Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE. | OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: | TERMS—$1.50 a Year, in Advance

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SELLING OUT. SELLING OUT!

Having determined to retire from business, I offer my stock of

$5,000 WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

For Men, Youths, Boys, and Children,

AT COST AND LESS!

My stock is fresh and of the best quality; and having bought low and for cash, I can sell at figures that

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It comprises everything belonging to a regular Clothing Store, including Furnishing Goods, TRUNKS, HATS, &c. REMEMBER!

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PAUL GARNIER,

Cheap Clothing Store, Ironton, MO.

The Safeguards of Our Government.

BY THOMAS CALAHAN.

All the ancient empires had large provinces or dependencies, which they held to raise taxes and recruit their armies, but whose people had no share the Government. Among modern nations England is to-day the most noted example of this idea. These people having no hope of political rights except as secured by revolution, were not slow to avail themselves of that mode of redress, and succeeded sooner or later in destroying their masters. Under our Constitution we have no provinces. Our Territories are merely States in the forming stage of existence.

The Constitution, Art. 4, Sec. 3, says:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into the Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of Congress."

This provision of our organic law will well repay close study, on account of the carefulness with which it is drawn. First, it guards against keeping out of the Union any Territory prepared for admission, and then it takes order that when a new State is formed from one or more States already existing, no violence shall be done either to the General Government or the rights and wishes of the States immediately concerned. It thus guards as far as possible against all hasty and inconsiderate action in a matter of so much importance.

In regard to Territories seeking admission as States, the language of the law is *may*, not *shall*, be admitted—that is to say that the Congress is not bound to admit a Territory whenever it demands admission, nor yet on its own terms. The General Government holds the control of admitting new members to the firm. This power of the Congress is older than the Constitution for it was exercised by the Congress before the Constitution was made. [See Act of 1787.] No provision for its exercise was in the Articles of Confederation. It was one of those instances in which the necessities of the case make the law that governs it, without regard to precedent or written statute on the subject. Territories in order to obtain their admission as States must have sufficient population to entitle them to at least one member of the House of Representatives. This number is increased from time to time in order that the Lower House may not become unwieldy, and thus this arrangement places a wholesome restraint on the local politicians to run in Territories as States, in order to have more offices. The usual course of proceeding is as follows: The people of a Territory elect a State Convention, which makes a Constitution, and that document having been adopted by the people of the Territory, is presented to Congress, and admission as a State under it is asked. If Congress accepts the Constitution and admits the Territory as a State, on the 4th of July next ensuing its name is enrolled among the States, and a star added to the national flag. Under the operation of this law the Union has grown from the twelve States represented in the Convention which framed Constitution to thirty-eight States.

It may be interesting to note the different dates at which Territories became States, premising that under the old system States generally came in by couples--one free and one slave, so as to preserve the balance of power at least in the United States Senate.

At the adoption of the Constitution slaves were held in every State except Massachusetts.

The first new State was Vermont; formed from a part of New York, by consent of the Legislature, March 6th, 1790, and admitted as a State March 4th, 1791.

Kentucky, formed from Virginia, by consent of the Legislature, December 18th, 1789, was admitted June 1st 1792.

North Carolina, ceded to the United States by the Territory of Tennessee, was admitted as a State June 1st, 1796.

Ohio, part of the Northwest Territory ceded to the United States by Virginia in 1783, was admitted Feb. 19th, 1803.

Louisiana, formed out of a part of the territory ceded by France April 30th, 1803, was admitted April 8th, 1812.

Indiana, formed out of the Northwestern Territory as a Territory by act of May 7th, 1800, was admitted as a State December 11th, 1816.

The State of South Carolina, by act of August 9th, 1787, and the State of Georgia, by act of April 24th, 1802, ceded to the United States the territory now covered by the States of Alabama and Mississippi, and it was divided into two Territories by the consent of the State of Georgia June 17th, 1812, and Mississippi was admitted as a State December 10th, 1817.

