

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

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FOR THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT. "The Velled Prophet" Unveiled—Paritanism Unmasked—and the Great Struggle for Liberty Continued.

PURITANS PUTTING MEN IN PRISON FOR BEING INFIDELS.

Jefferson says: "The bill for establishing Religious Freedom, the principles of which to a certain degree had been enacted before, I had drawn in all the latitude of reason and right. It still met with opposition, but was finally passed, and a singular proposition proved that protection of opinion was meant to be universal. Where the preamble declares that coercion is a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our Religion, an amendment was proposed by inserting the words Jesus Christ, the Holy Author of our Religion. The insertion was rejected by a great majority, in proof that it meant to comprehend within the mantle of its protection, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Mohammedan, the Hindoo and Infidel of every denomination."

And Thomas Jefferson was the name which the Puritans used when they wished to frighten their children to sleep; and Fisher Ames, in the beginning of this century says:

"Do we not find the ruling faction in Virginia in avowed hostility to our religious institutions? If Democracy triumphs in New England, our progenitors, if they should return to the earth, would with grief and shame disown their degenerate descendants."

And if the religious institutions of New England had triumphed over Democracy in the foundation of our government, and no "mantle of protection had been thrown around the Jews and Gentiles, the Christians and Mohammedans, the Hindoos and Infidels of every denomination," how would the ministers of the religion of New England have conducted themselves towards them? History gives the answer, and we will bring history first to show the way that Infidels would have fared under the rule of Puritanism:

"A settlement was made below Providence, on the Narragansett bay, in the year 1638, by Samuel Gorton and a number of his followers. They were soon arrested by an armed party of treble Gorton's numbers, who had been dispatched with strict orders to bring the heretics, alive or dead, to Boston. At the head of this crusade in miniature," says Hinton, "marched a holy man with strict injunctions to keep the soldiers regularly to their prayers, and to explain to Gorton and his deluded followers the who's enormities of their errors before putting them to death. They were made prisoners and conveyed to Boston. The women and children were dispersed in the woods, and as it was a time when the ground was covered with snow, several of them actually perished. The rest of these helpless fugitives, after sustaining incredible hardships, were protected, clothed and hospitably entertained by—savages!"

Gorton and his followers being bro't before the court at Boston, the charge exhibited against them was in the following words: "Upon much examination and serious consideration of your writings, with your answers about them, we do charge you to be a blasphemous enemy of the true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His holy ordinances, and also of civil authority among the people of God, and particularly in this jurisdiction. Gorton was therefore ordered to be confined in Charlestown, there to be kept at work, and to wear such bolts and irons as might hinder his escape, and if he broke his confinement, or by speech or writing published or maintained any of the blasphemous, abominable heresies where with he had been charged by the General Court, or should reproach or reprove the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ in these united colonies, or the civil government thereof, he should suffer death. The rest were confined in different towns, one in a town, and upon the same conditions with Gorton. Their cattle were seized and ordered to be sold, and the charge of fetching them, and the expense of the trial and imprisonment to be paid out of the proceeds, and the overplus to be reserved for their future maintenance during their confinement."

Benedict, the Baptist historian, says: "Eighty head of their cattle were sold to pay the charges of bringing them from their homes and trying them before a foreign tribunal, which amounted to a hundred and sixty pounds. But the court despairing of reclaiming them from their errors, released them, and banished them, not only from their jurisdiction, but also from their own lands. This detestable tyranny came of Mr. Cotton's Jewish Theocracy, and it is a lamentable fact, that that mistaken divine encouraged the court in this horrid oppression of Gorton and his unfortunate associates. Some of them were at that very time members of the church in Providence. They had associated with Gorton, not on account of his religious opinions, but for the purpose of obtaining lands on which they might obtain subsistence for themselves and their families. But if Gorton had been that damnable heretic which his orthodox persecu-

