Denton Journal.

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BY

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feb22-4

Poetry.

The Land of Taxes.

—o—

Know ye the land where the Radical Vulture,
Is the emblem of Satraps who rule its fair soil?
Where all is protected except Agriculture,
And labor is free—to pay taxes, and toil.

Where the farmer is robbed when he sells his production,
And robbed once again when he buys what he needs;
Where the over-gorged Vulture croaks "more" for protection,
While the hard working yeoman at every pore bleeds;

Where the boodholder sits on his throne like a vampire
And cuts off his coupons untax'd at his ease,
While the soldier who fought thro' blood, field and camp-fire,
Is taxed for the steel-bands screwed on at his knees;

Where the Lion lies down with the Lamb—in his belly—
And the Shoddies proclaim "the Millenium has come!"
Where Grant spreads his peace o'er the desolate valley—
Where negroes make laws and Blind Justice is dumb;

Where all things are changed and a new nomenclature
Is given to all things both sides of the grave;
Where the Gospel is preached to suit sordid nature,
And Hell is abolished to suit every knave;

Where "success" is the standard for right that such follow—
Where to steal half a million is glorious and bold;
Where the truth is eclipsed by the "almighty dollar,"
And the devil is worshipped in purple and gold;

Where the Eagle is down, and "E Pluribus Unum"
Is scouted, ignored and trafficked in the dust;
Where the many are ruled by the few new men,
Who have stamped on a nickel, in God now they trust!

'Twas the home of the brave, 'twas the Land of the Free,
Where our sires nursed with blood fair Liberty's tree,
Must we now be all slaves in the South, in the West?
Is there, then, no refuge for the millions oppressed?

Shall thieves hold us down and rob us and keep all?
Oh! what is the remedy for the good people?
We want no new party with ideas erratic;
No, stick to the platform, the Old Democratic!

Up with the Eagle and down with the Vulture—
Make these our vows, and each day renew them—
For Free Trade, Equal Taxes, and Free Agriculture,
For God's blessing on them, and "E Pluribus Unum."

For the Journal.

Scraps from the Note Book of a Stranger.

AT THE BREAKWATER.—Here we are, still riding at anchor, within the shelter of the Breakwater, and this is Sunday, July 22nd, 1877. The day on shipboard has passed much differently from the old Sundays at home in the great city, which were characterized by a morning stroll to the barber-shop, *en negligi*; the long talk, waiting for your turn, with other victims, who had been "out late" on Saturday night, and had failed to get their regular scrape; the noon breakfast: the lazy afternoon saunter through the great suburban beer-gardens with their clash and bang of martial music, and ever varying panorama of sturdy happy german faces, seated in family groups around the tables, beneath the refreshing shade of the great oaks and elms,—busily engaged, from the aged grandfather to the suckling babe—imbibing the national beverage, and keeping up an animated conversation of gutturals, or passed in a run to Coney Island on the "Twilight," or a trip on the tiny "Tiger Lily" up the beautiful Harlem river to High-bridge, with its brilliant crowd of all nationalities and conditions; or quietly at the club-house on the Sound, watching the white winged yachts skimming over the water like sea-gulls; the evenings at the stately church on the avenue, with its throng of richly-attired christians(?) and after church with the "boys," and sometimes a little longer walk home than was actually necessary, with some of the "girls." But to-day has been far different from all that, for we came to consciousness this morning in a dense fog, not quite thick enough to cut it as they do in London, but so thick that the bow was not visible from the stern, and the topmasts were "faded and gone" from sight. As nothing was visible but air, the sensation experienced was very much like being "up in a balloon."

The great iron horn on Cape Henlopen blows every half minute, and the Alarm bell in the "Hen and Chickens" on the breakwater keeps up a mournful accompaniment, which, as one lies in the bunk wondering how to pass away the day, causes the thought to constantly intrude itself, that it is church time.

During the last few days we have noticed a curious phenomena in connection with this bell; when the fog is very dense and low on the water it produces an echo, *which is more distinct than the original sound*, the only explanation of which that now recurs to me is, that the sound is multiplied by its reflection from the many raised sails of the hundred or more vessels now anchored in the bay.

The next morning was one of disappointment, as everything was still befogged and, I think our brains are assimilating to the surrounding atmospheric condition and becoming so too from inaction; when the fog raises it begins to rain and *vice versa*, a nice condition of affairs surely. But still we extract some enjoyment from it, for the air is pure and invigorating, and it is here that one can learn how delicious a good cup of hot coffee is at five o'clock in the morning. A cigarette and a loaf on deck shrouded in gum coats is a novelty, and will produce a ravenous appetite for breakfast at seven bells.

