Denton Journal.

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The Denton Journal.

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AT DENTON,
CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,
—BY—
GEO. T. MELVIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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"GOD KNOWS."

[Some years ago a child's body was found on the south coast, having been thrown there by the waves. The Parish Clerk on being asked what should be put on its grave, answered in perplexity, "God knows." This proved a fitting epitaph.]

Where the tear-fed violet blooms,
Where the shade the sunbeam chases;
Where in mossy marble tombs
Sleep the dead beneath the daisies;
Where the mourners slowly wander
When the bird hath sought its nest,
And amid the gloaming ponders
Over those who tranquil rest;

Clouds across the crimsoned sky,
Homeward gaily were careering;
But in that lone churchyard, I
Heeded not that night was nearing.
Discords in my bosom swelling,
Broke the music of life's song,
For my soul was weary dwelling
'Mid the ever earthly throng.

Far within the stilly shade,
Of a quiet, sequestered corner,
Where the wild flowers bloom and fade,
Gently nurtured by no mourner,
Was a grave, an infant's only,
No one knew the name she bore.
Ask that which, dark and lonely,
Cast her lifeless on the shore.

O'er this grave a humble stone
Reared its lichened head so lowly,
Like a sentinel alone,
Watching 'mid the silence holy,
Hither came the croaking raven;
From this stone its weird notes rose;
On its surface rudely graven
Were the simple words, "God knows."

As a moonbeam on the sea
Charms the sad winds shriek to singing,
So those tender words to me
Tuned my song, sweet solace bringing,
Though my thorn-strown way was dreary,
Though my feet found no repose,
Yet my soul, life-worn and weary,
Rested in the thought, "God knows."

[*Chambers, Journal.*

ABOUT KISSING.

Little child, when twilight shadows,
Close the western gates of gold,
Then those loving arms of mother's
Tenderly about the fold.
Over lip, and cheek, and forehead
Like a shower caresses fall;
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy, sweet face and downcast eye,
Two white, trembling hands imprisoned,
How the golden moments fly!
Lips that softly press thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget——
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall;
For a husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain and care;
Lead your doubting heart to Heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall,
For the kiss of sinless childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

Detroit Free Press.

Perils of Battle.

A MICHIGAN SOLDIER'S THRILLING ESCAPE DURING THE LATE WAR.

"What constitutes nerve?" asked the New York *World* the other day of its readers. One man will answer that it is presence of mind, another that it is pluck, and another that it is being cool and collected in an emergency. It is none of these. It is something back of all of them, and *something* which a man never had unless it was born in him. Instances of presence of mind were met with every day in the army. An officer out in charge of foragers, or on a reconnoissance, would be suddenly attacked. Presence of mind aided him to form his men for defense. He had that presence of mind even though his face was white as flour and his chin shaking. Brave men were common enough in the ranks. Call for men to face certain death and a hundred privates would step out at once, yet, test their "nerve and they had none."

Among two or three cases in mind that of John Meirose, a trooper in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, is recalled. He was an under-sized, quiet-spoken man, and he had that wonderful nerve which not three other men in the whole brigade possessed. While acting as a scout in the Shenandoah Valley he was one day eating dinner at a farm-house when in walked seven Confederate soldiers. They knew him for a Union scout, and he knew them for Confederates. A brave man would have made a rush or had a fight. Melrose simply looked up as they filed in, smiled over his fix, and called out:

"Say, old woman, put on more dinner here, and we'll all have a square meal together!"

"You are my prisoner!" said the sergeant of the squad as he advanced.

"Yes, I know it, but I'll pay for a dinner for you and your men just the same. Sit right down and make yourselves at home."

His nerve upset them, and after a moment they took seats at the table forming a complete circle around the board. As soon as they began to eat he began to think of escape. It was summer and the window behind him and ten feet away was open. If he stood up all eyes would be fixed on him, and any excuse to leave the room was not thought of.

The meal was about half finished and captors and captive were chatting away when Melrose suddenly flung himself backward, upset his chair and bounded through the window. The soldiers ran out and fired at and pursued him, but he made good his escape.

In the Luray Valley, just before the affair known as Woodstock races, Melrose and his companion fell out of ranks to forage. After securing a supply of meat they pushed on after the column and were riding at a gallop when five bushwhackers, well-mounted, came out of the cross-road about twenty rods ahead of them.

"We are dead men," said the scout's companion as they came to a halt.

