# The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. NO. 25.



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 Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) 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, five Dollars: One Year, eight 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. ☜

**COUGH no MORE.** **DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM** is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

**CURE for PILES.** **DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY** has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

**Doctor Strickland's TONIC.** **DYSPEPSIA.** DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antiacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—y

**NOTICE TO FARMERS.**

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

**No. 132 West Pratt Street,**
FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A
**GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,**

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of

**GRAIN, FRUITS,**
AND ALL KINDS OF
**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

Having been extensively engaged in the

**Fruit Business**

for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price.

**W. H. WEST,**
132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:

Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS and Stuffers and Lard Cans, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store—by J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, November 19, 1865.

**PRODUCE**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION wanted at EDESVILLE, for which the *highest Cash prices* will be paid, by
T. ROMIE STRONG & CO.
December 16, 865.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.
May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

**A CARD.**

**Wm. Perkins**
Having fitted up and furnished
**HIS "RISING SUN" SALOON,**
*On Bridge Street, in Chestertown,*

IN a handsome style, is now prepared to serve Ladies and Gentlemen in the best manner with all the luxuries in his line of business. In his Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Cream, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, and all the delicacies of the season, at the shortest notice. And Gentlemen will be served as heretofore in his Saloon for Gentlemen.

☞ Parties will be supplied with Cake, in any quantity, at short notice.

☞ Families will be supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream and Frozen Custard, and Water Ices by the gallon, and also with Cake, upon reasonable terms. He will supply all who may want, with Ice, in small or large quantities. May 13, 1865.

**Sept. 22, 1866.**

**JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS**
**Old and Popular Stand, The**
**CHEAP CORNER!**

LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS JUST OPENING. *DRY GOODS.*

Invoice of Delaines, Alpacas, Silks, Mourning Goods and Calicoes, AT CITY PRICES!

Invaice of MUSLINS; bleached and unbleached 7-4 and 5-4 Sheeting—cheaper than ever offered.

All wool heavy Flannels, at prices unrivaled.

French and English Ginghams. Ticking & Shirting Stripes, at prices to suit the times.

All wool CASSIMERS, French and English, bought of importers.

Satinets, N. Y. Kersey, all wool heavy Kerseys, bought of manufacturers. Mallalieu and Murphy's Kerseys.

**Large and varied Stock of NOTIONS.**

Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, from the commonest to the best. Gloves, Gauntlets, Hoods, Sontags, &c. Fine assortment of Cologne, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oil, &c., at prices ranging much lower. H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 22, 1866. Cheap Corner.


**MARYLAND:**
**Kent County Orphans' Court,**
OCTOBER 16, 1866.

On the application of John A. Norris, Executor of Mary A Norris, late of Kent county, deceased:

*Ordered*, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Maryland, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in '*The Chestertown Transcript*,' printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 16th day of October, 1866.
Test. JOS. P. IRELAND,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

*MARY A. NORRIS,*

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, *On or before the 16th day of May*, 1867; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of October, 1866.
JOHN A. NORRIS,
Executor of Mary A. Norris, dec'd.
Oct. 20, 1866—4t.


**FARMERS**
**TAKE NOTICE.**

THE subscribers have for sale, in lots to suit purchasers,

**RHODES'**
**Standard Manure and**
*OTHER FERTILIZERS.*

All orders will be promptly attended to, and shipped to any landing in Kent county that the purchaser may desire.

OFFICE opposite the Kent National Bank.
HINES & WOODALL,
Sept. 8—tf. Chestertown, Md.

**Millinery**
AND
**FANCY STORE.**

**Mrs. T. H. Harris & Miss M. J. Wyatt**

Would respectfully announce to the Ladies of Chestertown and country that we have just returned from the City of Baltimore, with a new and well selected assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, consisting in part of Ladies Kid Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, Edgings, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Velvet Ribbons, Sontags, Worsted Caps for children, Cotton and Worsted Hose, Needles, Pins, Sewing Silks, Sewing Cotton, and many other articles too numerous to mention. We are prepared to make and repair Bonnets at the shortest notice: having experience in the business, we will endeavor to give full satisfaction. We earnestly *invite our friends*, and the public generally, to give us a call. We will be found at our residence on Market Space, opposite the Methodist E. Church.

