DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1884.

VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1884. NO. 41

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T. W. SMITH, RIDGELY, MD. 5 24 6m.

The Fisher and the Trout.

All day long beside a brook
Sat a fisher, angling;
All day long his empty hook
From his rod kept dangling.

But at last a little trout
Took the bait he flung him;
Then the fisher pulled him out
And ashore he swung him.

But there can be little doubt
That the thing impressed him
Very strangely, when the trout,
Looking up, addressed him:

"Fisher, with your cruel hook,
How could you deceive me?
I was happy in the brook;
Throw me back and leave me."

"Throw away my fish, indeed,
When so much I need them!
I have many mouths to feed,
This is how I feed them."

"But I'm such a little mite,
I shall scarce be able
To afford a single bite,
Served up for your table.

"If you count the time to cure,
And the time to cook me,
You'll be sorry, I am sure,
That you ever took me.

"But I'm young and I shall grow,
If you will but let me;
And—say in a year or so—
You can come and get me."

"You are such a pretty fish,
And so much you know, sir,
That it shall be as you wish,
I will let you go, sir.

"But remember when the year
Has rolled round that I, sir,
Shall expect to meet you here.
Until then, good-bye, sir."

Homeward did the fisher go
With an empty basket.
Where the fish went I don't know;
So you needn't ask it.

When away a year had flown
Did the fisher seat him
On a bank, and now full grown
Came the trout to meet him.

By a something in his look
Did the fisher know him,
And while he prepared the hook
That he meant to throw him,

Quoth he, with his blandest smile,
He was so elated:
"It was surely worth my while
For you to have waited."

"Yes," replied the fish, "for size
'Twould be hard to match me;
But I've also grown too wise,
Now to let you catch me."

Saying this he swam away [him
Where the bank would screen
And the fisher, who, they say,
Since then hasn't seen him,

Said: "There's one thing I know,
I again will never
Turn a fish adrift to grow
Should I live forever."

MR. TILDEN DECLINES.

The Touching Letter of a Noble Man.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Hon. Samuel J. Tilden has written the following letter:

To Daniel Manning, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York: In my letter of June 18, 1880, addressed to the delegates from the State of New York to the Democratic National Convention, I said:—"Having now borne faithfully my full share of labor and care in the public service and wearing the marks of its burdens, I desire nothing so much as an honorable discharge. I wish to lay down the honors and the ills of even quasi party leadership and to seek the repose of private life. In renouncing the renomination for the Presidency, I do so with no doubt in my mind as to the vote of the State of Few York or of the United States, but because I believe that it is a renunciation of re-election to the Presidency. To those who think my re-nomination and re-election indispensable to an effectual vindication of the right of the people to elect their ruler, violated in my person, I have accorded as long a reserve of my decision as possible, but I cannot overcome my repugnance to enter into a new engagement which involves four years of ceaseless toil.

"The dignity of the Presidential office is above a mere personal ambition, but it creates in me no allusions. Its value is as a great power for good to the country. I said four years ago, in accepting the nomination: 'Knowing as I do, therefore, from fresh experience how great the difference is between gliding through an official routine and working out a reform of systems and policies, it is impossible for me to contemplate what needs to be done in the Federal administration without an anxious sense of the difficulties of the undertaking. If summoned by the suffrages of my countrymen to attempt this work I shall endeavor, with God's help, to be the efficient instrument of their will.'

"Such a work of renovation after many years of misrule, such a reform of systems and policies, to which I would cheerfully have sacrificed all that remained to me of health and life, is now, I fear, beyond my feeble strength.

"My purpose to withdraw from further public service and the grounds of it were at that time well known to you and others, and when at Cincinnati, though respecting my wishes yourself, you communicated to me an appeal from many valued friends to relinquish that purpose, I reiterated my determination unconditionally."

In the four years which have since elapsed nothing has occurred to weaken, but everything to strengthen, the considerations which induced my withdrawal from public life. To all who have addressed me on the subject my intention has been frankly communicated. Several of my most confidential friends, under the sanction their own names, have publicly stated my determination to be irreversible. That I have occasion now to consider the question is an event for which I have no responsibility.

