THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO ADVANCE THE GENERAL INTEREST OF KENT COUNTY.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1868. NO. 34.

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

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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2d. It will refuse to identified with the principles of any party or sect, political or religious, but will seek to bring before a discriminating public views of the most asteemed and temperate organs of the more prominent schools which divide the suffrages of the thinking world, with a view to promote the growth of an intelligent, healthful operative public opinion.

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4th. Though distinctively an Eclectic Magazine, the liberty will be reserved of bringing forward original articles from time to time, but only such are from the pens of the eminent writers.

5th. A special department will be devoted to notices and concise reviews of the most valuable new publications, and care will be taken to render all information under this head pertinent and trustworthy.

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

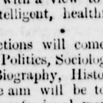
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May 18, 1868—y.

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Clubs for 1868.

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The Best New York Weekly Pubished.

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Dec. 14, 1867.

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jan4'68

SALT by the Sack, for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, Dec. 7, 1867.

The Poet.

PAPA, WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER, AND WHAT DOES IT CONTAIN!

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy;
Whatever it be,
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays and rhymes my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of (f) lying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,
And logic so grand
That few understand
To what in the world it applies my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy
And lengthy debate
Upon matters of State,
For wise-headed folks to peruse my boy.

The funds as they were and they are, my boy
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,
And every week
A clever critique,
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

Lists of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
Till you ask with surprise
Why any dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has a birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
Who totters first to the tomb, my boy.

The prices of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long,
To tell you in song,
A quarter of what they contain, my boy.

Church Union.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A CAPITAL STORY.

"Four o'clock and no Ellen yet!—What can detain her so—she is usually more punctual than the clock itself?"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen!" she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this world. Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost, and she is too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh, dear!" and Laura sighed again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"Doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she's sick—oh yes, she must be sick, I'll send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the sentence was out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft gray shawl over her black silk dress, and tying the string of a quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose one crimson rose among its trimmings of emerald moss was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it's going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the gray, threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting kid gloves. "At any rate, I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly-carpeted vestibule a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura. It came five minutes ago."

Ah! the rose was several shades in the backgrouud now, as Laura Avery broke open the scented seal, and glanced over the delicate cream-colored sheet, with a bright half suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet this note was a very simple one after all:

"My Dear Miss Avery:—May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new Opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half-past seven

Your most devoted slave and subject,
FLORIAN RICHLEY."

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very pictures on the wall should catch a sight of the elegant chirography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street with eyes that saw murky atmosphere through a radiant glow of *couleur de rose*.

Meantime, the gray October light was fading away from a dreary room on the third floor of a house situated on one of those side streets, where decent respectability strives, hand to hand, with the grim assailant want.

Singularly out of keeping with the shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of the apartment, was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side wiih a fluting of point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working and poorly-paid dress maker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, with her flushed cheek pressed close against the pillow, and her slender figure partially covered by a coarse plaid scarlet shawl, while the occasional involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the pain she was meekly suffering.

As one or two quiet tears escaped from her closed eyelids, and crept softly down her cheek, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the pannels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it possible that this is you dear?"

"Yes, it is myself, and none other.—Nell, I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress, as you had appointed; but I know the reason now, Nelly, you are sick. Why did you not send for me?

Ellen tried to smile faintly.

"I am not very sick Laura; at least, I have not suffered much pain until to-night, and the doctor says that if I only had a little wine—no, Laura, do not draw your purse," she added, with a slightly perceptible sparkle in her eyes, and a proud quiver on her lips. "I am not quite as low as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved dearest. You know how sensitive I can not help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home, and receive the money for it, I shall be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside, with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you surely will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me."

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile. "I can wait Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face of pained perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen," she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Duboyr's on the way back, and order the wine for you. You will never be strong unless you cosset yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But Laura"—

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully, begining to fold the rich dress into the little basket that stood upon the table beside it. "Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richley's, on Rives street.—Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress wrong," returned Laura in a low voice.—It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek as she stood with her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous breadths of purple silk. Mrs. Richley's! Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteer'd to go, but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused. "Poor Nelly needs the money so much, and can not go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there is an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you;" said Ellen, fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bedside with the basket on her arm, and a blue veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet.—"She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that has never yet paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear, said Laura gaily, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the bright presence of her beautiful friend. It was nearly dusk when Miss Avery, summoned up all her resolutions, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richley at home?"

