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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor.

FROSTBURG, MD...DECEMBER 10, 1892.

As to Mr. J. J. Robinson.

Mr. J. J. Robinson is the reputed editor and proprietor of a weekly newspaper called the *Star*, which is published in the town of Lonaconing, in this county. In the course of its career the *Star* printed certain editorial articles, presumably from the pen of Mr. Robinson, which reflected upon the judicial fairness and honesty of Hon. Henry W. Hoffman, associate judge of this Fourth Judicial Circuit of this State.—Cumberland *News*.

The case is followed on down to the point where—

—his friends have started a petition in circulation asking the governor to pardon his offense, and restore him to his family. One of the reasons alleged for executive clemency is curious, to say the least of it. It is as follows:

Second—That the otherwise unquestioned personal and judicial integrity of Judge Hoffman, does not need the vindication implied by Mr. Robinson's imprisonment and fine.

No one has asserted that the conviction of Robinson was in the nature of a vindication of Judge Hoffman. There was nothing in Judge Hoffman's official conduct that needed or called for vindicatihn in the slightest particular. Robinson was convicted of wantonly, ignorantly perhaps, assailing the *integrity of the Court*, and of imputing to its judicial character a suggestion of unfairness and partiality which he made no attempt to sustain by proof, and which, if allowed to go unrebuked, was calculated to bring the administration of justice into contempt and destroy the sanctity of the very palladium of our liberties.

Of contradictions this is the boss. The *News* argues straight along exactly in line with the "curious reason" and then, by a mere change of terms, denies that Robinson is in jail for that reason.

Then the *News* calls the courts "the very palladium of our liberties."

And yet when they are slandered punishment therefor is not to be esteemed as a vindication! What else is it? What else can it be?

It was Blackstone, we believe, who wrote of "the right of trial by jury as the palladium of our liberties," but to be such the methods of selecting the jury must be not only not impeached, but above all criticism. Otherwise, the jury is not a palladium.

It came to pass, therefore, that statesmen, less ancient as jurists than Blackstone, have spoken of "the liberty of the press as the palladium of our liberties."

But before the "liberty of the press" appeared "the right of free speech" as another "palladium of ou liberties."

And early last summer when Rev. Thomas Dixon impeached a New York judge and was indicted, Mr. Nichol, the district attorney, declined to prosecute on the ground that it is better to let the "palladium" of "free speech" overdo the thing than put any palladium on trial to establish its paramount right as a "palladium."

And so it might have been judiciously esteemed in Robinson's case.

But he is in jail for foolishly overshooting his mark, and the funny part of the business now is--he is impenitent, and apologies are in order.

Is this required of Mr. Spencer? And of Mr. Archer?

Why, for fear that Mr. Spencer is an unsafe custodian of his own conduct, he will be required to leave the State.

And what would an apology by Mr. Archer amount to? In fact, here is a man who ought to be *made* to confess all, or be left to die where he is.

Yet the cold-blooded murderer and the great thief must be let off without penitence or acknowledgment, and Mr. Robinson, the indiscreet penman, must say—"guilty, and I wont do so any more!"

The *News* asks this question:

Is not the movement for pardon being engineered by some persons with the object of causing his virtual escape from the consequences of his offense to appear like a defiance of the judgment of the Court?

It may look that way in the *News'* office, but out here in the free salubrity of the everlasting mountains, Nature's types of liberty's towers of defense, the movement is one which combines charity for impolicy and an inflexible determination to relinquish no jot or tittle of the people's inborn and free born right to criticize their agents on the bench and their servants under the bench.

The JOURNAL has not a word to say against Judge Hoffman, nor a word in favor of Mr. Robinson. It is only concerned on this point—that the integrity of each palladium is vital to the others. If one errs, it must not be forgotten that all are fallible. If the Court is injured by a free press, it must be remembered on the other hand that society, made up of the sovereigns of free speech, is often outraged by the palladium which emancipates malefactors from the charge and punishment of guilt.

