

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

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Foot's Corner.

ORIGINAL.

The Four Year Old.

Did you see my little doll?
I did lots of nice things in
I got some alphabets and I must learn.
But I dance when I begin 'um.

I got a pretty little trumpet,
And such a heap of things, so many
I put them all away, and I dot tandy too,
But I don't want to dib any.

Did you see my nice new slate,
I wrote old um, so I dot another,
I put my little feet right on it
While I was runnin' after mudder.

Do you see how nice that I can draw
My big round O's and slugs, see um;
I can make um like so well,
But den I cannot ever spell um.

I can make elephants with great big noses,
A house too with mice running round it,
A great big bear, but mamma says
A bear's a picture—no one ever found it.

Where are the Friends of my Youth.

In moods sentimental we're apt to ask questions
That were best left unasked, if I must tell the
truth:
And some time ago, in a flood of emotion,
I scribbled a poem on "Friends of my Youth."
"O, where are the Friends of my Youth," was
the title
Of times I thought tender, and teaching, and
true.
'Twas all very well, but I rather regret it—
That bursting into interrogative verse.
You'll see what I mean if you listen a moment:
A nice sort of creature they turned out, for
sooth:
The next time I gush out in poetic rapture,
I'll not be so rapturous concerning my youth.
The letters that reached me were simply as-
tonishing:
They seemed to pour in from earth's distant
ends,
Conveying the tidings I'd really requested—
The doing of early and intimate friends.
John Smith wrote to say he was just then in
prison,
(I could see him at that moment 'twas plain),
And Jones, who in youth had a turn for the
drama,
Was galley "checker" at old Drury Lane.
And Brown, who in boyhood was such a wild
fellow,
(I often had trouble to keep him in bounds),
He dropped me a line, with apologies
To know if I'd lend him a couple of pounds.
Young Aaron, who had a bend in his proboscis,
Was looking him up when a trifle was broken,
Down Wholesale way is a sharing pawnbroker,
And keeps out this money at sixty per cent.
And young Thomas Tompkins had turned out
quite horsey,
I mind he was talked of the turf and his ways,
And Green, who we thought would grow up to
be a pion,
Was stirring about on the "flying trapeze."
And Slopkins—poor doll—who was no end of
stupid,
As clowns in a circus was passing his life;
And Billy Bowles, whom we used to call
"Cupid,"
Had booted last summer with somebody's wife.
But why go on farther?—'tis but an affliction.
Each name as it turned up presented a blot.
I think on the whole my "Youth" were a rather
bad lot!

BREVITIES.

Sports for the nursery—but sad
how!
Frontier settlers are much annoyed
by hostile Indians.
However much a pawnbroker's shop
may be crowded, it is always a lean-some
place.
Why is love always represented as a
child? because he never reaches the age
of discretion.
An old maid speaking of marriage,
says its like any other disease; while
there is life there is hope.
A model surgical operation: To take
the cheek out of a young man and the
jaw out of a woman.
Says Josh Billings: "I don't advise
anybody to cultivate cows; they want
as much watching on as a blind mule on a
tow path, and there ain't even profit in
them more than in a stock dividend of
the Erie Railway.
They are fond of titles in the East;
among his other high sounding titles the
King of Arah has that of "one of twenty
four Umbrellas." This looks as if he
had prepared for a long reign.
Some clever fellow has manufactured
handkerchiefs upon which the coat of arms
of Europe is stamped. They have proved
an immense success, everybody wishing to
poke his nose into the scene of conflict
without danger.
A colored inebriate was lying on a
bench the other evening in his cell at the
Central Station at Providence, when the
officer made the round of inspection. Un-
able by the fatal gauntlet to discover the
prisoner's features, the officer asked "are
you colored?" "No," answered the en-
franchised, drowsily, "I was born so."
The proprietor of a hotel was busting
about the other morning at 10 o'clock,
with twenty things to do, when
some one asked him why he didn't call
up his clerk. "I shan't," called him as long
as I can help it," replied he; "for when
he is in I don't know where he is, but after
he is up, I don't know where to find him."

