

# 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.

Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, the chairman of the Baltimore Convention which re-nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, addressed the convention at Louisville which elected him as a delegate to the National Convention, May, 1864. In this address he says:

"I never was technically an Abolitionist, but have been a life-long emancipationist. Wm. Lloyd Garrison was the originator of the special ideas called Abolitionism, and they embrace three propositions: First, the instantaneous and universal abolition of slavery, irrespective of the consequences; but I was always in favor of a gradual system of emancipation. The second point was, that the hostility against color was a prejudice, and ought to be abolished, and the negro ought to be admitted to equality with the white race according to his merits—that is, if he had more sense or better culture than a white man, he ought to have the preference in any given case, as for office or social position. I have always considered this an utterly impossible state of society, and have always opposed the idea, and do now oppose it. You ask me now to let negroes vote in Kentucky. I answer, it is impracticable. The prejudice as to color is natural. In the West Indies where the blacks predominate, they will not allow a man to vote unless he has a certain amount of black blood in him.—The third principle of the Abolitionists was utter and unmitigated hatred of colonization. But I have been the warm and constant supporter of the establishment of a free state in Africa by the colonization of negroes from the United States. There never was a civilized State in the tropics, and I believe the change that would make the greatest impression upon the world would be the establishment of a civilized free black State within the tropics. Slavery could thus be brought to a close by gradually supplanting the blacks with a more congenial race among ourselves. This scheme is full of wisdom and humanity."

Here, Americans, is the philosophy of Christianity in opposition to the philosophy of French Infidels! Here is the "idea" of all the Christian philosophers in Europe and America up to the year 1835. Here is the history of all the Christian divines in the world before it was polluted by the "pestilential philosophy" of atheists and deists. Now as to the ability of this Christian divine to reason and philosophize upon this subject, let his biography answer. The Cyclopaedia says:

"Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., LL.D., is an American divine of the Presbyterian church, born in Kentucky, in 1800. He studied successively in Princeton, Yale and Union Colleges, graduating at the last in 1819. He then fitted himself for the bar, and practiced law for 8 years, being in that period several times a member of the legislature of Kentucky. His family had been Presbyterians since the time of the reformation, and in 1829 he joined that church. He was ordained pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Baltimore in 1822, and rose to eminence for his eloquence and power in the pulpit. In 1845 he was elected President of Jefferson College, Pa., where he remained two years, at the same time being pastor of a church in a neighboring village; after which he removed to Kentucky, assumed the pastorate of the first Presbyterian church in Lexington, and became superintendent of public instruction in that State. In 1853 he was elected by the general assembly professor of polemic theology in the Seminary at Danville, an office which he continues to hold. He has participated largely in the religious, moral, and philanthropic movements and controversies of the last thirty-five years. While in Baltimore he edited the "Literary and Religious Magazine," and the "Spirit of the 19th Century," and his discussions with the Roman Catholics, which extended over the whole field of faith and practice, gave evidence of the extent of his knowledge of church history and systematic theology. For his kind services to free the blacks of Maryland, on one occasion he received a piece of gold plate as a present from more than a thousand of them. He published two volumes of "Travels in Europe," and beside a great number of tracts, essays and letters, has recently published an important work on theology."

This is the learned divine, who says he has always opposed the special ideas of the Abolitionists originated by William Lloyd Garrison. By a singular coincidence Dr. Breckinridge delivered an address before the Colonization Society of Kentucky on the 6th day of January, 1831—the very month in which the first number of Garrison's Liberator was issued from the press; extracts from which will be given hereafter, showing that all the Africans in America might be carried back to the land of their fathers and thus the country of slavery.

But Garrison, who thanked God that he was an infidel, says: "The first thing I did was to declare war against the colonization society."