The JOURNAL has as much respect for the courts as anyone. At the same time it indulges no fulsome adulation of their powers, privileges and dignities. These are all right in their way, but to command popular respect, they, like all other institutions, must *deserve* respect. When they become screens behind which servants of the people can take refuge, and from which libel suits to silence free speech and indictments to suppress the liberty of the press can be shot out whenever the fancied exigencies of the situation seem to require it, the higher court of the people will eventually assert its own prerogatives.

The Governor may, therefore, do as he likes in the matter of pardoning Mr. Robinson. But by the *News'* own confession Judge Hoffman can be neither offended nor vindicated in either event.

But if the Governor does not pardon him, then notice will be served on press and people that the character of our public servants and their methods are *nolens volens* above reproach; that our officials are immaculate as kings endued with that divine specialty which can do no wrong. And like Daniel the Second come to judgment, he can drop outside the dungeon door the uplifted key and make Robinson shout to each little Darius on the ramparts—"O, king live forever?"

A Trans-Potomac View.

What is the matter with our neighbor, Allegany county? In the past week the Cumberland Daily *News* has announced the names of no less than three individuals from among its good citizens who have "gone crazy," as the saying goes!—Piedmont (W. Va.) *Herald*

The JOURNAL cannot answer with any degree of accuracy, but it is a wonder the *News'* predictions of democratic demnition to the Georges Creek coal region have not filled the asylum with maniacs and several graves with suicides.

The danger of democratic compliance with republican demands has been so luridly pictured that the *News* once or twice appeared to think that the JOURNAL itself was not feeling well.

Out of its Own Mouth.

The JOURNAL, speaking of the South as "*comparatively* not a consumer of coal," the Cumberland *News* shows by figures that the JOURNAL did not state the fact with sufficient emphasis, although the remark was italicised.

The *News* demonstrates completely that the South is *more* of a producer than a consumer of coal, which more than bears out the JOURNAL'S contention that the South has no prejudice against our tariff on coal.

And yet the *News* says—

We really thought our neighbor was better informed!

If the *News* "really thought" that, why does it add "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" to our stock of misinformation?

Another Fallacy Exposed.

The JOURNAL does not like to disagree with lawyers, partly for the reason that they take their notions of what is right from the law that they have made. They acknowledge abstractly that law is not an exact science, but practically they think it is.

This preface is necessary to a criticism of Mr. Solicitor-General Aldrich's apology for the use of federal marshals at the polls. Among other things he said:

The idea that the United States is not as much the object of the people's love and patriotism as any State is utterly mischievous. The impression that the federal government is a foreign power should be obliterated.

Mr. Aldrich flatly contradicts human nature.

Down at bedrock every patriot thinks more of the locality he lives in than of the whole country.

The pride he has in the latter is a relative one, and is evoked by wholesale comparisons with other countries.

The pride of birthplace and of home is the *real* pride; that of the whole country is founded entirely upon different reflections.

And so on.

Many Anglo-Saxons in the North are not proud enough even of the rightfully dominant characteristics of their great race to save it from subjection to negro rule in the South. Many people up there in whom centre the collected tides of the best bloods of the Caucasian types, the descendants of the heroes past who, in the interest of the equal brotherhood of man, overturned despotisms and broke down iron constitutions—many of these would take from their co-equals in the South the safety of home rule and the glory of Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

And many christians up there, contributing money to Americanize Africa, are still voting and working to Africanize a fair portion of civilized America. Many up there, baptized into the perfect liberty of the children of God, give dollars to redeem the heathen, and votes to degrade their Southern brothers and sisters of the same faith and baptism to subjection to the worst of alien despotisms.

We will not ask—whether this be "love and patriotism?" Nor especially—whether it be christianity?

But is it humanity?

And whether this subversion of christian faith and surrender of racial prestige to the exigencies of party purposes do not betray elements of weakness calculated to fill the land with skeptics as to religion and cowards as to patriotism?

And then the doctrine of "protection," as unequally applied in this country, affords numberless illustrations of our contention.

New England's desire for free coal takes no account of the glory Georges Creek can shed upon national magnificence, nor does the latter care whether the country through New England grows another inch if that inch is to be added at the expense of coal on the free list.

