Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1880.

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The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

AT DENTON,

CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,

—BY—

Geo. T. and Jas. F. Melvin, Proprietors.

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WE wish to call the attention of our friends and the public generally to our large stock o

NEW GOODS,

All of which have been selected with care and with special regard to the wants of our trade. As to price and quality, we think it unnecessary to

Blow! Blow Blow!

About our goods. We simply desire you to examine and judge them for yourselves in these particulars. As the result of

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In the mercantile business, we think we can buy and

Sell as Cheap as any other house on the Shore.

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Children's, Misses' and Boy's Fine and Heavy Shoes at corresponding prices.

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☞ We invite everybody to call and examine our stock.

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Estimates given at all times. Goods CHEAP FOR CASH

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RAILWAY

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, May. 31, 1880,

Trains will run as follows, Sundays excepted:

GOING NORTH: LEAVE	No. 1, MAIL.	No. 2, MIXED.
Oxford, leave	7 15 A. M	11 15
Trappe,	7 27	11 31
Easton,	7 45	11 57
Woodland,	8 02	12 19 P. M
Cordova,	8 12	12 31
Hillsborough,	8 28	12 54
Ridgely,	8 40	1 15
Greensborough,	8 57	1 43
Goldsborough,	9 12	2 08
Henderson,	9 22	2 24
Marydell,	9 32	2 41
Slaughters,	9 45	3 02
Kenton,	10 03	3 33
Clayton, arrive	10 18	4 00
Wilmington,	12 00	6 45
Philadelphia,	1 15 P. M	8 25
Baltimore,	3 35	9 25
New York, arrive	4 25	3 45 A. M

GOING SOUTH:	No. 3.	No. 4.
New York, leave	4 25 A M	8 55 A M
Baltimore,	7 05	9 45
Philadelphia,	8 00	11 45
Wilmington,	9 15	1 10 P M
Clayton,	11 05	5 00
Kenton,	11 21	5 19
Slaughters,	11 39	5 44
Marydell,	11 51	6 00
Henderson,	12 01 P M	6 13
Goldsborough,	12 11	6 26
Greensborough,	12 28	6 48
Ridgely,	12 42	7 06
Hillsborough,	12 54	7 20
Cordova,	1 10	7 41
Woodland,	1 20	7 53
Easton,	1 36	8 15
Trappe,	1 58	8 43
Oxford, arrive	2 10	9 0

All freights must be at the various stations at least 30 minutes before starting of trains, otherwise they will lay over 24 hours.

Freight trains will have Passenger car attached, which will be subject to delays incident to the Freight Business.

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Will on and after June 12, 1880, leave pier 5, Light street, for Hillsboro' every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 7 p. m. arriving about 9 a. m.

RETURNING, will leave Hillsboro' every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 10 a. m., stopping at the usual wharves on river and Tuckahoe creek, arriving in Baltimore about 2 a. m.

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BOOT SHOE MAKER,

Hillsborough, Md.

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FINE WORK

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at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed to be as represented.

29-7m WALTER BOOKER.

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FOUNTAIN & LONGLAND,

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Commission Merchants

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Send for sample copies.

THE FREE PRESS,

5-22-tf. Greensboro', Md.

THE CHRISTIAN OARSMAN.

With our backs to the bow,
Whither seeing not, now
Through the billows we plough,
As we go
Through the channel's deep swirl,
Past the rock-guarded whirl,
Round the eddies that curl,
Swift or slow

Only seeing, the past
We have left, growing fast
Into cloud-land at last,
O'er the prow
Fear we ruin and wrack
Lying straight in our track,
Whilst we sit with our back
To the bow?

Straight on toward to-morrow,
With its gladness or sorrow,
We go, freight to borrow
For the boat;
Sail we on, unknowing
The way we are going,
No help with our rowing
As we float?

Let us look to each oar
As we push from the shore
To return never more,
Are they strong?
If the mottoes they bear
Golden shine ev'rywhere
With the words, Work and Prayer,
They are strong.

And a helmsman, beside,
Shall our boat safely guide
To the bright Other Side,
Far away;
With a strong, steady hand
From the mists of the land
To the crystalline strand
Where 'tis Day.

TAKEN BY STORM.

BY D. M. COLQUITT.

