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[The following lines were written many years ago by Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, who has been quite recently traveling the United States. Naturally enough, they gave great offense to some of the dignitaries of the Established Church in England, and one of the consequences was that they do not appear in the later edition of his works. The copy from which we print was furnished by Lord Houghton himself to a friend who had once read the lines, and had tried in vain to find them in print. He has kindly allowed us to place them before our readers. Are there any church dignitaries or church-goers in this country whom these verses can offend?]

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one out stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.
Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vialrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,
Above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.
For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide;
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.
But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose face was graven
Life's hardest discipline.
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain and sin.
The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray,
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and walked away.
Old Heathendom's vast temples
Hold men of every state;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of Saint Sophia
Confounds all human state;
The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear,
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer,
Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In Tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.
Yet there, too, each cathedral
Contrasts its ample room;
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom;
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.
Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?
—Harper's Magazine for April.

LOVE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE MOTHERS of the Revolution placed their own heroic stamp upon the actors in that mighty drama. If we search the early lives of those who planned and achieved our independence, we find, in almost every case, the pre-eminent influence of a mother's heart. And mother's hearts in those days were not in the antique mould. A Connecticut matron sent forth her sons to battle, the youngest but fourteen years of age. Presently he returned, as he could find no musket. "Go back, my son, cried the American mother; "go into battle and take a gun from the enemy."
"Alick," said Mrs. Haynes, of North Carolina, as she equipped her son, a mere boy, for the battle of the Rocky Mount—"Alick, now fight like a man. Don't be a coward!"
Just after the bloody fight at Hanging Rock, the venerable Mrs. Caston was told that three of her sons were dead on the field. "I grieve for their loss, but they could not have died in a better cause," she calmly replied. Her grandsons were about her knees, and she would not shed a tear. The battle of King's Mountain caused Cornwallis to retreat in fear toward Camden. On the march he stopped a night on Wilson's plantation, near Steel Creek. The Earl and the brutal Tarleton entered the house; and, finding Mrs. Wilson alone, and asked for her family. Husband and sons were with Sumter. Cornwallis endeavored, by brilliant promises, to win the good woman's influence for the king. He told her that he had just captured her husband and eldest son (which was too true) and that if she would bring her family to the royal service, her loved ones should be liberated, and every man promoted to rank and power. "Sir," said this "mother of mighty race," "I have seven sons now bearing arms; my seventh son, who was only fifteen years of age, I sent yesterday to join his brother in Sumter's army. Now, sir, sooner than see one of my sons turn back from this glorious work, I would take these boys (and she pointed to three or four little sons) and enlist with them myself under Sumter's banner, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, to die for their country."
"Bring him in," said another, as her only son was brought dead from the bat-

tle-field to her door. The shattered form was laid before her. "I see no wound"—and she looked steadily into the noble, still face—"I see only a glorified soul."
John McClure, the noblest of sons and of soldiers, fell at Hanging Rock. Borne to his mother's house, the men would have buried him as he was, for the patriots were fleeing in every direction. "No," said the dauntless woman, standing by the corpse; "bury him decently; for the servants of satan are bound, like their master, and can go only the length of their chain."
Such women make noble daughters, as well as sons, and we find the men of the Revolution mated with equal souls.—When Burgoyne advanced upon Saratoga, the whole population fled from his line of march. But the wife of General Schuyler, accompanied by only one servant, set out in a carriage for her husband's mansion at Saratoga, determined to save some valuable things before the British could arrive. Known and beloved through all that country, the terrified people flocked around the carriage, clung to the wheels and horses, and besought her to turn back. She would not listen. They told her the story of Jure McCrea. "Drive on," she said to her servant; "the General's wife must not be afraid." Caesar's wife must be above suspicion.
"Go!" cried a Carolina wife, as her husband stood in the doorway loading his musket, while the boom of Cornwallis' cannon came over the hills from Guilford; "I would rather you should die upon the field than be in my arms at a time like this."

The loving, widely devotion of such women, as these was an incalculable element in the final success of the American armies; When the British were daily expected at New York, and the Connecticut and Jersey military men hesitating to leave their rich crops to spoil, and their consequent suffering, the wives of the farmers urged them to the defense, and carried on the whole work in the fields with their own hands. In the summer of 1870, when every able bodied man was needed to defend the Carolinas against the inroads of Cornwallis, eleven young women at Fishing Creek, every one of whom had a lover and a brother bearing arms, formed a reaping association, and gathered not only their own crops, but those of every plantation in the district whose master was fighting for their country. Just after the battle of King's Mountain William White rode up to his farm, fresh from the bloody fray; and, seeing his wife and sisters attempting to sow wheat in the field, stopped just long enough to show them "the cast of the hand," and darted off again to join the patriotic army.