Miscellaneous.

WIDOW'S WEEDS.

MR. DEAR FRIEND: I shall be very
glad to receive your kind invitation to
pass the summer with you, on your grant-
ing me one condition. You know some-
thing of my sad history; how at the age
of nineteen, after six months of bliss, my
idolized husband was ruthlessly torn from
me by the destroyer—death. During
those three years I have lived a secluded
life that has been sacred to the memory
of my sainted James. I feel that I am
yet wedded to him in everything—most
be through life; and that I must not be
brought into contact with any frivolous
company. It would be sacrilege to his
memory and I have no desire but to be
left alone with my life-weight of twenty
and remain as far removed from the
thoughtless world as possible. If I can
find any seclusion in your home, and if,
during the period of my stay, you will
accord to what may seem to you my selfish
demands, and forbid your young and happy
friends to visit you, or at least to dis-
turb me, I will gladly seek your home as a
place of rest, and your heart as a twin
sister in sympathy and consolation with
this blighting grief of a life, and we will
mourn together.

Your true friend,
"MAHEL ATHERTON."

Now, the lively little gray-haired woman
who was the recipient of the above
missive, puzzled over it a long time, to
know what to think of the writer, and at
last her conclusion on this point was
made evident by the hearty, good-natur-
ed laugh she indulged in.

Don't be shocked, my sensitive readers,
into supposing that this little woman,
who had years enough to know better,
was laughing through sheer heartlessness
at the imagined grief of the young Mrs.
Mabel Atherton, which found expression
in her letter, within deep fringes of mourn-
ful tears.

That was it—"imagined grief," for
the lively gray-haired woman of fifty,
Mrs. Jane Fleming, had seen enough of
the world in all its phases, and had with-
out knowing it the grief of a girl (the old
lady's words, my dear friends) of twenty-
one or two, when of more than three or
four months, or we'll say at the utmost,
a year's duration, are but the preterted
foibles of a silly brain, or monomania of
a disordered intellect.

Remember this wise little woman had
reference only to those griefs which seek
outward sympathy. To be sure, there are
griefs which lay their tender touch
over all the elements of the heart and
head, breathing a gentler hush over
the spirit and ringing with a golden
glow of quiet, peaceful submission, every
lineament of life; those are too holy for
utterance—too pure for contact with the
outer world—too gentle and sincere to
elicit sympathy in aught but the quiet
whispering of their own memory, and
too full of heaven's mercies to prevent a
life from its heaven endowed purposes of
good, and make in an inanity.

She had such a grief, hidden from the
world's view, and it was never perceived
in her face by those who were curious
about it. After a lapse of five
years, her husband, whom she had loved
with all the truth and devotion of a faith-
ful heart was taken from her. That was
years ago, and she, too, might have sit
down in illness, and frittered years away
in grief, weeping for the loss of the one
with whom she had formed her life; that
fugged her with the world, but even now,
when she sat in the twilight, with a
pensive calm in her face, her eyes were
looking through the shadows, and her
thoughts were wondering down cob-web-
bed and dust-begrimed vistas, to that
golden period of her existence when he
wandered with her.

She has never married since. She be-
lieved, too, in her good, generous heart
that Mabel Atherton had such a quiet
sense of loss in her heart as we have de-
scribed, and that it was not at all to be
laughed; but at the false grief, the
imagined duty to mourn loudly and to
wear her sorrow on "her sleeve for daws
to peck at."

At any rate the young widow received
the desired assurance of seclusion, and
very fondly she received it, and she
Fleming, clasped in the lady's arms, and
greeted with a warm kiss, which made
her reciprocate these friendly advances
with more animation than she had ex-
pressed in any act for a long time pre-
vious.

These two never met before, but the
widow Fleming had been the dearest
friend of Mabel Atherton's mother.
This bond at once made them fast friends,
Mabel was made to feel she was sincerely
welcome at this country home.

