

# The Cecil Whig

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NOTICES, &c.  
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# THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXIII--NO. 15. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,623.

JAMES BLACK, GROOMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE—On Main Street, opposite National Bank, Elkton, Md.

DR. W. F. KENNEDY, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS OF ELKTON AND VICINITY.

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JONES & HAINES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ELKTON, CEIL COUNTY, MD.

NOTICE. Having determined to reside in Elkton, Md., I have this day disposed of my DENTAL BUSINESS to Dr. N. B. SMITH.

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Miss Elizabeth Thears in Her Tenth Year.

You ask, my dear, a verse or two, And here such things are hard to make; If I'll endeavor for your sake, If you will kindly condescend To take such trifles of a friend.

Let us suppose that twenty years Are gone with all their smiles and tears; And you are pleased your thoughts to cast Upon the cares and pleasures past, Until they reach this quiet seat Of ease and comfort where we meet.

Then to some friend (I know not who, But one I hope who pleases you) Will you your small address state, And walk and visit all relate.

This done, you may proceed and tell: Till our self-complacent brags be done; Who made me rhymes, and said that I, Who must be worshipped by and by, Should that accomplished creature be, That some without doubt could see, But then accomplished should imply Much more than served to please the eye.

He told me, whether maid or wife, There is a war that lasts for life; At least, contention will not cease Till our self-complacent brags be done.

At least, I could my spirit rule, My temper curb, my passion cool, My talents and my time improve, And love where reason bids me love, Then might I, whether wife or maid, Consider all my labor paid.

And might I live the better pleased, And without their stern looks stare, As roses may our bosoms grace, If we will first the thorns displace.

So said the man; and then he said, These lines that are, I think, too grave; And this advice, that is too free; How do I keep them to me see?

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she waits impatiently for the handsome scout, the counterpart of her noble hero, and when he puts in an appearance and makes her life more than usually miserable, we have a murder, divorce, or some other chapter added to the catalogue of crime, simply because she, reading a book of which she was incapable of teaching the merits, believed its pernicious teachings.

The origin of fiction was simply the origin of literature. The book of Job, most likely, is the oldest composition existing, and the probabilities are that it is a pure allegory. Homer was the Bible of the Greeks, yet it is almost settled that it is a fiction. The story Homer tells may have had its foundation in some remote historical legend of a contest between the Greeks and some Asiatic people, but when we find the gods coming down and contending with each other and with men, we cannot readily avoid the conclusion that we are dealing with pure fiction, yet the lives of Achilles, and of Ulysses are much less problematical than that of their author, Homer.

In the Bible we early meet with those fictitious narratives. It is an extension and in some cases a perversion of the same spirit that inspired Nathan's parable to David and induced Christ to teach in parables that has given the world Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," or Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," and has stirred our Sunday school libraries with stories of "Tattered Tom, the Ragged Newboy," and a thousand other equally interesting baby novels. It is amusing to see the late of some people for their credulity in believing in the tales of the Arabian Nights, that he is in a realm too wild and unreal to have ever really existed, and there are too many of just such authors. To fulfill his high mission the novelist must be true to real life, paint it as it is, not according to some unreliable ideal in his own mind.

The authors that have won the truest fame have been those who have filled some really felt want of the times in which they lived. Dickens gave the impression of not writing as much for the sake of his story as for the sake of exposing the wrongs of the times in which he lived, and his name will go down to history as a classic. Mrs. Stowe dared to strike a blow for freedom when it was most needed, and she has done as much, perhaps more, than any other author of the time. Her pen per se more potent than the soldier's sword in overthrowing the demon, and it is besides a proof that devotion to principles of right is the only passport to fame.

Fiction is one of the real living facts of the day, every one of ordinary intelligence reads it. It is useless to condemn them. All we can do is to give precedence to the best; to elevate, if possible, the standard of literary taste. When the English and American press are giving us an average of one new novel daily any one of ordinary capacity can select for himself. "The Ledger" and "Beadle's Dime Novels" will find readers of course, and so will the "Police News" and "Days and Nights," or the "Penny Magazine" and "The Saturday Review," but they will never be read by the young men and women who carry the "Beautiful Pirate" or "White Squaw" in their pockets do not constitute any test of public taste. When the authors of such entertaining works learn that they are no longer appreciated they will give place to better men.

