

# County Advocate.

VOLUME I

RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1869.

NUMBER 29.

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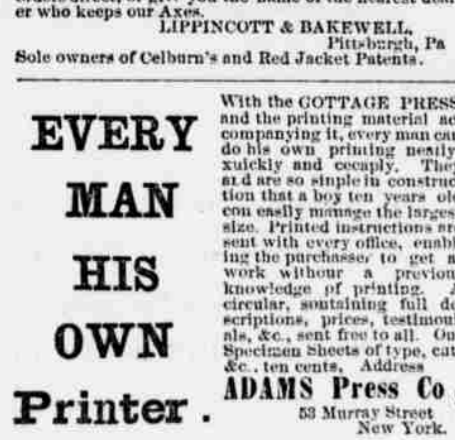
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## KISSING IN THE STREET.

Did you ever notice morals— Now I'll bet a cent you did— Now the ladies—pretty creatures— Can't keep their feelings hid! But they are kissing out in public; Kissing everywhere they meet; Kiss—kiss at church, at shopping, And—kissing—in the street!

Behold a charming maiden, Arrayed in fashions bright, She meets upon the sidewalk A friend she saw last night: "How are you darling Nello?" "How glad I am to meet," Then a dainty shake of fingers And a—kissing—in the street!

A bachelor beside us Says, "pity this is done So much, for I am certain It can't be any fun; This kissing out in public; Kissing everywhere they meet; Kiss, kiss, at church and shopping, And—kissing—in the street!"

"But the secret great, is this, sir! The maiden has no beau— No gentleman to kiss her— She must her feelings show By kissing out in public; Kissing all she may meet; Kiss, kiss, at church and shopping; And—kissing—in the street!"

Now, merry hearted maidens, And women most discreet, Give over this bad habit Of kissing in the street; Remember that false traitor Who knelt at Jesus' feet, And don't become a greater By kissing in the street.

Be noble minded women, With hearts attend the right; Then shall each see the other; As those who dwell in light; But never for an instant— Whoever you may meet— Be caught like silly noddles, A kissing in the street.

### OUT OF THE WRONG POCKET.

Mr. Taggard frowned as he observed the pile of bills by his plate, placed there by his prudent, economical wife, not without an anxious flutter at the heart, in anticipation of the scene that invariably followed. He actually groaned as he read the sum total.

"There must be some mistake, Mary," he said, pushing back his plate, with a desperate air; "it is absolutely impossible for us to have used all these things in one month!"

"The bills are correct, John," was the meek response; "I looked them over myself."

"Then one thing is certain, provisions are either wasted—thrown out of the window, as it were—or stolen! Jane has relatives in the place, and I haven't the least doubt but that she supports them entirely out of what she steals!"

Mrs. Taggard's temper was evidently rising; there were two round, crimsoned spots upon her cheeks, and tapped her foot nervously on the floor.

"I am neither wasteful or extravagant, John. And as for Jane, I know her to be perfectly honest and trustworthy."

"It is evident there is a leak somewhere, Mary; and it is your duty as a wife, to find out where it is, and stop it. Our bills are enormous; and if this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall be a bankrupt!"

Mrs. Taggard remained silent, trying to choke down the indignant feelings that struggled for utterance.

"You will have to order some coal," she said at last; "we have hardly sufficient for the day."

"Is there anything more, Mrs. Taggard?" inquired her husband, ironically.

"Yes; neither myself, nor the children are comfortably clothed; all need an entire new outfit."

"Go on, madam. As I am a man of unlimited means, if you have any other wants, I hope you won't be at all backward about mentioning 'em."

"I don't intend to be," was the spirited reply. "I wouldn't do for another what I do for you, for double my board and clothing. Both the parlor and sitting-room need refurbishing; everything looks so faded and shabby, that I am ashamed to have anybody call. And the stairs need re-carpeting, the blinds and gate repaired, and the fence painted."

"That can't be all, Mrs. Taggard. Are you sure that there isn't something else?"

"I don't think of anything just now; Mr. Taggard; though if there should be a few dollars over and what above these will cost, they won't come amiss. I should like to have a little change in my pocket, if only for the novelty of the thing. You needn't fear its being wasted."

Mr. Taggard was evidently not a little astonished at his sudden outbreak in his usually quiet and patient wife, but who, like most women of that stamp, had considerable spirit when it was roused.

"Now that you are through, Mrs. Taggard, perhaps you will let me say a word. Here is all the money I can spare this month; so you can make the most of it."

Laying a roll of bills on the table, Mr. Taggard walked to the door; remarking, just before he closed it, "that he should leave town on the next train, to be absent about a week."

The reverie into which Mrs. Taggard fell as she listened to the sound of his retreating steps, was far from being a pleasant one. Aside from her natural vexation, she felt grieved and saddened by the change that had come over her once kind, indulgent husband. His mind seemed to be entirely filled with the greed for gain, the desire to amass money—not for the sake of the good that it might enable him to enjoy, or confer, but for the mere pleasure of hoarding it. And this miserly feeling grew upon him daily, until he seemed to grudge his family the common comforts of life. And yet Mrs. Taggard knew that he was not only in receipt of a comfortable income from his business, but had laid by a surplus, yearly, ever since their marriage.

