The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. IV. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1866. NO. 34.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars: Six months, Six Dollars: One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

Cheap for Cash, and at short notice.

THE POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE.

BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS,
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS.
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS.
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS.
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
At Less Than Gold Rates!

CHAS. H. STEWART
WITH
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

A CARD
To the Farmers of Kent Co.

A CUSTOM has obtained in the Grain trade of Baltimore, from which the farmers have suffered, and to which I as a Grain seller am unwilling longer to submit. It is no uncommon thing for a Commission Merchant to have Grain consigned to him and the first intimation he receives that the Grain is in the market is a return made to him by another Commission Merchant for so many bushels of Grain sold at a price that he does not know whether it is right or not, as he does not see the Grain. I suppose the custom originated in this way:—When samples of Grain are mixed they could not be delivered if sold separately, and in that case the agent having the largest lot has the right to sell; but when Grain is separate this is not necessary, except for the convenience of the Captain. I do not recognize the right of any Captain to hand over to another party without my consent, a sample of Grain to sell that is consigned to me. I prefer to have the control of my own Grain, and the privilege of determining myself, whether or not it is to my interest, or the interest of my customer, to have it sold by another Commission Merchant who has no interest in it.

Farmers who send me their Grain to sell are requested in all cases to direct the Captain to deliver me the sample.

B. B. PERKINS,
Commission Merchant,
and Farmers' Agent,
No. 8 BOWLY'S WHARF,
Corn Exchange Building.
August 26, 1865—tf.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

COAL HODS, Shovels and Pokers—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

W. E. WOODDY. J. F. M. WOODALL.
WOODDY & WOODALL,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 34 Bowly's Wharf,
(UP STAIRS,)
BALTIMORE.

Special attention given to the sale of Grain. Oct. 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS,
WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally.*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.

Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

V. B. HINES. W. H. WEST.
HINES & WEST,
No. 90 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Hay, Potatoes,
Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.
April 1, 1865—tf

B. B. Perkins,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 8 Bowley's Wharf,
Under Corn Exchange,
Will give PERSONAL ATTENTION to the sale of all Grain consigned to him.
Baltimore, August 19, 1865.

WALTER T. HURTT,
PRACTICAL
HAT AND CAP
MANUFACTURER
AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,
No. 38 N. Green Street,
BALTIMORE.
Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.
September 23, 1865—6m

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
211 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
AT THE
CHEAP CASH STORE
IN KENNEDYVILLE,
SUCH AS *WOOL DELAINES, Calico, Muslins, Cassimeres, Satinetts and Mollicu Kersey;* HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes,
Ladies Wool Hoods, Childrens Hoods,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Also, a good assortment of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware, and all kinds of Goods generally kept in a country store,
At the Lowest Cash Prices!
Particular attention paid to TRADE, and liberal prices paid.
CHARLES W. WARREN.
Kennedyville, October 28, 1865.

The Steamer Commerce
WILL LEAVE PORT DEPOSIT ON *MONDAYS* at 12 o'clock, for PHILADELPHIA, touching at Betterton and Wharves on Elk River, arriving at Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

Leave Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for Wilson's Point, arriving Thursday morning.

Leave WILSON'S POINT on Thursday at 10 o'clock, A. M., for Philadelphia—arrive in Philadelphia Friday.

Leave Philadelphia Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Port DePosit, arriving on Sunday morning.
ABEL J. REES, Agent.
Oct. 21, 1865—tf.

Hardware.
HORSE SHOES, Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps, Building Hardware, Nails, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Cotton Cards, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks.

GOOD NEWS!
GREAT BARGAINS.—We are now offering decided Bargains and no mistake, especially in Cotton Goods. We respectfully call attention to our large and splendid Stock of DRESS GOODS of every grade, including Fancy Silks, Black do., Shawls, Trimmings and Fancy Goods. Go to the "People's Popular Store" of W. A. VICKERS.
Nov. 25, 1865.

COAL.
Baltimore Company,
Shomokin (Soft) for Cooking.
APPLY TO MR. WM. H. PALMER, at the Wharf, Chestertown.
Dec. 2, 1865—4m. R. J. RUTH.

The Poet.

FIRST GRIEF.

[The following poem was written by James Hedderwick, a Scottish poet but little known in this country. Who that ever lost a brother or a sister could read these lines without a falter in the voice or a tear in the eye?]

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams:
But the memory of the first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight:
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And there I moaned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang in the trees
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within the house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

And from each cheek, at intervals,
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled, in sudden haste,
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life.