Looking back they saw four more bushwhackers climbing the fence to take positions on the highway. Melrose calmly viewed their situation and finally said:

"We will charge them! Fall in behind me and there will be less danger. Draw your sabre and strike hard."

The other dared not try it, though he was a brave man. He therefore kept his place as the scout dashed forward. Melrose rode straight at the men with drawn sabre and the volley they fired went over him. He struck the line, sabred a man as he passed and soon rejoined the column. His companion was never heard of again, probably being murdered in cold blood.

In 1864 Melrose and three other foragers were captured in the Shenandoah Valley, taken to a small encampment and the four placed in a log house under guard until their cases could be disposed of. They talked the situation over and the bravest of them could see no hope of escape. Melrose quietly listened to their discouraging remarks and as quietly replied that he would be inside of the Union lines before midnight. There was a circle of sentinels around the building, which had no door. The sentinels paced within six feet of the building, and the one in front could see prisoners through the doorway. Melrose said that if all would rush together the sentinels would be confused and either hold their fire or fire wild. The three men had participated in more than 20 battles and were known as brave fellows, but here they wanted nerve and nerve was what they hadn't got.

"Very well; I will go alone!" was quiet announcement, and as night came on Melrose was ready. Standing in the doorway he asked the sentinel what time it was.

"You git back thar', or I'll shoot?" was the prompt reply.

"Yes; I'm going right back!" said the scout, and he dashed upon the man hit him a stunning blow and made for the woods. He had to run across an open field in full sight of camp, and though it was dusk he could be seen quite plainly for half the distance. More than 50 shots were fired at him, but he reached the woods and made his escape.

He was one day scouting up the valley, having on a mixed uniform, when he suddenly came upon two ferocious looking guerillas while crossing a thick wood. They were seated on a log, backs to him, but at the sound of his step they sprang up and covered him with their carbines. It would have been bold to bolt and take the chances of being hit. Melrose never slackened his pace nor changed his countenance but waltzed directly up to the men and quietly said:

"I've got news for the Colonel, and I want both of you to go along, and show me the way."

"Who said so?" asked one of the men.

"If I miss the way there'll be a row, for this is important news," he answered.

"Who be you?"

"Come along and ask the Colonel."

"Well, we ain't going to tramp clear up thar'. You go down to the road, foller it for a mile and when you come to the old log stable on the right, turn into the blind road."

"Why can't one of you come along?"

"Oh, you can't miss the way. We are watching here for game."

Melrose slouched off in a lazy, tired manner. He had got about fifty feet when he heard them cock their guns. He did not turn his head nor quicken his pace.

"He's a Yank—shoot him!" called one of the men; but the scout walked on. They were trying him; but he had the Nerve of a Napolean, and he kept his leisurely pace until well away from their neighborhood.

AT a christening, while the minister was making his certificate, he inquired the day of the month, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth!" "Indeed, but it's only the thirteenth," exclaimed the indignant mother

MAGISTRATE.—"You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff." Irish woman.—"Sure, yer Honor, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gentleman for me husband."

A BACHOLOR, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

Platform of the Constitution.

JUSTICE—LIBERTY—FRATERNITY.

Article 10 of the Constitution provides the proper defense for Federal and States' Rights in these words: "*The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are* RESERVED *to the* PEOPLE." Then the Declaration of American Independence will be for all time maintained, which declares, "THAT TO SECURE CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS, GOVERNMENTS ARE INSTITUTED AMONG MEN, DERIVING THEIR JUST POWERS FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED." But contrary to constitutional restrictions, in which the military is declared to be subordinate to the civil power, the General of the U. S. Army uses the following language:

"The army of the United States, under my command, would unhesitatingly be employed to sustain the tenure of a President without regard to the right of justice under law of his title to the office."—From Gen. Wm. T. Sherman's Address at the Military Academy at West Point.

In answer to the above revolutionary edict, Senator Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, sends out these timely words of warning:

"The American people should consider what answer they will give at the polls to such an alarming proposition as that emenating from Gen. Sherman. They must shape their issues in the simple and manly spirit of 1776 and proclaim as their resolves—

"FIRST—That they will have *Free Elections* in all the States, undisturbed and unawed by Federal interference, civil or military.

"SECOND—The verdict of the people rendered at the polls shall be faithfully recorded, and shall be accepted and obeyed.

"THIRD—That the man or the party who shall stand in the way of these resolves shall be withered by the wrath of an earnest and honest people, who love civil liberty as enshrined in republican institutions, and intend to preserve it for themselves and their posterity.

