DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1885. NO. 44.

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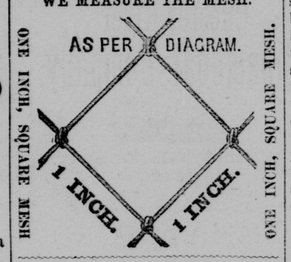
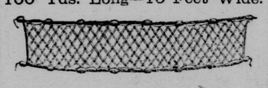


Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



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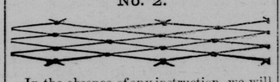

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The Two Lovers.

A fair little maiden there was, on a time,
Not selfish or vain, as I know,
Whose life ran as sweet as a musical rhyme
And this maiden had many a beau.

Young Mortimer sought her, and trustfully thought—
His heart was so puffed up with pride—
That she, by his grandeur, would surely be caught,
And give herself up as his bride.

He wore broadcloth and jewels, and talked of his gold,
And boasted his family line;
But this little maiden had often been told
That only fine actions are fine.

Now, Harry, who went to this maiden to woo,
Had only his heart to bestow;
With riches and lands he had little to do,
And he had no gay fashions to show.

His virtues were many; his claims were not made
As if he were lord of the earth.
In comely apparel his form was arrayed,
And his life was more grand than his birth.

So, when Mortimer hastened, his wish to impart,
And looked on the maid as his own,
He found that brave Harry had captured her heart,
And the prize he had hoped for had flown

Written for the JOURNAL.

YE OLDEN TIMES.

The Farmer a Hundred Years Ago.

BY R. A. T.

The Caroline farmer a hundred years ago plowed his land with a bull plow, sowed his grain broadcast, and when it was ripe cut it with a scythe and thrashed it on his barn floor with a flail. His house was without paint; his floors were without carpet. When darkness came on his light was derived from a few candles of home manufacture. The place of furnaces and stoves was supplied by huge, cavernous fireplaces which took up one side of the room, and, sending half the smoke into the apartment, sent half its heat up the chimney. His food was of the simplest kind and served in the coarsest of dishes and eaten with the coarsest of implements. Hog-meat, salt fish, dried apples, vegetables and cornbread made up the daily fare from one end of the year to the other.

If the food of such a man was plain, so were his clothes. Indeed his wardrobe would at the present day be thought scanty in the extreme. For meeting on a Sabbath and public occasions during the week he had a suit of broadcloth or corduroy which lasted him a lifetime, and was then bequeathed, little the worse for wear, with his cattle and his farm to his son. The suit in which his neighbors commonly saw him, the suit in which he followed the plow, tended the cattle and went in town to do his trading, was of homespun or linsey-woolsey. The entire sum annually laid out in those days by a Caroline farmer on clothes for himself, his wife and his eleven or thirteen children was ridiculously small; nor is it too much to say that many a well-to-do farmer of to-day, with a less numerous family, expends each year on coats and frocks and finery a sum sufficient, one hundred years since, to have defrayed the entire expenses of a flourishing village, such as Preston, for instance, with church, school, constable and highways included.

It must not, however, be supposed that because the farmer of 1785 was not in possession of a well-stocked and highly-cultivated farm; that because he ate plain food and wore plain clothes he was by any means an insignificant personage. His education, though not as profound as is within the reach of men of his class at present, was far from contemptible. His reading was not extended, and was, in general, confined to such books as found their way into peddlers' packs. The newspaper he rarely saw unless it came wrapped about a bundle; but his inquisitiveness amply supplied its place. There is undoubtedly much exaggeration in the stories that have come down to us regarding this singular characteristic. Yet it is impossible to doubt but that he was the most talkative and the most inquisitive of mortals. The horseman who stopped at his door to inquire the road was astonished at the eagerness with which he sought for news, it then not being furnished by five local papers. The jaded traveller at the inn, or, as the phrase went, the tavern, sat hungry at the board while the landlord plied him with question after question and gave him the latest bit of town scandal or the last action of the committee-men. In politics he was a stanch patriot. He was zealous in the cause of the States, not because he considered taxation without representation as unjust, or the stamp act as tyrannical, but because the men he looked up to were patriots.

