rtown Transcript.

WN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1866. NO. 4.

The Poet.

When You're Down.

What legions of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored, and gay!
But ah! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set, then how quickly they frown,
And cry out in tones of severity,
"Kick the man, don't you see he's down!"

What though, when you knew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends," when they wanted to borrow,
You obliged, and ne'er asked them to "pay!"
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you wandered about through the town,
Your "friends" become very near-sighted,
And don't seem to see when "you're down."

When you're "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praise;
When you're "down" you have greatly defaulted,
And they "really don't fancy your ways."
Your style was "tip top" when you'd money,
So sings every sucker and clown,
But now 'tis exceedingly funny—
Things are altered "because you are down."

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from this world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high, noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen man from the dust;
And when in adversity's ocean
A victim is likely to drown,
All hail to the friend whose devotion
Will lift up a man when he's "down."

Farmers' Column.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland. Renovation of Sandy Soils.

In days not long past, the Eastern Shore of Maryland was the very seat of hospitality, and its people were noted for the delight which they took in the constant interchange of social amenities. There was generous living, a perfect round of visits, open houses to all comers who were accredited by friends or neighbors, and a lavish display of kind-heartedness, combined with a prodigality of expense, which thought more of enjoyment to-day than of the consequences in the future. There never lived a people more completely disposed to make every body feel at home among them, or more unselfish in their desire to promote the enjoyment of their guests. They possess many of these characteristics yet, and if the troubles that have fallen upon them, and the losses they have sustained, have made them less free-handed than of old, it is because the unusual restriction of their means has forced them to take a more serious view of life, and to do many things for themselves which formerly were done for them by others.

Under the old pleasant, but reckless way of doing things, the planters living on their patrimonial acres and surrounded by more servants than they could profitably employ, were careless as to their expenses, and also, but too frequently, careless in regard to the proper cultivation of their estates. What wonder is it then, that, under such circumstances, many of those Estates became less productive year after year, until the profits derived from them fell far short of the cost of maintaining the family? Yet by selling a piece here, by opening up a piece of virgin soil there, by cutting a few acres of wood and sending it to market, they managed, somehow or other, to get along without making much effort at retrenchment, and without modifying, to any great extent, their customary habits. But the lands grew poorer, and the war, and the changes which it brought about, left many of the warm-hearted planters wrecked and stranded in the midst of properties that were once a magnificent inheritance, but which had become wasted and impoverished by inattention and careless living. It has now grown to be a matter of imperious necessity, that they shall set themselves energetically to work to retrieve their shattered fortunes as best they may. Their true policy, where the estates are large, is to sell off a portion of them, and to thoroughly improve the remainder; but nothing except the most urgent necessity should induce them to part with an acre of their lands, unless at a price which would justify the alienation. Rather than resort to this, it would be far better to tenant out the portion not required, under an improving lease, binding the tenant by stringent regulations to perform faithfully his part of the contract; but, at the same time, making the terms so liberal as to warrant an intelligent and industrious man, in the hope of deriving a benefit from his labours, in a ratio corresponding to the annually increasing value of the land he has undertaken to improve.

We do not think there are lands anywhere that can be more cheaply improved, than those of the Eastern Shore of our State, and especially those that lie contiguous to the waters of the Bay, or to the many navigable rivers that constitute its tributaries. The lighter loams and sandy soils can be cultivated at one-third the expense of the heavier clays of other sections. The subsoil is, in many instances, of a close compact texture, which needs only to be broken up and intermingled with the surface soil to create, at once, a marked change in its productiveness.