"The issue is not less vital than this, and until it shall have been settled definitely in accordance with these resolves, and so unmistakably that no man shall venture to question or gainsay them, all other questions, however interesting, may wisely be postponed. It is now the great essential, in support of which not only every Democrat but all just minded and conservative citizens of every party, must rally; and when it has been secured, then we may afford to differ and array ourselves at will upon questions of political economy, whose importance I fully recognize, but which pale into insignificance before the pressing and primary question—'shall our elections be free, and shall their results be acquiesced in by all?'"

The exigency of the country requires bold, decisive action. A man of mind and mettle, plucked from the civic walks of life, should alone command attention. Ambitious military chieftains and machine politicians must be thrust aside to make way for the fervid patriotism of the hour. Let there be no parleying over-scheming partisans in the Democratic party seeking preferment. The broadest statesmanship can alone stem the tide of sectionalism, and insure the blessings of constitutional liberty. Men of the stamp of Senator Bayard ought now to be brought to the front as a stern patriotic duty.

Know ye, fellow countrymen, that the hopes and aspirations of fifty millions of freemen are in the balance! The Presidential election on Tuesday, November 2d, 1880, will decide their destiny, and perhaps that of succeeding generations. The question is, whether the Republic founded on Democratic principles shall live, or a centralized despotism reared by partizanship and sectionalism shall be allowed to supplant it.

Sectionalism is unpatriotic, revolutionary, and dangerous to the liberties of the people. It disunites social and family ties, disturbs the growth of friendly commercial relations, and is the certain precursor of irremediable internal discord among coequal States striving to live in the bond of perpetual union. There should only be one battle cry in 1880; patriotic statesmen to the front, backed by Constitutional liberty-loving citizens; and machine politicians, sectional agitators, with their pliant tools, forever to the rear! Step forth, ye conservative hosts, in the majesty of your power, and apply the sovereign remedy under the express grants of the Constitution—the charter and guide of the reserved rights of all the States. Since the arrogant pretensions of the Radical party, whose direct aims is to exasperate the good people of our common country, create anarchy, and torment mankind with the blighting effects of a cruel, relentless and desolating civil war. Too many of these agitators against the South speculated and grew rich on the miseries of widows and orphans, and it will be no fault on their part if they fail to instigate another era of blood and speculation, even at the expense of blotting out States and supplanting them by a strong central government. This cannot be.

The Declaration of Independence must once more be declared on every foot of American soil, and this time against the encroachments of an internal foe seeking to destroy the life of self governing States composing the Federal Union. Yield not to the usurper, but vote down all pretensions to a centralized despotism at the ballot box. To falter now in this supreme hour of peril is certain death to legal liberty. Always declare, and never cease declaring, that this confederated sisterhood of States, with reserved powers under the Constitution, is a REPUBLIC—not a "Nation."

Important Decision.

An important decision has been rendered by the United States Supreme Court, affirming the validity of deeds which prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. The case was appealed by the plaintiff in error, Cowell, from the Supreme Court of Colorado, on the ground that the Colorado Springs Company, of whom he had purchased land, had a proviso in the deed that the premises should not be used for the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, had no legal right to impose such a restriction and it was therefore void. Mr. Justice Field, in the October term for 1879, delivered the opinion of the United States Supreme Court, from which we extract the following:

"In May 1873, the plaintiff in the court below, the Colorado Springs Company, sold and conveyed to the defendant, Cowell, two parcels of land, situated in the town of Colorado Springs, in the then Territory of Colorado. The deed of conveyance stated that the consideration of its execution was two hundred and fifty dollars, and an agreement between the parties that intoxicating liquors should never be manufactured, sold, or otherwise disposed of as a beverage in any place of public resort on the premises. And it was expressly declared that in case this condition was broken by the grantee, his assigns, or legal representatives, the deed should become null and void, and the tittle to the premises conveyed should revert to the grantor; and that the grantee in accepting the deed agreed to this condition. The defendant went into possession of the premises under the deed, and soon afterward opened a billiard saloon in a building thereon, which became a place of public resort, where he sold and disposed of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The grantor thereon brought the present action of ejectment for the possession of the premises, the title to which he claimed had reverted to him upon breach of the condition contained in its deed; and he recovered judgment.