What's your business with Mrs. Richley?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lip. This manner from servants was entirely a new experience of her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said in a tone of quiet dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes, I s'pose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort of sitting room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crimson silk was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly greatful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richley was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richley looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young waman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheeks tingled at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly.

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richley."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well lay down the dress; it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money to-night, Madame—seven dollars on the old account, and three dollars for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill, and needs the money," persisted Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richley, petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you just how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter now? snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evidence any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress-making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent."

"Let them clamor, then, that's my advice," said Mr. Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten dollar bill, Florian," urged his mother, "You can't wan't it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian, coolly.

"You are just going to fritter it away in some of those gambling places, or drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richley. It's too bad, getting my money away from me just to indulge in those horrid habits? Why don't you earn money for yourself?

"Easy mamma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. "Don't loose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to night.

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you."

"Oh yes she will, my incredulous mamma; wait and see. I will bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money with interest out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

But the mother and her hopeful son had apparently entirely forgotten the presence of the young girl who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richley, turning sharply round, saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked, irritably. "I have already told you that it was not convenient to pay you the money to-night. Why don't you go about your business."

Here checks were flushed, even beneath their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill gray eyes sprrkled with rising anger as Laura Avery composedly walked forward. She took one of the tapers from from its china shell and lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flash of rings struck Mrs. Richley with astonishment.

"I am sorry that you cannot pay your just debts, Madame," said Laura, quietly looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the character of Mr. Florian Richly.—I will take the ten dollars, to my sick friend, you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown pale his knees quivered beneath him, as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket-book, and placed it in the hand of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richley sank back aghast into the cushioned easy-chair.

Florian made one desperate attempt to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sore defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty, unapprochable as a statute of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Wynall's room lighted only by the faint glow of the low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura," asked Ellen somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful for the dim light could not betray her tell-tale features. "And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen, earnestly.

Laura, stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made while fulfillingly the gentle mission of friendship, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richley and Laura Avery was was broken off.

There are some that bring their own reward in this world—and the one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have precipitated her into a life-time of misery.

A Learned Cat.

The Lewistown *Journal*, tells a story to establish the fact that cats are intelligent, as well as dogs. The owner of one in that place taught Tom to trade mice for meat, receiving from his master a piece for every mouse presented. One day a mouse was brought and laid down before the clerk who did not happen to understand the arrangement. Tom determined not to be baulked of the reward, carried the captive up stairs and laid it before his mistress, who, not liking such a present, threw it out of the window. The cat then ran down stairs, went out and found his mouse and kept it until night, till his master came home, when once more the mouse was brought in and kitty claimed his reward and received it.

"WELL, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one person of another, as they came out of church.—"Finished!" was the reply; "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

HOW PEEBLES ASKED THE OLD MAN.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Peebles had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said "yes." It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so, as Peebles said, that arrangements might be made for hopping the conjugal twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Merriweather's daughters, and his sisters, and his female cousin, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations than ask old Merriweather. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied a speech which he was going to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to say it at him. So Peebles dropped it on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to class meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure, trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior could hold without blowing the head off of him.

"How are you Peeb?" said old Merriweather, as Peebles walked in as white as a chunk of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake.—Peebles was afraid to answer because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip away from him quicker than an oiled eel through an auger hole. So he blurted right out:

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you, sir, that during an extended period of some five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so? and keepin' it a secret all the time, while I thought you was tendin' store? Well, by George, you're one of em, now ain't you?"

Peebles had to begin all over again to get the run of it.

Mr. Merriweather: Sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise with a determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

Sit down, Peeb, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis. What's the matter with you anyway? I never see you behave yourself so in all my born days."

Peebles was knocked out of time again, and had to wander back and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"A which ance?" asked old Merriweather; but Peebles held on to the last word like it was his only chance, and went on.