So marked is this fact, last named, that if Mr. Aldrich could see around here the doleful looks and hear the despairing prophecies of "free coal," he would soon come to the conclusion that the decree of nearly a half-million majority of our countrymen is regarded as the mandate of a "power" that could be no more unworthy of our "love and patriotism" than if it were "foreign."

The conclusion is inevitable. We have discredited our Anglo-Saxon preeminence; compromised our religious faith and subjected our patriotism to the dominion of the meanest of all idolatries—*love of party!*

The Scotch Verdict.

We hardly know whether it is worth the time to prolong the discussion of an economic question with a newspaper which is as persistent in the iteration and reiteration of a statement proved again and againto have no foundation in truth whatever, as the FROSTBURG JOURNAL. Ignoring the fact that we have proved by publication of the act itself, that the President has no power to remove any duty fixed by the McKinley law, the JOURNAL, in its issue of Saturday, makes this extraordinary assertion:

A little motion to that effect, sent careering through a Congress *pledged to reciprocity* would have reached a President clothed with the extraordinary power of *suspending a law* in order to let Canadian coal in free of duty.

Does the JOURNAL not *know*, of its own knowledge, that the statement it italicises is not true? We beg to remind the great paper that this is one of the "argumentative backfalls" that we have been accusing it of avoiding, and its persistence in the utterance quoted is equivalent to denying the backfall while brushing the sawdust from its corduroys.

As to when "it dodged an issue," we have only to say that its entire side of the discussion was an effort to dodge the real issue of the tariff by its squelched attempt to raise a false issue upon the question of reciprocity.—Cumberland *News*.

We believe the easiest, most graceful way for the *News* to "stop the discussion of an economic question" with the JOURNAL is to squeeze out of it as noiselessly as it can.

Before it "bids farewell to every fear," however, and "wipes its weeping eyes," we want to insist that the publication of the reciprocity provision of the McKinley Act did not prove that Congress cannot enlarge the free list under that provision.

And Russell Harrison, who is a little closer to his father than W. C. Whitney to his brother, *knew* it when he suggested "a *speedy* demand for free coal under reciprocity" as a sure cure for the anthracite coal combination.

Now, then, if the *News* really wants to prove the JOURNAL untrue, it must do something else besides quote the McKinley Act, and make that Act a dead letter when it comes to its free list.

Let it prove, for instance, that Mr. Harrison never said what the JOURNAL quotes.

Let it prove, moreover, that there was not a scheme on foot to take hides *off* the free list and put coal on, provided the republican party got in complete control—that free coal was to reimburse New England for the loss of free hides.

How, then, was all this to be done except by the usual action of Congress and the Executive?

But the *News* says "the President has no power to remove any duty fixed by the McKinley law."

Is that any reason why the power cannot be *given* him to remove the duty on coal? He has made hides free under the power vested in him by the Act—why cannot Congress do the same with coal?

The *News'* argument is silly. It assumes that the McKinley Act, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, was unalterable, unamendable, and irrepealable; that it chained the American Prometheus to the rock a prey to the vultures for all time.

The *News*, we repeat, says that it "has proved by the publication of the Act itself that the President has no power," etc.

The full moon also publishes every night somewhere that there is a man in it.

But it is a story for the children.

Concerning Fraternity.

"It is said" in the *Ledger* that the JOURNAL "is said to be angry at" the *Ledger*.

If anybody has so reported the JOURNAL to the *Ledger*, the reporter knew his jay and the *Ledger* was accordingly guiled.

But the fact is, the JOURNAL likes the *Ledger*—not for its inherent worth, but for the cosmopolitan and celestial lot of intrinsic value that is not in it.

For what it is not the *Ledger* is a whole campmeeting of effervescing joy and a complete picnic of religious ecstasy.

Having thus given it so much notice, we want to ask—if it makes no difference to the *Ledger*, will it please drop the term, "brother," when it refers to the JOURNAL?

"Familiarity breeds contempt"—the latter a feeling we do not desire to harbor concerning any of the blessed Lord's inscrutable creations and flimsy memorials of His yet more unaccountable preservation.