He held it an abomination to read a novel, to see a play, to go to a dance, to make a jest, to sing a comic song, to eat a dinner cooked on Sunday, or give a present Christmas Day. Yet he would at times so far forget his austerity as to play a game of checkers with his wife or have a romp of fox-and-geese with his children. His conscience did not smite him when he drank blackberry wine at a quilting or listened to the achievements of his better half at the spinning match. He drank ale and cider at the apple-paring bees, and laughed as heartily as any one when the lucny finder of the red ear kissed his favorite daughter.

Is Christianity Declining?

The North American Review for July contains under the above title an article from the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, which is worthy of the attention both of Christians and of the enemies of Christianity. The former class will find reason for encouragement, and the latter will be compelled to revise their utterance and modify materially their predictions respecting the religion of Jesus Christ and his followers. Dr. Parkhurst writes with brilliant rhetoric and sharp antithesis, and his well-grouped and ably presented facts make his article strong and its conclusions irresistible. We quote a portion only of what he says:

"The tendency to prognosticate evil of Christ and his doctrine is no new thing in the world. In the sixteenth chapter of Mark we read, 'And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint him'; and this is what the world has been volunteering to do for Jesus now these 1800 years. The ointment and the embalmers are at the sepulchre betimes, but the Lord walks yet in the garden. In the North American Review of December, 1879, Froude says, 'Protestantism has failed.' In the Atlantic Monthly of a little earlier date Goldwin Smith writes, 'Belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion has given way.' In 1868 Dr. Ewer issued a book entitled 'Protestantism a failure.' Buckle, in his 'History of Civilization in England,' claimed that Protestantism had seen its best days. 'In the times of Aaron Burr,' says Parton, 'it was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two more generations.' Of the same period another writer states that 'Wild and vague expectations were everywhere entertained, especially among the young, of a new order of things about to commence, in which Christianity would be laid aside as an obsolete system.' Considerably more than a century ago Voltaire said, 'Before the beginning of the 19th century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth.' It is an instructive coincidence that the room in which Voltaire uttered these words has since been used as a Bible repository.—'They came unto the sepulchre bringing the spices which they had prepared, and they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it is still so; a redundancy of ointment, but no corpse.

"And now as to the actual tokens which Christianity is at present giving of its own vigor, and the measurements which have been successively taken of its moving tide. The appliances are at hand for making ourselves personally conversant with the matter. There is no more necessity for groping in the dark in reference to the general trend of Christianity, than in regard to the flux of the winds, the drift of the tides, the trend of the stars.

"As to any suspicion that there is going forward in society a process of moral deterioration, such suspicion is historically unfounded and is explicable on three grounds; the avidity of newspapers, which stand in electric connection with the remotest quarters of the country and make a point of giving largest prominence to whatever will satisfy an appetite for the sensational; meagre acquaintance with the moral condition of society fifty, a hundred, or a thousand years ago; and an elevated moral sentiment that takes offence now at what in times past would have been accounted as tolerable or even unexceptionable. Writing of a period a hundred years back, a recent contributor to Blackwood's Magazine says, 'It was an age when delicate young women of the best blood and best manners in the land talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only by asterisks.' It is part of the history of the old church at Andover, Mass., that for 125 years the chief causes of discipline were fornication and drunkenness. Theodore Parker, writing in regard to the fathers of New England, says, 'It is easier to praise them for virtues they did not possess than to judge them with fairness and discrimination.' As illustrating the coarse intemperance of the times among Christian people, he stated that it is recorded in the probate office that 'in 1678, at the funeral of the widow of John Norton, one of the ministers of the First church, in Boston, above fifty gallons of wine were consumed by the mourners. Just two hundred years ago, at the funeral of the pastor of the church at Ipswich, Mass., there were consumed one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider.' If this occurred at the funeral of an old and loved pastor, we can infer what excesses would be habitual on occasions less stated and solemn. In a historical survey of the Congregational churches of one of the New England States, it is related that 'not very far from the period of the Revolution, several councils were held in one of the towns where the people were trying to get rid of a minister who was often the worse for liquor, even in the pulpit, and once at least at the communion table, but some of the neighboring ministers stood by him, and the people had to endure him till his death.' This reminds me of the case of one who not above fifty years ago was deacon of a prominent church in western Massachusetts, who had habitually a drunken spree as an after-effect of tasting the wine at the sacrament, but whose irregularities were not considered by the church sufficient ground for ecclesiastical impeachment. Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods said, 'I remember when I could reckon up among my acquaintances forty ministers who were intemperate.' A gentleman, in writing to a Boston paper of about that date, said, 'I have a list of 123 intemperate deacons in Massachusetts, 43 of whom became sots.'

