The Chestertown Transcript.

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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 n 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 mderatoe rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertis ments 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.

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced Workmen.

Chapman & Lambert

Take this method of informing their friends and patrons and the public generally, that they have completed their large and commodious Shop on Cross street on the site of the former Shop. Expressing thanks to the public for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same, we think our past work a sufficient reference for our ability in doing business.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, August 24, 1867.

Look at This!

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP UP TOWN.

THE undersigned having taken the new Shop up town, nearly opposite Mr. S. S. Usilton's, respectfully informs the Farmers and Public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the BLACKSMITHING LINE, *at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.*

Particular attention paid to
HORSE SHOEING,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF $1.50, *and all other work in proportion.* He hopes by strict and punctual attendance to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.

ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Apr. 20, 1867—6m.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,
SUCH AS
Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact
CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS,
such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of
Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', Jn., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

Lumber,

LIME, FERTILIZERS, COAL,
AND PEACH TREES,
From Pullen's Nursery, New Jersey, for sale by JAMES SHUSTER,
June 29, 1867—6m. Buck Neck.

SASH CORD—SASH CORD—For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by ALDRIDGE.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 1st, 1865.

THOMAS NORRIS, for TEN years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 PRATT STREET, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
AND MACHINERY.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.
SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR
"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills, and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.

The above Machines have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.

Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.

We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—y.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD
Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters,

&c., which he intends to sell at greatly reduced prices. He invites the citizens of Chestertown and the County of Kent to call and examine. He is confident he can sell cheaper for Cash than any Fashionable Establishment in the City of Baltimore, considering the quality of his Goods. Give him a call at 94 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday.

F. LLOYD.
January 26, 1867—y.

GREAT REDUCTION
IN
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

CHESTERTOWN
CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken

THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET,

recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and

Having laid in a Stock
Of the Very Best Material,
are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respecfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

WATER COOLERS and Tumbler Drainers—for sale low, at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPR PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
ALSO, THEIR
Ammoniated Super Phosphate of Lime.

(See advertisement, in another column, of R. J. RUTH & CO., No. 16 Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore.)

SOLD BY
Hines & Woodall,
CHESTERTOWN,

Also, by Jno. Carson, Crumpton; T. J. Shallcross, Shallcross' Wharf; Edw. Slaughter, Travilla Landing; Jas. Shuster, Buck Neck; S. A. J. Wickes, Grey's Inn Creek; Captain W. S. Kelley, Still Pond Creek.

Also, PERUVIAN GUANO
AND ALL FERTILIZERS
IN BALTIMORE MARKET.

We will have the above Fertilizers shipped to any Landing in Kent county that the purchaser may desire.

HINES & WOODALL,
August 31, 1867. General Agents.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!!

T. R. Strong. *Geo. T. Hollyday.*
STRONG & HOLLYDAY.
At Edesville,

WILL open a large Stock of Goods this day from the Cities of
PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE,
which they will sell very low,
Having been bought for CASH, at the Lowest Market Rates!
Large invoice of *DRY GOODS.*
BOOTS and SHOES
VERY CHEAP;
Groceries, Notions, Hats and Caps: Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

Come and see us; no trouble to show goods.
Edesville, October 20, 1866.

BACON, FLOUR, LARD AND CORN MEAL—for sale by
STRONG & HOLLYDAY,
Oct. 20, 1866. Edesville.

CHESTERTOWN
STOVE AND TIN STORE.

IN AGAIN presenting himself for public favor, the subscriber desires to express his gratitude for the very liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, and assures his friends and the public that it shall continue to be his aim to merit a continuance and increase of the same.

My Stock is *the largest and best selected* ever offered in Kent county, consisting in part as follows:

The Continental and Niagara Cook Stoves, with extended fire-box; Delaware Cook, Congress Complete and Charm Cooking Stoves; Brilliant and Gem Oval Radiator Gas Burners, Dawn Gas Burner Base, Egg Cylinder & Dew Drop, for wood or coal; Union Air Tight; Tuscan, with Open Front; Wild Flower and Parlor Cook Stove, for burning Wood or Coal—for sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

GAS BURNING FIRE PLACE STOVES,
For heating several rooms at one time, with the same fire. For sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE,
At Baltimore prices.

N. B.—The above Stoves cleaned and repaired by J. K. A.
Chestertown, October 20, 1866.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

CHARLES STANLEY respectfully informs his friends, and the Public generally, that he has this day associated with him his son C. A. A. Stanley, in the FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, which will hereafter be conducted under the name and style of

C. Stanley & Son,

at the Old Stand, opposite the Kent National Bank, Chestertown, where they will keep on hand (or furnish to order,) a general assortment of

Furniture

suited to this market, such as Bedsteads, Mattrasses, Bureaus, Washstands, Chairs, Tables, Cradles, Cribs, &c., at about city retail prices.