The appeal made to me by the Democratic masses, with apparent unanimity to serve them once more, is entitled to the most deferential consideration and would inspire a disposition to do anything desired of me, if it were consistent with my judgment of duty.

I believe that there is no instrumentality in human society so potential in its influences upon mankind for good or evil as the governmental machinery for administering justice and for making and executing laws. Not all the eleemosynary institutions of private benevolence to which philanthropists may devote their lives are so fruitful in benefits as the rescue and preservation of this machinery the perversion that makes it the instrument of conspiracy, fraud and crime against the most sacred rights and interests of the people.

For 50 years as a private citizen, never contemplating an official career, I have devoted as much effort and thought to the duty of influencing aright the action of the governmental institutions of my country as to all other objects. I have never accepted official service except for a brief period for a special purpose, and only when the occasion seemed to require from me that sacrifice of private preferences to the public welfare. I undertook the State administration of New York because it was supposed in that way could the executive power be best arrayed on the side of reforms to which, as a private citizen, I had given three years of my life.

I accepted the nomination for the Presidency in 1876 because of the general conviction that my candidacy would best present the issue of reform which the Democratic majority of the people desired to have worked out in the Federal Government as it had been in that of the State of New York. I believed that I had strength enough then to renovate the administration of the Government of the United States and at the close of my term to hand over the great trust to a successor faithful to the same policy. Though anxious to seek the repose of my private life, I nevertheless acted upon the idea that every power is a trust and involves a duty. In reply to the address of the committee communicating my nomination I depicted the difficulties of the undertaking, and likened my feelings in engaging in it to those of a soldier entering battle, but I did not withhold the entire consecration of my powers to the public services.

Twenty years of maladministration under the demoralizing influence of intestine war and bad finances have infected the whole government system of the United States with the cancerous growth of false constructions and corrupt practices. Powerful classes have acquired pecuniary interests in official abuses, and the moral standards of the people have been impaired. To redress these evils is a work of great difficulty and labor and cannot be accomplished without the most energetic and efficient personal action on the part of the chief executive of the Republic. The canvass and administration that it is desired that I should undertake would embrace a period of nearly five years, nor can I admit any illusion as to their burdens. Three years of experience in the endeavor to reform the municipal government of the city of New York and two years of experience in renovating the administration of the State of New York have made me familiar with the requirements of such a work.

At the present time the considerations which induced my action in 1880 have become imperative. I ought not to assume a task which I have not the physical strength to carry through. To reform the administration of the Federal Government, so as to realize my own ideal and to fulfil the just expectations of the people would indeed warrant, as they would alone compensate for the sacrifices which the undertaking would involve. But in my condition of advancing years and declining strength I feel no assurance of my ability to accomplish these objects. I am, therefore, constrained to say definitely that I cannot now assume the labors of an administration or of a canvass.

Undervaluing in nowise the best gift of Heaven, the occasion and the power sometimes bestowed upon a mere individual to communicate an impulse for good; grateful beyond all words to my fellow countrymen who would asssgn such a beneficent function to me, I am consoled by the reflection that neither the Democratic party nor the Republic, for whose future that party is the best guarantee, is now or ever can be dependant upon any one man for their successful progress in the path of a noble destiny.

Having given to their welfare whatever of health and strength I possessed or could borrow from the future, and having reached the term of my capacity for such labors as their welfare now demands, I but submit to the will of God in deeming my public career forever closed.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

LOGAN AS AN ORATOR.