In the afternoon it cleared up a little and we discovered the bay to be literally alive with immense schools of "old woman," a species of herring; they passed and repassed the vessel by millions, with the systematic movements of a trained army well disciplined in "Upton's Tactics"; the crack of their tails on the surface of the water produces a loud noise like that of a distant fire in the woods. We had a chance to examine some specimens of them which the captain brought to the deck by the aid of what the sailors call a "grainse," which is a five-pronged harpoon such as we see in old prints representing the salty old "God of the sea" Neptune.

There is a line attached to it, and when thrown with skill among a bunch of "little fishes" it is sure to stick through some of them, when they can be safely brought on board.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a lively shovel-nosed shark came sporting alongside; we amused ourselves with his antics for a while, and then asked the captain to try his skill upon him with the grainse. Now the shark is the natural enemy of the sailor, and is hated accordingly, so that our friend was only too glad to learn that there was one within striking distance. He overhauled the line, and watching a good opportunity, let fly a pretty shot, as it struck the shark right in the centre of the back, and it was hauled squirming on board. After it had exhausted itself somewhat we measured it and found it four and a half feet long. In form like any other shark with the exception of the head, which flattens out all around in the shape of a shovel, hence its name; the eyes are placed out on the extreme edge of the flange; an oak stick placed in its mouth would be crunched to pieces by the triple rows of needle-like teeth.

They possess great tenacity of life; this fellow was nearly cut in half with a sharp hatchet to extract the harpoon, and an hour afterwards a malignant snaky gleam still shot from its green eyes, and it was only after receiving a deep cut at the base of the head that it consented to die. When heaved overboard it sunk like a stone.

The next morning all was confusion and excitement; we skipped out of bed at 4.30 A. M., and found the vessel getting under way, sailors were rushing hither and thither, the captain and mates were yelling in unpoetic language, blocks were creaking, sails flapping, and above all could be heard the regular click, click, click of the windlass.

The fog had gone and there were indications of a change of weather, although what breeze there was seemed to come from all points.

The scene was now animated and exciting, as there was a fine view of the bay in every direction, which revealed over a hundred other vessels of all kinds, sizes, and nations, from the great square-rigged ship to the saucy little yacht on a summer cruise, all manning their brakes and lifting their rags.

(To be continued.)

Polygamy.

A young man in the government service at Salt Lake, writes to the Newcastle *Courier-Journal* of the institution of polygamy: "Rich and poor women suffer alike; polygamy bears no more lightly on the one than on the other. If they are poor, they have to work for themselves and their children, suffer every privation, submit to every indignity. If they are in more affluent circumstances, they have more time for brooding over their sorrows, more leisure for the exercise of the natural jealousy which they cannot help feeling for the other wives. Happiness and contentment are utterly unknown to Mormon women; they are impossible conditions, either to dwellers in poverty or riches, and if we are to take the word of the younger Brigham, the children are no better off. 'When a child,' he told me a few days ago—and, by the way, he is one of my first acquaintances in Zion, and a fine young man, if he is a Mormon—'he did not see his prophet father from one week's end to another,' and he inquires how a much married Saint, with a multitudiprogeny, can bestow proper parental care upon his offspring. The father is away with his other wives, or he has business cares to engross him, or, following the example of his late inspired leader, he will renounce all obligation to see his children, leaving that to the mother, according to the law of nature.

"Thus we see there is no sanctity, under the Mormon system, in the domestic relation; no charm, no softening influence about the parental hearth. Polygamy crushes out the affections, robs life of its sunshine, and renders this being simply one of endurance, the mind becomes coarse and hardened, the light fades from the women's eyes, and they assume that sad and woebegone expression which is remarked by every stranger; and the children grow up hoodlums. It is the sacrifice and wreck of this life for exaltation and dominion in the next, and seeing how dreary was the sublunary existence of the people upon whom such a task was imposed, Brigham could only enjoin upon his complaining followers to round their shoulders and bear it."

A negro teamster in Nashville declares that he must either give up driving mules or withdraw from the church, the two positions being incompatible.

How Thimbles are Made.

The manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. Hence it happens that the profits of the business are affected instantaneously by all variations in the nation's greenback promise to pay. The first operation strikes as a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else than putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint, into dirty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled into the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of the required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mould of the outside of the thimble bends the circular disks in to the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing and decorating is done upon a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod. A slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and the third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil, and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving blank, prints that ornament; just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a different ornament around the center, while a third wheel, with sharp points, makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held on a revolving mold. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soapsuds to remove the oil, brush them up, and pack them for the trade.