The famous Tory, Colonel Ferguson, dressed in a new and dashing uniform which Cornwallis had given him, rode up to his brother's house, and was endeavoring to win him to the royal cause. "See how the noble Earl has treated me," he urged; "look at my rank and my clothes. It may be I shall be made a lord, and how would I feel to hear it said my brother was a rebel?" His last word brought the sturdy young wife to the door. "I am a rebel!" she cried; "brothers are all rebels, and the little dog Trip is a rebel, too! I would rather see you with a sheep on your back than tricked out in all those fine clothes!—Rebel and be free, that is my motto!" Then she turned to her husband, whose patriotism was beginning to waver.—"Now, Samuel, in the presence of the whole British army, I tell you, if you go with them, you may stay with them, for I am no longer your wife!" And Samuel was a firm patriot after that.

To battle and to prison did many of these noble wives follow their husbands—women who, unlike Captain Moll, were pure and irreproachable in character. On that terrible march to Quebec, through six hundred miles of savage wilderness; two men in Arnold's army were accompanied by their wives. One of those women was the wife of a private soldier, and very beautiful and vivacious. When the expedition had reached the Chaudiere, with the loss of half its force—perished in the wilderness or succumbed to the temptations of the way—this young creature still marched beside her husband, and cheered him on by her love and pluck. At last he sank in the great march, and declared he could go no farther—he must die. His wife knelt by his side, and pleaded for another effort. Aroused by her tears and passionate love, the soldier staggered on, supported by the faithful woman for many days. The army was far in advance, but the wilderness had no terrors which could conquer a woman's love. At length the poor man fell for the last time. She watched beside him till the dear life fled; then alone through the deep wilderness she pushed her way; and, after several weeks, Mrs. Warner brought her husband's arms into the camp before Quebec.

The most devoted and resolute of wives was Sarah McCalla, of South Carolina. Her husband had been in every engagement with the enemy in that bloody

year of 1780, until on the evening of August 17, he left the camp for a visit to his family. On the way he was captured and taken to Camden, where Lord Rawdon doomed him to the gallows. Day after day the young wife waited in dreadful suspense for the coming of his feet. At last she set out alone to search for her missing lord. She went to the scenes of Sumter and Steel's surprises, and inquired of all whom she met on the road, which was thronged with fugitives seeking safety in the upper country. No trace of the loved one could she discover. At last she determined to go to Camden, hoping to hear of him through his prisoners in the British pens. She mounted a fleet horse, and, leaving home soon after midnight, reached Camden in twelve hours. Woman's courage, once aroused, stops at nothing. She demanded to see Lord Rawdon. The commander's aid, Mr. Doyle, a kind hearted officer, led her to the earl's presence. She scanned his face with keen, anxious eyes, for so much depended on the character of this young man. He was fair and pleasant-looking, and the sorrowing wife at once poured out her heart tumultuously, telling all her fears, her deep grief, and sad condition of her little ones at home—all laid before him with the eloquence of distressed wife and mothers. Then she fixed on the officer her eyes filled with the pleading tears. Lord Rawdon's answer was quick: "I would rather hang the d—d rebels than eat my breakfast!" Her fiery heart sprang to her lips, and her eyes, no longer dim with grief, grew bright with scorn. "Would you?" she cried; but love quickly taught her to bear, as well as to do, and she humbly pleaded, "I beg of you to let me see my husband."

"You should consider, madame, in whose presence you stand. Your husband is a d—d rebel!"
A glance from major Doyle checked the bitter reply that was struggling for utterance. The aid led the earl aside, and soon returned with the permission for the wife to see her husband, in his presence for only ten minutes. How short a time and yet how much it meant to this loving woman! On the way to the prison the major reproved her for her exhibition of resentment, saying that it was only by hard pleading that he got even this slight boon for her.

They reached the prison; it was a pen! Without shelter from sun and rain, the poor men were lying about on the bare ground, many of them in the last stages of small-pox. Thomas McCalla was soon found, and the ten minutes were soon gone. With one last clasp, she promised to return as speedily as possible and bring clothes and provisions for his use.

"Have no fear!" she shouted to the prisoners as she reached the gate, "the women are doing their part of the service."
With a lighter heart she took the saddle again, and was once more with her children before midnight—a wonderful ride of one hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours. The brave woman at once set to work, and in a few days she started for another visit, accompanied now by a young woman whose brother was among the prisoners.