The New York Post has been skirmishing among the files of the Tribune, and this is what it finds to begin with, from the issue of January, 1873:

"Pranced there in upon the arena of the great debate, like a trick mule in a circus or a spavined nightmare upon the track of a beautiful dream—Logan, of Illinois. There was a vision of mustaches, eyebrows and hair piled on each other in arches; a large brandishing of arms, a pose and stridulous war-whoop; and much as tho' a picture of the Deerfield massacre had stepped out from the pages of our early history, Logan took the American Senate by its large capacious ear. And then he went for his mother tongue. He smote it right and left, and showed no mercy.—Swinging the great broad-axe of his logic high in air, he turned it ere it fell, and with the hammer side struck the language of 60,000,000 of people fairly in the face, and mashed it beyond recognition. Under his stroke the floor of the American Senate was spattered with the remnants of a once proud vocabulary, and messengers, doorkeepers, and pages were covered from head to foot with the spray. In the fearful two hours which followed the first roar of his oration, all the parts of speech were routed and put to flight. There were orphaned adjectives and widowed nouns, bachelor verbs driven to polygomy, and polygamous verbs left lonely; conjunctions dissevered, prepositions scattered, adverbs disheveled and distorted, and syntax flung into wild disorder. It was a great day for Logan.

"He set his teeth into the language as the untamed tiger of the jungles takes between its mouth and paw the wearing apparel of the wayfarer, and the ripping of it was heard thro' all the forest depths. It reverberated to the other end of the Capitol, and sluggish Representatives lifted up their ears and listened to the roar with terrified awe. Some started for the scene; but upon being told the cause of the disturbance in the brief communication, 'Logan's up,' turned back, with full assurance that they could hear from that end of the Capitol all that was worth hearing. So through two hours Logan swung his beautiful arms over the heads of the Senate like the booms of a government derrick, while his chin churned the language like a pile driver in a heavy sea, and the baffled reporters made wild plunges with their pencils to gather up his regurgitations for the printer.

"Ah! Logan is a great man; a statesman. When he throws his intellect into a question, whether it is of finance or self-government, or of sticking to the ship, something has got to come. He lacks only fifteen or twenty things of being an orator. He has lungs."

The Rythmic Whee-Saw.

"Saladin!"

Saladin paused, and his attitude was one to charm the eye of the artist and the soul of the poet. One little leg was already swung over the top of the fence, clinging thereto by the firm bent knee. Below, the other leg—the left one; it had intended to have left with the other one right soon, but for the voice that hailed him and held him back. Chestnut brown and shod with lusty stone bruises were the unsandaled feet. Under the towering rim of the old torn straw hat, Saladin glanced with eyes that gleamed less with defiance than more with a distressful consciousness that he had been caught in the very moment of his triumph. He turned, and knew his father, and him he answered with that expressive monosyllable of his native tongue:

"Hay?"

"Back to thy haunt, false fugitive! Ha! Bend to thy task, and ply the greas-ed saw with many a muffled wheeze, till high the severed hickory piles the woodshed floor; lest with a pliant skate strap I thee pursue, and raise the fur along thy truant spine. Ha, thou rebellious child of mine, what hid'st thou underneath thy recreant jacket?"

For a moment Saladin struggled with his emotion, and strove to look as though he had nothing under his jacket. But a large sized tomato can is too obtrusive in its rotundity, and too definitely pronounced in its platform to escape public attention, even when close buttoned under the snug fitting garmenture of a boy of twelve years. With a despairing sigh he said:

"Can full o' worms."

The skate strap fell from his lordly father's nerveless grasp.

"Fishin' worms?" he asked. "Hannem toomy!" Which by interpretation is, hand them unto me.

He took the can and stirred up the menagerie with a stick.

"Varlet," he said, "where keepest thou thy rod and lines?"

Saladin pointed to a gloomy corner of the woodshed, and his worthy father scooped the tackle in.

"Where, thou truant villain, where are they biting best?"

"Right in the slough, just below the second bridge," Saladin said.

"Now, by my halidome, and if I enjoy not an afternoon's sport myself, I were worse than an infidel; and thou, Sir Sluggard, if there be one small stick not sawn asunder when I hie me home—see thou to it."

And his sire was gone—gone with his rod, his hooks and lines, his bait. As his hurrying feet carried him out of sight, Saladin smiled, a melancholy, bitter, yet withal a joyous smile.