Kelp or sea weed is frequently to be obtained in large quantities along the Bay shore, and there are also to be found, scattered throughout the peninsula, inexhaustible supplies of marl, and of oyster shells, yielding a mild but excellent quality of lime for agricultural purposes, and admirably adapted for composts. Besides these, there are marshes from which any amount of fertile mud and coarse vegetable fibre can be drawn. Here then we have sea-weed containing usually much nitrogen, and also rich in potash; marl, in which some potash is not unfrequently found, shells broken down and comminuted by the action of centuries and furnishing lime and appreciable traces of phosphoric acid, and finally, salt or fresh water marshes, rich in all those elements that, when rendered soluble by fermentation in composts, will restore any soil, however exhausted, to a condition of fertility. All these materials are, moreover, those that are best adapted to the improvement of the lighter kinds of lands, and if they are judiciously composted, and liberally applied, will be found singularly effective under a proper system of cultivation. Fifty two-horse loads of marsh mud and pealty fibre, composted with marl, or lime and sea-weed, and with a few loads of barn-yard manure added to hasten fermentation, would be ample for an acre of land, and would cause the most barren of sandy fields to yield ample crops for a series of years. As the labor of collecting the materials for this compost would naturally be performed in the winter season when there is little to do on the farm, the cost would be comparatively trifling, and not unfrequently water carriage would lessen it considerably. Will not our friends think over these suggestions?—*Maryland Farmer.*

Marrying the Minister.

The too-common anxiety of congregations concerning their pastor's hymenial prospects is thus happily considered by a writer in the New York *Observer:*

The minister is about to marry a wife; do not understand that the church is to marry her. Now, I take it that if the minister is suited, we have no right to find fault. But should not the minister's wife make herself useful in the congregation? Certainly, and so should you and you and you. But I do not understand the divine ordinance of marriage to be different in the case of a minister from what it is among the laity. The good Lord gave to man a wife to be a help meet for him, and when your minister takes a wife, he seeks a help *meet for himself*, and not a help *meet for his congregation*. If you insist that your minister's wife shall be a *pastoress*, and shall ever be ready to fill those stations which *your* duties, good ladies, to your husbands, home and children forbid you to occupy, she will be constrained to overtask herself, or else fail in her home duties, and as she becomes the wife of the church, to that extent must she cease to be the minister's help meet. But ought she not then to help him in his labors for his people? Yes, but how? Does the lawyer's wife assist him in his office, or the physician's in his practice? Your minister's wife should help him in his work. But—she is not to do his work, she is to aid *him* to do it. Let her be his sympathising companion, his solace in hours of weariness, his cheer in discouragement, his light in despondency, and when his nervous system is all unstrung by the constant tax imposed by his labor upon his mind, affections and sympathies, then let her soothe and divert and strengthen and encourage. Let your minister's wife make for him a home of comfort, and of peace, and of affection, to which he will ever return with gladness, and from which he will always go forth strong and cheery, with that peace and rest in his soul which is the offspring of a wisely-founded, firmly rooted, and heartily returned conjugal affection. Let your minister's wife do this for her husband, and she will do more for for his people than though she united in herself the several offices of head directress of every benevolent society, vice-superintendent in the Sunday school, leading soprano in the choir, general referee in matters of taste, opinion or differences in the congregation, grand sympathiser in every one's sorrows and disappointments, and lieuteuant adviser in all cases of perplexity. Q.—What then are some of the principal graces which should adorn a minister's wife? A.—Piety, good sense, cheerful tem, and (not least) strong love to her husb.

TIMOTHY.

ARTEMUS WARD was out late one night recently. Here is his account of his return home:

"It was late when I got home. The children and my wife were all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin'—gleamed in Betsy's room. It gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' brite, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins'. Felt a sentimental mood still so gently ore me stealin', and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sung in a kind of op'ratic vois as follers, impromtoo, to wit:

Wake, Betsy, wake,
My sweet gaboot!
Raise up, fair lady,
While I tool my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash; and a form in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house you old fool. Tomorrer you'll be goin round complainin about your liver."

Impromptu.

An old gentleman named Gould having married a young lady of nineteen, thus addressed his friend, Dr. G., at the wedding festival:

"So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould!"

To which the doctor replied:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U."

Unconditional Union Meeting.

The Unconditional Union men of Kent County assembled in Chestertown on Saturday, June 2, 1866.

On motion of Charles H. Wickes, Esq., Joseph E. Weer was called to the Chair, and W. D. Burchinal appointed Secretary.

Captain Charles H. Wickes, R. T. Turner and Bartus Trew were appointed delegates to the 6th of June Convention, and Thos. E. Norris, W. H. Morgan and W. H. Hamilton alternates. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the Unconditional Union men of Kent County, who have stood by the Government from the beginning and supported the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, do declare our adhesion to the doctrine "that loyal men only should govern a preserved Republic," and "that treason should be made odious."