Every month, now, the devoted wife made this journey of a hundred miles, cheering her husband's heart and relieving his necessities. On her third visit she had another encounter with the brutal earl. As she left her home she had received news of the glorious victory at King's Mountain. Unconscious that this could work to her disadvantage, she sped on with exulting heart, thinking only of the joy to the prisoners when she should announce the event. On reaching Camden the guard would not let her pass. (The order was from Lord Rawdon, and she could only submit.—She had led all the way, by the bridge, a heavy-laden pack-horse. She now took the bags from both beasts and sat down under a tree, holding the bridle in her hand. Here she determined to remain all night, but toward evening a villager took pity on her and brought her into his house. In the morning she pushed her way to Lord Rawdon's residence. He told her at once, "I ought to have hanged your rebel husband at first, then I should have had no trouble with you."
"That's a game, sir, two can play at it!" she flashed upon him. The enraged earl drove her from the room, but the Irish major came again to her relief and she was grudgingly allowed admission to the prison. The battle of King's Mountain had different effects on the British lord and the patriot wife.

Thomas McCalla soon sickened in the filthy pen, and it was evident that his wife must secure his release if she would not wear the widow's weeds. Late in December she resolved to see Cornwallis, and plead for the prisoner's rescue.—Reaching Winnaborough on New Year's morning, she gained entrance to the earl, and it was agreed that her husband should be exchanged for any captive in Sumter's hands; or provided the latter would be responsible for McCalla's parole, he might be liberated till a regular exchange should

occur. Home again rode the dauntless woman, and mounted a fresh horse for Charlotte. Here Sumter gave her the coveted pledge, and she returned with her heart full of bright prospects. Meanwhile, the British army had left Winnaborough and encamped near her own plantation. She hastened to the camp, showing her papers to Cornwallis and was referred to Lord Rawdon. What could she hope from him? But discouragements weighed nothing in the scale against love. Sarah McCalla started immediately for Camden. On reaching the ferry, she found the guard doubled.

Major Doyle saw her, and coming up to her horse, he told her of the battle at the Cowpens.
"I fear, madame," he said, "that his lordship will not treat you well."
"I have no hope," she replied, "that he will let my husband go, but I must make every effort to save him." Into Lord Rawdon's presence she went.
"What! you here again? You want your husband, I suppose? Do you know what the d—d rebels have been doing?"—for the prisoners had attempted an escape. "If we had hanged them, we should have saved all this! I order you positively never to come into my presence again! You go from one army to another, and Heaven only knows the mischief you do! Begone!"
"My countrymen must right me!" exclaimed the aroused wife, as she left the apartment.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the noble woman applied again to the American camp. She received a letter of remonstrance, and once more found her way to Camden, accompanied now by Mary Nixon, who was to bear the message to the earl's presence. The British commander changed color on reading the letter, and immediately ordered the prisoner's release. The tireless determination, the dauntless courage of this heroic woman had gained the victory at last. Love had worked its perfect work—the wife had her husband anew.

The domestic happiness, the strong, unswerving support, which Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, Putnam, Gates, Greene and Knox, received from their wives, are too well known to need aught but a reminder here. The wives followed their husbands from camp to camp lighting the dark cloud of war with their smiles, and softening its miseries by their tenderness. Even through the terrible winter of Valley Forge, these noble women made a spot of summer in many a chilled and aching heart. In the Continental Congress many a patriot's soul was strengthened to go on in the desperate struggle by the love letters which he carried in his pocket. Who can read those of Abigail Adams, and not see the pulsings of her great heart through all the public life of her husband? These women made greater sacrifices than did the men. The men gave their all upon their country's altar, the women laid their all and their husbands. John Hancock came from the hall of Congress to his wife's apartment one day, and announced to her that he had given his consent to the burning of Boston, as soon as it should be evident that the city must fall into the hands of the enemy.—The young wife not only heartily consented, but, having promised that day to attend a Quaker meeting, she went with her accustomed cheerfulness, and sat three long, silent hours, with the terrible secret working in her brain and bosom. Janet Montgomery sent forth her newly-won husband to fall before Quebec; and through her whole life her deepest solace was the thought of how nobly her young Irish soldier-lover redeemed the pledge he gave her, when, parting for the last time, he answered her charge to be strong and waver not—"You shall never blush for your Montgomery!"
So the woman's larger sacrifice was too often accepted.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove."
The War for independence was no exception to this law. Many of our greatest men were turning the soft side of their hearts to the glow of woman's love, even while with the keen edge of their intellects or swords they were cleaving asunder the empire of Britain. Jefferson was singing love-songs to a charming widow, while out of the stamp act chaos his brain was evolving the immortal Declaration. Mrs. Martha Skelton was rich, fascinating, and only twenty-three. Many were the Virginian planters in love with her person and her estate. One day two suitors approached the mansion from different directions, each on the same mission—to declare his love. They met in the hall. From within came strains of music, and soft, low voices singing a love-song. The two at once recognized Jefferson's voice and his touch on the violin. They saw at once that the prize had been won, and they withdrew without entering. Jefferson loved his Molin. When the old home was burned, he asked the faithful servant:—"Are all the books destroyed?" "Yes, massa, dey is; but we saved de fiddle."
A patient lot of men—Job printers.