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for men to be alone; therefore—"

"Neither is it Peebles, and I'me all fired glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of a lonely man I have been engaged to enter wedlock and bestow all my commercial enterprise upon one whom I could procure to be a determination to be good for a sufficient possessions—no, I mean—that is—that—Mr. Merriweather, sir, it may not be unknown—"

"And then again it may. Look here, you'd better lay down and take something warm, you ain't well."

Peebles, seating like a four-year old colt, went in again.

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be lonely for you to prosecute he whom you can call a friend for commercial maintenance, but—but—oh, dang it—Mr. Merriweather; sir—it——"

"Oh, Peebles, you talk as wild as a jackass. I never see a more first-class idiot in the whole course of my life.—What's the matter with you an yhow?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be unknown that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock felt for some five years—but——"

"See here, Mr. Peebles, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave. If you don't I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, frantic with despair, "it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance——"

"The bloody deuce he isn't. Now you just git up and git, old hoss, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left."

With that old Merriweather took Peebles by the shirt collar and the part of pants that wears out first if he sits down much, and shot him into the street, as if he had just run against a locomotive going at forty miles an hour. Before old Merriweather had a chance to shut the front door, Peebles collected his legs and one thing another that were lying around on the pavement, and arranged himself in a vertical position and yelled out:

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be unknown to you——" which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a bull-terrier on Peebles before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight, with odds in favor of the dog, until they go to the fence, and even then Peebles would have carried the bull terrier home, griped like a clamp to his leg, if it hadn't been that the meat was too tender, and the dog, feeling certain that something or other must eventually give way, held on until he got his chop off of Peebles' calf, and Peebles went home half a pound lighter while Merriweather asserts to this day that they had to draw all the dog's teeth to get the flesh out of his mouth, "for he had an awful hold for such a small animal."

Of course, Merriweather's daughter heard about it, and she was so mad that she never gave the old man any peace until he went around the next day to see Peebles about it. Peebles looked pale as a ghost from loss of blood and beef, and he had a whole piece of muslin wrapped around his off leg. Merriweather said:

Success.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after: It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says to us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of his own voice.—*Longfellow.*

Mother.

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son.—While his mother lives a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

AN Irishman's friend having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called aloud for assistance. The latter was busily engaged in cutting a log of wood, and wishing to procrastinate, inquired:

"How deep is the gentleman in?"

"Up to his ankles."

"Then there is plenty of time," said the other.

"No there's not," rejoined the first.—"I forgot to tell you he is in headforemost."

"I SAY CLEM," said two disputing darkies, appealing for decision to a sable umpire, "which word is right—di-zactly or de-zactly?" The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then with a look of wisdom, said: "I can't tell per-zactly."

"PAPA," said a little boy, "ought the master to flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not, my son," said the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

The latest French idea is to print newspapers in chocolate ink on pie-crust. After the news is read it is then eaten It is easy to imagine the letters that will be received by the editors of this novel periodical:—

"DEAR SIR: Your news is fresh, your politics are sound, your stories are interesting; but I would prefer that the pie-crust were better done. In fact, I am now suffering from an attack of indigestion caused by your last number being slack baked."

"DEAR SIR: I renew my subscription for three months. I think your gazette would be improved by a little free thought and annise-seed to enliven the mind and stomach."—*Evening Mail.*

The following memorandum was picked up by one of the editorial force of the New York *Express:*

"Skeleton skirt for wife; Godfrey's cordial for baby, No. 9 shoes for Matilda; nursing bottle No. 2; a gallon of whiskey; pink saucer and powder for Miss Jones; one Testament; borrowed of Smith $12; send for bread and beefsteak at 12 M.; meet Julia at 5 P. M.

"BOBBY, why don't your mother sew up your trowsers?" "'Cause she's at the vestry, sewing for the heathens."

A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was "Nothing." "Are you any better off?" he asked. The reply was in the negative. "Then why, in the name of common sense, do you dare to marry?"

"Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together, we shall both be gainers." The clergyman had nothing to say.

"I NEVER shot a bird in my life." said a friend to an Irishman, who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone when it fell into the river and was drowned."

'I have the best wife in the world,' said a long suffering husband; 'she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom.'

A LITTLE one after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination exclaimed "now I won't have to be baptised, will I?"

HANGING a mackeril to your coat tail and imagine yourself a whale, constitutes codfish aristocracy.

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