"The validity of the condition is assailed by the defendant as repugnant to the estate conveyed. . . But the answer is that the owner of the property has a right to dispose of it with a limited restriction on its use, however much the restriction may affect the value or the nature of the estate. Repugnant conditions are those which tend to the utter subversion of the estate, such as prohibit entirely the alienation or use of the property. Conditions which prohibit its alienation to particular persons, or for a limited period, or its subjection to particular uses, are not subversive of the estate; they do not destroy or limit its alienable or inheritable character (Sheppard's Touchstone, 129, 131.) The reports are full of cases where conditions imposing restrictions upon the uses to which property conveyed in fee may be subjected have been upheld. In this way slaughter-houses, soap-factories, distilleries, livery-stables, tanneries, and machine-shops have, in a multitude of instances, been excluded from particular localities, which, thus freed from unpleasant sights, noxious vapors, or disturbing noises, have become desirable as places for residences of families. To hold that conditions for their exclusion from premises conveyed are inoperative would defeat numerous arrangements in our large cities for the health and comfort of whole neighborhoods.

"The condition in the deed of the plaintiff against the manufacture or the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, at any place of public resort on the premises, was not subversive of the estate conveyed. It left the estate alienable and inheritable, and free to be subjected to other uses. It was not unlawful nor against public policy, but, on the contrary, it was imposed in the interest of public health and morality."

The Marriage of Great Men.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass, who could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, a rare example in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occured two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an amiable woman, and was most devoutly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

Why He Reformed.

Edward Delaney was an old-timer, and he looked it every inch of him as he scraped his boot sole to his honor in the Jefferson Market police court.

"Back again?" said the magistrate, looking up and recognizing him "We haven't seen you for many a day."

The prisoner tried to suppress a hiccough and murmured very solemnly: "No more you have, sir; no more you have. I've been a much altered man lately. You wouldn't know me for the last six months."

"Indeed. Given up drinking then?"

"Not a drop of liquor did I taste in all that time, sir. Honor bright."

"You don't mean to say you gave up loafing," said his honor in surprise.

"Not a day's work did I lose, sir. Up early and at it right smart till night. Oh, I did not waste my time, depend on it."

"Goodness me, what a reform!"

"Reform! You may well say that. No one saw me out o' nights gal'avantin' round. No, indeed, I went right home when work was over and kept to my room all night'. I didn't take even a stroll."

"Wonderful!"

"And besides I've got to be quite gentle. I didn't harm a fly all that time. Some fellows were mighty rough on me, too, and ordered me about pooty sharply. But I didn't raise any rumpus; I didn't say a hard word to 'em at all."

"Why, you have become quite a Christian."

"Indeed I have. You wouldn't believe it, but I've been to services regularly every Sunday, and I've got heaps o' tracts given to me."

"Well, wonders will never cease," said his honor, hesitating to sign the commitment. "But where have you been all this time?"

"In the penitentiary, sir," blandly responded the prisoner.

He is likely to go there again.

Laziness the Foundation of Socialism.

Socialism is a disease of a state of civilization in which a true science of society scarcely exists, in which false notions of life, of the relation of the individual to the society and the state, are widespread, and in which all ranks are honey-combed by sentimental notions of what ought to be, and can be, in this world. Since Rousseau, a certain set of doctrines has been permeating modern society, which have no truth in history or fact at all, but which flatter human nature and are sure to be popular, because they make light of education, culture, capital, breeding, and all the excellences which, *being all very hard to get*, raise him who has them above him who has them not. The same doctrines teach, *per contra*, that the untrained man is the *norm*, and type, and standard, so that men, instead of being urged to seek the excellences are encouraged to believe themselves superior, without them, to those who have them. Such is the outcome of the doctrine of equality, and, as it has spread, it has only grown more popular, has propagated more and more fallacies, and shifted more and more distinctly into a thirst and demand for (equal) enjoyment of material luxury. Socialism is an effort to gratify this thirst in some other way than by using it as an incentive to industry and economy. Obviously, there is no other way, unless it consists in taking away the means of material enjoyment from those who have produced and saved them, and giving them to those who have not produced and saved them. Every step in that direction is a step toward universal impoverishment and barbarism, and every step will have to be won by war. The socialists assume that their victory in that war is certain, but it is certain that they are entirely mistaken.—*Scribner for March.*

The Boy Who Loves His Teacher.

A school boy about ten years old was the other day hailed by a benevolent minded citizen on Second street, and asked if he liked to go to school.

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply.

"Then you don't love your teacher?"