tors pretended; if he had worshipped the sun, moon and stars, what right did that give the Boston rulers to treat him and his company in such an outrageous manner? These much injured men, being prohibited on pain of death to go to their lauds, repaired to Rhode Island. About that time Roger Williams, who had also been banished, went to England, and by the assistance of Sir Henry Vane, obtained a free and absolute charter of civil incorporation for Providence Plantations. It empowered them to rule themselves by such form of civil government as they found most suitable. Gorton also went to England to obtain redress, and procuring a letter of safe conduct from the earl of Warwick to the Massachusetts Magistrates, and an order that his people should be allowed peaceable possession of their lands, he returned to this colony which he named after his noble protector. By this means the claims of the Massachusetts court were defeated. Gorton was of good family in England, and was promoted to honor in the colony. His posterity still retain a lively abhorrence of that religious tyranny by which he was so cruelly oppressed."

This religious tyranny which is the essence of Puritanism—the tyranny which dragged these people from their homes and loaded them with irons—which left their wives and children to perish, and who were only saved from starvation and death by the savages of the wilderness—is the same tyrannical power which now rules over the South.

For thirty years did Puritan ministers teach the people of the North that the slaveholders in the South were so wicked in the sight of God, that He commanded their destruction; urging the negroes to rise and inbrue their hands not only in the blood of their masters, but of the women and children. And yet the Puritans, ministers and all, held Indians, and Negroes, and white men in slavery for an hundred and fifty years.

Ah! the secret of all this Puritan hatred of the South lies in the fact that the South rescued all the religious sects in America out of their hands—that the South overturned their Union of church and state, where it existed, and prevented the establishment of Puritanism over American in the beginning, and placed around all the people of America the "mantle" of Democracy as a protection and shield from religious intolerance and oppression. Truly hath Charles Beecher said, "The South betrays its consciousness of the source of its punishment by desperate reaction against New England Puritanism."

Yes, Americans! Every battle fought by the South, was a battle for freedom against New England oppression and persecution. As Roger Williams and Samuel Gorton sought the aid of England to protect their people in the right of self-government and freedom from Puritan intolerance, so the people of the South sought only for independence and the right of governing themselves, in self protection against the very power which is now binding them in the galling chains of slavery; and the soldiers who are aiding in riveting them on have been taught to "keep regularly to their prayers," while the ministers of the North have thanked the Lord that He delivered those wicked rebels and heretics into their hands, and called upon the nation to put hundreds of them to death. And yet these ministers know very well that the South saved the lives of the patriots of Massachusetts, who were declared rebels against the British throne, by sending General Washington there to fight their battles for them.

Ah, they have declared from their pulpits that God took vengeance on President Lincoln, by his sudden and violent death, because he spared the life of Gen. Lee, whom they compared to "Agag;" thus proving that their "Jewish theocracy," in theory, remains to this day, and that they are struggling to make it the established government of the United States—another Puritan Commonwealth, with an Oliver Cromwell to rule it with the sword. Liberty is now writhing in the grasp of despotism. Let Puritanism triumph, and then farewell to American Liberty!

How the Quakers were treated by the Puritans in the next number.

There dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother who was blessed with a wife of freiful disposition. Being at Camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt together at the tent prayer meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things said:

"Thou knowest, Lord, that I am somewhat cross and fretful at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed: "Amen! I truth, Lord, every word of it." It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose as to the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

A singular freak of nature was seen in an Arkansas town recently, in the shape of a man with three ears; one on each side of his head, as usual, and a third, which belonged to another fellow—between his teeth.

Three Chapters of Romance.