During the first days of her stay with
Mrs. Fleming the sweet, sad faced little
form, wrapped in sable habiliments of
mourning, with not a vestige of white to
relieve it, gave herself over a prey to her
chronic melancholy, and sat during the
long days and evenings in a lethargy of
hopelessness, looking with expressionless
eyes and face into the future, or, if
speaking, sending a grave-like shiver
every word, and wandering off in some
possible into panegyrics over the dead, or
taking joyless views of the future, with
much the same zeal that one indulges in
a good dinner with indigestion lurking be-
hind it.

lapsing into a deeper shade of sadness,
and talking more frequently of her
mourned idol. Yet, withal, her face was
not so gloomy, and her heart was lighter;
while the world did not seem to lead a
life as before she came to this lovely old
lady, whose thoughts always wandered into
pleasanter places.

"Mabel," Mrs. Fleming said to the
young widow, one day, "you must find
the constant company of an old woman
like me very tiresome. A number of my
young friends are anxious to manifest
their sympathy for you and to lend some
little enjoyment to your stay among us;
and I have decided upon having a
quiet social gathering of them here, some
afternoon."

"O auntie! (for she had learned to call
the old lady thus) the bare mention of
such a purpose is perfectly shocking, and
for me to consent to it would be sacrilege
to the dear memory of my lost treasure."
"But you must have some enjoyment,
you."

"Enjoyment! the word is dreadful to
my ear. There is no enjoyment for me in
this world, for my life is buried in the
grave with my sainted James, and I beg
the world to forget me, as all in it but me
have forgotten him. I want no consol-
ation for his memory, and I shall find
no happiness until I am laid by his side."
"So you think now."

"So I think! O, auntie! do you know
that I shall think no more of life?"
"Yes, as girls' lives go, which are spared
several months, when they commence
their existence, with other feelings and
purposes."

"Your insinuation is awful, aunt," re-
plied Mabel; "but my own life proves
its incorrectness. I have not changed
during these three years."

"The more need you should change at
once," dryly responded the old lady;
"Your words terrify me. I can never
forget my lost one."
"Neither should you. But while we
grieve tenderly over the departed we
should remember that our lives are not
ours in which their ashes should be de-
posited. We have never ceased to mourn
for any one else, and I am sure that if
poor James were alive he would extend
to him his warmest friendship for his
own sake, as well as for mine."

"Then he would be very generous.
The young man's visits are very frequent."
"That is because our residence is on
his way from visiting his patents in the
neighborhood."

It is very interesting to me to
be present without my knowledge, I
pretend that before that snake adventure
of yours his professional duties did not
call him here more than once in two
or three weeks."

"How very compassionate in him to
call so frequently to learn if we are all
well, when his time must be so precious
to him."

"That he can devote the half of every
day to our humble selves," dryly put in
the old lady.

"Now, auntie, I am sure I should have
been very ill after that terrible fright,
but for his care and kindness."
"I am glad, darling, that his course
of treatment has been very beneficial to
you."

"And, auntie, he is generous to sacri-
fice his own comfort by coming over
every day to accompany me in my walks."
Just think, I should not dare to go
out of the house for the most dreadful
snakes if it were not for his thoughtful-
ness."

"No doubt he is very disinterested."
"And I shall never be able to repay
him."
"It is very interesting to me to be
present without my knowledge, I
pretend that before that snake adventure
of yours his professional duties did not
call him here more than once in two
or three weeks."

"Oh no, auntie; he is too unselfish
for that."
"Of course."
And Mabel went away satisfied that
the dear old auntie did realize how good,
noble and disinterested the young doctor
was, and how much she owed to his
kindness. It was a night of sleep
at that last utterance of hers. She
had been afraid that the old lady might
think she was too much in company with
the young man, and that she was forget-
ting the one whom she mourned for; in-
stead she really was forgetting him, some-
times intruding themselves, but not so
often now as formerly. She was silent
then for the sake that Ernest McClelland
would never, never presume to be
more to her than her dearest living friend,
and that good, old, sweet, more than
precious to her than ever before.