Particular attention will be given to the

UNDERTAKING

branch of the business. They will keep constantly on hand, or make to order *at the shortest notice,* COFFINS of all sizes, styles, and finish. Personal attention will be given to Funerals (when requested) and corpses will be sent to any part of the county.

FURNITURE neatly Repaired and Varnished, and Chairs newly Caned, at reasonable rates.

We respectfully solicit a liberal share of the public patronage.

CHARLES STANLEY,
C. A. A. STANLEY.
Chestertown, July 14, 1866—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
January 19, 1867—y

GRAVELEY'S Best Brand of Chewing Tobacco: Segars and Smoking Tobacco, for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN
GRAIN AND GUANO DRILL.

"IN THE FIELD AGAIN."

THE undersigned respectfully informs the Farmers of Kent that he is Agent for Kent County, for the world renowned Bickford & Huffman Grain and Guano Drill, and he is now receiving orders for the same, and will guarantee to have them delivered at any of the Landings of said county. Orders respectfully solicited. Address

GEO. H. THOMPSON,
Edesville, Kent County, Md.
August 17, 1867—tf.

Farmers
AND FLOUR CONSUMERS,
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE GOOSE HILL MILL having been thoroughly repaired, I am now prepared to grind wheat promptly, and to give customers a good article of Flour, and a good turn out.

Good Flour for sale at my store in Chestertown, at Baltimore prices.

Wheat, Corn and Oats, bought at the Mill and Store. Store in Court street.

WILLIAM F. BAKER.
August 10, 1867—tf.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the firm of *T. R. STRONG & CO.* are respectfully requested to settle their accounts on or before the FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT. *All accounts not settled at the expiration of that time will be put in legal hands for collection.* Respectfully,

T. R. STRONG & CO
Edesville, August 10, 1867.

JAS. W. WROTH & CO.,
Nos. 3 & 4 Delaware Avenue Market,
Having several years experience in selling
PEACHES
AND OTHER DOMESTIC FRUITS,
they respectfully ask a share of public patronage.
Philadelphia, July 20, 1867—3m.

S. V. L.

IN offering to the public a new remedy, which has cost time and various experiments, I deem it but justice to state, my Liniment contains more curative powers, and yet is more simple and harmless than any such medicine known which is used for similar purposes.

The price is placed within the reach of all, convinced as I am the present diseased condition of mankind makes its extensive circulation a paramount necessity. It is indeed a remedy every one should possess and which no family can do without. Besides being invaluable for Bruises, Cuts, Strains, Galls, Stiffness of the Joints, Swellings, &c., in horses, it is a household medicine, as will be seen by reference to my Show Cards, for Sore Throat, Toothache, Bee Stings, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatic Pains, Pains in the Face, Back, Joints, Limbs, Bowels, &c. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask for Sylvan's Veterinary Liniment. It is for sale at WM. J. VANNORT's Store, Chestertown, A. L. VANNORT's, Hanesville, and nearly all the Stores in the country. Also, at the

SYLVAN MEDICAL DEPOT,
Yardville, Mercer County, New Jersey.
July 27, 1867—6m.

LUMBER, &c.

ON hand and for sale, a large Stock of LUMBER, consisting of

White Pine Select		Hemlock Joists,	
Do.	" Cullens,	Do.	Scantling,
Do.	" Siding,	Do.	fence boards,
Do.	2x4 Railing	Do.	2x4 Railing,
Do.	" Flooring	Paling, &c., &c.	

Plastering Lath, Hair, Lime, &c.
FISH, FLOUR, BACON, COAL, &c.

T. J. SHALLCROSS,
June 29—tf. At Shallcross' Wharf.

JUST WHAT'S WANTED!

The subscribers have commenced a
CIGAR FACTORY
on High Street, opposite the Post Office, and intend to manufacture
CIGARS of all Kinds and Qualities,
and also to keep on hand a good assortment of
CHEWING TOBACCOS AND PIPES,
which we offer at Wholesale and retail.

We would call the attention of the Public and ask them to please give us a call and examine our Stock, as we intend to sell cheap for Cash.

G. W. & R. B. RUSSELL.
Chestertown, July 6, 1867—6m.

LOW, LOW, LOW!

T. R. STRONG & CO.

HAVE just returned from the city with a LARGE STOCK OF GOODS, which they are selling VERY LOW!