The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican sends to that paper the following romantic narratives:

ROMANCE NUMBER ONE.
About four years ago, a young law student of a Western city traveling with a party of friends, came to Boston, and during his stay here met, once or twice a young lady, who lived in the most aristocratic of our suburban towns. The acquaintance was casual, going hardly beyond an introduction of the parties and the exchange of the usual comments of the weather, &c. Time passed, as the novelists say, and last fall the young gentleman wrote to the friend with whom he had traveled to the following effect: "He had established himself well in his profession, with a fair prospect of pecuniary success, and he wanted to marry; but in the entire circle of his lady acquaintances he knew not one who filled his eye. The friend who received his letter, a lady, pitying his condition, replied instantly, reminding him of the maiden whom he had met in the aristocratic suburb four years ago, and suggesting that she would suit him admirably. He acted at once on the hint, and wrote to the young lady; she replied, a correspondence followed; in December he wrote that he would come East in January to see her, but could stay but one day; he came, he returned to the West, and she went shopping; one week from to-day the train will go before a minister and be made one.

ROMANCE NUMBER TWO.
Death laid his irresistible hand upon a young shoemaker, during the year 1867, and the cordwainer of course "pegged out," as is said in the cheerful game of cribbage. He left a widow and a nice little property. I should have called him a manufacturer, not a maker. The widow mourned loud and long and draped her person in extensive weeds. She never should look upon his like again—commend her to a dose of strychnine as the alternative. She was a conscientious woman, and, living in the country, she could not spend all her income on purple and fine linen and the other traditional luxuries of wealth. So she resolved to invest some of her accumulating greenbacks in a "storied urn," or some such monumental monstrosity, commemorative of her defunct husband's virtues. She called on a marble worker of a neighboring town and took counsel with him. He was a comely person and plainly had a genius for sympathetic sculpture. The bargain was struck—for the monument, I mean. In due season it was finished and the artist came to the village of the lady's residence to superintend its erection. She was a constant attendant in the cemetery, watching the progress of the work. It was slow progress for some reason. Day after day she put in an appearance in the melancholy inclosure, and wept silently while the work went on, except some times when the marble man ventured to beg for her advice on some doubtful point. Marble man though he was, he had a tender heart, and that organ was touched by the sight of her devotion. He pitied and anon he loved her, that Niobe in bombazine. One day as the two stood contemplating the white memorial of the departed, he spoke; she listened, her sobs ceased; she placed her black kid glove in his muscular palm, and to make our story short they are to be married soon. I do not know whether the marble man got his pay for the monument.

ROMANCE NUMBER THREE.
I have reserved the strangest story for the last. In 1845, a young man and a young woman took upon themselves the obligations of matrimony. They lived together in the enjoyment of what is known as conjugal bliss just one year. At the end of that time the husband disappeared. The wife waited, and waited, like Marianna in the moated grange, but the husband came not. In due time she procured a divorce, resumed her maiden name, and addressed herself energetically to work, finding in active employment the most potent penitence for her sorrows. Success awarded her; she accumulated a comfortable property, and after living in Boston and California many years, she returned to her native village and lived at her ease. Once in a while she went to Boston and visited the family of Mr. S—. Since her husband left her on that memorable day in 1845, she had never heard of or from him. Beyond doubt he was dead. Last February, Mr. S—, riding near the city, took a stranger into his carriage. In the course of conversation he asked the stranger his name.

"G—," replied the latter.

"Did you ever hear of J— G—?" inquired Mr. S—.

"He is my brother."

"And has anything ever been known of him since he disappeared, years ago?"

"Yes, he returned very recently, and is trying to find his family."

"Why, bless your soul!" cried Mr. S—, "I am well acquainted with his wife; she visited at my house, and is now living at M—."

Of course the returned wanderer soon heard this news, and a few days later the deserted wife received a letter from him whom she had once called husband, but who, for twenty-three long years, she had

not seen or heard a word of. A correspondence ensued, and two weeks ago to-day, I think, the truant went to see the woman he had so cruelly wronged. The particulars of their interview I cannot give; but it is safe to infer that the smouldering spark of affection was reanimated in their two bosoms, and that the great gulf of twenty-three years that had divided their lives was bridged by a process whose rapidity and simplicity Robbing or Eads, or any other civil engineer, could not parallel. In fine, at the first meeting they renewed their twenty-three years' old troth-plight. The next day they went to D— to see his relatives; the next day, he or rather she, for he had no property, bought a farm; the next day they returned to M—; the next day they were remarried very quietly; and the next day they departed for their farm in D—, where they propose to pass the autumn of their lives in the calm happiness that attends, or ought to attend, "two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one." The foregoing remarkable story is true in every particular, and I am acquainted with one of the returned couple.