"An' he find not the ice at the second bridge frozen clear to the bottom," he said, "an' it be not still thicker at the first bridge, an' if he find a hole in the ice in all that land whereto I have sent him, then may these yearning eyes of mine ne'er gaze upon the back of me neck again."

And he turned to the wood-pile, and picking out all the hard, tough, knotty sticks, tossed them with a boy's generous impulse over the fence into the yard of a poor neighbor. "They will steal wood anyhow," muttered Saladin, "and it is but right that I should save them the sin, and pick out the hard ones."

And as with many a rhythmic whee-shaw, whee-shaw, he sawed the easy sticks, the boy's heart, ever slow to harbor malice, softened and melted in his breast, as he thought of the old gentleman trying to cut holes in ten-foot ice with a pocket-knife.—Verily, the man emptieth ashes against the north wind, who thinketh that he getteth a long way ahead of even a very small boy.

That Won a Soldier's Suit.

A small but distinguished company of lawyers sat in the Supreme Court, Boston, recently, talking over old times. Among them was Col. Charles S. Spencer, who told the following story:

"I was retained," he said, "by an ex-soldier of the war to sue for the recovery of one thousand eight hundred dollars which he had loaned to a friend. The late Edwin James was counsel for the defendent. James cross-examined the plaintiff in his usual forcibly way.

"You loaned him one thousand eight hundred dollars?" asked Mr. James.

"I did, sir."

"It was your own money?"

"It was, sir."

"When did you lend him the money?"

"In July, 1866."

"Where did you get the money?"

"I earned it, sir?"

"You earned it, eh? When did you earn it?"

"During the war, sir," he said, in a very humble tone.

"You earned it during the war? Pray, what was your occupation during the war?" Mr. James inquired.

"Fighting," sir," the man replied, modestly.

"Oh, fighting!" Mr. James said, somewhat taken down.

"I smiled triumphantly. James was half mad. Well, we went to the jury; and I, of course had the last to say. I sailed away up to glory. I spoke of the war, of the lives and treasure which it has cost us, of the awful battles which decided the fate of the Union, of the self-denial and bravery of our men, who left home, and wife and children, and father and mother that were dear to them, and went forth to fight for firesides and freedom and the salvation of the nation. I pointed to the plaintiff as the very sort of a man who had fought our battles and saved the flag. I worked and got a verdict for the full amount. As we were quitting the court room, James said,—

"Spencer, your war speech gained you the verdict. If you hadn't discovered through my examination that the man had fought in the war, you would have been beaten."

"My friend," I replied, "if you had only asked the man on which side he had fought, you might be going home with a verdict. My client was a confederate!"

Blaine Has Felt the Brogan.

"When we were boys," said Uncle Totten, "down on Indian Hill farm, Jim Blaine was a lively chap. He kept the whole township in arms. I got even with him once. I was down in the meadow pitching hay. He knew I was going to do that job, and he went down there a day or two before and fixed one of the haycocks so it could not be lifted. He ran a long wire through it in such a manner as to hold it together, and then fastened it under the middle of the stack to a post which he had driven in the ground. Some of the other boys knew about the game, and they stood around looking kind of sneaking and smiling a little. I tackled the doctored stack early in the day. I drove my fork into the top, and, spitting on my hands, bore down upon it. It didn't budge. I tried it more with a little extra strength, and broke the fork clean off at the handle. A boy sitting on a rail fence snickered, and I knew something was up. A moment's examination convinced me that the stack was tied down, and just then the boy who had laughed pointed in the direction of another stack not far away. I felt it in my bones that Jim Blaine was hiding there. So I crawled up kind of easy, and finding him watching the performance on his his hands and knees with some of the grass thrown over him, I got behind him and raised him one with my boot. I was mad, and I put a good deal of heft into that kick, for he shot out of the stack head first, as if he had been shot out of a cannon."

No man can obey two masters, but frequently he has to obey both his wife and his mother-in-law.

His Year.

