

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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

In the year 1813, Thomas Jefferson wrote the following to Mr. Mellich:

"Sir: In your work you say the difference of principle between the two great political parties in America, you conclude to be, whether the controlling power shall be vested in this or that set of men. I sincerely wish our differences were but personally who shall govern, and that the principles of the Constitution were those of both parties. Unfortunately, it is otherwise, and the question of preference between Monarchy and Republicanism, which has so long divided mankind elsewhere, threatens a permanent division here. The government the Federalists wished to have established here was the English government, and they only accepted the present Constitution as a stepping stone to the first establishment of their favorite model. This party has always clung to England as their prototype and auxiliary in effecting this change. A weighty minority, however, considering the conversion of our government into a monarchy as too distant, wish to break off from our Union its Eastern fragment, it being in fact the hot bed of American monarchism, with a view to a commencement of their favorite government. At the head of this party is what is called the Essex Junto of Massachusetts.

"The Federalists claim Washington but Gen. Washington did not harbor one principle of Federalism. The only point in which he and I ever differed in opinion, was, that I had more confidence than he had in the natural integrity and discretion of the people. It is a mere calamity, therefore, for the monarchists to associate General Washington with their principles. It is a mere artifice in this party, to bolster themselves up on the revered name of that first of our worthies."

Americans! You have the testimony of the author of the Declaration of Independence that Washington was a Democrat, that he did not harbor one principle of Federalism, and that Federalism means monarchy. You hear him say that it is a calamity upon Gen. Washington in these monarchists to associate him with their principles, and a mere artifice to bolster themselves up on the revered name of the father of our country. Ten years after Jefferson wrote this letter, and but two years before he left the scenes of earth he wrote again as follows:

"The Federalists, pretending to be the exclusive friends of Gen. Washington, have ever done what they could to sink his character, by hanging their names on it, and by representing as the enemy of Republicans (Democrats), him who, of all men, is best entitled to the appellation of the father of that Republic which they were endeavoring to subvert and the Democrats to maintain. Gen. Washington was a sincere friend to the Republican principles of our Constitution, and has repeatedly declared to me that he would lose the last drop of his blood in its support, against any attempt that might be made to change it from its Republican form."

Now, you have the testimony of this great statesman, who sat eight years in the chair of state first filled by Washington; who passed through two bloody struggles with Great Britain to maintain the liberties of America, which that tyrannical nation is trying to wrest from us; that the great Republican party who are now claiming the right to rule over this nation as conquerors of the South, wanted the English government established here when our Union was formed; that they only accepted the present Constitution, which they are now trampling under their feet, as a stepping stone to the final establishment of their favorite model.

You have his testimony that up to 1813 they had always clung to England as their auxiliary in effecting this change; that a weighty minority, considering the conversion of our government into a monarchy as too distant, wished to break off New England from our Union, it being, in fact, the hot-bed of American monarchism.

John Quincy Adams corroborates the evidence of Jefferson. He says:

"The two postulates for disunion were nearly consummated. The interposition of a kind Providence, restoring peace to our country, averted the most deplorable of catastrophes, and extinguished (by the mercy of Heaven may it be forever) the projected New England confederacy."

The project of a New England confederacy was not extinguished by the triumph of Democracy in the last war with Great Britain. Henry Ward Beecher, when in England in 1863, tries to explain to the English people the situation of political affairs in America before the commencement of the war in 1861. He says:

"The Abolitionist party, at the head of whom were those noble patriots and true men, Wendell Phillips and Mr. Garrison, believing that the speediest way to effect the abolition of slavery was to separate from the South, had long advocated that policy."

We now behold the spectacle of a great party, embracing all the old monarchists and disunionists of Jefferson's and Adams' days, and embracing and composing all the advocates for a dissolution of the Union for the following third of a century, now punishing the South for the very "sin" which they tried to commit themselves; punishing as "a crime against God," an act which they boldly proclaimed in England and America they were endeavoring to perform themselves, and asked the assistance of England in bringing it to completion. Yes, say the great party, but we were trying to dissolve the Union in order to free the slaves. We will bring the testimony of Thomas Jefferson again to prove the dishonesty of this great party. He says, in 1824, but ten years before New England sent Garrison and Phillips to England for assistance in dissolving the Union:

"The slavery question is a mere party trick. The leaders of Federalism, defeated in their schemes of obtaining power by rallying partisans to the principles of monarchism, got up the slavery question. The people of the North went blindfold into the snare, until they found that the slaves had been used merely as tools for political purposes, and then that trick of hypocrisy fell as quickly as it had been gotten up."