WANTED.—Two gentlemen boarders by the week or month. None need apply without good references.
Oct. 6—tf. MRS. T. H. HARRIS.

**Wool Wanted!**
**For which the Highest Cash Prices will be paid, by**
T. R. STRONG & CO.
Edesville, May 19, 1866.

COAL OIL and LAMPS, for sale by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

**Latest Fashions.**
**FALL MILLINERY AND**
**Fancy Goods.**

MISS SUSAN A. SPARKS respectfully informs her old customers and the Ladies generally, that she has just returned from the City with a complete assortment of

**Fall Millinery and Fancy Goods,**

embracing all the latest Novelties in Bonnets, Ribbons, Velvets, Dress Trimmings, &c., which were selected with great care, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low. An inspection of her Stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

**Stamping.**—The latest styles and patterns in great variety. Call and see them.
Chestertown, October 13, 1866.


**MARYLAND:**
**Kent County Orphans' Court,**
OCTOBER 9, 1866.

On the application of Dorothea Gruber, Administratrix of John C. Gruber, late of Kent county, deceased.

*Ordered*, That she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Maryland, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in "*The Chestertown Transcript*," printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 9th day of October, 1866.
Test: JOS. P. IRELAND,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

*JOHN C. GRUBER,*

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber *On or before the 9th day of May*, 1867; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of October, 1866.
DOROTHEA GRUBER,
Administratrix of John C. Gruber, dec'd.
October 13, 1866—4t.


THE RURAL AMERICAN FREE THREE MONTHS!—CHOICE VINES, PLANTS, &c., FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

The RURAL AMERICAN, published at Utica, N. Y, on the 1st and 15th of each month, will commence a new volume (XI) January 1st, 1867. No other rural paper in this country equals it in *practical* value to Farmers, Gardeners, Fruit Growers, Stock Breeders, Bee Keepers, &c. It is *National* in its character, being as valuable in Maine, Iowa, Maryland, &c., as in the State of New York. It is a splendid *sixteen* page *quarto* publication, beautifully illustrated, larger than any other paper of its class, and offered at only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, and every subscriber receives *free* and *post paid* what is actually worth from ONE to Two DOLLARS in some of the choicest GRAPE VINES, STRAWBERRY & RASPBERRY PLANTS, EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES (the best ever grown) AND SPLENDID STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS!

CLUB AGENTS WANTED!

The Premiums sent to Club Agents, are truly magnificent, and worth THREE TIMES as much as any other publisher offers. Besides all the above articles, they receive *free* splendid GOLD PENS, and all the high priced MAGAZINES, and the New York WEEKLY NEWS PAPERS a year, to commence at any time! Club Agents are wanted in every town, in every State in the Union. All you have to do, is to send for sample copies, Show Bills and Blank Subscription Lists, which are sent *free*, and you can proceed to get up your clubs.

THE PAPER FREE THREE MONTHS!

Every subscriber for 1867, who remits $1.50 singly, or in a club, before Dec. 15th, 1866, will receive the paper FREE from the time his money is received, to the end of the present year! If received by October 1st, the paper will go free *three months*, and in proportion for a later remittance!

Over $100,000 worth of Gratuities have been sent to my subscribers, within the last four years, and I *now* have on hand $25,000 worth, which I am ready to send (at the proper time) to all who subscribe for the RURAL AMERICAN, which is admitted universally to be, not only the *best*, but also the *cheapest* paper of the kind in this country.

Address, T. B. MINER, CLINTON, ONEIDA Co., N. Y., my editorial office being there, near Utica. Oct. 20, 1866—1m

**Dissolution of Partnership.**

WILLIAM P. FRANCIS has this day withdrawn from the firm of Tomlinson & Francis. The business will be continued under the style of *Tomlinson & Francis.*
W. TOMLINSON,
W T. TOMLINSON.
Baltimore, July 19, 1866.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.

**TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,**
**Commission Merchants,**

FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, *Country Produce generally*, and *PEACHES.*

**No. 96 Light Street Wharf.**

☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, July 28, 1866.

**LAND SURVEYING.**

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.
June 24, 1866—tf. E. F. PERKINS.

**WANTED.**

500 POUNDS OF BRASS, 500 pounds of Copper, and 500 pounds of Lead, at the Stove and Tin Store.
May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE

FLOUR BY THE BARREL, for sale at Edesville, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.
April 28, 1866.


## The Poet.

**THE SOLDIER'S VOW.**

I'll ne'er again my sword unsheath;
Not while I live and while I breathe,
I'll NEVER draw it more!
The ruin, shame and deep despair;
The groans that swell the tainted air;
The seas of human gore,
That glare on man with visage grim,
And call for vengeance up to Him,
From nature's bleeding store.

The murder on the least pretence;
The anguish wrung from innocence;
The insults of the base,
All follow war's exulting blast;
Nor heed the lessons of the past,
And daily prayers for grace.
Oh! cruel war, thy bloody hand
Brought, in all quarters of our land,
The blush to virtue's face.

Ambitious men unveil the art
Which strikes a nation to the heart,
And makes dishonor bold.
What care they for the human race?
They only seek for pow'r and place,
As tyrant's did of old—
They'd have a sceptre and a crown
To cow confiding people down,
And horde ill-gotten gold.

But human tongue can never tell
How Christians (?) oft aspire to hell,
Though pious they appear—
One hand will clasp the Book of God,
The other wield the Iron Rod;
Yet THEY ne'er "shake the spear"—
For such the people dare and die,
When battle's smoke obscures the sky,
And shrouds a scene most drear.

If e'er I draw the shining sword
To battle for that heartless horde,
May vengeance on me pour;
Oh! NEVER shall I strike again,
And help to cause so much of pain;
No, never, NEVER more!
Down, down, my blade, the scabbard's thine
You'll ne'er again form battle's line,
Nor taste of human gore?

J. V. ENGLE.

From the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.

**Our Youth.**

Who does not love a little child? Whether amusing itself with baby dolls, toy horses, or restlessly rolling over the floor. We can but admire the innocency, and artless simplicity of the little creature. To train this dear little one for immortality and eternal life, is at once the duty and responsibility of parents. It is a mistaken notion that our education commences with the alphabet,—it begins long before that time,—far back in the sweet lullaby of a mother's gentle voice—in her loving smile—her fond caresses, and in her silent tears. Here our first lessons are received—lessons, so deeply impressed as never to be forgotten, for they are daguerreotyped upon the soul of childhood by a mother's purest and holiest love. What a happy, Providential arrangement it is, therefore, that the earliest months and years of our existence are always spent in "childhood's happy home." There the fires have the brightest glow, there the sun shines the warmest in winter, the flowers bloom the soonest, and the graves grow the greenest in Spring time; there are the coolest and sweetest fountains. No roof so strong to protect us as ours, no arm so powerful to defend us as our father's right arm, no heart so warm to greet us, and no bosom so soft upon which to pillow all our little cares and troubles, as our mother's. None can feel for us such an intense interest, such undying love as our parents—none, therefore, so capable of impressing our young hearts: "Hear then, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."