"Yes, my son," said the aged Ethiop, as he laid his ebon hand gently and fondly upon the beautiful boy in butternut breeches: "yes, my son, you are quite right. There is no sin in stealing water-melons this year. In fact, authorities are divived on the question as to whether an appropriated water-melon may really be considered as stolen, if the appropriation be made during the present Summer. It is generally admitted that the cat ate the water-melon. Cats do not, as a rule, eat water-melons; but they do this year.

"This same sweetly beautiful rule applies to the chicken roost, when the roost is not too high. Let it not weigh on your conscience, my son, if filial love proves more powerful, in your young bosom, than your respect for the law of the land, and you feel irresistably impelled to lay the homage of a broiling-chicken at your father's feet. Do not, under such circumstances, go on your youthful way with a great burden of sorrow on your heart and several more chickens in your overalls; but rather make a clean breast to me of everything, including the chickens; and I will take you by the hand and explain to you how, on philosophical grounds, it is morally impossible that you can have tainted your young soul with sin.

"But, mind you, Epictetus Charles, do not mistake the conditions of this abnormal absolution. I speak of this year, and of this year only. The absolution shuts off sharp after the second Tuesday in November. Campaign year is then considered at an end, and the negro returns to his usual sphere, and will thereafter gyrate on the extremity of a rope, or gambol gaily from the orifice of the shot gun, just as usual.

"But until then, Epictetus Charles, the melon patches of the white man and his hen-roosts are free to his dusky brother, and the negro is a political factor and a child of the same great power that made us all. Yet do not obliterate it from your memory, Epictetus Charles, that after the second Choosday in November we cease to fact."

Puck's New Snake Stories.

From time to time our E. C. the Sun prints a collection of snake stories gathered from various sources. That these stories have been very successful there can be little doubt, because they are frequently repeated. We have therefore decided to have a snake department in Puck, as we believe this style of thing to be very popular with the masses.

While Lettitia Grimsby was asleep on a hammock on the front porch among the honey-suckles one day last week a snake came out of an adjoining field, crawled up into the hammock and braided her hair. When the young lady awoke she was greatly astonished to find her hair braided, but supposed it the act of her sister, as the snake had disappeared.

On the following day the same thing occurred again, and her sister having seen it, aroused the sleeper after the snake had gone and told her what had happened. At the present time the girls in the Grimsby family never braid their hair at all. When they want it braided they simply lie in the hammock and pretend they are asleep, and the snake does the business for them.

* * * * * * *

Deacon Fitch, of Rondout, recently saw a snake crawl into one of his boots, which were standing just outside the door. The Deacon paid little attention to it, thinking it might be only a slight attack of delerium tremens. So he thrust his foot into the boot and commenced the operation of kicking it on. When his foot came in contact with the snake, the latter rebuked the seeming rudeness and discourtesy by hissing, and afterward darted through a hole in the toe of the boot. The Deacon still thought there was no real snake within a mile of him, and went on kicking his boot against a tree with might and main. The snake's heart relented when it noticed the awful efforts of the Deacon, and, gliding softly around his neck, it let its head and tail down, and took hold of one bootstrap with its teeth and the other with its opposite terminus. Then, with a quick movement, the snake drew itself up, and, in doing so, pulled on the Deacon's boot.

THE county commissioners of Dorchester county have decided to tax the mortgages held upon real property in that county. This extraordinary action is justified upon the ground that as the bill of rights declares that "every person in the State or holding property therein ought to contribute his proportion of public taxes for the support of the government, according to his actual worth in real or personal property," the Legislature has no constitutional authority to exempt mortgages from taxation.

MR. Murphy is true to his blood. He is an authentic Irishman, properly proud of his lineage. His characteristic stories of his irrepressible countrymen in his lectures are irresistible. Warming his hearers from the drinking saloon, and picturing its fatal perils, this is his illustration: A friend, also from the Green Isle, had told him that he was at the battle of Bull Run. "At Bull Run was it that you were?" he repeated. "I was indeed." "And did you run?" "Run do you ask? And indade I did, and those that didn't run are there still!"

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