We would not condemn modern fiction, although it has much to be improved. It has a noble mission yet to fill, but a word of warning is not out of place in regard to what passes current in the world of letters. What is needed is that readers of fiction will read only the best and the mass of trash will fall of its own weight. Like edge tools it is something essential for the rough work of the world, but something that requires careful handling. While speaking of the unrelaxing demand that is put upon the writer of fiction, it is further from my wish than to discourage every statement with which we meet as unquestioned fact. The need is that the reader of history, fiction, theology, science, what he may, should have sufficient independence to decide for himself what he is to credit—what not. Intellectual activity was never so great as at present and the man or woman who would be up with the times must be fully armed at all points. Books, education, intelligence are in the reach of all. Let each choose the best and rest assured, if he lives in ignorance, he will be his own fault. With increasing knowledge will come an increasing power of deciding the merits of a book, and better facilities for securing the best. The character of a man may be known by the books he reads. If one then would secure a good name let him be careful of his reading. A bad book will never cause of evil results, while the influence of a good one will become all the greater as years pass onward.

JAPANESE REFORMS.

Fears were expressed recently that the Mikado of Japan was carrying on radical reforms in his Kingdom too fast for the comprehension of his subjects, and that a reactionary movement might come, which would take many years to overcome. When the house mats common to every habitation were abolished, when the people were ordered to cut their hair in the European style, when the national religion was disestablished, when stry dogs were condemned to be shot, and when the temperature of the water at the public baths was regulated, lookers-on not unaptly thought that the Government was outstripping the bounds of prudence. But Japanese ways are not so our ways, and two memorials to the throne from citizens of Yedo which have recently appeared, show that the reforms which have hitherto been introduced have but whetted the appetite of the people for more minute legislation. One memorialist gravely expresses a hope that on the first opportunity the Government would consider the best means of destroying the flies and mosquitoes which appear to abound in Yedo. By the way, the writer goes on to say, "some poor people find their feet quite itchy. The people may seem small, but their poisonous action is great, and highly injurious to the public health. Some say, 'use a mosquito net'; but this is quite insufficient. Rather cutting off the stagnant water should be looked to and means taken to keep a current of pure, beautiful water in every street." The next memorialist, with much less show of reason, proposes that for the future the Emperor should "have his hair dressed after the fashion of foreign ladies and thus set a new fashion." "This is impossible," says the official rejoinder. "Let the hair be returned."

# THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Half-a-mile from Oakland there is an establishment devoted to trout propagation, established by the Rev. Alexander Kent, who was formerly a Universalist clergyman at Halifax, N. S., Portland, Boston, in Minnesota, and at Baltimore. Overzealous and overworked, he was ordered to go to the hills and concern his mind with Nature and no more. Being of an inventive, useful turn, he sought to make necessary, philanthropy, and maintenance unite upon some mutual object, and a newspaper suggested pisciculture. He had thrown a fly when a boy in Nova Scotia, and buying a book upon the new application of science, he made it his study, and he visited the fish-farm of South Green, the national pisciculturist at Caledonia, New York. He mastered every feature of his new avocation, and can make a fly, whitish a jointed pole which will bring \$20 in the city, and catch trout with two men bred on the mountains, taking two to their one piece. In April, 1872, he came to Oakland, meaning to proceed to the Blackwater, Tucker county, West Virginia, at once. His earnest purpose was diverted by a Marylander—one of those protracting, good-natured, original men who are common here as on the plains—for Rip Van Winkle and Ednan Brantley, mountaineers and clergyman, was detained on broken promises of companionship and co-operation till late in August. Meantime he made his trout ponds, built his hatching-house, and perfected his tackle and his knowledge. When, at last, his friend felt impelled to go, he dissuaded Mr. Kent from taking a fish-boat or supplies, saying: "Oh! you'll find them at Kitz's!" "The Blackwater is the Laurel Fork of Cheat river, and is distant thirty miles from Oakland, over a road which splits at Kitzmiller's less than half way. Beyond Kitzmiller's house there is no habitation nor means of travel for an indefinite distance, except one given place called the Judge Dobbins House, which was built before the war for a pleasure lodge, and is two stories high, with eight rooms, and six twenty-one feet square—the whole constructed of logs. It is now deserted, except when Kitzmiller cuts a little hay around it once a year, or some vagrant fisherman finds it unexpectedly there, glowering upon the wilderness. The Blackwater is the best trout stream south of Lake Champlain, known at this day. It is broad flowing, with an even bottom of white pebbles, over which the clear black water flows between great rocks. The fisherman passed the Falls of the Blackwater, where, with a roar which can be heard a mile, the river in a clear sheet of the width of 130 feet, falls 63 feet in one leap. Below this boundary, the voracious bass, who would also eat the trout, keep their dominion; and the Lower Cheat is as good for bass as the Upper for trout. The fishermen throw their lines, and were rewarded with 100 trout apiece per diem. The third day the Maryland Rip said he had enough, and he said to the "Chat," "I have made a business of it? I have waited for you all summer." "You fish on," says the bold mountaineer, "and I'll send you supplies, and all the materials for a camp and fish box." Left with a little bread and jerked meat—two or three pounds at most—the mountaineer, wading the stream to the waist, and often to the armpits, threw his fly all the day, and at night slept upon the laurel bushes, the nearest neighbor to the panther and the wildcat. He had constructed, while his friend was present, a sort of sidam built with stones, and easily scaled here he had enough of hundred trout. Day after day passed, and neither food nor reinforcement came to this last brother of the cloth. His last piece of bread was gone, he had nothing to eat but his trout, and was faint. The Blackwater began to rise, and the pool was imperiled, and he crawled into the woods at night, when he could not see his hand before him, and picked moss to strengthen the walls. At last, at the moment of despair, on the fifth day, Rip Van Winkle's son, young Rip, arrived. "Did you bring any mals?" was the clergyman's first question. "I knew I had forgot something." The dam was swept away before the mistake could be remedied and 1,500 trout lost. A box was next improvised of heavy logging, stretched upon a frame, and 1,500 new trout consigned to it. This imperfect receptacle capsize one night, and nearly all the trout escaped. Still indomitable, the preacher himself returned to Oakland and back to the Blackwater on foot, a round trip of sixty miles, the fish afterward made many a time. He hired a horse and levered a load of six miles through the woods and rocks, to prepare the way for transporting his fish. In the end his provisions failed to arrive; his horse man grew faint and refused to work, and Kitzmiller saved them both from starvation. A third calamity put an end to all hopes of saving trout for the year 1872, and, full of discouragement, Mr. Kent returned to Oakland and fished the more accessible water of Muddy Creek. This is a tributary of the Little Youghiogheny, and it is full of trout; but the stream has been dammed at a low level, and a permanent growth of grass in the bottom gives the trout insufficiently deep. Hence they bite slowly; but Mr. Kent closed the season of 1872 with 700 trout safely housed at Proctor's ponds, Oakland. This year, simply capable to work out his own destiny, Mr. Kent returned to the Blackwater. He has caught, and safely delivered at the Oakland ponds, 7,000 trout, some of them of the largest size. The spawning and hatching houses are all in operation, and this fall the grown stock will be moved to Green Spring, near Baltimore City, ready to send fish to customers and teach pisciculture to others. Trout being \$1 a pound even at this season of the year. In winter, specimens pay \$13 per pound. On week days you buy your music by the sheet; on Sundays you can have it by the choir for nothing. The Selma, Ala., Times says it has a sweet potato in its office six feet and two inches in length. A green grocer—one who trusts.

# THE CURRY LAWS.

Nearly two hundred years ago John Locke, wrote his treatise on Money, in which he opposed the system of laws restricting the interest on money. There are principles of finance and currency whose truth is as undoubted by all persons competent to pass judgment as the truths of mathematics. To the ordinary mind, however, the task of constructing a system of government or writing an algebra would be impossible. I have required the concurrent labors of many men of the greatest genius to produce the ordinary text books of algebra and geometry used in our schools. Political economy is certainly a more complex and difficult science than algebra, yet almost every man in business assumes to be able to solve its problems without, in most cases, ever having devoted a week to the study of its principles. Men of a little more speculative turn of mind than ordinary mortals, though totally ignorant, and even boasting of their ignorance, of the labors of the great intellects who have