And thus having satisfied the old lady
and quieted her own conscience, she
thought it was only right to make amends
for her misdeeds about the doctor by
leaning more heavily on his arm and
looking more coquettishly into his eyes,
and she did down the road with such a
warm light. It was natural that he
should pass his arm around her to help
her over the marshy places, and as natu-
ral that she should retain it there, only
with a closer pressure—lest she might
take cold if it were removed. I suppose,
Strangely to say, the buried James was
satisfied with this bold proceeding that he
did not arise from the grave to forbid it; and,
of course, after this proof of her dear
idol's acquiescence, Mabel could not find
it in her heart to object.

The young doctor made his appearance
the following morning, and every day
thereafter. In the time consumed dur-
ing these visits, Mabel had little leisure to
think of the sainted dead; and the notable
change in her appearance, the ripened
color in her cheeks, the happy light in
her eyes, and the smiles wreathing her
face, might, I suppose, be attributed to
the appearance of the physician.

"Mabel, darling," said the old lady,
one day, "where are you wandering to
now?"

"For a ramble over the pastures after
wild flowers."

"Do you not get tired of the snake?"
"Dr. McClelland will accompany me,
you know, and I am never afraid when
he is with me. Then the day is full of
enjoyment, and I am so brimming
over with life that I cannot remain
idle."

"Is that right, Mabel?" said the old
lady, with a very sanctimonious face.
"Have you forgotten that there is no en-
joyment for you in this world, and that
your life is buried in the grave of your
lost treasure?"

"Now, auntie, your insinuation is very
crude," murmured the widow, in a heart
tone and with tears in her eyes. "I have
never ceased to mourn for my great
bereavement. Dr. McClelland is different
from any one else, and I am sure that if
poor James were alive he would extend
to him his warmest friendship for his
own sake, as well as for mine."

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The Bull and the Elephant.

Shary was a quarrelsome old fellow
who, though born a Quaker, had been
read out of meeting for his overbearing
and irritable disposition. He owned the
crossed dog, the most troublesome steers
and the wildest cows in the neighbor-
hood. He was always in hot water with
his neighbors in consequence of his un-
ruly stock. But Shary came to grief one
day in a way that taught him a lesson.
The story is told in this manner:

A short time since Van Amburgh's man-
agerie was obliged to pass his residence.
A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper
of the elephant, Tippee Saib, as he was
passing over the road with his elephant,
striking on a fence, and looking over
the fence, he had turned on the road.
It was pawing and bellowing
and throwing up a dust generally.

"Take that bull out of the way," shout-
ed Nash.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the
reply.

"If you don't take that bull away he
will get hurt," said Nash, approaching,
while the bull redoubled his furious demon-
stration.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull,
but proceed with thy elephant," retorted
Shary, rubbing his hands with delight at
the prospect of a scrimmage—the old fel-
low having great confidence in the invic-
ibility of his bull, which was really
the terror of the whole country around.

Tippee Saib came on with his uncount
shambling gait. The bull lowered his
head and made a charge directly at the
elephant.

Old Tippee, without even pausing in
his march, gave his trunk a sweep, taking
the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs
with his enormous tusks, and then raised
him about thirty feet in the air, the bull
struck on his head as he came down,
breaking his neck and killing him in-
stantly.

"I am afraid your bull has beat his
neck a little," shouted Nash as he passed
on.

"Don't mind that," cried Shary, "it
isn't heavy for my head, but I shan't
make so much out of the operation as
his suppose. I was going to take my
family to the show but I'll see and they
will show in Jericho before I go one step;
and now they may proceed with thy ele-
phant."

Smith courted Miss Brown, and
so did Jones. She married Jones, despite
Smith's groans. With pain in his breast,
Smith went out West. This was in '48,
(Now don't forget the date.) In less than
two years he dried his tears, but refusing
to mingle, he remained single. In 1862
he concluded to go down and visit the old
neighbors in his native town. As he ap-
proached he met a damsel aged fifteen.
There was something in her features he
remembered to have seen. "It must be
my daughter," he hastened to conclude,
so he ventured to accost her, (not think-
ing of the fact that she was a Quaker.)