"Buckskin."

If he had been a citizen he wouldn't have halted in front of a place on Chatham street where a man with a monstrous great nose was crying out:
"Monstrous sacrifice! Goods going for a thousand per cent. below cost!"
There was no crowd. People passed up and down as cool and unconcerned as if goods were always sold that way.
"Ah! here is a man with business in his eye!" cried the dealer. "Here comes a sharp keen man, who knows his business and who can't be fooled! I venture to say, sir, that you have been in the mercantile business all your life."
"Oh I dunno," replied the man with the buckskin mittens on. "I s'pose I've traded more or less."

He was flattered. As he entered the place the dealer continued:
"You shall select what you like and take them away at your own price. It would be foolish to try to fool you. There are men who can be so easily swindled that it is a pleasure to swindle them. One look at your face would tell any man that you were a keener."
Soft soap is mighty.

Buckskin turned over some old books, handled some knives, lifted up some caps, socks and suspenders and said:
"I don't see anything I want."
"Ah! don't try that on me," said the dealer. "You want goods cheap; but don't try to beat me down when I say you can take what you want at your own figures."

The farmer felt good. He began to wonder why other people hadn't appreciated him before. But he didn't really want anything. The dealer understood this, and he jumped from box to counter and back, grabbing this and that article, and in a minute he had a large package tied up.

"There; go along, go along," he exclaimed, forcing the bundle into Buckskin's hand. "If you want to rob a man that has to work for his daily bread, take that bundle and go."

"I don't want to rob you," replied the farmer.
"Yes you do. The bundle contains a dozen pair of suspenders, seven boxes of collars, hairbrushes, combs, needles, pin thread, a pair of boots, three shirts, ten yards of factory muslin, three knives and a two dollar bill; and you don't want to give me five dollars for them. You want to take the bread out of my children's mouths."

"No, I don't; I wouldn't rob or cheat anybody."
"You know there are forty dollars worth of goods there, but you want me to take five," continued the dealer.—"You'll go home and gloat over the way you cheated me, and men will pat you on the cheek and call you sharp."
"It was your offer," protested the farmer.

"I know it—I know it! I ought to have said thirty dollars but I misspoke, and now I have got to stand it. There, you have got the bundle—give me the money—there, go on, but don't let any one know what a fool I am, or my creditors will close me up."

The farmer sat down on a box, after going two or three blocks to take out the two dollar bill and one of the knives. He didn't find either one. He was a candid man, and good at figures, and after mature deliberation he estimated that he had about twelve shillings worth of old duds. He went back with them, determined to raise a row. The dealer slid up to him in a cat-like way and said:

"Some one has robbed me of forty dollars. My wife thinks it was you, and while I can hardly believe it, she is out after an officer. If you are guilty, you will stay right here till she comes; if innocent, you will hurry away!"
Buckskin didn't even wait to pick up his bundle.

His Indian Exterminator.

"I tell yer I've ranged to fix them blasted Injuns, if they try to raise my hair," exclaimed a Black Hills adventurer, leaning against a Chicago depot, the other morning.

"How's that?" asked a companion.
"You've heard of dynamite, hain't ye?" continued the first speaker.

"Yes."
"Wal, I've got some of the darn stuff shaped inter a infernal machine to wear up here under my hair, an' I'd jest like ter see any dummed red skin tempt to lift my scalp!"

"But if it should go off?"
"It would blow the Injun ter—"

"I mean what would become of your head?" put in the other.
"Blest if I ever think of that," then replied the would-be dynamite fiend; and he continued thoughtfully, "I reckon I won't try to wear the deuced thing, after all."

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy and soul. He will be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavily loaded and thou must bear half.