Never, perhaps, in the history of our country, has this admonition been more needed than at the present time. Although uttered hundreds of years ago, these words come to us to-day, breathing the very atmosphere of parental affection and love. As children, we cannot turn away from this instruction, for God has commanded us to hear. As parents, we must not fail to impart it, for Heaven has committed to our hands this fearful responsibility, "train up the child in the way he should go." We cannot shrink from it, lest we sin against our Heavenly Father, who, urgently entreats us to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We cannot shirk this responsibility by committing our little ones to the care of others, for they are commanded to hear the instruction of their father, and not to forsake the law of their mother. This, then, is the time to mould and fashion—to impress and inculcate, both by precept and example, those pure and heaven-born principles in the heart of listening childhood, which, like good seed, will yield "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold," for it is in the sweet influence of family scenes, and family affections, that those pure and heavenly principles of noble acts are lighted in the secret shrines of the human soul, that are the last to be extinguished in the career of vice, and that after casting their high and starry brightness over the troubled sea of [illegible] and clung with the longest and purest attachment. Is it any wonder, then, in all after life, where'er we wander, the song of "Home, sweet home, there is no place like home," thrills us with peculiar emotions! Even down to a green old age, we love to sit and speak of incidents connected with childhood's happy home. Memory will not let the tender and touching associations of our earlier life fade away; we may forget much that happened but yesterday, but the reminiscences of early life, are niches in the human soul, never to be forgotten, for memory is a faculty that never dies, and "the electrical wires" that connect childhood to old age seem to receive new insulation, and flash along through three score years and ten with increasing interest, "distance lending but new enchantment to the scene."

"'Tis sweet to remember! I would not forgo
The chain which *the past* o'er *the present* can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy can weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the *future*—the *past*—we have felt;
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt,
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul."

Let us see to it, then, that our little ones have pleasant memories of the past, that by kind words and winning ways, by gentleness and love, we may succeed in teaching our youth the path to success. W. J. R.

**Joe Bowers' Wedding.**

The County of ——, "away up in the mountains," boasts one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided and prompt, not caring a snap of the fingers for the applause of friends or the muttering of enemies. He is, perhaps, the most devoted man to the law in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside the court room.

On a recent occasion, the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple who desired wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasant duty, and on the appointed evening was promptly on hand at the hour at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the town, and none looked more dignified and happy than the Judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary, on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely; to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in the joyous event by getting "lively." The Judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third to the altar. To use his own language, he is a "great believer in weddings," and that he should become a little mellow amid the glorious scenes of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of most judges, he would take his "tod."

The wine had passed round and round and round—the music had ceased—the time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkens one had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how Joe would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how Nancy would suffer the anxious shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention upon the Judge, to see how he would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced, the Judge rose very cautiously from the chair which he occupied in one corner of the room, and, casting his eyes over the company, he singled out the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The Judge had just imbibed enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the Sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer he shouted:

"Mr. Sheriff, open the court and call order."

A general titter followed this command, in the midst of which the Sheriff took the "Court" by the arm and led him to his seat in the corner; at the same time informing the august personage of the mistake

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing else than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink; but before his return some cool-blooded wag had whispered into the ears of our old fogy, the cause of the "delay of the proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Sheriff," slowly bawled the Judge, "bring Joe into court on a supenar," (the Judge had his own way of pronouncing the word,) then addressing the bride who had stood in the fore ground and hung her head in deep confusion, he added: "I s'pose you are the plaintiff? Well, don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected in this here court."

This was the saddest blunder of all. The Judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a corrective in the shape of "forty drops of the critter," which he instantly applied.

In a few moments all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived, full of joy. The excitement was intense. He evidently felt every inch a Judge.

"J-o-o-o B-b-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor, "stand up. Have you anything to s-s-ay why s-s-entence—"

"Stop, stop, Judge," shouted the sheriff, from the back part of the room; "you are not going to hang the man, but marry him."

The Judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself, he proceeded—

"J-J-o-o B-B-o-w-e-r-s, do y-ou take Nancy H-Harkens for your wife, so help you God!"

This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded assent.

"N-Nancy Harkens, it now remains for this c-ourt to—"

Here the sheriff again interrupted the Judge, reminding him of the real business of the evening.

"Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-d-do y-y-you t-take Joe B-Bowers for a husband, t-to the best of your knowledge and belief, or d-do you not?"

"You can bet I will," softly answered the light-hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple, and joining them, wound up as follows:

"It now remains for this h-here c-ourt to pronounce you, J-Joe B-Bowers, and y-you Nancy Harkens, man and wife; and —(here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration from his face) m-may God have mercy on y-your s-souls! Sheriff 'move the culprits!"

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The Sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out loose in a glass of apple-jack. It was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

The following tribute to the gallantry of the "First Maryland (Confederate) Cavalry," is from the pen of a young lady of Charlottsville, Virginia. We publish it by request.