"Mademoiselle, we are obliged to ask your hospitality. Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible."

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bent low before the beautiful girl whom he addressed.

But Marie Moreau saw neither the courtly grace of manner, nor noted the young, handsome face and form. She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her, that the tri-color of France had been dragged down from its standard where it floated over the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stead; that the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been intruded upon—in many instances ruthlessly—and that the man before her was but a representative of all that the disaster entailed.

"Sir," she answered, her lip curling in undisguised scorn as she spoke, "we are women, and defenceless. It fits you well that you should make a pretence of asking, through courtesy, that which you have already obtained through force. The only request we can make of our *guests*"—emphasizing the latter word with supreme irony—"is that we may be permitted to see as little of them as possible. Unless your regretful consideration demands *all* the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be *ours*, not only in word but in deed."

"Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands," answered the young officer, though a flush had risen to his cheek at her hot words of scorn. "My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse of intrusion upon me. I wish most earnestly that I might withdraw my men from the house, but it is impossible. The town is small, and the troops are many. They are quartered everywhere, and even should I withdraw them, you might be subjected to fresh annoyance, from which it will ever be my earnest endeavor to shield you. Permit me, mademoiselle, to hand you my card, and to beg you to command my services, and to report to me any incivility which you may encounter."

So speaking, he placed on the table beside her a slip of pasteboard, and making a low bow withdrew. The girl made no motion toward it, not even bending the haughty little head in recognition of his courtesy.

"Really, Marie," said her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, "the young man was very polite. It would have been better policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellant."

"Repellant," exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in her excitement, and pacing up and down the room. "I wish I could have crushed him with my scorn. Does he not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear any insult rather than the humiliation of Prussian magnanimity? I hate him! I hate them all! How shall I ever draw a free breath, knowing that they live on the same air that sustains me. Ah! France, be patient; it is but for a little longer."

"Hugh von Trenck," read the elder lady, aloud, from the card. "We must not lose this. The young man may really be of future service to us."

"Aunt, how can you? Give me the card, or tear it up yourself. Do you think I would ask a favor at his hands—aye, or accept one? Never, never!" and the bright eyes flashed.

But madame quietly slipped the piece of pasteboard within the reticule she wore at her belt, determining, if necessary, to take the young officer at his word.

Madame will pardon a stranger's interference, but I must beg that neither she nor mademoiselle venture into the streets to-day. The soldiers are in a state of revelry and riot, which might subject them to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fulfill.

Resp'ct HUGH VON TRENCK.

Madame Moreau, some three days later, read aloud the above from a card just slipped beneath her door.

Her niece stood before the glass tying on her hat, and listening, with curling lip.

"You see, Marie," she said glancing up from the writing, "you must not go out. It would be rash madness."

But Marie only picked up her veil and began adjusting it across the pretty face.

"Marie, do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered; "but in asmuch as I am very hungry, and there is nothing in the house to eat, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, I would rather have open insult than Herr Hugh von Trenck's magnanimous interference. Have no fear, auntie. I am quite able to take care of myself."

And in spite of the elder lady's entreaties, and with a good-by kiss and a reassuring smile, she was gone.

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door and glanced up and down the street, filled with soldiers. The color in her cheek palled to whiteness, and her heart beat loud and fast.

She almost determined to turn back, when some one, standing at her elbow sid, in tones so earnest as to be nearly harsh, "Did your aunt not receive my warning? It was Hugh von Trenck who spoke.

"Are you in authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates?" she questioned. "If we are your prisoners let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes."

"You do me injustice, mademoiselle," he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "I beg you for your own sake not for mine, not to venture out this morning."

"Your prayers and commands are all one to me, sir, she retorted."

The next minute she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignation. With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction. Beyond a rude stare of admiration she was unmolested. And her few purchases were effected.

She started to return, when coming immediately toward her, extending from the curb to the wall, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm linked in arm, their steps unsteady from liquor, and their voices raised in laughter and song. What should she do? She feared to turn and flee, lest they should pursue her. Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking boldy on they might make room for her to pass. Herr von Trenck's hated advice rang in her ears. She should hate him trebly if it proved unnecessary. But now all the soldier's eyes were turned upon her, as they stood, an impassable phalanx, barring her way.