The pretended grievance of this party was slavery; their real grievance was Democracy. John Quincy Adams, in reviewing the writings of Fisher Ames, the foremost leader of Federalism in Mass., says:

"Mr. Ames' principles are the principles of a faction, which has succeeded in obtaining the management of this Commonwealth, and which aspired to the government of the Union. Defeated in this last object of their ambition, their next resort was to dismember what they could not sway, and to form a new confederacy to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."

You now have the word of two Presidents of the United States, one from Virginia and the other from Massachusetts, that this great Republican party tried for fifty years to dismember the Union, before the South attempted to follow their example. The first disunionists called themselves Federalists, then changed their name to Abolitionists, and Fisher Ames was one of the founders of this disunion party. Well, this monarchist and aristocrat in 1796 made a journey to Virginia to see if he could win over some of the Democracy of that State to join his party. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and other great statesmen then lived and flourished in that now depressed State. The journal of this old Federalist relates his success. He says:

"I saw Virginia. A Federal party is certainly rising up there. I hope, and my informants were absolutely certain that some real Feds would be sent to the next Congress—four, at least, of the nineteen. Jefferson will not have all the votes in Virginia for President."

But by 1803 the hopes of this poor aristocrat were well nigh blasted. Jefferson was President, despite the desperate efforts of the monarchists to defeat him, and Mr. Ames writes in his journal:

"Democracy is full of ardor and proud of its power in the government. It boasts that all the South is Democratic, and I confess to see little cause to expect the Southern State governments will be in Federal hands."

Three years later, 1806, he is in despair, and says:

"The Federalists can never become the dominant party till our government has passed through its revolutionary changes."

And now for the sequel to all the performances of this great Federal, Abolition, black Republican party! One of its members informs those who may not be initiated into all the mysteries of the reconstruction scheme, that "The Southern States were Democratic when they went into the war, and they will be Democratic now if allowed to reconstruct themselves."

Here you have the secret of all the reconstruction measures—the secret of the military despotism over ten millions of people! They are deprived of the right of governing themselves because they are Democrats; and to be a Democrat now that monarchy has triumphed in the war, is to be a rebel. These ten millions of people are in the precise condition which the whole of the Americans' except the Tories were in during the revolution of 1776. They are rebels against a monarchy and a tyrannical government. The Tories and monarchists of that revolution have now got the power, and they say to the people of the South:

"You have clung for 80 years to the principles of those Democrats in your midst, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and all their followers in the North. We have now got the sword in our hands, and as you have refused to aid in establishing a monarchy now as you refused when we sent Fisher Ames on a peaceful mission to get you to renounce Democracy in the beginning, we have deprived you of the right of self-government; and the negroes who have been for two hundred

years your slaves, and our own slaves for one hundred and fifty years, shall rule over you. They are willing to help us found a monarchy. You are white, it is true, but we hate a white man's government, which is not built upon the English model, with the power in the hands of the rich, who can make the poor white men their slaves. We will take your black servants and build the government we have so long waited to establish in America. We prefer a black monarchy to a white Democracy."

The next number will show the reason why this party ever set the negroes free, and why England sent them here in the first settlement of the country, in answer to Gov. Morton's speech in Congress.

A Rift in the Clouds.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step. "Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop nor the homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had been any gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent, that he feared an irritating reply.

And so in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath as he did so, pausing in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on: "Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: "Oh, yes, that's all very well, praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world? His eyes fell again on the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for twenty years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrews as if this sentence was written just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "praise her for what?" and he felt it also a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as her hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. "But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-natured for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "A kind cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in

the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet he feared to say them lest his wife should address with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking hold of the shirt bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply; but her husband did not fail to notice that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight bitterness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband.

There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary?" he repeated, as he stood beside her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me some good." Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of love had entered her soul. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor what he considered moodiness and ill nature, took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you—I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. O, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in a shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

A Romantic Story.

The St. Louis Republican tells the following: "During 'Price's' raid in 1864, a skirmish took place on the line of Chariton and Howard counties, some four miles from Glasgow, in which one of the rebels was left on the ground dangerously wounded in the neck. While in this condition, Miss Sarah J. Smith, a school teacher in the vicinity happened to pass by. Seeing the wounded man she went to him and staunch his wounds, probably saving his life. She remained with him until near nightfall, when he requested her to leave, as his companions would probably come in the night and take him away. If not she would find him where he was in the morning, living or dead. He said he was known by the name of Tucker, but that his real name was McDonald, and that he was from Louisville, Ky. Next morning McDonald was gone, and Miss Smith knew nothing concerning him afterwards. A few days ago, says the Glasgow Times, Miss Smith (who who still resides in the neighborhood) received a letter from H. C. McDonald, Sr., informing her that she was named in the will of the deceased as the legatee of \$50,000, in consideration having saved the life of his nephew and only heir, the H. C. McDonald named in connection with the incident of 1864.