Illinois, a part of the Northwestern Territory, was organized as a Territory February 3d, 1809, and admitted as a State December 3d, 1818.

Alabama was organized as a Territory March 3d, 1817, and admitted as a State December 14th, 1819.

Maine, a part of Massachusetts, was set off by the act of that State as a Territory June 19th, 1819, and admitted as a State March 15th, 1820.

Missouri, a part of the territory ceded by France, was organized as a Territory June 4th, 1812, and admitted as a State August 10th, 1821.

Arkansas, a part of the territory ceded by France, was organized as a Territory March 2d, 1819, and admitted as a State June 15th, 1836.

Michigan, formed out of a part of the Northwestern Territory, was organized as a Territory January 11th, 1805, and and admitted June 15th, 1836, on the same day with Arkansas.

Florida, ceded by Spain to the United States February 22d, 1819, was organized as a Territory March 3d, 1819, and admitted as a State March 3d, 1845.

Iowa was formed out of the original territory of the United States, and was organized as a Territory June 18th, 1838, and admitted as a State March 3d, 1845, along with Florida.

Texas, an independent republic, was annexed March 1st, 1845, and admitted as a State December 29th, 1845.

Wisconsin, a part of the Northwestern Territory, was organized as a Territory April 20th, 1836, and admitted as a State March 3d, 1847.

California, a part of country ceded by Mexico Feb. 3d, 1848, never was organized as a Territory. Nov. 13th, 1849, the people ratified a Constitution prepared by a Convention elected one month before, and the State was admitted Sept. 7th, 1850.

Minnesota, a part of the Louisiana purchase, was organized as a Territory in 1849, and admitted as a State in May, 1858.

Oregon, a part of the Louisiana purchase, was organized as a Territory in 1848, and in 1853 Washington Territory was set off from it. Oregon was admitted as a State in 1858.

Since the date last given Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, and Colorado have been admitted at various times, in compliance with the same forms.

There are five modes in which States have been constituted—first, the thirteen original States which acquired their independence by the peace of 1783; second, those States formed out of territory belonging to the original States; third, States formed out of territory acquired by purchase; fourth, States obtained by annexation; and, fifth, States formed out of territory acquired by conquest.

There are three methods of admitting a State: First, by adopting a Constitution formed by a National Convention—in this way the thirteen original States came in. Second, by the concurrent action of Congress and of the States ceding the territory. Third, by act of Congress, having previously passed through the Territorial condition.

There is one mode that has not yet been tried, viz: To form a State from parts of two States.

The thirty-eight States which form our Union have all regularly-formed Constitutions, embodying the same principles with each other and with the Constitution of the United States—that is to say, they all divide the powers of government into Legislative, Judicial, and Executive. They all adopt the representative principle, and all are republican.

It only remains to speak of the formation of new States as a safeguard to our Government. Viewed in the light of fact and sound reason, as the matter stands, no State has anything to gain by rebellion or secession. Suppose a State was admitted yesterday, it has the same rights in the Government as the oldest State—there are no privileges peculiar to primogeniture in the family of States. But we cannot refuse to praise the unselfish patriotism by which the original thirteen States deeded power from themselves, and many of them surrendered territory. They could not fail to see that under this right to form new States political power would soon pass away from them, and

"Westward the star of empire take its way."

But they sank all questions of States rights and aggrandizement in the ocean of patriotism, believing and hoping that the broad and genial spirit of their unselfish patriotism would be the light and guiding influence of the star of empire, even to the shores of the then almost mythical Pacific Ocean. And to aid in carrying out this law Virginia ceded territory covering 280,000 square miles. North Carolina gave up Tennessee. South Carolina and Georgia gave up Alabama and Mississippi. No matter what their sons have done, let them be still be loved by the West for their fathers' sakes.

COLORADO.

Emerson In the Mountains—Trouting.—Second Chapter.