The Parson's Fix.

An Awkward Predicament Turns Out Pleasantly.

"I do not know," he began, "good people, what you mean by a fix; but if you mean an awkward predicament, which for the season is unpleasant, but may or may not end advantageously for the individual chiefly concerned, I can relate to you an interesting narration in which I was the principal performer; but if by a fix you intend to designate some circumstance in the chapter of accidents in human life which of necessity must terminate very unpleasantly, like the case of our elder brother Richard, why, all I can say is that—"

"You are an ignoramus," burst in Dick. "In the first place, you know very well what a fix is. You have not left college long enough to have quite forgotten slang. Secondly, Ned, allow me to remark that my fix did end advantageously, most advantageously, for I got out of matrimony, and saw how nearly through it I had got into trouble. Thirdly, permit me, my dear fellow, to observe, and I will answer for it that the rest of the company, or congregation, will endorse my observation, that you are not now in the pulpit, and consequently you need not use the longest words you can find; moreover, you may come to the point at once, provided you have a point to come to; and although we happen to be nearly related to you, it is not absolutely necessary that, in the course of your story, you should address us more than once as 'My brethren; or 'My dear brethren.'"

"Tres bien," replied Ned, good-humoredly. "I will tell you a fix, a clerical one to boot; moreover, it is the biggest one I was ever in, and yet it ended so advantageously as to start me well in life."

A CLERICAL FIX.

Just after I was married, I took the curacy—a sole charge—of B—, in Warwickshire. I resided in the rectory, the rector himself being obliged to live in the south of France. Callers of course came, but, owing to one circumstance and another, we missed seeing most of them. Before we had started on our round of returning visits, I received a friendly note from Mr. Chilmark, a vicar in the neighborhood, stating that, in former times, he had known my father at college; that he had the rural dean and a few friends coming to dine with him on such a day, and that if my wife and I would waive ceremony, (we had not then returned his call,) Mrs. Chilmark and he would be much pleased if we would join their dinner party. I should remark that my wife and I had never seen Mr. or Mrs. Chilmark; we were out in the parish when they called on us. They lived about three miles on the other side of the town of W—, from which we lived two miles distant. In those days, I did not keep a close carriage, but drove my wife in an open wagonette. I did not know the country at all well; but having studied the map, and got directions from an acquaintance, I had little doubt that, with the help of a young moon, I should find my way.

It so happened that the night of November 17th, 185—, was very foggy; the moon was hardly of any use to us. We could find our way to the town of W— all right, because it was a turnpike road, and I was acquainted with it; but with regard to the other side of the town and the cross-roads, I hardly knew what to do. I made up my mind to see if I could get on at all; and if I found myself in the least degree puzzled, I determined to go back, and get a hostler from the town, to act as guide. As we were leaving W—, and about to drive through a turnpike, a well appointed carriage overtook us, and passed through the gate just before us. I asked the woman at the gate whose carriage it was. "Mr. Singleton's," she replied. "How fortunate!" exclaimed my wife; "that is the rural dean. We know he is going to dine with the Chilmarks; so you have only to follow close upon him, and we shall be all right."

Acting upon my wife's bright suggestion, I did follow the carriage, and that closely. Luckily, my horse was a good one. Occasionally, when near water, we seemed to be plunging through darkness, so thick was the fog. However, all went well; and at last I was glad to follow the carriage before me through an avenue up to a large house, whose hall was blazing with light, and resplendent with the liveries of the servants. We did not take much notice then of these things; but, as I divested myself of my wraps, and my wife was putting herself straight in some back room, I could not help envying Mr. Chilmark, and thinking that his living must be an excellent good one, as he was able to have things in such style.