Notice here that Gen. Lafayette, of France, who helped to achieve the liberties of America, was at this very time one of the Vice Presidents of the colonization society upon which Wm. Lloyd Garrison declared war, and that he remained in that office until his death in 1834. Remember, also, that William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson, the great philanthropists of England, were members of this society, and were the very persons who sent the first negroes to Sierra Leone, instead of making equals of them in England. In America, the names of all the divines of every religious denomination are recorded as members of this society, and working for the removal of the negroes of Africa. But Garrison, the infidel says, "I made war on that scheme, and carried on the war until the power of the Colonization Society was broken; for it declared that emancipation and colonization must go hand in hand; maintaining that Africa was the native land of the blacks, and that they ought to be sent thither. It proclaimed that prejudice against the negro was a natural and unconquerable feeling, which God had implanted in the breast of the white man, and I demanded that the blacks should stand on the same platform of equality with the white race. Such were the grounds on which I assailed it, until, thank God, it was rendered powerless."

Now who aided this infidel in his war upon christianity and its efforts to remove slavery from the land by the removal of the negroes themselves?

Answer: In 1835 a Baptist Magazine published in the city of New York contained the following article:

"Those who are conversant with the history of this city for the last half century, are aware that a knot of French infidels and atheists congregated here during the French revolution, and together they formed a Jacobin Club. Here Palmer lectured on deism, and Foster satirized the scriptures, and scoffed at everything religious or sacred. The seed thus sown germinated, though its growth was small and stunted for some time. Here Tom Paine spent the latter part of his days, and his life of blasphemy was a counterpoint to his infidel principles. When Robert Dale Owen arrived here he found his way prepared for him. He lectured on religion and the Bible, and declared them both impostures. Next came Fanny Wright, who reiterated the blasphemy of Paine and Owen. Her converts were multiplied, a temple of science was erected, and hundreds violated the Sabbath by listening to these apostles of Satan."

Americans! The societies which Fanny Wright established in the Eastern States and called by her name, were the Jacobin clubs revived. The name was changed to Abolition or Anti-Slavery Societies, and these were the same as the "Societies of the Friends of the Blacks" in France, founded by Robespierre, Brissot, and other French infidels.

New, to prove that Wm. Lloyd Garrison was one of Fanny Wright's converts, we quote from an Abolition paper of 1833, which says:

"The French 'Society of the Friends of the Blacks' is on intimate terms with the Abolitionists of the United States, and the names of Wm. Lloyd Garrison and others are on its list of honorary members."

Here we have traced the "apostolic succession" of a sect founded by Robespierre and Voltaire, the preachers of which were called by all Christendom thirty years ago, the "apostles of Satan." And we behold New England puritanism reaching forth its hand and giving Christian fellowship to these apostles of Satan in France; these "friends of the blacks," who caused the massacre of all the whites in St. Domingo, and soliciting their aid in bringing about a like fate to all the whites in the Southern States. Fearing, however, that the *cloven foot* would be discovered, and the "apostles of Satan" seen in their true character, she sends Garrison to England, to bring George Thompson, a beloved follower of Cromwell, to America, to preach the same doctrines of negro equality, and thus clothe them with the garb of christianity. This is the pious puritan from England, whose great friendship for the Southern negroes was manifested in such a way as to compel the President to call the attention of Congress to the "painful excitement produced in the South by the attempts to incite the slaves to insurrection, and to produce all the horrors of a servile war."

And New England puritanism heaped its curses on the President who arrested its "progress" towards the destruction of the white people of the South in 1835, as it now curses the President who would stay the further destruction of his own race at the hands of the apostles of Satan from France, leagued with the puritanism of England and America, for the overthrow of the liberties of the white race and the erection of a negro monarchy on the ruins of freedom.

The conspiracy will be fully exposed in this history.

—The savans attribute the cloudy and rainy weather to the gradual approach of the gulf stream to our coast, it being 100 miles nearer than it was five years ago.