**The First Maryland (Confederate) Cavalry.**

During the year which has elapsed since the surrender of the Confederate army at Appomattox C. H., there have been complimentary tributes, varied and numerous, paid to the valor of the different corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and companies, as well as to the personal merits of the noble heroes who fought for four years under the illustrious Lee, yet no pen has been wielded in defense or applause of the 1st Maryland cavalry—not that their inestimable services and daring deeds have not been acknowledged and appreciated, but because of circumstances which it might have heretofore been wise to consider. Early in the Summer of 1862, this spirited little band, with hearts overflowing with patriotism and generous impulses, bade adieu to home, friends and interests, crossed the Potomac at Winchester, and offered their services to Virginia.

From the period which dated the entrance of the regiment into service, till the last battle, was fought in our State, there were few engagements of note in which it did not participate, but it was to the Valley, that frequent scene of carnage and desolation, its services were more particularly confined. During Gen. Jackson's campaign, the gallantry of both officers and men was the subject of the distinguished chieftain's most favorable notice, and under each of his successors did they march and fight, ever foremost in the ranks, their strong arms and brave hearts stimulating them to deeds of daring service.

At each advance of Gen. Lee's army across the Potomac the post of honor—"advance guard'—was awarded this body of cavalry, and on his return, the still more dangerous and responsible one of the "rear."

At Manassas and Fredricksburg they were conspicuous for gallantry and bravery, and there is scarcely a foot of ground in Virginia ever trodden by the foe, which has not at some time been contested by them. But does not the fact of the last cavalry charge in the army of Northern Virginia, having been made at Appomattox C. H. by the 1st Maryland regiment led by Colonel Dorsey just elected to office, add a flower that completes the chaplet of its glory? When at the close of hostilities in Virginia, one of our most distinguished Generals, called upon the troops to rally to his standard and follow him to the far South in the hope of retrieving our fallen fortunes, it was not the soldiers of his own command, or those of any other, who were first to respond to the appeal, but the Marylanders in a body, and not until the last whisperings of hope had died away, and the proud banner under which they had fought with such a steadfast faith had been furled forever, did they relinquish the determination to share its destiny, even though it might next wave on the banks of the Rio Grande. Shall such renown remain in oblivion?

The courageous, conscientious, high-toned gentleman makes the good soldier, and the Maryland cavalry was composed of the choicest sons of our sister State, and with the abilities of an officer, and the characteristics of a christian gentleman, such as Colonel Ridgely Brown possessed, it is not strange that under his command there should have been exhibited such a combination of the highest qualifications soldiers possess. The untimely fall of this much loved leader at Ashland, in June 1864, not only cast a gloom over ever heart in his own immediate command, but was deeply felt by the Southern cause. Just on the eve of a well deserved promotion—just when the service he always rendered was most needed—just when his little charge most required his counsel, his aid, his support and example, he was lost. Alas!—"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

The widowed hearts, the desolate hearthstones and "vacant chairs," the sundered ties of friendship, the frequent graves marked by kind hands, and the thinned ranks which at the close of the war marched in our midst, are all melancholy testimonials of the fact, that many of Maryland's noble sons are sleeping their last sleep on our soil. Many a heart which at its entrance among us bounded with bright hopes and delightful probabilities has been stilled, many ambitious longing has been hushed, many a youthful champion while languishing on the battle-field or bed of sickness, enduring the scorching rays of the Summer sun, or the chilling blasts of Winter, has been cheered by dreamings he was never to realize—dreamings of the distant home beyond the blue Potomac with its thousand endearments and attractions awaiting to welcome the care worn exile—dreamings of the fond father and mother whose prayers had followed him in all his wanderings and of the sister or loved one at whose feet he would return and lay down his proud laurels.