You'll Have to Stand.

One time Henry Ward Beecher went down to Boston to lecture. In the afternoon he went into a barber shop of great tone and refinement to be shaved. The barber was a garrilous little fellow who entertained Mr. Beecher, while he lathered his face, with intellectual conversation. He asked: "Are you going to the lecture this evening? Going to the lecture?"

"Oh," Mr. Beecher replied wearily, as a man who didn't take much stock in lectures, "I don't know; whose going to lecture?"

"Why," the amazed barber exclaimed, "Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn. Going to lecture to-night in Music Hall."

Mr. Beecher roused up a little with an air of indifference in interest. "Oh, well," he said, "if he is going to lecture I guess I'll have to go."

"Got your tickets?" the barber rattled on. "Got your tickets?"

"No," Mr. Beecher replied, "I have no ticket."

The barber laughed merrily. "Ha, ha, ha," he shouted. "You'll have to stand up; you'll have to stand up! Seats all gone two days ago; you'll have to stand up."

"Well, now," said Beecher, with an air of grave vexation, "do you know that is just my luck? I was in Brooklyn last Sunday, went over to Plymouth church twice to hear that fellow preach, morning and evening, and both times, I had to stand up all through the sermons."

And as he went away the still unenlightened barber laughed at the man who would "have to stand up" at Mr. Beecher's lecture.

The Æolian Harp.

This harp consists of an oblong box of thin deal board about five or six inches deep, with a circle drawn in the middle of the upper side an inch and a half in diameter, around which are to be drilled small holes. Along the upper side of the box seven, ten or more small strings of very fine gut are stretched over bridges near each end, like the bridge of a violin, and near each end, like the bridge of a violin, and tightened or relaxed with screw pins. The strings must be tuned to one and the same note and the instrument placed in some current of air where the wind can pass over its strings with freedom. A window, the width of which is exactly equal to the harp, with the sash first raised to give the air admission, is a good situation. When the wind blows upon the strings with various degrees of force, different musical tones will be sounded; some times ahe blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks them to the softest murmur. In many old castles these harps were fastened in the windows, and their wild music caused the ignorant to think they were haunted.

Simply tying waxed saddlers' silk to little sticks and pushing the into the crevices of windows, so as to secure a draft of wind the silk being strained tight will produce very sweet sounds.

A colossal imitation of the instrument just described was invented at Milan in 1576, by Abbate Galtoni. He stretched seven strong iron wires, tuned to the tones of the gamut, from the top of a tower sixty feet high, to the house of a Signor Muscati, who was interested in the success of the experiment; and this apparatus, called the giant harp, in blowing weather yielded lengthoned peals of harmonious music. In a storm this music was sometimes heard at the distance of several miles.

From Anger to Liquor.

Some twenty years or more ago one of the gifted sons of Virginia, an eloquent representative in Congress, died in a fit of drunkenness. A gentleman of culture and elegant manners, he was beloved by his associates. They made many attempts to reform him from his fatal habits, but they were fruitless. He had resorted to liquor to drown remorse. In a fit of anger he had challenged one of his best friends, and shot him on the field. He never dared to be sober lest he should see clearly his deed. He used liquor to keep him from himself.

This sad accident is recalled by the recent death of Beverly Douglas, a representative in Congress from the same State, and a man of superior mental gifts. He has often disgraced himself and his State by gross intoxication in the halls of the Capitol. It is reported that he also was driven to liquor by remorse at a deed done in anger.

During the late war, when he was serving as major in a Confederate regiment, he shot a soldier in a fit of passion. As soon as the anger subsided he felt that he was a murderer, and had taken the life of a good soldier without cause. Brooding over the rash act tortured his conscience with remorse. He sought relief in the temporary oblivion created by intoxication.

These incidents illustrate the words of Solomon: "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

Young persons should see to it that the "walls" of self-control are broadly and firmly built while anger is too weak to level them.—*Youth's Companion.*

German Wives.

The culinary art forms a part of the educations of the women in Germany. The well-to-do tradesmen, like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be termed the post of a servant, or doing the work of one. This is looked upon as an apprenticeship in domestic economy. She differs from a servant, however, in this—she receives no wages; on the care taken of her, as well as her clothing. This is the first step in her education as a housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into that of a hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, and assists personally in the cooking, but is always addressed as Miss, and treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal palace. There is a reigning queen in Germany at the present time who was educated in this way. Consequently the women of Germany are perfect models of economy.