## THE DIAMOND RING.

It was the night before Christmas. Dark and overclouded, with white gusts of driving snow, and raw air, which insinuated itself into every fold of the most voluminous wrappings. A night which was uncomfortable enough to the rich, but dreadful to the poor.

Mr. Almayne did not observe the little blue nosed boy, crouching in the angle formed by the brilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang from his carriage and went slowly across the pavement into the bright, thronged shop. How should he? But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of starvation, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another tighter, as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into his corner, as the wind flattered his thin, worn garments, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch, from his forehead.

Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him again, when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensive fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions, with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideal of "big red fires" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illumined Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing rooms that night, glowing softly on gilded tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold. While just before the genial flame the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green and amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude!

"I wonder what made think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot upon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the water—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite! How lovely she was, that golden haired girl, with her blue veined forehead, and her dark, downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Willis in those boy and girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her little barque—it is not often that a person one has known in lang syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara—what glittering air palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we plighted our childish troths? And when I came back, with the "fortune" on whose golden colonades our fairy castle of happiness reared its pinnacles—she was gone. And Mary was a good wife to me, and a true—but she was not Clara Willis!"

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctively glanced down at the finger upon which he wore the betrothal gift of his dead wife—the ring was gone!

"Lost—it can't be lost," he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he had last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised! Poor Mary's ring—I would not lose it for twice its value, and that would be no mean sum."

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of driving snow, but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its warped flag stones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley way of a tall, weather stained building, untroubled by wind or tempest.

"See, sit, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow doorway and coming upon a tiny room, only half lighted by a dim kerosene lamp, beside which sat a woman busily at work. "Hallo! Is the fire out?"

"Wrap this old shawl around you, Ben," said the woman, looking up, with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. Every coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any matches?"

"Not two papers," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara—I couldn't go round to the houses!"

"Well, never mind, Benny," she said, cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh, Benny, I should like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas!"

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day. You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one!"

She smiled through her tears.

"What was it about a glove, Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis?"

"Very, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her chill hand, and looked at the rich, dark fur.

"Why, Ben, what's this?"

For her touch had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling facets of a diamond ring!

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while Ben stood by, in open mouthed surprise and delight. "Ben, this is very valuable—we ought to return it to the owner at once."

"But how can we, if we don't know who he is?"

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be used to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must ask the newsman to lend you a paper for five minutes, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben Morrow, under his breath, "is it very valuable? Is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben—why?"

"Oh, Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in her lap, "a hundred dollars would be so nice? I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer—she only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself, like a respectable, motionless statue in the doorway.

"Well, Porter."

"There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind, show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a minute or two threw open the door and announced:

"The young person and the little boy!"

"Be seated, said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a worn shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it, in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A.—correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket book. "I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill. "Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil.

"We are very poor, sir," she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you, all the same. Come Benny!"

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first love beneath her faded black bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him, with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne?" she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjecture.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his; she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara do not go yet, he said pleadingly. "Let me unravel this strange enigma of our two lives! Oh, Clara! If this Christmas Day has indeed brought me the sunshine which never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it to my dying day!"

The low sun flamed redly in the west, before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Benny had so ignorantly named the night before—was summoned, to carry Clara and her brother, for the last time, to their equal home. For ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that over hung the wooden bridge, ten years ago. It was a very short engagement—and yet it was a long one!

And little Benny Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine of his half sister's happiness, found out what it was to be rich!

## Terrific Convulsions of the Sandwich Islands.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, April 15. }  
Via San Francisco, May 8, 1868. }

The greatest volcanic eruption recorded in modern times has occurred on the Island of Hawaii, one of the group of Sandwich Islands. For some time past it had been observed that the crater of Kilauea was very active, and that a new volcano had been formed. The volcano is the well known Mauna Loa, and it has an elevation of 13,758 feet. On the 27th of March last the new eruption commenced, and has continued up to the latest dates. During twelve days there have been two thousand shocks of earthquakes, followed by fearful tidal waves which have destroyed entire villages and caused the death of one hundred persons.