"A word or two will be in place in regard to church attendance and church membership. Dr. Griffin became pastor of the Park street church in Boston in 1811. So unpopular was it to be seen in attendance upon an evangelical church that, as Dr. Nehemiah Adams relates, gentlemen of culture and standing who ventured into Dr. Griffin's church Sunday evenings, attracted by the reports of his genius and eloquence, went in partial disguise, sitting in obscure corners, with caps drawn over their faces and wrappers turned inside out.' That was in Boston less than eighty years ago! I find that in New York city less than sixty years ago a mob prevented the holding of a meeting planned by Dr. Spring and others for promoting the better observance of the Sabbath. In the year 1800 there were in the United States 3,030 evangelical churches; in 1850, 43,072; in 1870, 70,148; and in 1880, 97,090. A gain of 27,000 in ten years, ending in 1880, and this is what the critics have been pleased to call an effete Protestantism! As gleaned from the 'Year books' and 'Church Minutes,' the number of communicants in evangical churches in the United States has been as follows: In 1800, 364,000; in 1850, 3,529,000; in 1870, 6,673,000, and in 1880, 10,065,000. Of course duridg all this time there was an immense increase in population, but the increase in church membership a good deal more than kept pace with that of population. Taking the whole country through, there was, in 1800 one evangelical communicant to every 14½ inhabitants; in 1850, one to every 6½; in 1870, one to every 5¾, and in 1880, one to every 5. Even during the period since 1850, in which materialism and rationalism have been subjecting Protestantism to so severe a strain, while the increase in population has been 116 per cent. the increase in communicants of Protestant evangelical churches in the United States has been 185 per cent.

The same pronounced drift Christianwards evinces itself if we consider the matter of American colleges and college students. Writing in 1810, Bishop Meade, of Virginia, said, 'I can truly say that in every educated young man in Virginia whom I met I expected to find a sceptic, if not an avowed infidel.' When Dr. Dwight became president of Yale College, in 1745, only five of the students were church members. In the early part of Dr. Appleton's presidency of Bowdoin, only one student was a professing christian. In 1830, according to returns obtained from American colleges, 26 per cent. of the students were professing Christians; in 1850, 38 per cent.; in 1865, 46 per cent.; in 1880, according to the Yearbook of the Young Men's Christian Association, out of 12,063 students in 65 colleges, 6,081, or a little more than half, were professors of religion. An American college is one of the very safest places in which a young man can be put. And it is by such steps as these that the religion of Jesus Christ is undertaking to die out from the respect and affection of our American people! So far from Christianity betraying the first symptoms of exhaustion, there has been no time since the Jordan baptism of Jesus when Christianity has moved with such gigantic strides, and put forth efforts so vigorous and herculean, as during these years of our own century when the disciples of Voltaire and the imitators of Paine have been most agile in their production of obituaries and accumulation of embalming spices.

"It is during this time, in fact within the last forty years of it, that there have sprung up all our Young Men's Christian Associations, with organizations extending North and South, East and West, in North and South America, Europe, Asia, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Madagascar. A strange way it is that Christianity has of dying! Our American Sunday-schools, too, are all of them a growth of the present century, numbering only half a million pupils in 1830, with an increase of six millions in the fifty years following. It is during the last eighty years, likewise, that the American church has shown its colossal vigor in the inauguration of its missionary enterprises. Beginning with the second decade of our century with a contribution of $200,000, the total amount raised for home and foreign missions in this countay up to 1880 was $129,000,000; and 88 per cent. of that was raised during the last thirty years, the period during which Christianity is supposed to have betrayed accumulating symptoms of debility and senility. 70,000 mission communicants in 1830 had become 210,000 in 1850 and 850,000 in 1880. All of this, to say nothing of other organizations of evangelixation and amelioration, the Bible Society, the Tract Society and the rest, which have sprung from the fecund soil of our own magnificent Gospel century.