Keep Your Secrets.

The whole world is full of people craving for confidence—people to whom a secret is like gold in a child's pocket, burning to be issued. Those who are high in rank and blessed with every advantage, are often tormented for want of "a true friend," meaning hereby some one to whom they can confide secrets. And on those who will simply take them and keep them, they are willing to bestow friendship; to those who would be in such confidence it is enough that they follow the advice already given of never being directly or indirectly the means of disseminating gossip of any kind. In connection with this subject the reader may properly be advised against curiosity. There are people who cannot see a letter without craving to know to whom it was addressed, or cannot find anything written lying on a table without involuntarily picking it up. The Paul Pry is the meanest character of society, and he who would feel superior in strength and in integrity, should strive vigorously to have nothing in common with such a type of baseness. Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation the secret lies not so much in knowing what to say as to what avoid saying.

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.—Lay it down as a foundation rule that you will be faithful in the least. Pick up the loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper, and put them in their places, be ready to throw in an odd half hour or hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily, though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—This can be cured at once if taken at the very beginning. Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of hot water; let it stand until it becomes tepid; snuff some up the nostrils two or three times during the day; use the dry powdered borax like snuff, taking a pinch as often as required. At night have a handkerchief saturated with spirits of camphor, place it near the nostrils, so as to inhale the fumes while sleeping.

How to Speak to the Deaf.

The prevailing belief of those who have not associated much with deaf people is that to make them hear it is only necessary to raise the voice. This in most instances, is a complete mistake. Few men, and still fewer women, who are not professional vocalists, speak plainly when they speak with a loud voice, and hence it often happens that the victim of their kind efforts is in no way assisted in the task of understanding them, while all those who may be near are made aware of his misfortune. The proper way is to speak slowly and distinctly, for with the deaf the recognition of volume of sound exists, just as a near-sighted man has a perception of an object, only in one case as in the uncertain and confused. As this is rarely understood, those who are troubled with deafness soon find that attempts at general social intercourse bring with them more discomfiture than pleasure, and the natural result is to force the sufferer into a kind of mental insolation. There may be natures so strongly molded as to be influenced by a separation from the small delights of social life, but in most cases it is productive of more or less misanthropic opinions.

Receipt for Making a Live Town.

Read the following receipt for making a live town. If strictly adhered to it cannot fail to do its work:

1. Sell your building lots at a reasonable price.
2. If you can afford to do so donate a building lot for some large business enterprise, and thereby enhance the property of the town.
3. Induce business men to locate in your town.
4. Patronize the business men of your own town.
5. Always sum up expenses when you visit places outside your own town to buy goods.
6. Speak well of worthy public enterprises.
7. Speak well to strangers of your town and its people.
8. If anything should be undertaken that may be of benefit to the town, do not speak ill of it to others because you happen to be prejudiced against it.
9. If you have an over-supply of money, do not invest it in far off speculations, but give yourself and your town the benefit of it by establishing a manufactory of some kind.
10. Encourage your local paper, by Subscribing and Advertising.

A ruralist seated himself at a restaurant table the other day at Indianapolis, and began upon the bill of fare. After keeping three waiters nearly an hour employed in bringing dishes to him he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh, and whispered, as he spread the bill of fare before him and pointed with his finger: "Mister, I've et to thar, and," moving his finger down the page, "ef it aint agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar."

DURING the late conference at New Castle, Del., the following dialogue was overheard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being all here together?" "Why," answered Jim scornfully, "They always meet once or twice a year to swop sermons."

It's funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man, with a hand as horney as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

Some men try the flattering unction to their souls that they are very charitable, because they every morning clothe the naked and feed the hungry, which, being properly translated, means they dress themselves and go down to breakfast.

"WHY are you looking at me so intently, Alice!" said Theodore. "I was looking at vacancy," replied Alice dreamily; and yet there is a twinkle about her mouth that shows her appraisement of the young man.—*Boston Transcript.*

"MAMMA says it is not polite to ask for cake," said a little boy. "No," was the reply, "it does not look well in little boys to do so." "But," said the urchin, "she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you give it to me."

JONES has discovered the respective nature of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends.

"If a man," says Josh Billings, "will swop off all the religious kreed he has got on hand an invest the proceeds in charity he will allus be proud ov the job."

"Love is like the measles, you can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us."

Why does a duck go under water? For diver's reasons. Why does she go on land? For sun-dry purposes.