She taxed her ingenuity to save in every possible way, but when the monthly bills were presented the same scene was enacted, only it grew worse and worse.

And this penny-pinching extended to himself. He grudged himself, as well as his wife and children, clothing suitable to his means and station, and went around looking so rusty and shabby that Mrs. Taggard often felt ashamed of him, inwardly wondering if he be the same man who had wooed and won her.

With a heavy sigh Mrs. Taggard took up the roll of bills upon the table, hoping to find enough to pay what was already due—she did not look for more.

An ejaculation of astonishment burst from her lips as she unrolled the paper in which it was folded. It contained \$500 in bills, and a check for \$500.

With a look of quiet determination in her eyes, Mrs. Taggard arose to her feet. "The family should now have some of the comforts to which they are entitled, if they never did again."

First, she settled every bill; a heavy weight being lifted from her heart as she did so; besides getting a fresh supply of fuel and other comforts. Her next move was to order new furniture for the sitting-room and parlor, have the hall re-carpeted and papered, the broken door-step mended, and the fence and blinds painted and repaired. She then took the children out, and got them new garments, from hats to shoes. She bought herself three new dresses; a neat gingham for morning wear, a delicate for afternoon; and something nicer for best. And before going home, she took the children into a toy-shop; delighting the boy with the skates he had so often asked for, and giving the girl the chief wish of her heart, a doll and doll's wardrobe—not forgetting some blocks for the baby. For like a wise, as well as kind mother, Mrs. Taggard desired to make their childhood a happy one; something to look back upon with pleasure through their whole after life. Neither was John forgotten; by the aid of some old garments for a pattern, she got him an entire new suit, together with stuff for dressing-gown and slippers.

The day on which Mrs. Taggard expected her husband's return was a very busy one; but at last the carpets were down, the paper hung, and everything in apple-pie order.

He was expected on the five o'clock train, and Mrs. Taggard set the children, attired in their pretty new dresses, at the window to watch for papa, while she went below to assist Jane in preparing something extra for supper. She had but just returned when Mr. Taggard was seen approaching the house.

It looked so different from what it did when he left, that he stared at it in amazement, and would have hesitated about entering, had it not been for the name on the newly varnished door-plate. But he was still more astonished when he entered.

"Am I in my own house, or somebody's else?" he ejaculated, as he looked around the bright and pleasant room.

"It is the new furniture I have been buying," said his wife, smiling. "How do you like it?"

"Have you been running me in debt, Mary?" "Not in the least, John; it was all bought with the money you so generously left me when you went away."

Mr. Taggard clasped his hand into one of his pockets.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in an agitated tone and manner, "I gave it to you out of the wrong pocket!"

Mrs. Taggard did not look at all astonished or disturbed at this announcement; to the contrary, her countenance wore a very smiling and tranquil aspect.

"You don't mean to say you have spent it?" inquired Mr. Taggard, desperately.

"Why what else would I do with it, John? You told me to make the most of it; and I rather think I have."

"I am a ruined man!" groaned Mr. Taggard. "Not a bit of it, my dear husband," said his wife cheerfully; "you wouldn't be ruined if you had given me twice that amount."

"Besides, I have saved enough for our house-keeping expenses for three months, at least. I think you had better give me an allowance for that purpose in future; it will save us both much annoyance."

The children, who had been led to consider what their mother had bought them as "presents from papa," now crowded eagerly around him.

Mr. Taggard loved his children, and it would be difficult for any one having the kind and tender heart he really possessed, to turn away from the innocent smiles and caresses that were lavished upon him.

And when his wife approached with the dressing-gown and slippers, he not only allowed her to conduct him into them, but returned the loving caress with which she assured him "that he looked as young and handsome as ever."

It was smiling group that gathered round the cheerful supper-table. And Mr. Taggard from the gleeful children to the smiling face of his wife, who certainly looked ten years younger, attired in her new becoming dress, he came to the conclusion that though it might cost something to make his family comfortable, on the whole, to use a common but expressive phrase, "it paid."

We do not mean to say that Mr. Taggard was entirely reformed; a passion so strong is not so easily eradicated. But when the old miserly feeling came over him, and he began to dole out grudgingly the means with which to make his family comfortable, his wife would laughingly say: "You are taking it out of the wrong pocket, John!"—words which seemed to have a magical effect upon both heart and purse-strings.

Let us take comfort as we go along," she would often say, as she laid her cheek lovingly to his; "nor grudge our children the innocent pleasures natural to youth, for the purpose of laying up for them the wealth that is, too often, a curse rather than a blessing."

—[Hours at Home.]

### TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A few evenings since, when the "pledge" was being circulated, a decidedly inebriated individual presented himself and offered his signature. The chairman remarked, "This is a very important step, my friend, and I trust you realize the responsibility you are assuming."