WON'T PLAY SECOND FIDDLE.

A negro named Dumas was nominated by the Louisiana Convention as the Radical candidate for Lieutenant Governor, but declined on the ground that he was not willing to accept any subordinate position in the party. Negro Stock is raising. Two woolly-heads are growing ambitious, and white men of the South, whether Radical or Conservative, must look to their laurels. Another negro, named Dunn, was finally persuaded to accept the nomination, though in doing so, he addressed the opinion that he was condescending to take the second place on the ticket.

—Le Clear has painted Daniel S. Dick-

inson for the United States Court Room.

Suabian Marriage Customs.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes from Esslingen that the Suabian marry in a curious fashion. He says: "It is a pleasant custom among these Suabian people to bring little children and flowers prominently before them in all their pleasures. Bridal processions are preceded by young children with wreaths of flowers or green leaves, then the betrothed follow, the maiden dressed in black; it is of some silk stuff her short dress is made if well to do in this world's goods, if not, alpaca serves her, black gloves, a black shawl and wreath of white flowers and a nosegay at her girdle. Her lover also wears a black suit, sometimes of tawny velvet with silver guilder buttons, a bridal favor in his button hole. The bridesmaids follow, all in white with gay ribbons and wreaths of flowers, with an attendant friend also wearing bridal favors. Then come the fathers and mothers, with relatives and friends, the bells on the old church meanwhile sending out a merry welcome to peasant brides as well as brides of higher degree.

"On entering the church the maiden is led by her lover to a pew where she sits attended by her bridesmaids and female friends. The bridegroom and his companions meanwhile take seats in pews opposite, while the little children, with their flowers are placed near the altar. The old bell ceases its gay clamor, and the pastor enters by a side door in his black robe ascends the pulpit, and reads the betrothed a good long sermon in pure German or Suabian, as his judgment dictates. He is an old man, and dearly loved by his peasant folks; being a ripe scholar he indulges his fancy when he knows those who have come to be joined together in holy state of matrimony, will understand his fine periods and rich flow of language.

"After sermon, the pastor and the assembled group together bend in silent prayer. He leaves the pulpit, and puts over his black robe a white linen surplice, then goes to the altar, on which there is laid a Bible in a leather case. The bridegroom leaves his seat for the pew where the maiden sits, and leads her to the altar, where the service is finished which makes them husband and wife. On leaving the altar, the husband receives from the pastor the Bible, with an injunction to read and be governed by its teachings diligently and with the fear of God. He then deposits in the receiving plate a bit of money, and the bridal party follow, each giving as they please to the fund for purchasing other Bibles for other husbands who may come after. Every bridegroom, from those who wear kingly crowns to the humblest peasant, receives a Bible at the altar when he plights his troth to his wedded wife.

"The bride meets at the church door, as it is opened for her to pass out, a group of children her little friends, who have gathered there, ready to offer their gifts; some bring flowers, some fruit, some a cup and saucer, some a plate; a gay ribbon, a spool of thread, or whatever they please to bestow. These they give to some one of the bridal party to take to the brides new home. One morning I heard a merry clattering in the street, and looking out of my window saw a peasant's bridal procession going with the bridal gifts to the new home. Two women carried on their heads each a new mattress, others with large pillows covered with bright colors, others with new baskets of linen—both bed and table linen. One woman, quite tasty in her basket covering, had the muslin curtains neatly folded and a gay pin cushion for her gift. A man with a mirror, another with a new basket of china; while a poor decrepit old peasant, bent with suffering and had his heart lightened for a little by a bright new dust pan and brush he was taking for the young people."

The Way they Work.

A writer in the Southern Planter and Farmer states that a gentleman in Charlotte county, Va., thus tested the comparative results of white and black labor: "He furnished thirteen negroes with mules, implements and provisions to raise a crop, and at the same time furnished an outfit to two white men. The negroes raised ninety four barrels of corn, seven stacks of oats and five thousand pounds of tobacco. The two white men, with a little negro girl to cook for them, raised one hundred and twelve and a half barrels of corn, ten stacks of oats and eight thousand pounds of tobacco. The negroes returned the mules in a poor, emaciated condition. The white men returned theirs fat and sleek. The negroes worked four mules, the white men two. The gentleman referred to will this year work white men exclusively. To show the improvidence of the negroes, he said the cart and mules were at their service to haul wood, yet they preferred to burn rails."