Ed. Register—

The second day. We were on the tramp after trout before 9 A. M. Went west, and were soon in a sort of park--an amphitheatre or great basin containing perhaps 2 000 acres This bottom is a sort of sloping meadow, through which rush a number of streams coming down from the melting snow just above it, and they all converge at the lower end, forming a small but very turbulent river; and from this confluence down, the stream has cut and abraded its way through the mountains, forming the cataracts and majestic canyons before described. These upper streams are the home of the trout. The mountains sloping down to this great meadow-basin are covered with grass and scattered pine and spruce. The streams through the meadow are skirted with cottonwood, willows, spruces, hemlock, pine, &c., with occasional open spaces where the streams ripple along even with the grass roots. Here and there fresh work of the beaver is to be seen, and where his skill in building dams becomes an interesting study. As we passed the cabin of an old Frenchman who was regarded as the most skillful man with the "fly" in the mountains, he said: "You must be a good trout catcher if you catch any here. Since the storm they are scarce and hard to catch." After we had passed him Miss Minnie put her hand on my arm and said: "I do not think he knows what we can do. We WILL get trout, won't we, Uncle?" I found a quiet little nook amongst the willows where there was an eddy in the rushing waters, where there would likely be trout, and here I seated Minnie, while I could perambulate up and down more at large. I was quietly showing her how to drop her fly and how to keep it out of the brush, and had just placed the pole in her hands when up rose a beautiful trout and flew away with Minnie's hook. A good sized trout and little Minnie were a fair match, but by the aid of my encouraging suggestions, Minnie soon had Mr. Trout dangling well up in the top of an adjacent tree! If your readers know anything about the perversity of a trout-line entangled in a gnarled mountain tree top, they will know at once that the situation involved a climb. Minnie clapped her little hands, and cried: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I can climb; I can get it!" But I was obliged to assure Miss Minnie that it was a job of considerable dimensions as I laid my hat aside and began the ascent. The limbs on the tree were small, making it hazzardous to use them as steps, but there was no other remedy. No man can be a good trout fisher unless he is a good tree climber! Anybody can throw a poor trout up in a tree top; but who can get him safely out? There comes the "tug of war." After twisting myself to the top of the tree, through a labyrinth of limbs and jagged spikes, I got hold of the trout, and was carefully unwinding the line, when the branches my feet were on gave way—and with legs and arms wound around the body of the tree, I came down with a rush tearing away with me all the branches from top to bottom, burying poor Minnie under a portion of the foliage. All the loose garments on my body were streaming up over my head by the time I tore through that infernally rugged tree top to the ground! There were Minnie, what was left of me, the trout, fishing tackle, and most of that tree top in a medley of confusion! The astonishment of Minnie at the adventure as she crawled out of the brush was sublime. "My gracious! Is this the way they always catch trout?" she cried, at the same time giving a look of pity as she saw my dilapidated condition, and a little blood on my hand and nose. (That's what one gets for having a long nose, sliding down a gnarled tree.) But the trout was safe. That was the objective point in the whole strategic movement.

Trout are so shy and wild that in catching one or two out of a hole, all the others are frightened away, and you have to do an immense amount of tramping through the brush during the day, now and then landing a trout and a thousand times landing your line around a twig, a root, or a branch in a tree; and when a little light trout-line begins to entangle itself, the perverse genius displayed is too wonderful for the imagination. You find a place where, from the flow of the water and the shadow, you know there must be trout. You cautiously move up behind a willow or a tree, get your pole and line out in position amongst the brush, drop your line, and in a minute you have a trout up in the branches; and he is pretty sure to be just where every other trout within several rods can see just what is going on, and you contemplate, with so much philosophical resignation, that these chaps are, every one of them, taking to their heels in search of distant fields and pastures green; while you are, for half an hour, diligently disentangling your tackle. Next place you find that is inviting, you carefully and prudently work in amongst the brush, and are just poising your line over a narrow space so as to get it in the water without touching a twig or a leaf, and are just letting it down to the water, when a little gust of wind flits it up around a branch; and if it twirls once, it does twenty-seven times, around—out over the water, too, where you will have to either abandon your line or go and carry a dead pine sapling and practice gymnastics an hour to get it loose. Oh, it's so jolly, I tell you, to get in an able-bodied thicket where there are plenty of trout! You smile, do you? Well, you just come out here and try it!

