

# 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.

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN FAVOR OF A WHITE  
MAN'S GOVERNMENT.

Nearly forty years ago, a female evangelist of the sect formed by Jean Jacques Rousseau stood up in the Bowers theatre of the city of New York, and in presence of an admiring audience, denounced with bitter scorn the holy scriptures of the old and new testaments, and placing her hand on the Declaration of Independence, exclaimed: "This is my holy Bible—my text book—the holy Bible of American Independence, and must soon be the holy Bible of all the earth."

Americans concede to Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Democracy, the authorship of that immortal document entitled the Declaration of American Independence. Does the Bible of Thomas Jefferson teach the doctrine of negro equality? Did Thomas Jefferson, the Virginia patriot, anywhere in any of his numerous writings, assert the equality of the white and black races? The Republicans proclaim to the world that Thomas Jefferson is the founder of their party; that he laid down the principles they have taken up and carried forward so triumphantly. They say that "for any man to stand up in the latter part of the 18th century and talk about God Almighty distributing his favors unequally among men, is an insult to Omnipotence, and that they are placing the negroes on an equality with the white race as Jefferson in his holy Bible" intended they should be.

Happily for America, Jefferson not only indicted his "holy bible," but he was its expounder and interpreter. Six years after writing the Declaration of Independence, the learned Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation, propounded to him a set of inquiries, and among the number was one concerning the negro race in America. Did Jefferson tell this learned Frenchman that he intended to place those negroes on a political equality with the white race, and that he meant the same in the declaration? Nay, he unfolds to Count Marbois his plans, in the form of a bill before the Virginia Legislature, of gradual emancipation and colonization of the black race; and of sending to other parts of the world for an equal number of white inhabitants, to induce them to emigrate hither, proper encouragements are to be proposed.

"It will probably be asked," says the author of the holy bible of the Republicans, "Why not retain and incorporate the blacks into the State, and thus save the expense of supplying by importation of white settlers the vacancies they will leave?"

Answer: "Deep-rooted prejudices entertained by the whites, ten thousand recollections by the blacks of the injuries they have sustained, new provocations, the real distinctions which nature has made, and many other circumstances, will divide us into parties and produce convulsions, which would probably never end but in the extermination of one or the other race." To these objections, which are political, may be added others, which are physical and moral. The first difference which strikes us is that of color. Whether the black of the negro resides in the reticular membrane between the skin and the scarf-skin, or in the scarf-skin itself; whether it proceeds from the color of the blood, the color of the bile, or from that of some other secretion, the difference is fixed in nature, and it is as real as if its seat and cause were better known to us. And is this difference of no importance? Is it not the foundation of a greater or less share of beauty in the two races? Are not the fine mixtures of red and white, the expression of every passion by greater or less suffusions of color, in the one, preferable to that eternal monotony which reigns in the countenances—that immovable veil of black which covers all the emotions of the other race?

"Add to these, flowing hair, a more elegant symmetry of form, and their own judgment in favor of the whites. The circumstance of superior beauty is thought worthy of attention in the propagation of our horses, dogs, and other domestic animals—why not in that of man? Besides those of color, figure and hair, there are other physical distinctions, proving a difference of race. They secrete less by the kidneys and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odor. They seem to require less sleep. A black, after hard labor thro' the day, will be induced by the slightest amusement to sit up till midnight, or later, though knowing that he must be out with the first dawn of the morning. Their griefs are transient; those numberless afflictions, which render life so doubtful whether Heaven gives life to us in mercy or in wrath, are felt less, and sooner forgotten with them. In general their existence appears to participate more of sensation than reflection. To this must be ascribed their disposition to sleep when abstracted from their diversions and unemployed in labor. An animal whose body is at rest, and who does not reflect, must be disposed to sleep, of course.

"Comparing them by their faculties of memory, reason and imagination, it appears to me that in memory they are equal to the whites; in reason, much inferior, as I think one could scarcely be found capable of tracing and comprehending the investigations of Euclid; and that in imagination they are dull and anomalous. It would be unfair to follow them to Africa for this investigation. We will consider them here on the same stage with the whites, and where the facts are not apocryphal on which a judgment is to be formed."