Besides, the JOURNAL has no newspaper relatives or family connections.

Nor can it encourage any.

To permit the *Ledger* to indulge further without protest the liberty it has taken is to open a gate that is too wide.

The *Ledger* can have our remedy for rheumatism, our dream-book, or our rabbit's foot, but we cannot tolerate any liberties based on a fraternity which is counterfeit.

We have incurred too much expense to get this far on in life to backslide now.

What Then?

Great talk going in Canada now favoring annexation to the United States.

Which would add enough republican States to knock the democratic party out for all time.

But it would also materialize that ghost of "free coal," from which the Cumberland *News* shies off the road so much, and—

Illustrating the unvarying truth that we cannot appropriate the assets in any case without also shouldering the liabilities.

Prototypes.

Henry Watterson is engaged in developing a deep, picturesque silence that is more eloqent than poetry.—Washington *Star*.

Copying from the Cumberland *News*, doubtless, since the JOURNAL accepted the invitation to the Cumberland *Times* to "step into the oven."

A Present Duty.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

Let Us Have the Correction.

We think editor Oder, when defining "Reciprocity," makes a mistake. He calls it "Free trade limited, at this time, to five commodities.

The JOURNAL punctuated the definition this way:

Free trade, limited at this time to five commodities.

The JOURNAL will make a correction of the definition thus printed welcome to its columns.

Later—Since the foregoing paragraphs were placed in type the JOURNAL has read the definition.

It is a dense algebraic jungle of tax, trade, tariff, swap, law, treaty, bargain and hoss trade, showing at last that as far as it goes reciprocity is free trade.

If it proves anything else the JOURNAL has a year's subscription for the man who can clothe the output in intelligible terms.

Big Difference.

The Cumberland *News* is informed that there is considerable difference between imputations of "motives."

The one imputed to the *News* was of a public nature, founded on printed utterances of such tone that indicated that it never expects to be called upon to "admit our error manfully and honestly."

That ascribed to the JOURNAL implied a personal, private, surreptitious design upon political preferment—an odious aspiration in the JOURNAL, doubtless, but all right in another.

The difference, therefore, between one confidently expecting, if not seeming to wish to see his doleful prophecies fulfilled, and the other suggesting the private entertainment of a laudable scheme to crawl ingloriously under the tent of political promotion, is a pretty wide one.

The JOURNAL is somewhat accustomed to this sort of thing, however, but not from quarters as high as it regards the *News*.

Spoken in Memorial of Them

Editor Robinson of the Lonaconing *Star* is serving a ninety days' sentence in the Allegany county jail for libel, but continues to edit his paper as if there were no such thing as prison walls. His punishment is believed to be unduly severe, and it is to the credit of his newspaper colleagues that they are almost a unit in demanding his pardon.—Meyersdale (Pa.) *Register*.

Which shows that while in times of peace our pens are quarrelsome our hearts when one is in trouble are true to the native instinct.

This affords occasion to say that good journalistic human nature was never more cleverly and thoughtfully illustrated than by the heroic men who joined in the tender of the Thanksgiving dinner to Robinson. Each contributor won therein a crown which will shine in the memory of the latest of the county's current generation of newspaper men.

For it came to pass that no man asked *why* he is in prison. Only the fact was apparent—he is there. And they considered naught but this—we shall testify to him that prison walls cannot bar out fraternity.

It was a good thing to do, and good men did it.

It Does Not Equally Apply.

A nail company in Ohio dropped from its pay roll a number of nailmakers for voting the democratic ticket.

The fact came out at the demand of the workmen to learn why they were discharged, and the company people, thinking with our genuine friend, Benjamin A. Richmond, that they had no right to keep their own business to themselves, let the feline out of the reticule.

The cat being at large, it is proper to remark that nails is one of those articles that are selling at prices away below the tariff rate, and wherein the big margin of profit provided by law for the workmen is taken from them by their employers and, it is argued, given to the consumers, for whom the law provides nothing.