"Smith (who liped a little)—Ain't
your name Jones—Yes, sir.
Smith—Ain't you Mrs. Tamam Joneth
daughter?
Smith—Yes, sir.
Smith—Well, Miss Joneth, I came
playin' near by your father's house."
FILLAL LOVE—A plain old gentleman
went with his team to bring home his
sons, two young sprigs who were soon ex-
pecting to graduate. While returning
they stopped at a hotel in a country
town for dinner. The landlord, struck
with the deflating appearance of the two
gentlemen, made himself very officious,
while he took the old gentleman from his
home upon appearance to be nothing but
a driver, and asked them if they wished
the driver to sit at the same table with
them.

Governor's Message.

To the Senate and House of Representatives
of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:—An All-wise Providence
has permitted you to assemble under cir-
cumstances demanding profound grati-
tude to the great Legislator of the Uni-
verse. Our acknowledgments are first
due to Him whose hand has not grown
weary in showering blessings in profusion
upon the people in every department of
our great and growing Commonwealth.

The circumstances under which you
commence the duties of the present ses-
sion are indeed auspicious; and as no for-
mer period in our history has there been
greater cause for solicitation upon the in-
estimable privileges we enjoy, and the
happy and prosperous condition of our
great and growing Commonwealth.

The meeting of the General Assembly
is always a matter of deep interest to the
people, and perhaps never more so than
now, when an unusual amount of neces-
sary general legislation will occupy your
attention, and questions of the highest
importance will be discussed and acted on.
I sincerely trust your industry and fideli-
ties to the performance of the impor-
tant work before you, will win the proud
title of "the working Legislature."

Amid such circumstances our attention
should be directed to a careful review of
all the most important and essential in-
terests of the State; and in the exercise
of that discretion which the Constitution
has confided to the Executive, I propose
to communicate such information, and to
recommend to your consideration such
measures as are deemed necessary and ex-
pedient.

As my first and most important, I will pre-
sent a carefully prepared and precise
statement of the financial condition of the
Commonwealth.

Ordinary receipts,	\$1,400,862 49
Balance in Treasury Nov. 30, 1870,	\$6,336,903 24
Total in Treasury, Nov. 30, 1870,	\$7,737,765 83
Ordinary expenses paid during the year ending Nov. 30, 1870,	\$2,866,832 09
Loans, &c. redeemed,	1,702,879 05
Interest on loans,	1,864,811 77
Total,	\$6,434,522 91
Balance in Treasury Nov. 30, 1870,	\$1,303,242 92

The public debt, Nov. 30, 1870, was
\$3,111,561.90.

On the 15th day of Jan. 1867, the total
State debt was \$37,704,409.77.
Since then and up to Nov. 30, 1870, the
sum of \$5,592,737.87 has been paid. The
reduction during the year ending Nov. 30,
1870 is \$1,702,879.05.

The average reduction per annum, for
the last four years, is \$1,548,187.
In view of the fact that prior to 1st of
July, 1872, nearly eight million dollars of
the public debt will be due, and in order
that the Commonwealth may continue to
meet all its obligations promptly at matu-
rity, I recommend that such provision be
made by the Legislature as will author-
ize the Commissioners of the Sinking
Fund to sell all the assets that may be in
their possession, and apply the proceeds
to the extinguishment of the debt; or at
the option of the holders, to exchange
them for the outstanding bonds of the
Commonwealth.

The indebtedness of the State might be
paid in the following manner:

As already shown, it was on Nov. 30,
1870, about \$31,000,000, from which amount,
if the said assets, \$9,300,000, be deducted,
there would remain unpaid \$21,700,000.
After which estimate the revenues and ex-
penditures to continue as at present, the
entire liabilities of the State would be
liquidated in about eight years.

dens of any more taxation than shall be
necessary for the gradual payment of the
debt, as is last above indicated, and to de-
stroy the frugal expenses of the adminis-
tration of the government. Economy and
reform should no longer be advocated as
glittering generalities, or mere abstrac-
tions, without meaning or intent, but as
vital, living realities.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.
Four years' experience as an executive
officer has given me abundant opportuni-
ty for careful observation upon the work-
ings of our fundamental law, and the leg-
islation of the State. This experience has
strongly impressed me that there should
be a thorough revision of the State Con-
stitution, with such amendments as the
wisdom of a convention assembled for
that purpose would undoubtedly suggest,
and an enlightened public sentiment de-
manded.