"Pay us toll, my pretty little Francaise," said one, fastening his coarse gaze upon her.

"Yes; pay us toll," the others echoed. "A kiss apiece!"

Concealing the awful sinking at her heart she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb, but the outside man and first speaker threw out his arms to prevent her escape.

"No, no!" he said, in freezing tones. "You are our prisoner, and we let you off easy. Pay us willingly, and we will prove good as our word. Drive us to force and we'll help ourselves.

To scream would be but to gather round her fresh tormentors, so she struggled to appear calm.

"Let me pass," she said in low, indignant tones, when, without deigning further parley, the first speaker threw his arm about her waist.

She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek. Oh, God! must her lips be polluted by his touch!

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp, the brutal laugh of the others jeering on her ears.

A scream, loud and long, burst from her lips, followed by another and another, as her persecutor again approached, when, as if by magic, some one darted in between them and felled the ruffian to the earth.

The others, bold with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard, he put the man he held under his heel in arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw, then, for the first time, that it was Hugh von Trenck who had saved her. Haughtily refusing his arm, hating herself, hating him more, she walked on in silence by his side. At her door she forced herself to speak: "Sir, I owe you my thanks," she said.

"Mademoiselle, the day will come when you will pay me your debt in full," he replied and left her.

What did he mean? His words, the man himself haunted her. How brave and full of courage he had been! How nobly he had come to her relief! How generously he had uttered no word of reproach or of the truth that she had brought it all on herself. If he had not been a Prussian she might almost have liked him. As it was—but she got no further than this. She broke down in a storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small reserve, were ordered out for a sortie. Paris had long been in siege and must soon capitulate.

With all her heart Marie prayed night and day for success to the flag already doomed. That her cause could be lost seemed to her impossible.

Now and then the winds bore to her the boom of cannon. They were fighting not far off, and among them was the man she had treated with such disdainful contempt.

Could it be that she thought of him at such a time?

The third day the fighting had ceased—the Prussians were again victorious; but all night long they were bringing back the dead and wounded to the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door. She had not dreamed of undressing during the long night. A nameless dread had tortured her. She knew in this moment what it was, as herself she went down and threw open the door to receive the pale, senseless form they bore.

"This way?" said she, with quiet dignity, and led the way to her own room and her own bed.

He had told her she should repay her debt. Could he have foreseen this day? Would he ever know what she had done for him?

For weeks his life hung in the balance; but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on the solitary figure at his side. Her aunt, weary, had gone to rest. A smile broke over the white, thin face.

"You here, mademoiselle?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am here."

He held out his wasted hand, and she silently placed hers within it. Then, still with a smile upon his lips, he fell asleep; but from that moment the tide had turned, and life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day came the tidings of the fall of Paris, and on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a general's rank.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot rejoice while you weep. I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you would pay it. I meant then that the day should come when you should love and marry me. I had loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, in spite of your scorn and contempt. But now you have paid your debt in your own way. You have given me back my life. I will no longer torture you by my presence. I will go away and leave you."

And he turned his head that she might not see the moisture in his eyes.

But softly she stole to his side, and, kneeling down, nestled her head on his arm.

"If I say stay, Hugh, then will you go?"

"My love—my darling! do you mock me? Oh, this is cruel!"

"Nay, Hugh, I am like my own poor Paris," she replied. "The siege has been a long one, but she and I, I fear, have alike been "Taken by Storm."

BALTIMORE LETTER.

BALTIMORE, August 1, 1880.

From our Occasional Correspondent.