"Oh, I can stand the (hic) responsibility," was the response; "I've done it lots of times before." The chairman wavering between a sigh and a smile, turned at once to other and more promising subjects.

## The Position of the Democratic Party.

From the United Irishman.

However anxious we may be, in accordance with the principles and policy of this journal, to avoid the discussion of questions that would be likely to lead us into the field of party politics, we are, nevertheless, deemed it a duty to a cause dearer to us than that of the American politician, to speak our mind freely as to the present attitude of the Democratic party, on the questions in dispute between this country and England. Let us, then, at once, state the plain truth, that the Democratic party, as at present managed and led, is pro-English intensely, or, at least, is rapidly becoming such. Not a Democratic organ can we pick up without finding evidence to that effect.

From the day that the Senate rejected the Clarendon-Johnson treaty, the entire press of that party have been denouncing all who displayed the least spirit of hostility to England, and all their efforts are devoted to the denunciation of any position looking towards a bold and resolute policy in dealing with the British Government. The New York World, the leading Democratic paper of the land, has used all its great ability in writing down the American view of the Alabama claim—and the COURIER of this city has been no less industrious in the same direction. And such has been the key in which have sung nearly all other journals of the same complexion. Summer after summer proclaimed the crimes of England, has been argued against day by day, and Chandler, for having proposed speedy satisfaction or fight, has been blackguarded and ridiculed without mercy or cessation. They have denounced him as a fool, as a knave and as a drunkard. And why they should especially single him out for their wit and their anathemas, we know no other reason than that he is a bitter enemy of England, and believes in the annexation of, or, if necessary, the conquest of Canada. When we remember that it is the Irish people who gave to Democracy its strength and its solidity, its pro-English tendencies strike one, at first view, as almost inexplicable, and lead inevitably to the conclusion that the leaders have a profound contempt for those from whom they have ever demanded support, and been able to place reliance.

We would like to ask the leaders and the organs of the Democratic party if they are resolved to pursue their present course? If so, we can tell them that they may count upon the active and bitter hostility of the Irish citizen, instead of his support. The ties that formerly bound him, as with bands of steel, to the Democracy, have been greatly loosened; it would only require a little longer continuance in a pro-English policy on its part, to induce him to throw them off altogether, and forever.

The COURIER of this city must be aware that it is crossing the path and decrying the aims of the Irish people in its policy at the present time, Ireland's friends, and that they care little whether such friends are Abolitionists or not? If it does not know this, it is inexcusably ignorant of the feelings and wishes of a very large and vitally necessary element in its party; and if it does know it, what excuse dare it offer for the disdain and contempt implied by its course? It would be well not only for the COURIER to consider the above questions; but for all other Democratic journals, to do likewise.

The sooner they understand that the Irish citizen believes that a war with England would be a blessing both for America and for Ireland, the sooner they will cease to champion England in our present dispute, and the better it will be for the party, and for humanity. One of the reasons why the Irish people in this land have so generally attached themselves to the Democratic party has been that it was boldly American, and openly anti-English. This seems is no longer the case. The times change. Let Belmont and the Democratic leaders believe that the Irish are disposed, and fully prepared to change with them.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of reason"—QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE PRIMUM DEMENTAT, is a proverb strikingly illustrated by the present attitude and tendencies of the Democracy as evidenced by its organs. We know the times are right, and will remain right; the leaders and wire-pullers afford to be wrong? Let them look to it as they hope for, and desire future success.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Monday.

## Confederate Dead Uncared—Twenty Acres of Human Bones.

While our ladies are mourning and decorating the graves in Oakwood, and while the massive stone monument to the memory of those who lie in Hollywood is gradually approaching completion, it is a distressing and heart-breaking sight to see the bones of those who are buried where they fell—on the hillsides and in the valleys in other parts of the State. The reports that reach us of the sacrilegious conduct of many Virginia farmers are so shocking that we hesitate to give them credence, although our duty as journalists requires us to lay them before our readers.

A few weeks ago we published an account of the state of affairs at Fort Harrison, which subsequent investigation proved too true.—Now comes a most harrowing story from Malvern Hill, where so many of our best and bravest, with their last drop of blood sealed their devotion to the Southern cause.

On the northwest side of the fort a most terrible scene presents itself. Thousands of Confederate soldiers have been buried where they fell, twenty acres or more have just been plowed up by the owner of the land, and the ploughshare turned to the surface all the skeletons. Over the whole tract bones are strewn in profusion, and grinning skulls stare the visitors in the face on every hand.

When the farmer was questioned he said the land was now the richest place he had, and, in justification of the sacrilegious act, stated that "he didn't put 'em there, now."

The writer learned afterward that the bones had been taken away by the cart load and sold to fertilizing mills in Richmond. Two human men, too poor to do anything else, came one day, we were there, and attempted to burn some of the bones to prevent the wretches from carting them off.

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the philosopher what he was looking for.

"That which I cannot find," was the reply; "the difference between your father's and those of his slaves."