We mention this as an instance, similar to the Cumberland *News'* statement of how salt is cheapened under the occult *modus operandi* of a high tariff law, in order to premise that a great injustice has long been imposed upon either the owners or the consumers of coal in that the tariff on coal was never put proportionately as high as nails, salt and quite a number of other articles.

As the tariff on coal stands, there is nothing to give to the consumers because our operators do not steal from the miners!

But big stealing margins have been allowed operators in salt, knowing, probably, they will steal, and while consumers of coal have been made to pay for fuel to the uttermost farthing, consumers of salt have enjoyed a picnic dividing with sellers of salt the boodle that belonged to the poor men who produce and develop the salt.

Hence, it is in the *inequalities* of the tariff—in its *favoritisms* on the one hand and its *prejudices* on the other, that its iniquities reside.

If it were fair and impartial, or approximately so, there would be no margins for trade gamblers to work on; and the workingman, both as a producer and consumer, would more assuredly get his earnings.

The first cousins of these same gamblers are in the financial business, and these are they who purposely keep up that almost impassable *nominal* gulf between gold and silver.

Bridge that gulf once and permanently by instituting approximate parity of precious mineral values, and their "occupation would be gone."

Two Problems.

The Indiana courts have a curious problem. A man who was fined for profanity appealed on the ground that he was on his own premises when he spoke, and had a right to use any kind of language that he pleased.—Washington *Star*.

When "the Indiana courts" have decided that a man "on his own premises" can talk as he pleases, a more curious problem will arise when they come, as they will, to consider the difference between landed and newspaper "premises."

It will take some hair-splitting to do the business, but it will be legally found at last that the Indiana newspaper "premises," being portable, can be sent to jail.

Now is the Accepted Time.

Regarding the *effects* of free coal and the stealing of "our own market from us," we refer the JOURNAL to the coal trade reports of the year of our Lord 1894. If our predictions are not verified regarding the influence that Canada coal will have on the output of our region we will admit our error manfully and honestly.—Cumberland *News*.

O, that's too long to wait.

Let the *News* shorten up the confession business by admitting all those errors it has already committed.

Most anything apologetic will do.

The JOURNAL will forgive and endeavor to forget.

Wanted—a Translator.

Si quieres hembra, escoge ha el sabado, y no el Domingo.

Will some one please tell us what this means? We copied it, but can't read a word.—Cumberland *Courier*.

It must be Spanish for the *Courier's* definition of reciprocity.

Question.

That Spencer will be pardoned is now almost a certainty. And J. J. Robinson, too, if he apologizes.—*Ledger*.

Was it upon those terms the *Ledger* got off once?

If so, who was the apologee?

COUNTY NEWS.

Heir to a Fortune.

Philip McMahon, foreman of Ocean mine, has fallen heir to a fortune amounting to several thousand pounds from an estate in Ireland. The old Isle has no son on American soil more gallant and deserving than our own "Phil." He is one of those hearty fellows whose good nature is planted deep all over. The JOURNAL congratulates him and knows he will enjoy his fortune.

Improvements.

The Cumberland *Times* published last Sunday a clever illustrated article descriptive of the Consolidation coal company's improvements under superintendent B. S. Randolph's administration. The engravings comprise a view of the Worthington duplex pump and portraits of Messrs. R. H. Pascoe, P. O'Dwyer and W. B. Redgrave.

Fatal Mine Accident.

A fall of top coal killed John T. Callaghan, a worker in one of the American company's Jackson mines Thursday morning. His wife and three children survive.

SELECT POETRY.

You Bid Me.

When all the sky is cloudless blue,
Then let me woo you.
When dim stars pierce the azure through,
Then let me woo you.
And when the moon, a radiant queen,
Comes out two sentinel stars between
And casts long shadows on the green,
Then let me woo you.

For there are voices in the night—
They bid me love you.
The whispering wind, the mellow light,
They bid me love you.
They say to me "Be not afraid,
Though she be such a beauteous maid,"
They jeer at me and then persuade,
They bid me love you.