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Come back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has past with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace,
But the deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface.

Origin of the Sisters of Charity.

The origin of that charitable association of world-wide fame, styled, "The Sisters of Charity," whose signal services during the war to sick, wounded, and dying soldiers, in hospitals and on battlefields, as well as their constant ministrations to the sick and suffering poor throughout the land, in times of peace, have won for them the profoundest respect of all classes and ranks of society, is thus described in a religious journal:

About the year 1626, in a town of France, called Chantillno, there existed an humble rural pastor, Vincent de Paul, who has since justly deserved the title of benefactor of his race. It happened that during his ministry a serious case of distress came under his notice.

The good man recommended from the pulpit, to the charity of his congregation, a poor family in the neighborhood. At the conclusion of divine service, moved by his appeals, members went forth to assist the distressed ones. Some brought bread, others meat, others again vegetables.—After vespers, or evening service, the pastor himself proceeded to the home of poverty; and on his way, met a crowd of his parishioners returning from the scene of misery. When he arrived at the abode of distress, "behold," said he, "an abundant supply of everything for this poor family. But there is no order or judgment displayed, in all this profusion of charity. The most of these provisions will spoil, and the poor people, the object of this benevolence, will be as badly off as ever." The happy thought occurred to him to form a charitable society, whose members should be speedily trained to manage the interests of the poor in a judicious, economical way. Pious ladies of the first families in the land soon offered their valuable services, and went to work according to the rule drawn by this man of God, and approved by the spiritual authorities. This was the foundation of that charitable association, whose noble services have been so well known to history for more than two hundred years.

Three dollar notes are to be issued to the national banks.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Agriculturist.

How to Raise Turkeys.

"In the first place, select a good kind. The autumn or early in winter is the most favorable time for that—just before the birds are sent to market. Keep them well during the winter; make pets of them if you like. Mine eat from my hand, and answer to my call. In the spring, a few days before they begin to lay (which is about two weeks after moulting), put them in an enclosure, where it is most desirable to have their nests, and where they can not get out. After they have made their nests, they may be set at liberty without any fear of roaming or straying. Next, take good care of the eggs. They should be gathered carefully every day, and placed between layers of flannel or cotton, in a place of uniformly cool temperature, and turned over every day. In spring, after the turkeys begin to lay, it is often cold enough to freeze the ground, when, if the eggs are suffered to lie out, they will become chilled, and will not hatch. In warm weather, it is not so necessary to protect the eggs. As soon as the birds are hatched, feed them warm bread and milk, well peppered, with boiled eggs added; or with loppered milk, thickened with cooked corn meal, or canaille (wheat middlings) which is better. A little care in these matters will repay all efforts. Before I knew how to take care of the eggs, I set 30 eggs one year, and but one of them hatched! The next year I set 40 eggs, and nearly all of them hatched, and the birds lived. At present prices, raising poultry is a much more pleasant and easy occupation than the slavish drudgery of making butter and cheese. At least such is the opinion of a Cayuga County FARMER'S WIFE."

Light Stables for all but Fattening Animals.

Light is as essential to the healthiness of the eye, as good food is for the stomach. Light strengthens the eye. Darkness, and especially sudden changes from darkness to light, tend to weaken the vision of both men and animals. When a horse is taken from a dark stable, he walks as if he were blind, and the light that meets his eyes appears to cause pain. Every stable should have glass windows, wherever the climate is too cold to admit of open windows. When it is not convenient to have a glass window in the walls, panes of glass may be fitted to holes sawed in the door; or a sash containing a single row of panes may be set in a frame over the door. When stock stand in their stalls facing a barn-floor or large feed-room, if their mangers are not boarded up tight, light may be admitted through windows above, or in the barn doors. But if they stand with their heads to the wall, light may enter at any part of the stable, except in front of them. Farmers often saw round holes through the boards of frame stables before each horse, which are closed by slides, and these allow pure air to enter as well as light. This is a poor plan, but better than nothing. There should be windows at the ends or rear, enough to make the whole stable as light as a family sitting room. They should be capable of being opened for free air in summer, and situated so that draughts of air will not fall upon the bodies or legs of the animals, but circulate above their backs. Perfect ventilation must be otherwise obtained, when the weather is so cold that the windows must be closed. When window glass has been broken out, wooden panes are often inserted, and cobweds and dust too frequently intercept the light. For the benefit of the eyes of all animals, stable windows should be well glazed and frequently washed. Most of the stables in the country are not provided with suitable windows, while a large proportion have none at all, the stables being almost as dark as midnight. Light and sunshine in winter are essential to the healthy vital action of all our animals. But the desirable quiet of fattening animals is better attained in dark apartments, and no perceptible bad effect upon their health is noticed in the few months of stall feeding, which usually precede their sale for slaughter.

