

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1867.

[VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 43.]

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

ANDREW JOHNSON, A GLORIOUS PATRIOT
IN 1864, THE GREATEST OF TRI-
ATORS IN 1867.

"Andrew Johnson," says the N. Y. Tribune, again, "stands forth among public men as the gigantic demagogue of America. He proclaims himself on the war path. He tells his followers that he has put his foot down. He means to overthrow military despotism, and re-establish the Constitution. We do not mistake these measures, for this man is capable of anything to hold power. His fate is fixed. His political fall is certain. He has betrayed his party and disgraced the country. When the war came, he gave the Union cause a mild and incoherent support. The plain fact, known to all men, sorrowfully felt and mourned over even to tears, is this: That a most unworthy citizen sits in the chair of Washington—that the best interests of the country have no more malignant enemy than the President—and that, unless the people save the country in spite of their rulers, then indeed is there no salvation."

On the 6th day of March, 1863, in the Senate of the State of Pennsylvania, there was passed the following resolution by the Republican members:

"Whereas, Governor Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, a brave and loyal man, whose devotion to the Union is fully attested by his sacrifices and efforts in the cause of his country, is about to visit Harrisburg, is tendered the use of the hall of the Senate for the purpose of addressing the citizens of Pennsylvania,"—and they elected him in the following strain:—"It is enough for us to know that it is Andrew Johnson, with his glorious history, that we propose to honor; that great, glorious and good man; the patriot, who has suffered persecution and endured untold trials for his country. The hospitalities of the States of Ohio and Indiana have been extended to him, he addressed the people, and his voice was raised only for the cause of the Union. Andrew Johnson is not to-day identified with any political party, to our knowledge, except it be the party devoted to the preservation of the Union and the Constitution. Ten years ago Andrew Johnson was a Senator of the United States from Tennessee, elected by Democratic votes. His counsel and his advice were ever against secession. Never once has he faltered in his fealty to the Union. When treason was rampant in the Senate—when one by one his associates were yielding to the rebellious spirit of their people, he remained firm and true to his country, true to our great Constitution true to the history of our fathers."

And this is the record which this Republican party gave of the man of whom they now say, "When the war came, he gave the Union cause a mild and incoherent support." Which are the traitors and falsifiers, Andrew Johnson, or this Republican party? This history will give the answer; and that answer will be, Andrew Johnson is a patriot. The Republicans are the traitors. "Andrew Johnson is true to our great Constitution," said these Republicans in 1863. In 1867, they say, "Andrew Johnson is a traitor. He means to overthrow military despotism and re-establish the Constitution." Said these Republicans in the Senate of Pennsylvania:

"The loyalty of Andrew Johnson was never conditional. In the madness of the hour that hurled his neighboring States into the maelstrom of secession, for the unity, the honor, the integrity of the nation, he was found a fearless champion. Amid the darkness which hung like a pall over the country at the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson was a shining light to the timid and the doubtful. In the spring of 1861 he returned to his loved Tennessee. Rebellion was crazy, and everywhere around him. No fear could awe him. Insult was heaped upon him—personal violence awaited him—his life was threatened—he was spit upon—and all this because he loved the country of Washington."

"The head and front of his offending hath this extent—nothing more." Andrew Johnson has thrown on the holy altar of his bleeding country his property, his home, his friends, his life—yes, his all, solely and exclusively for the good of our common country! He is one of the noblest patriots in the land, who is willing to take the sword in his hand and go forth to battle against even his own offspring—a man who is willing to submit to imprisonment and death rather than prove false to his country's cause! A man cannot give more than his life for his country! And yet Andrew Johnson is now a traitor!

"In the midst of treason, in the midst of rebellion, on his own native soil, Andrew Johnson has carried the banner of the government where few dare go. He has been the soul, the support, and the

stay of the gallant men of his own State, who have resisted unto death in defence of their beloved government. When the governors of all the Southern States joined the rebellion, he stood firm, and exhorted his friends to rally under the stars and stripes—to cling to the old flag and all would yet be well!"

This is the man which these same Republicans now threaten with impeachment. Whom they declare to have "committed such crimes against the people as deserve condign punishment." This Republican party are now heaping insults upon him, spitting upon him, and threatening him with personal violence, because he loves the country of Washington—"only this and nothing more."

Andrew Johnson, who was willing to give even his own life for the preservation of the Union, during all the years of the war, said in 1866:

"I fought traitors and treason in the South, now when I turn around and find men still opposed to the restoration of the Union of these States, I am still in the field." (Still on the war path!) "Men may talk about beheading, but when I am beheaded I want the American people to be the witnesses. Are the opponents of this government not yet satisfied? If my blood is to be shed because I vindicate the Union, and insist on the preservation of this government, let it be shed."