In a few minutes we were ushered into the drawing room, the butler making, as usual, some blunder about our names when announcing us. Mr. and Mrs. Chilmark came forward and kindly accosted us. My wife was installed on a sofa near the fire, and I formed one of a knot of gentlemen lounging in the background. We were a large party, about twenty in number; and as the butler left the room, I thought I heard Mrs. Chilmark give the order "dinner." A few dull moments, as usual, before that meal, when suddenly an electrical shock of a curious nature was communicated to the majority assembled in the drawing-room. The door was opened, and instead of dinner being announced, the butler ushered in Mr. and Mrs. Templeton.—There did not appear to me to be anything unusual in this, but evidently a great commotion was created. Persons looked curiously at my wife and myself, and at last Mr. Chilmark touched me on the shoulder, saying: "May I speak a word with you in the library?" I followed, and noticed my host, in crossing the hall, say something to one of the servants.

As soon as we were closeted together, Mr. Chilmark's manner changed at once. "Now, sir," said he to me, "what is the meaning of all this? Who are you really? Where do you come from?" Of course I was surprised; and wishing my father's peppery friend, Mr. Chilmark, at the very opposite side of the globe, I calmly stated who I was, and reminded him of his invitation.

"I invite you, sir," he roared; you—you—you—" He bit his lips to check his angry words.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "You did; and you asked Mrs. Mr. Singleton, the rural dean, and I have come, not exactly with him, but just after him."

"Stop, sir; no more lies."

"Excuse me, sir," I replied, "one more word and I have done. Either you are prematurely drunk or you are mad. I do not care to dine with either drunkard or madman. I shall call my wife out of the drawing room, and beg to wish you good evening."

"Excuse me, sir," he hissed through his teeth, while he placed himself between me and the door; "you will not get off so easily, young man."

Now this was a pleasant predicament thus to be closeted with a mad man.

"Pray, may I ask what on earth you mean?" said I.

"Pray, may I ask what on earth you mean?" he replied. "Do you know who I am? where you are?"

"Yes; you are Mr. Chilmark, the rector of —, a very old friend of my father, the late Mr. Temple of —; I am standing in your library at your rectory, having been asked here to dine;—and upon my word, the sooner I get out of your hospitable house, and cut your acquaintance for good, the better I shall be pleased."

He grinned horribly as I spoke, and said: "I am Lord Claydon. This is Claydon Castle. I never asked you to dine; and, in short, you are a scamp. I have already sent for a policeman, and till he arrives, you shall not leave this room."

"Well," thought I, "thank goodness, he has sent for a policeman; so ere long I shall get rid of this mad man's society." What to do, I knew not. I fixed my eye on him, and tried to master him by staring him out of countenance. We were both silent for a few moments. At last my friend said to me: "Your tale is ingenious, young man; but it breaks down. If you were going to dine with Mr. Chilmark at — rectory, how came you to be here, a distance of six miles from your pretended destination?"

I then explained that I knew the rural dean, Mr. Singleton, was going to dine with Mr. Chilmark—that I was a stranger in the county, and was not acquainted with the roads—that the turnpike woman told me it was Mr. Singleton's carriage which passed us at the gate, and that I had followed it, and consequently found myself where I now was.

Light began to dawn somewhat upon the obfuscated senses of both of us. It struck me that my supposed madman was in all probability Lord Claydon, and that in some way I had missed my leading carriage in the fog, or something of that kind. It began to strike the gentleman opposite that possibly after all I might not be an imposter. Lord Claydon—for so I must call him—then said: "You tell me that you are Mr. Temple, the new curate of —. What proofs can

you give me that you are what you represent yourself?"

"Plenty, to-morrow," replied I, "but not many at present. Look at me—do I not appear as a clergyman and a gentleman?"

"I want more proof," said Lord Claydon, with a frown.

"Proof!" replied I. "Ask your friends if a Mr. Temple has not recently become curate of —."

"O, very likely; but I want proof that you are that Mr. Temple."