Bread and Butter.

Hall, in his "Journal of Health," gives us the following bit of wisdom: "Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, ifteen per cent. more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarest part, which gives soundness to the teeth and strength to the brain is generally excluded. Five hundred pounds of flour gives to the body thirty pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This bone is lime, the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphate in the shape of powders or in syrup to cure these declines has little or no effect. The articles contained in these phosphates must pass through Nature's laboratory, must be subject to her manipulations in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to frame: in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether wheat, corn, rye or oats."

Theodore Tilton gets $4,000 a year as editor of the New York *Independent.*

The Alden Machine.

An invention from which our facilities for the diffusion of intelligence and education must take a new point of departure—its completion forming, in the estimation of its proprietor, an era in literature only second to the original discovery of printing by type. This machine enables a single hand to do—and the hand may be that either of man or woman—all the type-setting work for which, at present, eight ordinary compositors would be required; while, in the matter of distributing type, the machine is all but an automaton, requiring only the very slightest supervision of human agency, and so perfect in mechanism as to present physical impossibilities against the occurrence of any mistake. It has now triumphantly stood the severest test of practical experiment in the *Tribune* office, in this city—the judges certainly not being prejudiced in its favor, if not absolutely hostile; and the result is so complete a triumph, that so soon as the requisite number of machines can be supplied, it is supposed, all the "great dailies" of this city will be set up by the Alden machine, and, of course, the minor and country press will follow suit as rapidly as possible. It has been carefully examined by the leading mechanical and other progressive minds of the age, and is pronounced a most marvelous triumph of human ingenuity. Mr. Theodore Tilton, in the *Independent*, pronouncing it "the eighth wonder of the world;" and Col. Halpine, in the *Citizen*, declaring, in regard to its automatical power of distributing type, that "the fingers of steel and brass would seem to have not only eyes in their busy tips with which to read the letters, but brains to comprehend their spelling and meaning, and to direct their re-distribution, when used, into their proper places."

The original discoverer or inventor of this machine was Timothy Alden, a young printer of Massachusetts, who gave his life in devotion to the discovery, and died before accomplishing its completion for practical use. The machine was bequeathed by him to his cousin, Henry W. Alden, who expended a large amount of money upon it without attaining any satisfactory or practical result. It was, in fact, a "slough of despond," in which all capital embarked was swallowed up without return, until, finally, it fell under the eyes of Mr. Charles C. Yeaton, of Brooklyn, who, commanding the confidence of such gentlemen of intelligence, public spirit, and capital as Josiah O. Low, Augustus C. Richards, Charles F. Livermore, and various others, organized a company for its further development and completion. By the faith and resources of these men, acting through the industry and talent of Mr. Yeaton, and an able corps of assistants and mechanics, the imperfect and inoperative discovery of Timothy Alden—valuable as a curiosity but in no other light—has now been carried forward to a splendid success as a great triumph of the labor-saving machinery of the age; and already the present company is about being merged into another—combining the American and foreign patents—with a capital of three-million dollars to start a factory that will be commensurate to supply five perfect machines *per diem.*

The discovery is already protected by patents in all European countries, obtained through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and the Alden machine will, perhaps, soon be accepted abroad as one of the last and highest triumphs of that "Yankee ingenuity," whose benefits the world has already to acknowledge in connection with the names of Morse and Fulton.

To give any detailed account of the *modus operandi* of a machine so intricate and yet so simple in its action, would be not merely an impossible, but an absurd attempt, in such limits as are at our disposal. It must be not only seen, but thoroughly studied, to enable any one to appreciate its rare mechanical excellence, and the talent displayed by its creators in conquering successive difficulties. Fortunately this opportunity is now furnished to any to whom the *Tribune* office is accessible, and will soon be furnished to all who have access to any newspaper or other printing office; for, unless we are mistaken, the day is not far distant when the only limit to the general adoption of these great engines of labor-saving and economy, will be the capacity of the factory to meet the demands of the public. They have had to fight their way up against embattled lines of prejudice and the cowardly or interested cry of those who declared "the thing impossible;" but they have finally conquered and overborne all opposition by the practical test of their working, and we congratulate not merely the Company, but the whole reading public, on the assurance of their success, now established beyond any question.—*Scientific American.*