And who wanted him beheaded but these Radicals? Willing still to give his life for the Union. And what of the Constitution?

"Our only safety," says Andrew Johnson, "is in a strict adherence to, and preservation of the Constitution of our fathers. It is now a time of peace, and let us have peace; let us enforce the Constitution; let us live under, and according to its provisions; let it be printed in blazing characters, as though it were in the heavens, and punctuated by the stars, so that all can read and all can understand!"

Did not the Republicans in the Senate of Pennsylvania and everywhere else, declare that President Johnson was a glorious patriot because of his devotion to the Union and the Constitution during the war? Why then do they make it treason to support the Union and the Constitution since the war is ended? Why are they threatening to impeach him now for trying to "re-establish the Constitution?" What other reason can there be, than the one he has given to the people himself, and that is: that the Radicals are just as much traitors to their country, as those whom they called rebels at the South; that they are resolved on the overthrow of the Constitution, and the Union, and of erecting a monarchy on their ruins?—They are now engaged in committing treason against the government of Washington, and deserve the punishment of traitors the same as if they lived in the South; and the following numbers will prove that President Lincoln would have been in accord with President Johnson.

Girls at the Galway Fair.

The citizens of one country often laugh at those of another for their peculiar manners and customs, yet human nature is much the same the world over, and the ladies are but women after all, and will contrive somehow to accomplish their objects and have pretty much their own way, by means so adroit as to escape detection.

It is a custom at this fair for all the marriageable girls to assemble and to tempt all waiting wives, by their captivating charms, to be made more happy for life. Says an American gentleman of the highest character, who was an eye witness and invited by a nobleman to go and see the girls:

At 12 o'clock precisely we went as directed, to a part of the ground higher than the rest of the field, where we found from sixty to a hundred young women, well dressed, with good looks and good manners, and presenting a spectacle quite worthy any civil man looking at, and in which I can assure my readers, there was nothing to offend any civil or modest man's feelings.

There were the marriageable girls of the country, who had come to show themselves on the occasion to the young men and others who wanted wives; and this was the plain and simple custom of the fair. I can plainly say I saw in the custom no great impropriety—it certainly did not imply that, though they were ready to be had, any one could have them. It was not a Circassian slave market, where the richest purchaser could make a selection.

They were in no sense of the term on sale; nor did they abandon their right of choice; but that which is done constantly in more refined society, under various covers and pretences—at theatres, balls, and public exhibitions, I will say nothing about churches—was done by these humble and unpretending people in this straightforward manner.

Between the noble duchess, who presents a long train of daughters, rustling in silk and glittering with diamonds, at the Queen's drawing room, or the ladies of rank and fashion, who appear at public places with all the beauty and splendor of dress and ornaments which wealth and taste, and art and skill, can supply, meaning nothing else but *admire me*, and these honest Galway nymphs, with their fair complexions and their bright eyes—with their frilled caps, and their red cloaks and red petticoats, for this is the picturesque costume of that part of the country, all willing to endow some good man with the richest of all the gifts of Heaven, a good and faithful wife, I can see no essential difference.—*Mass. Ploverman.*

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters?" When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all, as much as hers, and you won't break her young heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only"—gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home this evening," he said to the wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile Lucilla is not to see this music teacher on any pretence."

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees:

"Oh, dear papa!" she cried, "dearest papa please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope I'm very much afraid," sobbed Miss Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla. "And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know). I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dare not promise that he would. She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon hole she saw in another a bundle tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla, also.—One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lover's letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter

Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pockets rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded:

"The letters," in a voice of thunder. Mrs. Richmond put her hand in her pocket and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered:

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe, June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement, before he proposed to any girl."

"Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw! Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die.' Dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an angel.' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried; "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horse-whip him—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope, with a music teacher. I am ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!"

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, are you crazy!" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do, look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love-letters to mamma, written long ago.—Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mamma objected, and at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might lead dear Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy, have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone so far as an elopement; and in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a

wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

The Horse—His Memory and Sagacity.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse, illustrating, in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal:

At the close of the revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from his stable in the night. Great search and inquiry were made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could ever be discovered.

Almost six full years had now elapsed, and the recollection even of the lost animal, had nearly faded from the mind. At this period a gentleman from the East, in the course of business, was traveling on horseback on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveler was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on horseback, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side they soon engaged in a pleasant desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveler's horse. And every glance of the eye cast toward him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before, and soon established in his mind the impression that for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost some six years ago. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveler:

"You have a fine horse, sir."

"Yes," he replied, "an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal."

"What is his age, sir?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him, then?"

"No; I purchased him of a stranger, a traveler, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia, on business. How far is it to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience, but I am constrained to say I believe you have in your possession a horse that I must claim."