That, recognizing the Representatives of the people in Congress as the head and heart of the nation, we have seen nothing in its reconstruction policy to meet the condemnation of the truly loyal.

That, while willing to receive the prodigal son, and to kill the fatted calf, we wait to *see, first*, fruits meet for repentance—an humble and contrite spirit—and not haughty demeanor, arrogant assumption, unrelenting vindictiveness and a disposition that would take the calf by violence, drive out of doors with contempt the compassionate father and the dutiful son, and appropriate the premises. Hence we adhere to the Registry law, and we demand a rigid enforcement thereof by those in authority.

That we cannot perceive the necessity for a division of the great Union party of the country, and we call on our brethren in high places and in humble to return to their first love and to rally unitedly around the old flag.

That we fully endorse the course pursued by Messrs. Thomas, Kimball, Proud and Evans, of the State Executive Committee, and acknowledge the necessity of an immediate and firm organization of the Unconditional Union men of Maryland, and that we will support no man for any position who is of doubtful loyalty.

From the Delawarean.

A Singular Case of Abduction.

A curious story of child-stealing was related to the writer some ten days ago, by the mother of the missing child; there can be no reasonable doubt of its truthfulness, as the mother's earnest but unsuccessful search, no less than the excellent references she gives, will sufficiently testify:

Mrs. Ross, the mother of the child, lives in Philadelphia, near Gray's Ferry; her husband, Joseph Ross, is a workman at Joseph Harrison's boiler works, in the same part of the city. On Ash Wednesday, (21st of February,) Mrs. Ross left home early, to do the marketing. A short distance from her house she met a woman whom she represents to be about 40 years of age, dressed in the plain garb of a Quakeress, who stopped and made inquiries about the houses and inhabitants of the neighborhood, and in the course of her inquiries ascertained Mrs. Ross' name and where she lived.

When Mrs. R. returned home, after an absence of several hours, she was greatly alarmed to find that one of her children, a little girl about six years of age, had been abducted during her absence. An older girl, left in charge of the children, informed her that she (the mother) had not been long gone before a woman, in appearance like the one she had met on the street, called at the house, and after a number of inquiries about the family, told the girl that Mrs. Ross was an old acquaintance of hers, and had requested her to bring the child into town to have its likeness taken. The girl refused, at first, to let the child go, but the woman, by persuasion, finally prevailed upon her to accede to her wishes, and the little girl was dressed and put in charge of the pretended friend of her mother. Since that day, no sure trace of the stolen child has been discovered, though the poor mother has traveled many weary miles; and the police, who were put in possession of the facts, have been active in the search.

Mrs. Ross says she recently received a letter from a person who was travelling on the Delaware Railroad, about the time the child was abducted, who noticed two women in a car—one of them nursing an infant, and the other in charge of a little girl answering the description of her daughter, who was constantly asking to be taken back to its mother; and in reply to a remark made by the woman, that it would soon be home, said she had promised to have her likeness taken but had not done it, when the woman told her to be quiet, that she was then with her mother, pointing to the younger woman with the infant. These parties left the train at Smyrna Station, in company with a man who sat near them. Mrs. Ross thinks the person by whom her child was stolen took it in mistake for the adopted child of a woman named Cross, formerly a near neighbor of Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Cross's adopted child, about the age of the one abducted, had been left with her by its parents when a babe, they promising to pay her for nursing it, but the parents, for some reason, abondoned the infant, and Mrs. Cross brought it up as her own child. During the war she lost her husband, and about a year ago returned to her friends in Ireland, taking the adopted child with her. This unfortunately deprives Mrs. Ross of the satisfaction of making inquiries of Mrs. C., as to the appearance of the childs's parents, though she was told by her that they were plain people, Friends, and lived in Maryland.

It is possible that the parents of Mrs. Cross's adopted daughter, mistaking the name so similar to Ross, have, in attempting to recover their child surreptitiously, cheated themselves and inflicted extreme anguish upon an innocent family.

DOVER, June 6, 1866.

Notice.

count, exchange for
sh for Wool, at the

. A. VICKERS.
866.