From out the heated term of torrid weather the denizens of the Monumental city have advanced to a cool, bracing atmosphere, and a degree of of inspiration seems to have slipped down upon the thermometer and produced effects that are happy in the extreme. Our city has taken the head of the list for being the hottest place on the Western Hemicphere, but through it all we have not suffered like other cities; away up in Chicago a few hours in the nineties (90's) produced some wonderful effects and the cause of humanity suffered terribly; then, again, the huge piles of architectural brick and stone of the metropolis of America got thoroughly warmed and the atmosphere settling down upon its crowded streets and circulating among its tenement houses—those prison pens of pestilence—made the "death-rate" fearful; but through it all the wheels of commerce jogged their way, railroad trains left on time, and ocean steamers sailed as usual carrying their accustomed tonnage and their list of tourists—some to the mountains of America and others to cross the briny deep, to seek pleasure in far away lands. What an interesting book it would make to read, the ideas of our brothers and sisters whose means afford them the chance of escaping from the duties and turmoils of this work-a-day life, and venture upon ocean's waves, or where society's trains run through the tunnel of forgetfulness into the open air and gaslight of our fashionable watering places! 'Tis a happy thought to those whose spirits do not border on the selfish, to know that our country is represented in every clime by those we know and in whose happiness and success we have a real interest; but it is to be deplored that so many of our people take themselves off to Europe, in place of passing the summer in making a tour of our own land. The geysers of Colorado and the northwest are unsurpassed; Niagara and a trip on the lake has not its equal; the most weird scenery surrounding Mount Blanc and the forests of Germany are fully equalled by our own Nevada; and the Yosemite Valley stands unrivalled on the globe; the climate of the Golden State is held per contrast to sunny Italy; and the freedom with which one is enabled to traverse this great continent without guide or passports is certainly worthy of much consideration; and as regards our watering places, no nobility is more worthy their society than that of our representative American, who free from the conventionalities of rank and foreign pomp, meet to mingle their cheerfulness and experiences, and contribute their fund of amusement and adventure, and during the present season our own famous little bay has come in for a share of patronage. The people of Baltimore have done its summer resorts in good form, and when our moneyed men turn their prosperity to account along the shores of Chesapeake Bay, and give the people of Baltimore something like the comforts they get elsewhere in summer resorts they will find that a goodly share will "make the season," and that the ends justify the means.

The reports now coming in concerning America's "Harvest Home" have been most encouraging all over our broad land—from ocean to ocean comes the news that bountiful crops have been the result and reward of industry; true the floods in the northwest have done much damage to certain localities and to some the labor of a lifetime has been swept away in one short hour.

Casualities during the season have been great—the horrors of Long Island Sound have thrown a pall of sadness over the pleasure of travel: the coming together of two great steamers far out on the ocean have prevented many from making their intended voyage; the accidents on rail and in tunnel show all too plainly the confidence men have of being free from danger. The year's epoch will be marked by many sad events: the English training ship with its precious cargo of humanity has sunk forever, and the watchers on the shore will never see England's flag flying from the mast-head of the Atalanta, and full five hundred English homes will mourn the loss of their sailor boys.

The great famine in Ireland has left its horrors on history's page, and the fever that follows will close the sad career of many noble hearts who in the latter part of the nineteenth century felt the galling chains of a something wore than slavery.

Since the Cincinnati Convention made such a spontaneous nomination I see that the JOURNAL has hoisted its flag for the campaign of '80 and on its banner inscribed the names of Hancock and English. To all fair minded people the choice is an excellent one, and the doings of our fathers at the "Queen City," will be endorsed by the votes of their children, and while the politicians speak of the uncertainly of States let me pin a notice right here, that Maryland will send her majority in among the first, to the tune of a round 10,000. Though her confines are narrow, her following is respectable, and from the borders of Bayard's home to the rippling Potomac, next November's day will find her name among the roll of Democratic States, and being adjacent to the National Capitol, she will take a prominent part in the inauguration. The transformation scene will be one of magnificence. From the rock bound walls of Governor's Island, beneath the frowning battlements where the flag waves and the bayonets glisten, I see a man come forth, the epaulet of war, with its eagles, will have been laid aside, and the uniform of rank will be substituted for the conventional one of a civilian, and the sword of many battles will have been sheathed, and Gen. Hancock will take his seat as President of the United States, and the prosperity of old (but shorn of all its imperfections) will spring up. The desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose, and one common country will join hands undivided by sectional feeling.

By late reports I see that the other man on horseback has given an order to the "Boys in Blue" to be up and doing. There are lively times ahead of us and the young America of to-day will have something to tell the coming generations of the greatest election times of a gone century, when you and I, Messrs. Editors, and those we write of, will have passed away.