The traveler looked with surprise and amazement, and replied:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago, the past autumn, a valuable young horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In color, appearance and movements, it seems to me he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you that will place the matter in such a position that the result will be conclusive and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. We are now within a mile of my residence, which is on the road in the centre of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door—the horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, and pass over, and go round to the east side of the barn, and pull out a pin, and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveler assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down the street, several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door, as described, and with teeth and lip drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by his neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveler lost his title to the horse.

Two Thousand Dollars Damages for Cutting Off a Lock of Hair.—The guardian of a little girl in Buffalo has brought suit against a woman for cutting off two large black curls from the girl's head and converting the same into her own use. Damages have been laid at \$2,000. The girl is a sprightly little child, and has a head full of long black curls which are envied by both young and old of her sex. The offense was committed on the 14th of August last, and a few

days afterward the woman was tried for assault and battery for the same offense, in the Police Court, and discharged, the justice holding that the evidence was such as to preclude an assault and battery, and the proper redress would be civil damages. The suit will prove highly interesting and novel. If the offense is as charged in the complaint, it is of a nature that requires redress. How a jury of old bachelors would decide is a question.—But a jury composed of married men, whose hearts are centered on their fair daughters, would be severe in their verdict.

The Crops Reports of the Department of Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture has issued its report for August and September, which contains the following statement of the condition of the crops: The crop tables for August give the general averages for the several States, made up from approximate estimate of our correspondents of the quality of the crop then harvested as compared with those of 1856, together with the current conditions of growing crops at the date of return, while the tables for September pertain chiefly to the state of the fall crops, in the relation to which more definite information will be given in succeeding reports.

WHEAT.—From August returns there is a uniform reduction in the general average of wheat as compared with the July figures; and the September estimates of wheat harvested, as compared with the crops of 1856, drop the figures somewhat lower in a number of the States, which is attributable, to a considerable extent, to the bad weather while harvesting, as well as to the fact that in some sections the grain was found to be shrivelled and threshed out less to the acre than anticipated. The leading wheat-growing States report the following per centage of increase at the close of the harvest: Ohio, 130 per cent.; Indiana, 50; Michigan, 33; Wisconsin, 17; Minnesota, 25; Illinois, 11; Iowa, 20; Missouri, 40; Kentucky, 34; West Virginia, 60; Virginia, 50; Tennessee, 40; Georgia, 80; Arkansas, 45; New-York, 14; and Pennsylvania, 40, while only Kansas and Texas show a falling off from last year, when these crops in those States were very large. The returns due October 1 will enable us to estimate with a greater degree of accuracy the amount of this great crop for the current year.

CORN.—The prospect for a corn crop continues to improve, and if the frost holds off the general crop may be a fair one. While a number of States return low estimates, others, particularly the Southern States, show a marked improvement over the yield of last year. Georgia promises to double her crop of 1866; Alabama reports an increase of 75 per cent.; Mississippi, 80; Tennessee, 21; Louisiana, 40; South Carolina, 54; and Arkansas, 100. Ohio falls 30 per cent. behind last year, estimating from the condition on the first of September; Indiana, 17; Illinois, 14; Kentucky, 28; West Virginia, 15; and Virginia, 10.

The cotton crop promised well up to the first instant, when the worms were making their appearance, and much apprehension was then felt in various sections for the safety of the crop.

Under the head of "Extracts from Correspondence," we give notes from the several cotton-growing States; Georgia promises to yield 53 per cent. beyond her crop of 1866; South Carolina, 50; Alabama, 42; Mississippi, 24; Arkansas, 18; and Tennessee, 9; while Louisiana and Texas show considerable falling off from last year.

Rye, barley and oats exhibit no material change from previous reports, though oats were seriously injured in some sections by the extreme wet weather during the harvest, but generally the crop appears superior to that of last year.

BUCKWHEAT shows an average acreage, with prospects of a fair crop.

POTATOES are rotting badly in many of the large potato-growing States, and the crop will probably fall below the yield of last year.

SUGAR CANE AND SORGHUM.—The leading sugar producing States show a fair increase over the crops of last year. Sorghum is evidently on the decline in most of the States, without sufficient reason.—The crop now growing is in good condition.

APPLES.—In a few of the States the apple crop promises well, but in a majority the crop will be from 10 to 40 per cent. below the crop of 1866.

HAY shows an increase in almost every State, and quite large in many of them. Pennsylvania returning an increase of 50 per cent.; New-York, 24; Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, 28; Indiana, 26. The average will reach from 25 to 30 per cent., and above the crop of 1866.

The wool clip for 1867 will probably fall from five to ten per cent. short of the crop of last year—attributable to the severe weather of last winter, and the consequent exposure and destruction of a large number of sheep.

—John G. Saxe says that it is a common notion in Boston that, if a person is born in that city, it is unnecessary for that favored mortal to be "born again."