Calicoes from 10 to 20 cts.
Bro. Muslins, from 10 to 25 c.
Bl'd. do. " 10 to 25 c.

OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION!

WHEAT SCYTHES,
GRASS SCYTHES,
SCYTHE STONES,

For sale cheap.

LINEN DRILLS, DUCKS, COTTONADES AND CASSIMERES,
just received and for sale.

T. R. STRONG,
G. T. HOLLYDAY.
Edesville, June 8th, 1867.

Notice.

THE Vendue Notes given at the sale of James Pearce, late of Kent county, dec'd., have been given to me for collection, by his Administrator, with instructions to proceed against all delinquents after the 1st of October next. J. N. USILTON,
Aug. 24, 1867—1m. Claim Agent.

Vinegar.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, prime article, for sale at Kennedyville, by
July 27. C. W. WARREN.

The Poet.

Consider the Lillies of the Field.

O weary child of toil and care,
Trembling at every cloud that lowers,
Come and behold how passing fair
Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hillside's sunny slope,
From every forest's leafy shade,
The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope,
Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The Wind-flower blooms in yonder bower,
All heedless of to-morrow's storm;
Nor trembles for the coming shower
The Lilly's stately form.

No busy shuttle plied to deck
With sunset tints the blushing Rose;
And little does the Harebell reck
Of toil and all its woes.

The Water-Lily, pure and white,
Floats idly on the summer stream—
Seeming almost too fair and bright
For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous Tulip, though arrayed
In gold and gems, knows naught of care;
The Violet in the mossy glade,
Of labor hath no share.

They toil not—yet the Lily's dyes
Phœnician fabrics far surpass;
Nor India's rarest gem outvies
The little Blue-eyed Grass.

For God's own hand hath clothed the flowers
With fairy forms and rainbow hue,
Hath nurtured them with summer showers,
And watered them with dew.

To-day, a thousand blossoms fair,
From sunny slope or sheltered glade,
With grateful incense fill the air—
To-morrow they shall fade.

But thou shalt live when sinks in night
Yon glorious sun; and shall not He
Who hath the flowers so richly dight,
Much rather care for thee?

O faithless murmurer! thou mayst read
A lesson in the lowly sod;
Heaven will supply thine every need;
Fear not, but trust in God.

W. H. ELLIS, A. B.

The Cemeteries of Paris.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, gives the following interesting letter of the cemeteries of Paris:

Nothing escapes the French passion for the artificial—not even death. The loveliest forms of nature are made grotesque, and the grave-yard is invaded by curious dramatic inventions. If you visit *Pere le Chaise*, the chief cemetery of Paris, you find the tomb of Rachel, the actress, covered with the cards of daily visitors; and the railing round the base of the great monument in the Place Vendome, erected to Napoleon the First, embossed with the names of his veterans and his victories, is hung with garlands of *immortelles*, some of which are made of wire, as if to last forever. But nothing is at first so revolting to an American as the Catacombs. Here is, indeed, a city of the dead. Anxious to let my readers know that I have visited this famous "Golgotha," I procured a ticket from the proper authorities, and, in company with several American gentlemen, repaired last Saturday, to the principal entrance at the old "Barriere d'Enfer." Here we presented our pass, and found congregated about two hundred persons, males and females, mostly French. The Catacombs are only opened for exhibition twice a month, and the anxiety to see them is so great that the authorities issue only a limited number of tickets to prevent a crowd. Placing ourselves in line like the voters on election day, only in couples instead of singly, each of us armed with half of a sperm candle, costing three sous, to light our way, we began to descend into the vast charnel-house. The downward stair of ninety steps seemed to be endless, and as the French are the noisiest, though apparently the politest people in the world, their ridiculous laughter and curious cries seemed hideous mockeries to our untrained ears. When we reached the last step we found ourselves at the beginning of a series of galleries, cut through the solid earth, like the galleries in our collieries, and supported by huge stone pillars or abutments. Following our guide, we passed through the main gallery for at least a mile, and finally came to the octagonal vestibule of the Catacombs. This vestibule introduced us into rooms lined from floor to roof with the bones of three millions of human beings. The arm, leg, and thigh bones are in front, as closely and regularly arranged together as the best masonry, their uniformity being relieved by long rows of skulls at equal distances, the skulls sometimes assuming the shape of crosses, and always acting as if to relieve the otherwise hideous monotony. Behind this outer fortress of bones are thrown the smaller bones. At intervals in the centre of the sides of the rooms or passages Latin and French inscriptions on white marble slabs are placed—some from Lamartine, some from Livy, some from the Bible—reminding the spectator of the end of life and the folly of ambition. As we entered upon this revolting company, all were silent—the silly Frenchmen ceased their cat-calls, dog-barking, and laughter—the priests (who, like the soldiers, you find, everywhere in France) crossed themselves with many a whispered ave, and the women huddled to the side of their protectors with a pretty pretence of alarm. It was a sight well calculated to teach us the utter folly of selfishness, falsehood, and oppression, and the priceless value of giving our best efforts to the cause of humanity, justice, and freedom. One of the gravest questions in such a city as Paris is the burial of the dead. Centuries ago it was a great trouble in the populous and powerful eras of the Roman empire; and it is related by an old historian that even after they resorted to burning the corpses and preserving the ashes, they had not space to store away the urns in which these ashes were preserved. These receptacles for the bones of the dead of Paris originated in 1784, in consequence of a decree for a clearing of one of the chief cemeteries of the city; and from that time, as the progress of improvement and the opening of new streets made space essential, other burial grounds have been closed and their human debris carefully gathered into these caverns. I noticed tablets upon which was deeply carved the cemetery from which the closely-packed and grimly-decorated bones had been removed, several of these bearing the last year's date. Napoleon's improvements stop at no impediments. He destroys the tenements of the living to open new streets, to widen old ones, and otherwise to beautify the city; and he does not hesitate to invade the sanctuaries of the grave. There is something fearfully calculating in the arrangement of death and burial in Paris. I have tried to describe the mode of French living, the systematic devotion to pleasure, the regular disregard of what we call morality and religion, the idolatry of high art in painting, sculpture, music, decoration, and dress, and the manner in which vice is polished, not only into virtue, but almost into veneration.