"Our limits compel a pause in the treatise of this great statesman upon the physical differences between the white and black races. But on a review of the dissertation already given, what facts, Americans, are brought to full light before you? The first which blazes forth its rays upon you, is the fact now disputed by the party in power, that the founders of this government intended to found and did found and establish a "White Man's government"—that the black race were to have no share therein, but were to be removed out of the United States, and their places to be filled with white people from some other part of the globe. The fact stares you in the face that Jefferson and all the patriots of America never intended to incorporate the blacks into the State, as the Republicans are now incorporating them; and that their assertion that they are carrying out the principles of Jefferson, or any other American patriot of 1776, is a false assertion.

The fact stares you in the face that the Republican party made war upon the government of our fathers, for the express purpose of tearing down the "white man's government," and building up a black man's government; and that they are building this government upon falsehoods and lies, and establishing by the power of the sword over the white people of the South, and over the dead bodies of a million of American people, that very political equality between the negroes and the white race, the attempt to do which, Thomas Jefferson declared would "produce convulsions, which would probably never end but in the extermination of one or the other race."

Another fact stares you in the face, that Thomas Jefferson's principles are the principles which are now stigmatized by the Republicans as "colorphobia," a cure for which was discovered by their leader, "Doctor Jenner Garrison." The color of the negroes is candidly given by Jefferson as an objection to their being incorporated into the State or government. Their "odor" is another objection; their woolly heads another; and besides these—figure, color and hair—he gives many other "physical distinctions, proving a difference of race."

The next number will contain the intellectual distinctions, given by the author of the declaration that "all men are created equal"—explaining to all the world why the negroes were forbidden a place in the American government, which the Republicans call a "wicked prejudice," which they are driving out of the Southern people, and curing them thereof by the medicine discovered by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and administering the same with "bayonets at their throat." And this history will prove that this warfare upon the South and upon their "sympathizers" in the North, is the wickedest persecution that has occurred in the annals of the world since the days of the Roman Empire.

—A one-legged soldier at Harrisburg, Pa., who is a mechanic, has a likeness of Grant hanging in the shop, and every time the General commits an act showing himself the guilty tool of the Rump, the soldier makes a black mark on his face.—It is needless to say that Grant's face is already as black as a negro's.

### The Farmer.

How happy is the farmer's toil!  
To deck with turf the unsighted soil,  
To clothe the glebe with grain,  
Even while he sleeps, the busy seed  
Doth wake to consummate his deed,  
The earth to bless and man to feed;  
Nor shall his hope be vain,  
Who walks with Nature and with God  
In holy labor o'er the sod.

SIGOURNEY.

—A gentleman who had been a justice of the peace for thirty-five years, was not allowed to register in the State of West Virginia, because he purchased a horse named Stonewall Jackson; the register remarking "that he'd be d—d if any 'trooly loil' man would own a horse by that name."

MANURE FOR POTATOES.—I will give you a receipt for raising potatoes, that is worth the price of your paper for one year to any farmer that is short of manure. It is as good as the best superphosphate of lime, and it will not cost half as much. I have tried it two years, and I am satisfied that it is good on dry land. Take one cask of lime and slack it with water, and then stir in one bushel of fine salt, and then mix in loam, enough so that it will not become mortar; it will make about five barrels. Put half a pint in a bill, at planting.—Massachusetts Farmer.

### The Gun Powder Plot.

A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log cabin situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the centre of the room engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an old earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man, clad in the continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school boys together, and I like you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to headquarters tomorrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you will soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and if this rebellion is carried out, your cause would be rewarded by a knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives; which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.

"I am now, as you say, your prisoner, but when the clock strikes twelve I shall leave you; I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, nor even myself can prevent it. You may watch me as closely as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory; he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking. "None in the least," he said, adding with a laugh—"that is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe; having done which, he arose and commenced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you. Good bye!"