Found Guilty.

"The jury in the case of A. L. Fink, charged with having counterfeited 50 cent pieces in his possession, was yesterday found guilty, and remanded to prison for sentence."—Cincinnati Gazette.

Very clear as to the jury; but what about Mr. Fink?

Sexual Disproportion.

That there is a preponderance of the male sex born into the world is now a generally admitted physiological fact. It is estimated as high as three or four per cent, and Paley somewhere argues that war is a divine dispensation to remove this inequality. A writer in the North British Review, however, asserts that males, whether boys or men, die at a faster rate than females, so that towards the age of eighteen the sexes are about equal in number, and after that age women preponderate. The average excess of women he places at three per cent. "This excess varies in different countries, and there is some reason to believe that it is gradually increasing." The excess of women in all ages is, in Scotland 11 per cent, and 4 1/2 per cent, in Ireland; of women, between twenty and forty years of age, 23 per cent, in Scotland and 9 per cent, in Ireland. A report, prepared in 1861, estimated the excess of women in Sweden at 6.3 per cent; Norway, 4.2; German Union, 2.3; Holland, 1.8; Spain 1.5; France, 1.05; Denmark, 0.8; Prussia 0.7. In America the excess at that time was about 6 per cent. In England and Wales there are now, as shown by the census returns, 513,000 more women than men. The North British writer further asserts that there are 1,519,000 unmarried women in these two countries. "England," he says, "has always been the country of old maids—it is becoming so more and more."—This is due to the increasing luxury of the age. While 4 or 5 per cent of English women may prefer celibacy from taste or temperament, the statistics show that fully 39 per cent, remain in that condition. For example, 41 per cent of the adult women of London are unmarried, and 45 per cent of those in Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, Westminster and Cumberland.—"These figures," observes the writer, "are the measure of our divergence from a thoroughly natural, sound, healthy, social condition;" and the fault for this divergence lies mainly with the women. "The women are to blame, but men are incomparably more so, for it is they who do or might give the tone on all social matters. Thousands of women would prefer love to splendor—a base competence, even a struggling poverty with marriage to the most luxurious life without—if men had the courage to offer them in the choice. The latter, however, prefer a vicious and heartless youth, and a joyless and loveless old age, because they have no nerve to work and no fortitude to forego."

British Policy.

Lord Stanley's speech at the Ministerial banquet at Bristol, as reported by the cable, will occasion sincere regret in this country. His assertion that there would be no reformatory legislation for Ireland proves that the Lordlyites, like the Bourbons, "forget nothing and learn nothing." The recent troubles in Ireland show that the speaker ignored stubborn facts when he stated that "the island was never before in a more prosperous condition." There will be no peace for the British authorities until they do justice to suffering Ireland. "The Shamrock may be forbid by law to grow on Irish ground," but that will not prevent the spread of liberal principles among a brave and determined people. In the dim distance Irishmen see freedom and nationality. They long for them, pray for them, and will fight for them. For a time the hand of despotism may grind them in the dust, but in good time right will vindicate itself against might and truth will prevail against error. If Lord Stanley really indicated the future policy of England towards Ireland, the Derbyites had better look out for breakers.

A Serious Charge.

The Philadelphia Post, a radical organ, gives authority from three other leading radical journals, for its allegation that Gen Grant is intemperate. It says: "If the charge that Gen. Grant has been seen drunk in the streets of Washington were made merely upon a single rumor we should not have reprinted it. But the rumors are many. Mr. Phillips, (in the anti-Slavery Standard) says they reach him from different and trust worthy sources. The Independent of this week tells the same story. The Revolution deliberately says that 'Gen. Grant is drunk half of his time.' More than this, we have repeatedly and recently received similar information, with statements of the time, place and company in which he is said to have been publicly intoxicated."

We give these radical authorities to show where the charges originated. It will be easy to show that the truth of the matter before his nomination:

—Brown, on his first journey per coach, not long ago, worried the driver, beside whom he sat, with incessant childish questions about everything on the road. At last he got his quietus thus:

Driver.—"There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet."

Brown.—"Not buried her yet? pray tell me why not?"

Driver.—"Because she is 'nt dead."

—George M. Dent, a brother-in-law of General Grant, is a candidate for Congress in Arizona.