A man in Michigan was bitten by a rattle snake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES OF

BIBLE LESSONS.

FOR SUNDAY, TOMORROW, APRIL 6.

Sanctified Affliction.

JOB 33: 14—30.

Central Truth:—God calls to repentance by discipline.

Our lesson to-day introduces us to one of the most remarkable of the books of the Bible—the book of Job. For antiquity, for literary finish, for graphic description, for lofty poetry, for richness of metaphor, force of argument and eloquence of appeal, it has no superior in the inspired volume

It is not necessary here to enter upon the vexed question of its age or authorship. Many believe it to be the oldest literary work in the world, dating back of the days of Moses. Whoever wrote it must have been a man of transcendent genius. It is a drama, but not a fiction. It is a picture, yet not a vision. It shows a wonderful faculty of observation, and a remarkable familiarity with the works and ways of God.

It is doubtless based upon a veritable history and a real experience. Its hero was, we believe, a real personage, a man of high position, fine character, and Arabian chief, distinguished for his lofty integrity no less than for his great prosperity. And the main object of the book seems to be to teach us in Job's history how to understand God's providential dealings with his people, especially in great afflictions.

The man of Uz is represented as one cast down from the highest pinnacle of earthly prosperity to the lowest depths of ruin and wretchedness. By a series of sudden and unexpected visitations, he is stripped of fortune, family, and bodily health, bereaved of every blessing of life, and left a mark for all the malice of Satan. In these terrible calamities we see very remarkable manifestations of uprightness of character, heroic fortitude, and entire submission to the divine will.

He is visited in his trials by several friends who are astonished at his changed condition, and at a loss how to interpret God's dealings with him. Their theory is that God deals with men here according to their deserts, and that great calamities necessarily imply great sins. Job, conscious of his integrity, defends himself warmly from their suspicions, he professes himself unable to solve the mystery of God's dealings with him, but insists that he is not conscious of having swerved from the paths of integrity.

The discussion takes a wide range, and the friends of Job prove themselves to be "miserable comforters." They cling to their narrow theory of affliction, and are confirmed in their impression that Job must have been a great sinner to have been such a mark for God's judgements.

Elihu, a younger man, enters with great modesty into the discussion, and broaches a new theory. He takes the ground that calamity is often corrective rather than retributive; disciplinary rather than penal; and that God chastens his people for their good, relieving the pressure when the end has been accomplished. This throws much light on the mystery; and then Jehovah is represented as entering into the discussion, and, in a strain of majestic and eloquent reasoning, proving from the wisdom displayed in the government of the natural, that he is equally wise in the moral government of men, and that though his ways are transcendent and above human comprehension, they are nevertheless infinitely wise, just and good.

The lesson is confined to a part of Elihu's speech, in which he advances his theory that God afflicts men for their good, and to lead them to revere and love him: accepting his chastisements as proofs of his wisdom and love, and intended mainly for the spiritual training and improvement of his people.

Elihu first shows that God speaks to man in divers ways—first by dreams, as in ancient times (vs. 14—18), and also by personal suffering (vs. 19—22). That if under such revelations man is taught how to receive God's dealings and believe in his justice and goodness, then he shall be restored to health and prosperity and be all the better and happier, and more grateful for all the sharp dealings of God with him (vs. 22—30).

The conclusion is that when God's afflictive dealings with a man have accomplished their end, he is a better and a happier man, and can truly say: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God maintains constant superintendence over human affairs. He is ever noting what man is doing, and his voice of admonition is never silent. Men may disregard his voice or utterly fail to hear it, but God is never far from any of them.

2. All afflictions come from God's hand. As God rules in all human affairs, and as men will not learn by gentle discipline, he sends many kinds of trial and suffering. Whatever calamities befall us, God's hand is in them. And yet,

3. The guilt of men is not to be measured by their afflictions. Bad men may have far less of trouble and suffering than good men. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

4. We should thank God for the full revelation of his will in Jesus Christ. The days of revelation by dreams and visions have passed away. We now have the more sure word of prophecy to which we will do well to take heed.

5. Christ has paid the ransom by which we are redeemed from the pit. The redemption of the soul is precious. No man can redeem his brother. It took the Son of God himself to pay a sufficient price for man's salvation.

6. We should seek to have all our afflictions sanctified by the use of God's Word and by prayer. Sorrow will not of itself purify the soul. But if our sufferings lead us to God, and impress his truth on our hearts, we shall thus be sanctified by his truth; his word is truth.

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