The same elaborate order follows the human being to his final abode, and the ghastly architecture of the Catacombs is the finished finale of a heartless programme. The law takes instant cognizance of the dead as it preserves constant guardianship of the living body. Notice of decease must be instantly made to the Mayor by the relatives, or by the tenant at whose house the person died. The body is then visited by the public physician, the cause of dissolution ascertained, and no burial takes place until twenty-four hours after death. The undertaker is a monopoly in the hands of a company which pays a certain tariff to the Goverument. There are nine classes of funerals, the cost of the lowest being about four dollars, and of the first class as high as twelve hundred dollars.

The poor are buried at public expense, close to, but not upon each other, and the graves are opened every five years and their contents distributed in the mighty vaults I have just visited. As I walked through the streets of this terrible cavern, composed of the relics of three millions of my fellow-creatures, one million more than those who fret their little hour in the gay city itself, I could not suppress reflections that must be common to all who visit this appalling receptacle. How many "Imperial Cæsars"—how many "poor Yorics"—how many soldiers, and statesmen, and poets, and philosophers—how many beautiful women—had once looked and spoken alternate command, wit, courage, excellence, song, sentiment and love from those now silent and lustreless skulls!

Perhaps the head nearest me was that of the lost Robespierre, who, after filling a whole land with blood and death, faded into utter obliuion. Around me were gathered the victims who fell in the massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1793, that dread carnival which hastened his own doom and opened the way for the splendid rule of Napoleon the First. And it was almost impossible, after comparing the uncertainty and uneasiness of the more enlightened government of Napoleon's relative with the terrible drama that ushered in and closed his own career, to avoid asking the question, "How long will it be before another uprising of this uncertain and exacting people contributes new thousands to these skeleton millions?"

Dobbs and his Difficulties.

I am no novelist, and have never aspired to be, but I claim to be something of a politician.

If there is a loyal man I believe I am one. I made great sacrifices during the war for my country. I did not go to the war because I could not. My private affairs would not permit. But if one person in the United States of America kept up a more galling fire in the rear than any other man I am the man. I have been the mark of the copperheads. And besides, it has cost me much domestic trouble.

George Washington Harrison Socrates Clay Dobbs, (that's me) unfortunately married one Amy Amanda Maria Louisa Scraggs, and as old Scraggs was a Democrat, my Amy was a follower of the old rebel sympathizing copperhead butternut, and at times the climate at "Dobb's Cottage" became somewhat tropical. But I have borne it all like a Christian.

Old Scraggs has always been too fast for me in argument, but when he came visiting and I held family prayers and got the old reprobate upon his knees, I had all the say, and you better believe I poured grape and canister into Fort Sumter. Amy was a beautiful girl, and I married her because I loved her. Some said I married her for "Bobb's Cottage," but that was a copperhead lie. It is true, her father made us a present of the farm and cottage, but what of that? It was his daughter, and she has a right to it. I was master of the situation until recently. This suffrage question involved me in a very serious difficulty. I had taken special pains to tantalize Amy about copperheads, butternuts and sympathizers, but when this suffrage question came up she gave me hark upon the negro equality question.