The authority for holding such a con-
vention is found in the second section of
the ninth article of the Constitution, and
is declared in these words:

"That all power is inherent in the peo-
ple, and all free governments are founded
thereon, and instituted for their peace,
safety and happiness. For the ad-
vancement of these ends, they have an
inalienable and indefeasible right at all
times to alter, reform or abolish their gov-
ernment, in such manner as they may
think proper."

The last convention for this purpose
was held in 1838. During the thirty-two
years that have since elapsed, sundry
amendments have been made by joint res-
olutions of the General Assembly, and in
compliance with the tenth article of the
Constitution were approved and ratified
by a majority of the qualified voters of
the State.

The most important were those of 1850
making the judges of the courts elective;
of 1857 creating a sinking fund, regulat-
ing the public debt and legislative dis-
cretion; and that of 1854 conferring the
right of suffrage upon those engaged in
the military service of the State or nation,
and imposing sundry restraints upon the
Legislature.

These amendments, though important
and valuable, give an incorrect and
sort of patch-work character to the Con-
stitution, and are not consonant with the
requirements of the times.

This is a progressive period, and our
State has outgrown its fundamental law.
That law should therefore be made to
keep pace with the age in which we live.
The existing Constitution, including the
amendments of 1850 and 1854, impose
many wholesome restrictions on the gov-
ernment and jurisdiction of the Legislature;
but experience has demonstrated their in-
adequacy to protect the special legisla-
tion intended to be remedied and espe-
cially those of corporate power, and of
special and local legislation.

The pamphlet laws for the last four
years show that the general laws for each
session made only about four hundred pages,
while the local and special legisla-
tion for the same period amounting to
about 1,350. The resulting evils are
manifest and aggravated; and prominent
among the reasons and suggestions why
a revision should be applied, I respect-
fully submit the following:

First.—Different systems of laws for
roads, bridges, schools, elections, poor-
houses and many other objects, are enact-
ed for the several counties, townships and
boroughs, or suburbs, which ought to be
regulated by general laws, operating uni-
formly upon all.

Second.—It is impossible for the citi-
zens, judges of the courts, or members of
the legal profession, to acquire or retain
an accurate knowledge of the varying
systems of local enactments. Representa-
tives are frequently on requisition in
one county to another, or people find
themselves under almost entirely different
codes.

Third.—Practically, the whole theory
of our Constitution and government is
subverted and destroyed by the present
system of local enactments. Representa-
tives of the people are not the legislative
government is based on the idea that
the laws shall be framed by, and be the
result of, the collective wisdom of the
people's representatives. But what are
the actual facts? The minds and efforts
of the members are wholly absorbed by
private and local bills that it is almost
impossible to get a general or public act
considered or passed. The special and
local bills are usually drawn by the mem-
ber representing the locality, or by some
one from the district interested in the
purpose of the law. By what is called courtesy,
it is considered a breach of etiquette for
any member of the Senate or House to
interfere with or oppose a merely private
or local bill of any other member. The
result is, the bills are passed as originally
prepared, examination or comparison
with the Constitution would arrest and de-
stroy the growing evil; and it is the duty
of every patriotic citizen to co-operate in
all lawful measures to effect so desirable
a change as demanded. Every bill pre-
pared for adoption should be read, at least
once in full and the year and say be re-
corded on its final passage.

Fourth.—It is important that the State
Constitution should be made to conform
to the Constitution of the United States
as recently amended.

Fifth.—The subject of minority repre-
sentation is now much agitated, and is
receiving a large share of consideration
among thoughtful and candid men. It
is a serious problem of great political
importance, and its manifold justice com-
mends it to public favor. Whilst some of
the objects it proposes might be obtained
by legislative enactments, the general
(See Fourth Page.)