"N—yes, sir. That is, I didn't until yesterday, but now I do I think ske's just bully."

"Why have you loved her since yesterday?"

"Well, you know Jack Cain? Well he's the worst fighter in our room. He can lick me and two other boys with one hand tied behind him. Well, he was going to lick me last night, and he was shaking his fist at me in school and showing his teeth, and getting me all excited, when the teacher saw him.

"Did, eh?"

"You bet she did; and the way she took him out of that and walloped him and humbled him down made me feel as if she were a mother to me! When school was out; Jack dasn't touch my body. He was wilted down, and when I hit him with a hunk of dirt he never even looked around! I guess I'm going to try and lick him in the morning before he gets over feeling humble."

An Easy One.

A witness in a case in court here the other day was asked whether he had had much experience in and knew the cost of feeding cattle, and to give his estimate of the cost of feeding a cow, to which he replied: "My father before me kept a dairy. I have had a great deal of experience in buying and selling and keeping cattle, as man and boy, in the dairy business for fifty years. I think my long experience has qualified me to know as well as any man can the cost of keeping and feeding cattle."

"Well," broke in the attorney, impatiently, "tell me the cost of keeping a cow."

"Well, sir, my experience after fifty years in the business is that it costs—well, it depends entirely on how much you feed the cow."

DIAMONDS are no long trumps now, if we may believe recent despatches from Scotland, for it is positively asserted by scientists of highest capacity that a canny Scotch chemist has succeeded in manufacturing the sparklers from carbon. If the line of invention can possibly be drawn anywhere it should be drawn at diamonds, for there is no discovery better calculated than this to bring misery to womankind and hotel clerks. If glittering studs, solitaires, necklaces, rings and bracelets of diamonds be reduced in value to the low plane of Cape May pebbles, those two very large classes of the world's population will tear their bangs and and moustaches, and there will be no peace in any fashionable land.

"WHAT have you that's good?" said a hungry traveler, as he seated himself at a dinner table in Salt Lake City.

"Oh, we've roast beef, corned beef, roast mutton, boiled and fried ham, and boiled curlews!"

"What is curlew?" asked the stranger.

"Curlew? Why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe."

"Could it fly?"

"Yes,"

"Then I don't want any curlew.—Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this country, I don't want for dinner."

A RAT which had been adopted by a cat at Brattleboro, Vt., last summer, was removed in June and not returned for four months. As soon as the cat spied his cage she sprang for him, but on recognizing her old protege made no further effort to harm him, and the kittens, then full grown, enjoyed an old-time frolic with him. In the evening the rat is let out and runs about the room climbing on to people, whether friends or strangers. He appears to be destitute of fear and plays with a young cat belonging to one of the neighbors with all the freedom of a kitten. He is perfectly harmless, never being known to bite.

"WHAT on earth have you brought all these things home for?" contemptuously asked a woman of her husband, as he spread a lot of pictures on the table. "You have often twitted me," he answered, "of never having any views on any subject, and so I've got a lot of 'views' here on all sorts of subjects; and they are my views—I paid for 'em."

A YOUNG widower of Alabama has in his possession the photographs of five young ladies. As soon as he receives two more, one for each day in the week, he will shuffle them, draw one, and the lady drawn will at once receive an offer of marriage. To which if she has any sense, she will promptly reply: "No Cards."

A GENTLEMAN was walking along the street yesterday with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and meeting Mr. Edison, said: "Got a light about you?" The great inventor promptly knocked the man down, remarking as he did so, "Makes no difference how big he is, no living man can say 'light' to me."

FLINGING an old shoe after the bride is a very pretty custom, says an exchange. Yes; there is nothing objectionable in it. But this practice of flinging a heavy boot, containing the foot of the girl's father after a would-be bridegroom is a despicable fashion. It should be frowned down.

A CONNECTICUT widow, worth $4,000,000, announces that she would like to marry a man of brains. That settles it. We leave at once for Connecticut. Our friends may miss us, and journalism may grieve for us, but a widow with $4,000,000 isn't caught every day.

A GEORGIA farmer uses a novel fertilizer. He kills snakes, lays them in the furrow, and then plants corn with them. These snakes are made to produce corn, which produces whiskey, which in turn produces snakes again.

MOTHER (noticing her son's greediness)—"George, you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more." George.—"I do, mother."

MULES kick fifty thousand dollars out of Green County, Alabama, every year.

BEFORE marriage "money," after marriage "money," which is anything but funny.

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