leaned considerable from a perpendicular; but no serious damage was done, and none is apprehended, as the pillars are reported to be good under the houses. As might be supposed, however, the families living on the brink of the depression felt some uneasiness, and we found two or three of them preparing, on Tuesday evening, to remove their goods. The surface was rent in several places leaving fissures 10 or 12 inches wide at the top and 12 or 15 feet deep. The ground gave way suddenly with a report that startled those who heard it, and then continued to settle slowly and gradually for several hours.

The Battle Cry.

An Independent Judiciary will be the battle-cry of all good men at the coming elections. No wooden judge who will dance as New England pulls the string; no partisan judge who will decide great questions of law, as the demagogue in his party may dictate; no judge bound by the political platform upon which he stands as a candidate, to decide, not according to the law, but according to the mob; no Henry W. Williams, but an independent, learned, high-toned jurist, untrammelled by any considerations outside of the law itself, George Sharswood, of Philadelphia. —Bedford Gazette.

Registration closed in Savannah, Ga., on Saturday, the figures standing, white, 9289; colored, 8082.