Little Minnie soon became an expert in handling her fly, and gave very little trouble—every now and then landing a speckled beauty. I was climbing down a bank made up of sand, gravel and large boulders, when eight or ten feet from the water's edge, a large, round boulder on which I stood rolled out, and both it and myself went tumbling into the turbulent water below. Little Minnie thoughtfully caught the end of my pole and helped to pull me out, singing, as she did so, "Life on the Ocean Wave," until I threatened to throw her in and fish her out with my trout hook. We were tired. I dried myself somewhat; Minnie daintily pinned up some ominous rents in my garments, and we had lunch in the grateful shade of a thick spruce, with the clear, ice-cold water murmuring at our very feet. Lunch over, and Minnie's sweet little glee songs and pathetic hymns warbled to "Him whose voice is in the clouds," we counted our catch—22—packed them in some damp grass in our lunch-basket, and walked back to our home—gathering flowers by the way, and viewing the snow lying in calm repose under the slope of the great mountains, whose shadows were now creeping out over the land. We stopped on a little mound, looking at the beauty and grandeur of our surroundings; and as the shadows of "Arrapahoe Peak" enveloped us, Minnie took my hand, looked up into the heavens, and in the most touching and pathetic manner sang "Fast Falls the Evening Shade."

* * * As we ate our trout on the broad verandah, the cool air from the snow settled down over our valley, and heavy wraps were necessary, and winter bedding during the night.

Other days' adventures trouting were much the same. One day I was leaning up against a dry pine tree which stood on the bank, and was reaching out with pole in one hand, holding fast with the other, in order to reach a pool where I thought there were trout. I had not noticed that the tree was undermined by the water until too late. The first thing I realized was, tree and I were plunging in the rushing waters!

Next day, Minnie landed a fine trout in the top of a clump of large willows. By the time I had climbed near the trout I found the willows were bending over, and I was going head first into the stream, which just there was a mad torrent. I managed to turn myself, so that, as they bent over, my feet were at the top of the bushes, my arms around them, and I gradually sliding down feet foremost, kicking around for something to touch with my feet, my legs protruding about three feet out through and below my pants! There I was, a spectacle for the laughing trout—kicking, holding on as well as I could to that armful of bending willows! But fate was against me. A mass of earth and the willows gave way, and we went rolling down—sometimes I was on top of the willows, and sometimes they were on top of me. I landed on a large rock thirty or forty feet down stream, and when I got my eyes open, the first thing I saw was Minnie standing on a dangerously projecting boulder, waving her handkerchief. She ran down opposite where I was, and began to sing "Cast Upon the Distant Shore!" She caught hold of a branch of the willows and held them against the bank until I got ashore; and, strange to say, we got both trout and line out of their entanglement.

We had taken all the trout we needed to eat, and concluded to seek some grassy shade for repairs and lunch.

That evening was to be the end of my trouting for a few days, as I had to go to Denver to attend a sale I was interested in. The Professor (Minnie's father) drove us as the guests were eating our trout, and thus relieved me from the charge of little angelic Minnie. And this gave me a carriage to go down the mountains in, instead of riding on horseback.

In parting, little Minnie clung to me, with subdued sobs, trying to articulate: "Will—will we ever! Oh, never!" Her father took her in his arms, thanked me over and over again, and begged me to stay with them—all of us joining Minnie in a parting grief which none of us could account for. Surely it is not an omen of a last parting, for we expect to meet in a week again, for a three days' fishing; we three—Professor, Minnie and I.

I jumped in the carriage as night's gloom was settling around us, and ordered the driver to hurry away—for I was sad; oh, so sad! "When, oh, when, shall we three meet again!"

Oh, how mysterious the human heart! How unfathomable the Infinite!

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom—
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on.

NOX COMPUS.