Extract from a letter written by a gentleman in New Orleans, who made a flying visit to Havana:

The harbor of Havana is a safe and commodious one, the entrance to which from the open sea is only about 100 or 150 yards wide. The first thing which strikes the traveler's attention is the Castle, whose dingy walls and menacing guns look dismally and frowningly as you pass them by. Should a hostile fleet make its appearance they doubtless would meet with a warm receptiod. The walls are built on the solid rock, and in some parts I understand are hewn out of the rock itself. The surf from the ocean is constantly washing against its walls and the adjacent shores, sending the spray even in calm weather to a height of 15 and 20 feet. Opposite the Moro and at the distance perhaps of 150 yards is another fortification mounted on the parapet, with guns of heavy calibre. The entrance continues the same width (150 yards) for a distance of about 250 yards, when it then opens out into a spacious body of water resembling a lake and as near as I could judge, of about 4 miles in circumference. The principal part of the city lays on the west side of this lake-like harbor, and the northern portion of the city fronts on the open sea. The city has very few wharves: all foreign vessels come to anchor inside of this harbor, discharge their cargoes, and load again by means of lighters or row-boats from the shore. Immediately after passing the Moro, we were boarded by the Spanish Custom House officials, who approached us in three small boats; two of the boats were manned by a crew of ten men each, the other boat had only five men, all dressed in white cotton shirts, blue striped cotton trowsers, and Panama hats. They all plied their oars vigorously, while the officials sat on cushioned seats in the after-part of the boat under a canopy or canvass covering, resembling the cover of an army wagon, reminding one of the famous barge of Cleopatra. One of the officials wore a fine dark-blue cloth jacket, with two gold lace inverted V's on his right arm, same as a corporal in the army; the others wore blue narrow-striped frock coats (cotton) trimmed with dark-blue cloth cuffs, and adorned with one row of silver lace; pantaloons the same material as the coat, and Panama hats. Two of the last mentioned officials (subalterns I presume,) remained on board while the ship was in the harbor, to see that no goods were smuggled on shore. The man with the gold lace (I guess he must be the Boss seger,) remained on board only a very short time, and then departed for the city. The ship had scarcely cast anchor, when we were beseiged by a whole host of dusky Spaniards in their row-boats, all apparently as eager to obtain a passenger to the city as ever was a New York cab driver to importune a new arrival to take a seat in *his* vehicle to any of the city hotels. Several of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity by paying fifty cents in specie or $1.00 in green-backs. I did not go ashore myself, but a few acquaintances who did, gave me some items respecting the city and its inhabitants. They say the streets are very narrow and covered overhead with a canvas awning, reaching from the second story of one house to a corresponding altitude at the opposite side. This is to afford protection from the scorching rays of the sun in summer time. No two vehicles ever pass in a contrary direction; the streets are so narrow, they have to go up one street and down another, and in many of the streets no two pedestrians can walk abreast on the sidewalk. Every thing is sold cheap in Havana. My informant said that he and his two companions got a very good dinner and a bottle of wine, all for 45 cents. Oranges were selling at 50 cts. per hundred, and good cigars at $10.00 per thousand. The ship was surrounded all day by several of those small row boats laden with oranges, cigars, bananas, pine apples, guava jelly, &c., &c., carrying on a brisk trade with the passengers.

The houses are generally built low, not exceeding three stories in height, with flat roofs, and painted on the outside. The predominant color is yellow, with several blue, some green, and some red. One exclaims at first sight, how different from an American city! the houses present such a dingy and discolored appearance. Some of them are so dilapidated that it seems as if they were built in the days of Noah's flood. Each window has a piazza in front of it. The generality of the houses are built of a quadrangular form, leaving a yard in the centre adorned with fountains, statues, &c., where the indolent Spaniard takes his siesta during the heat of the summer months. Even this time of the year light clothing is universally worn, and I have been informed that several of the juveniles were sans culotte, and others again were in a very primitive costume, reminding one very forcibly of the costume of the Georgia Major, which was catalogued as a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs.

The harbor is completely land-locked and surrounded by a chain of hills, all fortified and rising to a height of three or four hundred feet and having subterranean communication with the Moro Castle at the entrance. I have not seen any trees on those hills excepting a few of stunted growth, the name of which I could not learn, but close by the harbor I saw the beautiful orange tree, the tall and stately cocoa nut tree, and a species of palm tree, besides various other tropical productions. The grass on the hills was as green and the day as warm as in your State in the month of June; I understood the thermometer marked 80 in the shade. No vessel can enter the harbor before sunrise, and no person can pass from the city to the harbor or vice versa, after 11 o'clock, P. M., as the gates are closed at that hour. The city is inclosed by an iron railing about 12 feet high, with a gate at the foot of each street, and a gen-d'arme stationed as a guard at each gate both day and night.