Immediately all around the room streaks of fire ran hissing and squirming; the cabin was filled with dense, sulphurous smoke amidst which was heard a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was no where to be seen. The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside of the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran thro' the forest at the top of their speed, in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames, which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men, dressed in continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was talking of the night previous. "Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party but John Barton, our old school mate. He talked with me, and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it; that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape, disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head."

"About eleven o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection; and I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I bid them good bye, and told them I had to go; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around, and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away I hurled a chair through the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

—Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

### Indian Corn.

The corn crop is by far the most valuable one grown in the country. It is cultivated over a larger extent of territory, thrives well under various degrees of latitude and returns more money to the agricultural community than any other cereal. How important, then, that the land on which it is cultivated be mechanically and chemically prepared—draining and subsoiling—deep, thorough ploughing, abundance of manure; then the seed put in at the right time, in a proper manner, and the after culture timely and thorough.

The Spring has been late, but a seasonable time for corn planting in the Middle and New England States, is from the tenth to the twenty-fifth of May. There is nothing gained by planting this crop before the soil is warmed up; before the temperature is sufficient to make the seed germinate rapidly. The source of heat is from the sun; and no soil will absorb much solar heat when saturated with water. Hence, there is nothing gained in planting corn before evaporation has carried off the Spring rains, and the temperature of the soil is sufficient to expand and germinate vegetable seed. But when the season is reasonably advanced, and the land is dry and warm, get in your corn without delay. Late planting makes late harvesting; and as there are only one hundred and twenty, to one hundred days between Spring and Autumn frosts, "delays are dangerous."

One of the most important things in planting corn is thorough ploughing. No true farmer will dispute this. Corn roots extend over a large surface, and will seek food from all portions of the soil broken by the plough. Again, many seasons are subject to droughts, and that, generally, is at the time when the ears are maturing. A safe guard against drought, is a well drained soil, sub soil ploughing and frequent culture of the growing crop.

We prefer the inverted sod, Spring ploughed, if a dry, mellow soil. If a stiff clay land, we should have ploughed it last Fall, so that the Winter frosts could aid in breaking it up; giving it time for the sod to rot and mingle with the soil. Some grass lands are very tenacious—such as the blue grass, on limestone land in the Middle States. On alluvial ploughed land in New England, or on most loose soils which contain considerable organic matter, spring ploughing answers, and generally need not be broken up much before the time of planting. But remember this great fact, no soil can be made too mellow, during the growth of the crop.

As to best way to apply manure, there is a great diversity of opinion. It is impossible to give instructions applicable to all sections. A great deal depends on the land cultivated; a fertile soil will do well with surface manuring; more cold, sterile land requires some stimulant in the hills, ashes, poultice or super phosphate, in addition to stable manure. In surface manuring, experience teaches these facts. If manure is spread on a light, sandy, or loamy soil, we should turn it in deeper than on a naturally moist or wet soil.—Manure decomposes sooner near the surface—also acts on the growing crop sooner—but whether manure is buried three or six inches below the surface makes but little difference on naturally warm and well cultivated soil. Corn crops will find all fertilizers, at either depth, long before harvest.

As to modes of planting we are firmly in favor of having the rows to run North and South; laying the land off in two directions, at right angles to each other, and planting where the furrows cross each other. For small varieties of corn, three and a half feet apart for the hills, but for the larger varieties of corn, four feet is better. All corn must be far enough apart to run the plough and cultivator, and to give access of light and heat to the soil. The absorption of the manure and plant food are thus equalized. Besides, the cultivation of the crop is made more perfect the soil is broken, stirred and pulverized around every side of the hill by this system of cross ploughing or cultivating at right angles. Grass and weeds are also more perfectly eradicated than they can be by the plough or horse harrow running in one direction alone.—Farm and Fireside.