For fifteen days the district Kona has been the centre of motion for the great eruption. A gigantic stream of moten lava is flowing from the summit of Mauna Loa across the lands of Kakuka and Pookini to the sea of Kalauala landing. The slope and part of the summit of a mountain fifteen hundred feet high have been lifted up bodily by the earthquake and thrown over the tops of trees for a distance of over one thousand feet. At Waipoaia a creek has opened, extending from the sea. To as high as the eye can reach on the slope of Mauna Loa the lava is from one to seven feet in width, and an eruption of moist clay was thrown from the side of the mountain, between Lyman's and Richardson's, a distance of two miles and three quarters, with a width of one mile, in the short space of three minutes. This terrible eruption overwhelmed houses, persons and hundreds of animals, and scattered death and destruction wherever the clay fell.

A column of smoke seven and four fifths miles in altitude was thrown out of Mauna Loa, obscuring everything for miles around, save where the bright spiral pillars of fire flashed upwards from the mouth of the volcano. The sight was one of the grandest but most appalling ever witnessed and almost defies description. The immense tidal waves came rushing in with so great a height that they swept over the tops of the coconut trees on the Kona coast.

During the eruption of the 2d of April, no living creature could stand up for a moment. Immense bodies of earth were tossed about at great distances, as if they were feathers wafted from point to point by a storm of wind. Not one stone stands upon another as before in this district. Immense precipices which have hitherto been a terror to all who have seen them, have been levelled to the earth and where the ground was formerly smooth and unbroken for miles around the earth has been rent asunder and upheaved, forming gigantic chasms and precipices.

The entire topographical appearance of the country has been so completely changed that even those who have lived in the desolated district all their lives cannot recognize it or point out localities with which they were formerly familiar. Luckily, this part of the island is but sparsely populated, and the lands are not in general cultivation.

The loss of life as far as can be ascertained is as follows: In the village of Pailuka, thirty three; at Mokaka, thirteen; at Pualala, four; at Honah, twenty seven; at Vanilo, three. This makes a total of eighty persons killed as reported up to the present time. There are rumors about that the casualties considerably exceed one hundred, but nothing definite on this matter has been received. All of the unfortunate persons who have lost their lives were native Hawaiians, no white person being killed or in any way injured.

At the present moment the entire group of islands is enveloped in a dense black smoke, and the indications are that Mauna Loa is still in active volcanic eruption.

## Mauna Loa—Its previous Volcanic Eruptions.

The account of the recent terrible volcanic eruption in the island of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich group, imparts interest to the subjoined history of the previous eruptions of the volcano:

"Mauna Loa, or Roa, as it is frequently called, has been well known to the world for many years past as one of the most active and terrible volcanoes in the world. Situated in the centre of the island of Hawaii, one of the group of Sandwich Islands, it gradually ascends until it reaches an altitude of 13,758 feet, as was ascertained during the exploring expedition under Lieut. Wilkes, of the United States Navy. This great height appears to have been attained by accretion, and, indeed, the entire island of Hawaii is formed of the lava which has been, from time to time, thrown from the craters or the volcano.

The lower parts of the mountain are covered with forests and are comparatively fertile, but after reaching a certain height everything becomes quite barren, and nothing but lava mixed with clay and hardened almost to the consistency of flint forms the summit. This gives it a smooth and, as it is quite round at the top, dome-like appearance. The mountain is covered with craters. The principal one, known by the name of Moku a-wee-weo,