"Such are the facts. Like the Scribes and Pharisees would you see a sign from Jesus? There are the signs. The books are accessible, the facts are verifiable. To him who thinks he knows it all, and is going through life under cover of the impression that the world is tired of Jesus, and that the intelligence of the age has passed the defunct body of our senile faith over into the hands of the undertaker, let it be recommended to review the matter, and to treat it with the candid and sudious respect due to a cause that in point of vitality, growth, vigor and productiveness is comparable with none that solicits the attention or engages the interest of mankind."

The Wrong Package.

There is a young man in this town who is going around with a great wail of despair and mortification pressing down on what was ostensibly a fond and loving heart. He stays alive simply because he knows his family can't stand the expenses of a funeral, and he doesn't drown himself because he feels that he is in such terrible hard luck that his body would stay on top of the water and blow up and down in front of the city instead of floating down stream in a becoming manner. And it was not his fault either. He was just as innocent as you, dear reader, unless you have borrowed this paper instead of buying it. The whole story is this:

The other evening he and his sweetheart were eating almonds together at a confectioner's and the young lady found a philopena. The young man went blindly into the trap, and of course she caught philopena on him before he went home that night. This forced him to make her a present of some kind, and the next day he went to a dry goods store to get it. For a long time he fluctuated between handkerchiefs, sashes, fans, etc.; but finally the girl at the glove counter told him that the most appropriate present for a young lady was a pair of those white Jersey gloves that come nearly to the elbow. She told him they were just the thing to wear at parties, etc., and that if they became soiled she could have them dyed a dark color and they would still last. So he bought them and had them wrapped in tissue paper and put in a nice box. He told the girl to leave it on the counter, and he would go and write a note and send both up to his sweetheart's home.

He went and wrote the note and shortly returned, and in a little while one of the errand boys delivered the note and green box to the young lady. She was so anxious to see what was in the note that she delayed opening the box until she read it.

The letter began with "My Own Darling, I hope you will accept this little token of esteem, with my love," and other sweet words of love usually written in a missive of this kind, with numerous allusions to the fit and manner of wearing the gloves, which, when the mistake was discovered, placed the writer in a very unpleasant position, both with the young lady and her parents, as the sequel will show. The loving missive ended with the following:

"I send this present to my love
White in their color like the dove;
They'll fit you like a snowy sheath,
No whiter than the skin beneath."

The girl was completely overcome and murmured: "Oh, the dear, good fellow! And just to think he can write such pretty poetry, too. Now I'll open it, bless his dear soul." And she opened the green box and out fell a pair of long white stockings.

She yelled and fell back in a faint, and the whole family rushed in and saw the stockings and read the note. And that is why, when the young man went up that evening, her father shot at him with an old horse pistol, the girl emptied a pail of scalding water on him, and her brother and a big bull dog chased him about two squares.

The way of it was this: Just after he bought the gloves an old Dutch woman came in and bought the stockings of another clerk and saw the green boxes lying where the glove girl had been selecting one. She asked the girl if she could have one, saying: "I'll yust poot dot stockings in, unt ven I gits home I'll give give der box by mine leetle gal."

The clerk told her to help herself and tied it up for her, and it was when she was looking carefully to see that her change was all right that she laid it down by the other and then picked up the wrong one. Accidents will heppen to the best regulated boxes, but all the same that young man does not dare go through second ward, but goes down Eighth street and around by Division to get to the store on Main. When the young lady reads this issue of the Argus there may be a reconciliation; but she had better burn that note first, to get it out of her mind, as it were.—Evansville Argus.

Brieflets.

The guinea hen never lays a golden egg.

Westminster Abbey may not be a strong advocate of gambling; but it cannot be denied that it has got a corner in poets.

"I have found my queen," sings a newly married poet. He probably refers to the foreign lady who presides over his culinary department.

When we hear a useless member of society boasting of his ancestry, his blood, we suspect that it is a very bad case of blood-poisoning.

"Only one man in one thousand can whistle," says a writer. That is very comforting, but the chief trouble is that the other 999 think they can.

Yes, everything is faster in this country. In England they say that a man stands for Parliament. In this country they say he runs for Congress.