But a thought of our city. Last Sunday, while taking a stroll along the boundary avenue of Baltimore's corporated limits, we passed into the new division. Costly mansions, fine in all their surroundings, built with a view of comfort; pretty gardens and green lawns, clean streets and sidewalks, the paragon of neatness. Passing along Maryland Avenue, and down Charles St., we again take the boundary going East. Block after block of splendid houses, with the universal bay window attachment; and looming up with all its surroundings is the Blind Asylum, situated on the northern side of Boundry Avenue, built of Maryland marble and standing like a monument among the surrounding blocks of brick houses. Away back in the first of the 60's (sixties) this place was known as "Camp Orange," and the bugles of the "blue coats" sounded every morn at 5 o'clock, and memory takes me back to a boy, whose chief delight it was to gallop around this camp ground watching the manœuvres of the soldiers, or cantering down the green lanes adjacent. How different now; the green lanes have gone, the rows of willows and the sturdy oaks have disappeared, and in their places stand the regulation architecture of the Monumental city, with paved level streets and sentinel lamp-posts. A little further on we come to the York Turnpike, that traveled dusty highway that leads to Towson, the county seat, and then wends its way through Maryland farms and pleasant valleys, stretching itself away up into the "Keystone State."

Just in front of us in a group of trees stands the late residence of Capt. Wm. Kennedy. At the entrance gate, half buried in the sand, is the captain's old anchor, having its history, and as we placed our hand upon it, the thought that made this man of the sea treasure up this iron anchor that had dropped its crooked body into so many parts of the world, told all too plainly the story of the last voyage made, and the harbor of rest secured. And on the hill above stands the steeple church he built in memory of her who kept watch over his home during his long absence in foreign lands. Looking southward the white monuments and tombs of "Greenmount"—that silent city of the dead—lay before us, admonishing one of the certainty of death; and perverting one of Hamlet's lines, I would quote—

"For some must watch while others sleep,
Thus runs the world away."

CHEVALIER.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Letter of Acceptance from the Democratic Nominee.

GEN. HANCOCK'S INDORSEMENT OF THE CINCINNATI PLATFORM.—THE PUBLIC CREDIT TO BE MAINTAINED, AMERICAN INDUSTRIES DEVELOPED AND AN ECONOMIC ADMINISTRATION TO BE SECURED.—CLEAR IDEAS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—A FREE BALLOT, A FULL VOTE AND A FAIR COUNT.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The following is Gen. Hancock's letter of acceptance:

Governor's Island, New York City, July 29, 1880—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 13, 1880, apprising me formally of my nomination to the office of President of the United States by the "National Democratic Convention," lately assembled in Cincinnati. I accept the nomination with grateful appreciation of the confidence reposed in me.

The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past and shall endeavor to maintain in the future.

THE LAATR CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable. If called to the presidency I should deem it my duty to resist with all of my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the constitution, which, in every article, section and amendment, is the supreme law of the land. The constitution forms the basis of the government of the United States. The powers granted by it to the legislative, executive and judicial departments define and limit the authority of the general government; powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, belong to the States respectively or to the people. The general and State governments, each acting in its own sphere without trenching upon the lawful jurisdiction of the other, constitute the Union. This Union, comprising a general government with general powers, and State governments with State powers for purposes local to the States, is a polity, the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom.

WHAT OUR UNION MEANS.

This is the Union our fathers made, and which has been so respected abroad and so beneficent at home. Tried by blood and fire it stands to-day a model form of free popular government; a political system which, rightly administered, has been and will continue to be the admiration of the world. May we not say nearly in the words of Washington: The unity of government which constitutes us one people is justly dear to us; it is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our peace, safety and prosperity, and of that liberty we so highly prize and intend at every hazard to preserve.

A VITAL PRINCIPLE.

But no form of government, however carefully devised, no principles, however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless administration is faithful and efficient. It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to subvert the rights of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls the noblest constitutions and wisest laws are useless. The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen. It is only by a full vote, free ballot, and fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our government. Take this foundation away and the whole structure falls.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Public office is a trust, not a bounty, bestowed upon the holder; no incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be intrusted with it, or if appointed they should be promptly rejected. The basis of substantial, practical civil-service reform must first be established by the people in filling the elective offices; if they fix a high standard of qualifications for office and sternly reject the corrupt and incompetent the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they intrust with the appointing power.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION

was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All classes of our people must share alike in the blessings of the Union and are equally concerned in its perpetuity and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace. Henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship and not of animosity among our fellow-citizens.