is some 15,000 feet in length by 8,000 in width. Its depth varies from 470 to 750 feet, and the bottom is traversed with ridges from 10 to 50 feet high, alternating with deep chasms and smooth beds of hardened lava. These latter are covered with fissures, from which ascend thin clouds of steam and smoke. Another formidable, though smaller, crater is called Pohakoonoane. These two craters, however do not seem to have taken part in the eruption reported in the telegraphic dispatch. The one that was, or is in action is the great crater of Kilauea. This is three and a half miles in length, two and a half in width, and 1,044 feet in depth, and stands at an elevation of over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is completely surrounded by a wall of hardened lava, ranging from 600 to 2,000 feet in width and 860 feet in depth. At the bottom of the crater is a lake of liquid fire continually surging and giving to the clouds above a beautiful silver look in the day and a bright red at night. In January 1841, the lake overflowed, and Lieut. Wilkes estimated that during one night 15,000,000 cubic feet of lava were discharged, and nearly 200,000,000 cubic feet were discharged from the small pit in one day. In 1855 another terrible eruption occurred, which lasted thirteen months, and covered an area of 300 square miles with lava. In January, 1859, the last and (until the present one) the greatest eruption took place, three new craters being formed by the convulsion. The eruption lasted nearly ten months, and was of terrible grandeur. Streams of lava were hurled from the craters to a height of from 200 to 500 feet, and after they had fallen traversed a distance of five miles where the liquid fire flowed into the sea, driving back the waters. Those who witnessed the meeting of the two elements describe the scene as one of awful splendor. Quite a number of shocks of earthquake accompanied this eruption. It would appear as if the present eruption exceeded in magnitude and terrific grandeur anything that ever preceded it, and this would make it more violent in every respect than the recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

## A Murderer three Times Sentenced to be Hanged.

In March last, the Court of Appeals in Oyer and Terminer and the Supreme Courts at Poughkeepsie, which condemned Thomas Fitzgerald to death for the murder of Ellen Hicks at White Plains, Westchester county, in August, 1866. Fitzgerald had twice before been sentenced to death for this murder, his life having been saved by appeals and stays of proceedings. In view of the judgment of the Court of Appeals, Judge Gilbert on Monday sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on Friday, the 20th day of June next. When the prisoner stood up to receive the sentence, the only evidence of emotion were a slight flush of the face and a tremor of the lower lip. He was then removed to his old quarters at the White Plains Jail—whence he is certain to go to the scaffold unless the Governor interposes.

The circumstances of this murder are reviewed by the Poughkeepsie Eagle. "On the 2d of August, 1866, five or six soldiers stationed at Trog's Neck proceeded to a small town in Westchester county, and made a call at a bakery there, kept by a man named Eliot. While there an altercation ensued between Eliot and his visitors, which resulted in a fight during which Eliot's arm was broken. The soldiers retired, but late in the evening returned to the scene, accompanied by Thomas Fitzgerald, one of their comrades, who was doing picket duty at Trog's Neck. Eliot seeing them approach his house concluded that trouble would ensue, and prepared to vacate his premises. By this time the party had surrounded the house. Eliot seeing that his chances were desperate, jumped out of the second story window, in the rear of the building, his broken arm in a sling. Only one of the assailants was in the way. He grappled with Eliot, but getting the worst of the fight Eliot made good his escape.

The soldiers turned to go off, when they observed two young girls, about eighteen years of age each, standing in the door of a dwelling near by, watching the proceedings. One of the girls was Ellen Hicks. She stood with her arm about the waist of her companion, when Fitzgerald deliberately raised his musket (the whole party being armed) and fired the ball penetrating the body of Ellen Hicks, and she fell to the threshold a corpse."—*Albany Argus* May 14.

—Ole Bull recently gave a concert at Washington for the benefit of the Lincoln monument, but money enough was not taken to pay the expenses of hall and advertising. Poor Lincoln's memory is below par in Washington. It fares even worse than his wife's old duds in New York and Providence.

—A Young Indian Maid, visiting a flouring mill in Winona, Minn., surreptitiously got hold of the stencils and decorated her white blanket with "Ellsworth's choice" in bright red letters, after which she straggled down street, to the borrow of the afforesaid Ellsworth, who owns the mills and who is a baboel.