Grandma's Dreams.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about
As she sits in the corner there,
With the firelight shining in her eyes
And over her silver hair,
She has laid her knitting across her knee
And folded her hands so thin,
And I know that her thoughts are far away,
In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet
That brightens her eyes so dim;
Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates
And hearing the angel's hymn;
And she smiles to think that she soon will cross
Where the wonderful river rolls,
And gather the roses of youth again
In the beautiful garden of souls.

A Nurseryman on The Peach.

Mr. Johnathan W. Kerr says in the American Farmer: Speculation is rife in many of the news-papers of New York and Pennsylvania, as to the extent of the peach crop on "The Delaware Peninsula." Some reporters make it colossal in proportions, "unprecedented," etc., etc. A prominent New York daily tells its city readers not to be deceived by the "growling and misrepresentations of the growers, as the crop is an immense one, and the price of peaches must in consequence rule very low" etc. etc. This was previous to the "June drop," and while there is a fair crop of this luscious fruit still in prospect, I am very confident of one thing, and that is, if the "prices rule very low," it will not be because the crop is an unprecedentedly large one.

Whilst hundreds of thousands of peach trees have been planted on the Peninsula during the last two years, and the demand for trees is still very strong, it must not be forgotten that these trees are not yet producing fruit; neither is the acreage of older orchards any larger than five years back, owing to two substantial facts, viz;--First, there is an annual decrease on account of the increasing age of orchards, and second, all the orchards planted prior to the hard winter of '81, were crippled measurably beyond reclamation to full vigor and health of the trees. Hence the decrease of acreage of such orchards has been unnaturally rapid. Then another potent factor in keeping the acreage somewhat circumscribed, is the fact that one-half (nearly) of all the orchards planted, are so badly treated and neglected, as never to amount to anything in the production of nice peaches. There is not one farmer out of ten, who plants a thousand trees and upwards, that is really capable of managing properly more than half the number he plants. Perhaps a nurseryman has no business to present to the public opinions such as these, as "business is business," and the more trees there are bought and paid for, the happier should be the propagator; still, there are other ends to serve, independent of the mere sale of the stock, that are important to the nurseryman.

A Rat-Killing Hawk.

Some weeks ago a gentleman in Wicomico county sent a large chicken hawk to the Druid Hill Park Zoo. Captain Cassell declined to receive it, as the collection was already rich enough in that class of curiosities. The bird was in a box on one of the Maryland steamboat piers, helpless and without friends. Mr. R. A. Brainard, freight agent of the line, happened to pity on it and adopted it. After feeding it for two or three days on beef, Mr. Brainard turned the hawk out of his box, and he was at liberty to go where he pleased. But the hawk was so well pleased with his treatment that he declined to leave. On the contrary, he conceived the plan of paying for his keep by slaughtering all the rats about the pier. He has proved a very fine rat exterminator. Perching about on the freight, he watches with the patience of a cat for the appearance of a rat. When a rodent sneaks out of a hole, or from behind a box or bale, the hawk swoops like lightning and fastens him with his powerful talons. The rat struggles in vain for life and liberty, for the cruel beak assists the talons in ending his life. There is not a rat on this wharf that would stand the ghost of a chance in the clutches of this powerful bird. The hawk doesn't kill rats for food. He has as his daily rations one and a-half pounds of fresh beef, which he eats with great relish. He seems to hunt from the pure pleasure of the sport. He has now grown so tame the men about the pier handle him. When he is approached he makes no attempt to get away, but quietly submits himself to be handled.—Baltimore Times.

A correspondent says he boils leaves and stems of tomatto plants until the juice is all extracted, and finds the liquor death to caterpillers, lice and many other enemies of vegetation. It does not injure the growth of plants, and the odor remains a long time to disgust the insect marauders.

An illustrated paper tells how sponges are caught. What Americans want to know most is how to get rid of sponges. Here the sponges usually do the catching.

A bride's cake, in London, for Sir Watkins-Williams-Wyman's daughter, weighs fifty pounds. If her bride's cake is as heavy as that, heaven save us from her biscuit.

A thoughtful and prolific pair out in Kansas have twelve children and six of them without names. They answer to their numbers until they get old enough to select names to suit themselves.

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