"Proofs, man!" I cried, getting very impatient. "Why, what am I to do? I cannot refer you to my mother, for she is not here, and my wife's evidence I suppose not admissible. I can on only offer as proof, my handkerchief, my stockings, and the tail of my shirt." So saying, I indignantly pulled out my handkerchief and threw it on the table. Lord Claydon carelessly glanced at it, and then smiling, showed me "E. H. C." embroidered in the corner. To my intense annoyance I saw that my wife had placed in my pocket a fine scented handkerchief of her own. I was not pleased at this, but explained the matter to Lord Claydon, and said:

"It really looks awkward; but I may beg you to examine my stockings, and the tail of my shirt. My wife's stockings would not fit me, and she can hardly have a shirt made like this."

So saying, I began to kick off my Wellington boot.

Lord Claydon interrupted me: "My dear sir, I cannot allow that. Be kind enough to forgive and excuse me for what has taken place. I could not subject a gentleman to the test you propose; and if I have by any chance been taken in again"—and he laughed—"all I can say is, I have been deceived by the most perfect fac simile of a gentleman."

"Come, Ned, draw it mild," suggested Settler Dick.

"Well," returned Ned, "those were the words he used, and as he spoke he held out his hand: 'Forgive me, will you?' Our hands met in a mutual squeeze. He sat for a moment at the table, wrote a hasty note, and then taking my arm with him, led me to the drawing room. As he crossed the hall, he gave the note to a servant, with a message, of which all I caught was: 'Give that to —.'"

A few moments after we entered the drawing room dinner was announced.—Lord Claydon took my wife in, and I had a wonderful companion entrusted to my care, and found myself in a prominent position at the table. The first glass of champagne had just been handed around, when in a kind of stage whisper, the butler announced to Lord Claydon:

"The policeman has come, my lord."

His lordship bit his lip, and looked sheepish, but said nothing.

After dinner, a note was handed to him. He hastily scanned it, and at once rose and said:

"At an ordinary dinner party speeches are detestable, and the drinking of healths a thing of bygone days; and yet I must make the one, and propose the other.—Lady Claydon and I had asked our new neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton to dine here to-day. We had not met on the occasion of our calling, but I had had Mr. Templeton pointed out to me in the street. When Mr. and Mrs. Temple were introduced, I naturally concluded they were Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, especially as my butler mumbled the name, though I confess that Mr. Temple hardly appeared to me as the same person who had been pointed out to me in the street as Mr. Templeton. However, persons look very differently by candlelight and by daylight. When Mr. and Mrs. Templeton were afterwards ushered into the drawing room, I was astonished. I at once recognized Mr. Templeton as the gentleman who had been pointed out to me under that name.

The question of course arose, who can Mr. Temple be? He must be an imposter. We adjourned to my library, and a discussion took place between us, which, on my part, was certainly more animated than polite. It ended in my being quite satisfied that Mr. Temple was a gentleman, though how he came to my house I cannot exactly understand. I wrote a hurried line to Mr. Chilmark just before dinner, and I have got an answer to the effect that Mr. Temple was to have dined with him to-day, but that he is glad to learn that by accident he is enjoying what Mr. Chilmark is pleased to call the superior hospitality of Claydon castle. As to superior hospitalities, all I can say is, that I most sincerely hope Mr. Temple will kindly forgive my inhospitable treatment of him before dinner. I will make him the most ample apology he likes for my un-courteous suspicion; and let me add for his information—for the rest of you have heard the story—that my un-courteous suspicion arose from the fact of a well got up, gentlemanly clergyman calling here a few days ago with his wife, at luncheon time. He represented himself as being the secretary for the society for —, exhibited his receipt book, and talked glibly of matters and persons connected with the society. The end of the affair was, that he and his wife lunched here. I paid him a check for five hundred pounds, being a legacy lately left by friend, Mr. — to the society. Unfortunately for me, I

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you give me that you are what you represent yourself?"

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