But it is your own smile, my sweet,
That bids me win you.
The cadence of your little feet,
That bids me win you.
And then your eyes of blue,
Your cheek of calla lily hue—
How can you blame me if I woo?
You bid me woo you.

—Thomas Winthrop Hall, in Buffalo *Quip*.

PUBLICATIONS.

For the Little Folks.

One of the meest Christmas gifts for the children—one which will last the whole year, is *Our Little Ones*. It is a magazine replete with stories and poems for children. Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

New Business Locals.

Go to the **Racket Store** for the best Dolls in the market.

An Immense Offer.—I have arranged for a short time to make 1 dozen of our unexcelled Cabinet Photos and a fine 16x20 ¾-life-size crayon pictures for $5. We do this as another method of introducing our work into every home. This offer also holds good with anyone who has recently had work done. For further information call at Gallery. All work done "without pain."

C. O. TOWLES.

Go to the Racket Store for **Toys** of all kinds.

If you want to get at our prices you can do so by figuring about 10 *per cent.* off what other dealers ask you, and you'll be about the mark. We are always the lowest in price as well as best in quality. GEBAUF & MAYER.

Santa Claus will be at the Racket Store next week.

Business Locals.

Don't Quarrel—With people for groaning when they suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia; the pain is simply terrible; no ancient torture was more painful; but people ought to be blamed if having Rheumatism or Neuralgia and won't use Red Flag Oil; it has cured hundreds of sufferers and costs only 25 cents at G. C. Shearer & Co.'s Drug Store.

There may be better goods for sale than what we offer, but the part of the world where they are has not been discovered yet. Up to date the best can be found in this town at GEBAUF & MYER'S Furniture store.

We handle everything at rock-bottom prices and only one price at the Racket Store.

Two Valuable Friends.—1. A physician can be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. C. Shearer & Co.'s Drug Store.

The Racket Store on Broadway is now open, with nearly two thousand dollars worth of Holiday Goods coming.

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Working Suits,
Business Suits,
Dress Suits,
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Nov 26

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Men's good quality Boots.....$1 50	Boys' top sole school Shoes..... 1 25
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Men's Walker & Brown's whole stock solid sole, leather inner-sole and counter..... 2 50	Youths' school Shoes, 75 cents, $1 and..... 1 25
Men's calf back and front Boots, all solid..... 2 50	Children's Boots..... $1 00 and 1 25
Men's Walker & Brown's kip, either high or low instep..... 3 00	Children's spring heel, or heeled Shoes.....75 cents, $1 00 and 1 25
Men's Walker & Brown's whole stock extra high tops, top sole. 3 00	Misses' heavy lace Shoes, 75 cents and..... 1 00
Men's Walker & Brown's oil grain all solid leather..... 3 00	Misses heavy button Shoes, $1 00 and..... 1 25
Men's Walker & Brown's best quality Milwaukee oil grain—the best Boots in the market... 3 50	Ladies' heavy lace Shoes, 85 cents, $1 00 and..... 1 25
Men's heavy Shoes, top and quilted soles, buckle..... 1 25	Ladies' oil grain button and lace Shoes..... 1 25
Men's heavy Shoes, gusset tongue dirt excluders, high tops..... 1 25	Ladies' Dongola common sense or opera button Shoes..... 1 25
Men's fine Bals and Congress, good quality.....$1 00 and 1 25	Ladies' Dongola common sense or opera button Shoes...$2 00 and 2 50
Men's fine Blucher's, the latest style..... 2 00	Boys and Youths' school Hats, ...40, 50 and 75 cents
Men's calf Bals and Congress Shoes, plain and cap toe..... 2 50	Boys and Youths' winter Caps, ...25 cents
Boys' good quality Boots..... 1 25	Men's heavy wool Hats.40 and 50 cents
Boys' whole stock all solid leather Boots..... 1 75	Men's heavy wool cowboy Hats.....75 cents
Boys' Walker & Brown's whole stock Boots, solid soles, leather counters and insoles, custom made..... 2 00	Men's winter Caps, prices upward, beginning with.....25 cents
	Men's soft fur Hats, all shapes.....75 cents
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Oct 22