The late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote: "When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when her somewhat remarkable reply was, "Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit, but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England."

Boot-black boy to returned soldier—"Black your boots' sir? make 'em shine." Looking at his unpolished "gunboats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do, fall in promptly tho'."—The urchan gazed a moment at the soldier, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

From the Bell, Evening Transcript.

The White and the Black Bear.

A FABLE—BY CHIPS.

A white polar bear on his snow throne was sitting,
While great Northern lights around scintilated;
He lick'd his huge paws with a graveness befitting
The shoot of a race that for ruling was fated.

He was monarch of all he survey'd—his dominion
Was certainly boundless, for Franklin and Kane
Had endeavor'd to give to the world an opinion
As to its extent o'er the land and the main.

A darkmantled Brain, just fresh from the South
Where Jack Frost & Co. have no chance of success,
Came crawling along with a bone in his mouth,
A bribe to secure for his wrongs a redress.

"Make us free, potent King!" cried the black tribe's commissioner,
"We're sunered in bondage, and long worn our chains;
For the *rights* of our race I'm an humble petitioner,
Let *us* take the whip and *you* hold the reins."

The white polar bear scratched his pate and look'd worried;
He could not acknowledge his brother his equal,
And yet there was something in bondage so horrid
That action was needed to give it a sequel.

At length with a grunt, and a grin, and a growl,
And scratching his tail-piece instead of his noddle,
He said, "You're a brother, but filthy and foul,
And cannot live out of your own dirty puddle.

Be equal to those of my tribe at the South,
Take the whip and the reins, if you choose, and be free;
But, blast your black skin! don't you open your mouth
About *rights* at the North—you're not equal to me."

From the Baltimore Daily Gazette.

Governor Swann vs. Loyalty.

CARROLL COUNTY, Md., Jan. 16, 1866.

I am greatly surprised to learn from Governor Swann's message to the Legislature that he regards the majority of the voters of Maryland as justly disfranchised by reason of their active or passive Southern sympathy during the war. Has he forgotten a speech made by him on the Bell and Everett side (during the Presidential campaign of 1860), at the Court House in Westminister, Maryland?

I heard him emphatically declare at that time that should Abraham Lincoln be elected, or the Black Republican party *ever* obtain supremacy and occasion, as many apprehended, a conflict between Northern and Southern States, there was no question that the manifest duty and *interest* of Maryland would be to go with the South. And when that day comes he would be among the first to prove his devotion to Southern principles. In the warmth of his declamation Mr. Swann used these words: "*Let a Northern army ever attempt to cross Maryland to coerce a Southern State and I will throw my body in the breach.*" The opportunity for the gentleman to make good his boast of valor and southern sympathy came soon after, but he took good care to keep his handsome person and large property out of the breach, while braver men perled both life and property in defence of the principles Mr. Swann then loudly advocated, and are now told by his Excellency that they are justly deprived of their rights of citizenship because they acted upon his teachings.

Mr. Swann does not consider that *his* "disloyal" utterances have disqualified him for the highest office in the State, but presents himself for our admiration as a bright example of fidelity to principle and "loyalty," yet recommends that the ban remain upon the large number of our best citizens, who honestly maintained, through dangers and oppression, the sentiments our immaculate Governor proclaimed at Westminster to be "the strongest and purest emotions of his heart."

These men who, at great cost, remained true to the principles Mr. Swann deserted for the spoils to be found on the winning side, would remind him of what he must have forgotten at the time he wrote his message—that he has been the champion of Southern rights, and incited them to armed resistance by all the force he could command of words and gesture—that he cannot consistently hold men punishable for steadfast adherence to the doctrines he taught them when the representative of a Union party, and that he should remember how few of the members of that party have had his Excellency's strong allurements of office and power to convert them to the new faith.

A FORMER MEMBER OF THE
BELL AND EVERETT PARTY.

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman on the wharf to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends at Cork are in bed and asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening." "That's always the way," exclaimed Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

A French lawyer has made a bequest of $20,000 to the lunatic asylum of his town. "I earned this money," his will states, "by the patronage of those who go to law; my gift is but a restitution."

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0023