I defended the best I could, but found the position was getting untenable, and so I declared straight for equality and went at it upon general equality principles.

I went my whole length and declared for outright equality.

Our people had got patriotic and had admitted the negroes in the public schools, and I had the honor of moving first in that important step.

One evening a few weeks ago, I came home and Amy and I had a set-to on the equality question. The children had been at school that day, and each had a negro next to them. I saw Amy was working her wits, the result of which was an announcement that if the children had to associate with negroes, I should, too.

I regarded the threat as an idle boast, and thought no more of it.

A few days after this I notified her that General ——— and his wife would dine with us. Her eyes sparkled. I knew there was mischief brewing, but I could not foresee it.

I advised her that the General, his wife and I would be at the cottage at one. And sure enough we were.

And Amy was prepared for us. She had prepared an excellent dinner, and met us at the door to welcome us, announcing at the same time that dinner was ready.

So soon as we were prepared she led the way to the dining room, and to my surprise had spread a large table, and had a saucy old negro by the name of Crow, with his wife and two children that were seated next to our children at school, already at the table. She apologized for her haste in seating her first guests, assuming that she had concluded we were not coming, and then proceeded to formally introduce old Crow and the Crow family generally to the General and wife as brother Crow, sister Crow, master Crow, and little Miss Crow.

I felt a little like crowing some myself.

My legs began to show unmistakable signs of elasticity. I felt as if I could heave out any six negroes in the neighborhood. But I fully comprehended the nature of the situation. The General, although an earnest Radical, could not suppress his olfactory from becoming slightly elevated. My Amy was extremely polite, and chatted away apparently in one of her happiest moods. Old Crow sat back with his thumbs in the armholes of his dilapidated old vest, whilst his wife, with folded arms, was assuming an air of maiden innocence.

Amy handed the General a seat by the wench, which filled up that side of the table, and hurriedly seated the General's wife by old gums and ivory. Then gathering up the children seated them beside their school-fellows, after which she took her seat at the head of the table, and requested me to be seated at the further end to wait upon the guests.

Up to this time I had managed well. But the General's wife rose and remarked that she did not intend to bear the insult further. At this the General flew into a passion, and accused me of purposely arranging an insult. I protested and accused Amy, and as I did so old Scraggs stepped in. The General remarked "you old butternut, you are at the bottom of this." My Amy reminded him that it was her home, and no one should insult her father there, and ordered him to leave.

The General called her a dirty huzzy for insulting his wife, and at this old Scraggs hit him with the knot end of a *butternut* limb. I sprang between them to protect my guest, when old Crow placed the General and I upon an *equality.* In the melee the wench assailed the General's wife and the fight became general, Amy in the meantime expostulating peace.

Finally we succeeded in resuming our perpendicular position, but Crow, who was just then the special object of a charge from the General.

Amy was playing Pocahontas, by leaning over the old carcass, and succeeded in causing the General to retreat.

She then placed her arms around him, and attempted to raise him up. I blew up. Making a charge upon old Manhood, I ruined a calf skin.

Mrs. Crow patted me on the back with a chair, whilst the young Crows set up a regular down South jubilee.

But I cleaned them out. I did indeed. The last words I heard from old Crow were "You're no gem'man."

Scraggs enjoyed it. Amy was exceedingly sorry, and could not comprehend what had caused the row. The General and his wife were off in a flurry.

And I—I was the madest and mutest Radical in the State.

I pursued after the General to apologize and explain, and run into old Crow. He gave me an exhibition of his "manhood," and seeing I was flanked, I wheeled to retreat. In my haste I encountered the wench and over we went.

I partially recovered and started on all fours, when old Crow came to my assistance and by an attack upon the rear enabled me to make the fastest time on record.

As I came down the pavement I discovered a waving handkerchief. It was Amy's. Scraggs had assumed a belligerent position, and as I passed him set Crow to trotting in the opposite direction. He made good time, but nothing in comparison to what I had done.

Since which time I have been dubbed "Dexter" by Amy and her father, and at the least intimation that I intend to vote the Radical ticket, Amy insists upon rehearsing her story of the race between Manhood and Radical. I have partially succeeded in reconciling the General and his wife, but my suggestion to play the same joke on Scraggs and Amy, at their house, brought to the General's mind such a vivid recollection of old Crow's muscular powers that he concluded that negro equality answers for electioneering purposes, but was a decidedly dangerous experiment by way of practical jokes. I thought so too.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

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