

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 6, 1871.

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 36.

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BY JOHN CLARE.
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Where such pleasant cheer we share?
And the elder, mildly gay,
Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare
That 'neath its daily folds provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
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The Growth of the Northwest.

If the scientific explorers tell us, the arid plains of the Far West are beyond the reach of agricultural development, the comparatively old settlements of the Northwest furnish a sufficient offset. The rapid development of Minnesota, for example, illustrates the capacity of that State, and shows how the multiplication of railroad lines stimulates an active and healthy growth. During the past two or three years, the towns on the line of the Chicago and North-western, and the Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis Railroads have expanded rapidly, until they are now the centres of a thriving trade, and surrounded by well-tilled agricultural districts. The rich farming lands of the northern part of the State are yielding abundant crops, and better methods of culture are coming into use. Immigration is also active. A correspondent writes that the roads are covered with hundreds of canvas-covered wagons, bearing families and household effects, and followed by cattle and other stock, coming from Wisconsin and from Central and Southern Minnesota. This tide tends chiefly toward the Red River and Otter-Tail region, where productive lands are still cheap, and where thrifty settlers will presently create prosperous villages and towns. The Lake ports are crowded with foreign immigrants, who will become landholders and citizens; and the manufacturing interests of the cities are beginning to develop under the accession of skilled labor and capital. Similar improvements are also notable in the Ohio Valley, where the coal mines and other new industries promise excellent returns; and railroad projects, on a large scale, are among the great enterprises of the day. The extension of railroad lines is the chief stimulant of all this prosperity. New routes to good markets, inevitably creating new centres of trade, build up prosperous communities, and this fact the people of the Northwest are very rightly proud of. They readily find all the capital required to push a new line into the heart of a rich country, and the energy of the people ensures the success of any reasonably attractive enterprise. A great work is going on in the Northwest, of which we have seen only the beginning.

Business Cards.

DR. W. W. SMITH.
Dentist. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the
Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m.
to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871.

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to
order; trim your hair and give you a good wash. In his
office, just up the street, you will find him, over
the sign, below McKenzie's—just one door
west of the Court House. J. S. MORRIS.

J. E. & A. H. McCOLLUM.
Attorneys at Law. Office over the Bank, Montrose,
Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

DR. D. A. LATHROP.
Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near
the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all
times. Montrose, April 28, 1871.

Doct's Corner.

Our Own Fire-Side.
BY JOHN CLARE.
Our fire-side's easy chair—
Is there any place beside
Where such pleasant cheer we share?
And the elder, mildly gay,
Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare
That 'neath its daily folds provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
With the joy that sparkles there,
By our own fire-side.

Miscellaneous.

Care for Drunkards.
The late Earle of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which as well as his conduct was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under the pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My Lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."
"I say," replied the lady, "that he's continually drunk, and desire that he may be turned away."
"Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and as I say, a trifling wages should not part us."
John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earl.
"So," says she, "is that beast, John, so drunk, that he can scarce stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged may break our necks."
"Ay," says my lord, "the poor John sick! alas, I am very sorry for him."
"I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me."
"Ay," answered his lordship, "to be sure, he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice."
My lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will see that you have proper advice."

The Art of Employing Time.

Adam Smith has shown, beyond all possibility of cavil, that a great many more pins can be made if the process is divided among eighteen trades, than if each workman is obliged to make every pin from beginning to end himself. So too, a naturalist, who spends years after year in the observation of red ants, will be likely to learn far more of their nature and habits than could ever be known without making them the object of special attention. A story told of a learned German professor, who had given his whole life to the study of the Greek article, and who on his deathbed, warned his son to learn from his example, and not to fritter away his time in trying to master too extensive a subject; for he himself had failed in that way, whereas he might have accomplished something if he had confined his labor to the dative case. Now it is no mean thing to accomplish something, and there is a deep delight in knowing that a thing done has been done well. Perhaps one is happier, if by dint of patient grubbing for a lifetime, he finally gets to the bottom of one thing, than he would be if, like a swallow skimming over a thousand meadows, he had been merely sipping the manifold sweets of nature, even though he should have sipped of them all.

The Festival of Juggernaut.

Before closing my letter I should like to give you a few notes of a critical visit which I paid this week to the great god Juggernaut, on the occasion of the drawing of his car to the temple of his god friend and annual gossip, Ruchabulnub. Children had their merry-go-rounds, grown up people their "cheap jacks" and "little groups of friends squatted together after the manner in Hyde Park after a review, or at Epsom before the event of the day, only here the food was merely parched rice, with a few sweets, and the drink water. If I had to gauge Hindoo morality by the festival of Juggernaut I would have rated it very much higher than many of our missionaries do. Of course, there is the god, always ugly, an utter absence of worship, and an abundance of amusement; only—will you believe it?—with readings from the great poem of Valmiki nearly always forming one of the chief features of the fun. Fancy Milton read as a part of the fun of an English fair! I scarcely ever saw a Hindoo turn round in the street to look after a woman, native or foreign, nor, that I think I may give you a little sketch as an illustration of a real life in connection with one of the oldest of Hindoo institutions, and with the morality of the Hindoos. I went as a critic, purely prepared, if anything, to be disgusted. I saw almost the exact counterpart of an English fair, with the exception of an entire absence of drinking- booths and "people in drink." The drawing of the car is a mere matter of half an hour, when the roads are hard; the Mela, or fair, will last all the week, at the end of which the god will return to his habitation, etc. Well, I did not see a semblance of immorality. The road was lined with huts for two miles (I referred to a preliminary proceeding of a festival a week ago), and it was crowded with people. The great curse of the nation is caste; if that were broken, and woman placed on a right footing as the equal of men, I should not be surprised if the Hindoos sent over missionaries to England to convince us that they are more moral than ourselves.—*Calcutta cor. London Times.*

A Father's Protest Against Fighting.

"Yes, I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Parkey, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose; and its kind of queer, but for whom I was a boy the old man was always telling me, "You're a good man, and hated fighting. When I would come home with my nose bleeding, or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out into the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way say: 'So, Johnny, you've had another fight? How many times have I got to tell you how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? With Tommy Kelly, hey? Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Ain't you got a spark of common sense about you? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What all's your finger? Tommy bit it! Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep your finger out of his mouth? Was trying to jerk his cheek off, hey? You've never learn to quit fooling around a boy's mouth with your fingers? You're bound to disagree as all by such reckless behavior. You're determined never to be no body. Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts and William Penn used to go on when they were under, after the hours and hours I've spent in telling you about those great men! It seems to me sometimes as if I should have to give you up in despair. It's an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to good example nor to what I say. What! You pulled out two or three handfuls of his hair? If I did he squirm any? Now, if you'd give him one or two in the eye—but as I've told ye, many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you—for your father's sake—won't you promise to try and remember that? If I'm Johnny, how did it come out?—which kicked? You kicked him! Sho! Really! Well, now, I hadn't any idea you would kick that Tommy Kelly! I don't believe John Banyan at ten years old could have done it. Johnny, my boy, you can't think how I hate to have you fighting every day or two. I wouldn't have had him lick you for five, no, not for ten dollars! Now, sonny, go right in and wash up, and tell your mother to put a wash on your finger. And, Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again. I never see anybody so fighting as the old man was; but somehow he never could break me from it.—*Mark Twain.*