A CURIOUS CASE FOR LAWYERS.—A curious trial will be heard before the Judge de Paix in a few days. A farmer and a butcher concluded their bargain over a savory dish of feds. The butcher, during the repast, drew from his purse a bank note for \$8 to pay for a sheep purchased. Unfortunately, the note fell into the sauce. The butcher fished it up delicately between his finger and thumb, and shook it gently to remove the sauce; but the farmer's dog, interpreting the action for a gracious invitation, snapped at and gulped down the note. The butcher was furious and stupefied. "I want my note," said he; "I will kill and open your dog." "I prohibit you," replied the farmer; "my dog is worth more than \$8." "Then," replied the butcher; "I owe you nothing; your dog has received payment, and in presence of witnesses, too." "O," continued the farmer, "my dog is not my cashier; and further, if you have paid me, where is your receipt?" "If it comes to that," cried the butcher, "we will bring the matter before the judges," and to Cesar they have both appealed.

### Hypocrisy Exposed.

It will be recollected by our readers that a few weeks ago, and just prior to the Connecticut election, the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed a series of resolutions endorsing the reconstruction policy of Congress, in favor of Gen. Grant for the Presidency, and in hearty approval of the conviction and deposition of President Johnson. These resolutions were doubtless intended to have an effect on the Connecticut election. But the people of that State did not look at the political situation of the country in the same light with these hypocritical persons, and the result was altogether different from their calculations.

To throw into the form of the Litany, a series of political resolutions denunciatory of the South was undoubtedly an act of profanity; but then it is so pleasant to Northern radicals to ride rough shod over the white population of the South, and, in that spirit of pure humanity on which they so much pride themselves, to take delight in conferring upon ignorant and credulous blacks, just emerged from a state of slavery, almost unlimited control over their former masters. Their theory with regard to the negro is a very simple one. They hold, or rather they profess to hold, that he is the cheaper of the white man, and that all distinctions of race and color, should be resolutely swept away. Of course, if this theory of universal brotherhood and of social and political equality be good for anything at all, it is equally applicable at the North as at the South.

Indeed, as between the two sections, the North, rightly considered, presents unusual advantages for putting the theory to a practical test. Nearly all the Negroes in the North are native born freemen. They have been through life in close contact with the white population, have received some measure of education, and in certain of the New England states have been granted a qualified suffrage. In New England then, if anywhere, the conditions already exist which offer to those who proclaim the doctrine of negro equality the fairest opportunity for proving their faith by their works, and this was especially the case with the Methodist Conference.

But what do we see? That tentative body had just passed a resolution, rejoicing "that in carrying forward the work of national regeneration, the Congress of the United States has been faithful to the will of God in building up our ruined state organizations on the only just and enduring foundations of the equal and fraternal oneness of man."

The same paper from which we quote, in speaking of this resolution and the subsequent action of the Conference, remarks as follows:

This solemn recognition of "the equal and fraternal oneness of man" seems to have inspired Bishop Ames, who presided at the Conference, with the determination to prove to the world that with the Methodist Episcopalians of New England precept and practice went hand in hand. He therefore rose, and in accordance with the spirit of the resolution we have just quoted, stated that "he intended to transfer a number of colored preachers to the N. England Conference." If a bombshell had suddenly descended into their midst, the delegates to the Conference could not have looked more aghast than at this declaration of their Bishop. But when a resolution of approval was introduced they threw off the mask of brotherly affection for the negro and denounced the proposed innovation in the strongest possible language. What! put a negro preacher over a white congregation? It was monstrous. It was impracticable. It was a most unheard of proposition. The Methodists of New England would never consent to have their pulpits filled by negroes. As the discussion proceeded several of the speakers became intensely excited and declared, with emphasis, that "not one church in all New England could be found willing to accept colored men as pastors." A few others thought differently. But the final result was that "the whole matter was referred to the Quarterly Conferences, who are to recognise or ignore colored preachers at their pleasure." It was the easiest method of getting rid of a distasteful subject. The Quarterly Conferences will do nothing, and Bishop Ames will in future take good care not to assume that the doctrine of negro equality which these political Tartuffes are so prompt to insist upon at the South is equally applicable to the North.