Among the fallen heroes there are none more conspicious than Lieut. Henry C. Blackiston, of company B. During an engagement near Bunker Hill, in which but a portion of the regiment maintained itself successfully for some hours without being reinforced against a brigade of the enemy, this gallant young officer fell.—Few officers have ever commanded with more ability and judgment, or so entirely won the esteem of their subordinates, and few soldiers who ever fought upon Virginia's soil found a warmer place in the hearts of her sons and daughters than did Lt. Blackiston. The kind and efficient officer, the courteous and agreeable gentleman, the courageous and conscientious soldier, he endeared himself to the hearts of all with whom he was associated, and we mingle our tears of regret with those of the distant ones who loved him most.

"For thy green Valley, O Virginia he died;
We will forget our sorrow—in our pride."

It would occupy more space than we are afraid a generous public would be willing to award us were we to attempt to do justice to the individual merits of the officers and men of the 1st Md. cavalry. It is a difficult task to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the dead, or discriminate in the awarding of praise to the living, where all so justly deserve it. The history of the war does not furnish a parallel in which a body of soldiers fought under so many disadvantages with such an endurance, perseverence and courage. Cut off effectually from every resource, as well as from the aid and sympathy of friends, with no friendly "superior" from their own native State to economize their lives or look to their interests, they steered amidst the breakers of our little Confederacy without compass, sail or rudder to guide them, nothing save the banner of *right*. But to many portions of the South, to Virginia especially, and the commanding officers and soldiers of the Confederate army, the fame of the Maryland cavalry will be as a twice told tale. The gallantry and noble bearing of company A, with its respective commanders, Captains Bond and Griffith; the bravery of Capt. Emack, the dashing and chivalous Lieut. McKnew, and the martyrdom, of Lt. Cook, as well as the constantly distinguished company (B.) which they commanded; the courage and patriotism displayed by Capts. Smith and Howard and their company C; the invaluable services rendered on so many occasions by Capt. Welsh with his company D, that glorious patriot Capt. Wm. J. Rasin, together with Lt. Roberts, the leaders of such a valiant little band as company E, and the lamented Capt. Swartz with company F, will long be subjects to occupy a bright green spot in the memory of every patriotic son and daughter of the Old Dominion.

We say it is a task both difficult and delicate to make a distinction where praise belongs alike to all, and when we speak of the "constantly distinguished company B," a compliment so deservedly won and so frequently applied should perhaps suffice, for when both officers and soldiers have through so many severe and harrassing conflicts bravely and cheerfully executed every service that could be exacted of valor and patriotism, it seems scarcely just that a single personal allusion should be made, yet it always happens in the varied scenes of war, that fortune presents to some opportunities for performing services and making sacrifices for their country which all would gladly avail themselves of;—Thus it was, that private Tunis obtained from his comrades-in-arms the generous admission of being the bravest soldier in the command, that the conduct of privates Serpelle, Jones and Tolsin was under peculiar circumstances, so meritorious—that the heroic sacrifices and devotional constancy to the "bonnie blue flag" manifested by Sergeant Wm. A. Wilson, privates James H. Price, James Hambleton and J. Embert while enduring the horrors of prison-life, has been a theme of so much eulogy. Nor if we cast back a glance of reflection to a memorable scene which occurred at Darksville, can we resist a wish to single out the eminent Capt. Rasin and seating him at the head of the young heroes just mentioned, together with eight others, present them as they

"Formed a picture in the fore-ground,
Nigh the flashing of the guns."

charging and routing *without ammunition* treble their own number of the enemy—an event which will long remain a bright trophy to the valor of the participators.

Well may Virginia be proud of such ornaments to her service as composed this regiment. Well may the bloom of such laurels won in her cause, be fresher in her memory each day, and the feeling of gratitude for such devotion to her interests grow deeper as time wears on.

We shake hands in heart with each member of the honored little band, ask them to accept our prayers and good-wishes, that whithersoever they may wander, may happier days and fairer fortunes than it was our privilege to reward their efforts with, smile upon them to gladden life's pathway, and the assurance is most heartfelt and sincere, that should they by wayward fortune or otherwise by cast among us, there will always be in waiting a greeting of cheer, when it is remembered they were once soldiers of the Maryland cavalry.

CHARLOTTSVILLE, Va.

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