OUR MATERIAL INTERESTS,

varied and progressive, demand our constant efforts. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the public credit, together with a wise and economical management of our governmental expenditures, should be maintained, in order that labor may be lightly burdened and that all may be protected in their rights to the fruits of their own industry. The time has come to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation; as one people we have common interests. Let us encourage the harmony and generous rivalry among our own industries, which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources and increase the prosperity and happiness of our people.

If elected I shall, with divine favor, labor with what ability I possess to discourge my duties with fidelity according to my convictions, and shall take care to protect and defend the Union and to see that the laws be equally and faithfully executed in all parts of the country alike. I will assume the responsibility, fully sensible of the fact that to administer rightly the functions of government is to discharge the most sacred duty that can devolve upon an American citizen.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

To the Hon. John W. Stevenson, president of the convention; Hon. John P. Stockton, chairman, and others, committee of the National Convention.

They All Laughed.

BUT HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The chief of police, yesterday, had a visit from an old farmer living on the Centre Lane road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts he began:

"I vhas goin' home last night vhen I overtakes two men on der roadt. Dose fellers dey laft und saidt would I gif 'em a ride. I laft too, and say shump in."

"Yes, I understand."

"Pooty queek one laft und saidt he he likes Dutchmens, cause his uncle vhas a Dutchmans. Dot vhas all right, and so I laft too. I vhas real tickled, und I shakes all oafer."

"Yes."

"In a leetle vhile one feller vhant me to shange a seven-dollar bill, so as he could gif some money to der orphan asylums, und he lafts ha! ha! ha! Dot tickled me some, und lafts too. Den de odder feller he grabs me py de collar und pulls me down behind und says dey looks in my pockets for a stheamboat dot vhas stolen from Detroit. Dot make us all laff like some goot shoke."

"It must have been funny."

"It vhas. Dose fellers took out my wallet und counted oop der monish. I had shust ten dollar, und dey left und said dot dey must go to some seashore mit dot. Dot tickled me some und I laft too."

"Well, what then?"

"Vhell, den dey shumped out und put deir fingers on der noses und says goot pye, old Dutchmans, und avhay dey goes like some horse-races."

"And you didn't laugh at that?"

"Vhell, not pooty much. I vhas already to, but I sthoped. If dem fellers vhas up to shokes it vhas all right, but if dey was robbers I vhants you catch 'em und gif 'em some pieces of my mind like dunder! I doan' like somepody to laff at me vhen dey doan' feel tickled all over."

Hysterical Preaching.

A case of insanity is just now attracting considerable attention in Brooklyn. A bright and promising young lady attended several weeks ago the exciting revival meetings of an evangelist known as "the boy preacher." This person is a tolerably old boy, being about thirty years of age; yet he is somewhat boyish in appearance and is possessed of youthful alacrity in his movements. He is withal somewhat dramatic in action and is capable of exercising a strange magnetic effect over his audiences. When in this city, several months ago, this "Boy Preacher" was the means of adding about five hundred persons to the roll of one of the Methodist churches with which he labored for some weeks. His recent Brooklyn campaign resulted in the gathering in of over six hundred converts. His manner is eccentric and his methods are the subject of frequent and severe criticism even from those who approve the end he has in view and who believe in his kind of revivals. His habit is to stamp up and down the aisles of a crowded meeting house and with shouting and gesticulation warn sinners that if they do not at once repent they will be sent to hell. His picturings of hell are in vivid colors and redolent of brimstone. On the excited imagination of a young woman given to hysteria and kindred mental and nervous ailments such evangelizing cannot but have a pernicious effect.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
That Revenge I must not feel,
And if thieves steal my cucumbers
I my anger must conceal.

In this world there are occasions
When 'tis *right* to angry be—
Such as when your wife's relations
Come to call and stay to tea;

Or when you perceive a felon,
Right before your very eyes,
Walking off with a big melon
From the garden spot you prize:

If you seize your trusty shot-gun,
And run out in swift pursuit,
After an exciting hot run
Make him drop the luscious fruit—

This is a lawful indignation,
And to feel it you've a right;
Whether thief, or wife's relation
Comes your happiness to blight.

Two dollars are more easily earned than one dollar can be collected.

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