### The Fireside.

No lessons leave a more abiding impression than those which gently drop in to the mind at the fireside. No fun is more tickling, or leaves behind it less to regret. No history is purer, as a whole, than fireside history, and none lives longer or more lovingly in remembrance. He who cannot look forward with yearning desires to fireside enjoyments, as the staple enjoyments of his life, is greatly to be blamed; for the fireside has its duties to be done, as well as its pleasures to be realized. They who make light of its sanctities, or who rise up in rebellion against its spirit, or who poison its springs of confidence with suspicion, or who introduce jealousies within that charmed

circle, or who profane it by aught that savors of selfish despotism, break the spell which environs it, and forfeit its rewards. It should be the altar to which we bring our daily sacrifices—the turtle doves and young pigeons of home life—to offer them to the genius of domestic unity. There is no place where we are more bound to "mind the things of others" as our own, or more gracefully display affection in trifles, or can with more profit study to please others than ourselves. Forgetfulness of fireside duties indicates, to say the least, a deficiency of disinterested love. A man cannot be truly judged by what he does before the world. All manner of selfish motives may urge him to wear in that broad theatre the dress of sanctity, or courage, or courtesy, or patience, or considerateness, "that he may be seen of men." But it is at his own fireside that he best shows himself, when he casts aside the garments of pretence, and puts on the slippers of natural habit. What he is there and then he probably is in reality, for his heart is *en dishabille*, and commands itself, or otherwise, by its own proper qualities unveiled and undisguised.

—There seems to be a wide difference in the tally of snows during the winter. Previous to the six-inch fall of Easter, one newspaper announced that the one of the night preceding Good Friday made the twenty-fifth; another says the thirty-third; another the thirty-eighth; and a fourth says that that snow was exactly fortieth. We are on the lookout now for one which has counted up to fifty.

—A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late of nights—or rather early of next morning—and said: "Why when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark!" "Then you had a deuce of a father—you had," sneered the young prodigal. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you, you young rascal!"

### Currency.

During the first year of the war, when change was scarce, and some large merchants were issuing currency of their own, a farmer went to a store in a neighboring town, and wanted a five dollar bill, of which he wanted seventy-five cents back. The merchant counted out the amount and handed it over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment and inquired:

"What's this?"

"It's my currency," said the merchant. "Wal, 'tain't good for nothin' where I live," said the farmer.

"Very well," replied the merchant, keep it until you get a dollar's worth and bring it to my store, and I will give you a dollar bill for it."

The farmer pocketed the change and departed. A few weeks after he went into the same store and bought goods to the amount of one dollar, and after paying over the identical seventy-five cents he took out a handful of pumpkin seeds, counted twenty-five of them, and passed them over to the merchant.

"Why," says the merchant, "what's this?"

"Wal," says the farmer, "this is my currency, and when you get a dollar's worth, bring it to my place, and I will give you a dollar for it."

### The Fate of Impeachers.

The fate of impeachers in history is significant. Of the fifty eight persons who signed the death warrant of Charles Stuart, thirty seven survived the Commonwealth, and lived to see the restoration. Of the thirty seven, nine were executed, twelve imprisoned for the remainder of their lives, eleven fled to escape punishment, three were pardoned or released, and the fate of two is left in doubt. The twenty one who died before the restoration were attained by Parliament. Cromwell was exhumed and hung; and so were several others who were the chief instigators of the regicide. All this was done not to gratify any spirit of revenge on the part of Charles II, but in obedience to a popular demand for justice. Of the estates of the fifty eight regicides, 35 were confiscated by exclusion from the indemnity bill of Charles II, one was restored by pardon, and the yearly income of the remaining one was confiscated.

—The Gettysburg Asylum Swindle has ended by the closing of the office in New York, and the disappearance of the managers. The newspapers which encouraged it, and the persons who permitted their names to be used for its benefit without remonstrance (probably for a share of the spoils), should be prosecuted for aiding and abetting this stupendous fraud.

—Gen. Buchanan, commander of the Fifth Military District, has issued an order forbidding agents of the Freedmen's Bureau to take any active part in politics, on pain of dismission from their posts.

—Thaddeus Stevens "lady" is a colored woman, who was the wife of a negro barber at Harrisburg from whom Thad stole her.

—The Chicago victory troubles the mongrels exceedingly. Their dislike to white men's elections has grown proverbial.