Che[redacted]wn Transcript.

VOL. VI. [redacted]STERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1868. NO. 35.

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.

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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 esteemed 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.

3rd. The selections will come under the general heads of Politics, Sociology, Religion, Belles Letters, Biography, History, Science and Art; and the aim will be to keep busy mercantile and professional men accurately and compendiously informed upon those important movements of the day in the world of thought and discovery, which merit the attention of all classes of society.

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.

Each number of the Magazine will contain 128 octavo pages in clear distinct typography, and printed on the best paper. The subscription price will be $4.00 per annum, in advance: to ministers, 3.00. Single copies 40 cents. Specimen numbers may be had of all the principal news dealers of the country, or upon a written application addressed to the Magazine, box 1484, Baltimore.

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DR. J. A. PERKINS, having removed to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

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Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1863.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

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May 13, 1865—y.

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Clubs for 1868.

Clubs for 1868.

The Best New York Weekly Pubished.

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FOR 1868.

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Dec. 14, 1867.

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Horticulture, *Domestic Econo[my],*
Architecture, *Arts and Scienc[es],*
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With Illustrations, Tales, Sketch[es], Poetry, Rubuses, Enigmas, &c., &[c.]

Every Farmer, Planter, Stock and W[ool] Grower, Horticulturist, or head of a fam[ily] in the land wants THE RURAL. It is a[ble] edited, neatly printed, profusely illustra[ted] and *adapted to the whole country*—hav[ing] subscribers and enthusiastic admirers in North, South, East and West. The Depa[rt]ment of *Sheep Husbandry*, Edited by Hon. H. S. RANDALL, LL. D., (author [of] "The Practical Shepherd, &c.,") is al[one] worth many times the price of the paper [to] any flock-master. Its *Southern Correspon[d]ing Editor* is the Hon. T. C. PETERS, form[erly] Pres't N. Y. State Ag. Society, now of Ma[ry]land. Remember that the RURAL is not *monthly*, but a large and Beautiful WEEK[LY] of Eight Double Quarto Pages.

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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

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A MODEL PAPER for the Farmer's family If we were to start a periodical again it would be in imitation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.—*American Agriculturist.*

jan4'68

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

Selected Poetry.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

BY COL. O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll had beat
The soldier's last tatoo:
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few,
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouc of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight huants
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.

[redacted]

husband, whose name she seemed to pronounce with mingled pride, affliction and sorrow. It was "the old story," made miserable through drink. She suggested as a last resort, that her husband should be brought before the session, and she emphatically added that when he was sober, and away from his boon companions, "he was open to conviction." She was exce edingly anxious that her husband shou'd be spoken to by the session, but I prefer red first of all to see them in their own home and for this purpose I promised to make an early visit.

Anxious to take the case too by the forelock, I made my vist the next afternoon. The cottage occupied a lovely situation on the banks of the river. Flowers, and trees, and water, and the romantic freak of nature, made it a lovely spot. What a contrast everything in the dwelling presented to the beauties without.—There were four children, but they could not have been more wretched looking children if they has been brought up in the dingiest slum in the city. I observed at once that they had every appearance of being ill-fed, for they were thin, pale-faced, and sickly looking creatures—unwashed, although the clear stream passed the very door—hair unkempt, and all their little dresses in the utmost disorder. I was evidently not expect so early, and the mother was somewhat taken aback. The furniture was sadly dilapated, and marks of dirty fingers were everywhere. It was a home without comfort, and witheut order, and thrift or practical purpose of any kind, and the only things that seemed to thrive in it were the large spiders that hung on their meshes, unmolested by [broo]m or water, in almost every corner. [Whe]n I entered, the mother was reading [in a] low chair near the ash pit. She said [she h]ad been a great reader all her days, [and t]hat reading was her greatest comfort. [Sho]w that she had several volumes of [stor]y novels out of a circulating library. [The b]ook she was reading was the "Cas[tle of] Otranto."

[I] must have stood aghast at first in a [state] of helpless bewilderment, and for a [while] she was allowed to do all the talk[ing] during which I got somescraps of her [histo]ry. I learned she was brought up [decen]tely, as she said that her mother [had a]lways done the work of the house, [and] that, after her mother's death, she [had b]een a lady's maid for several years; [then] she married, but that her husband [had] fallen into drink, and had become al[most] another such a changed man that the [neigh]bors were going to ruin. "He prefers," [she a]dded with a sigh, "the public house [at the] end of the village to his own home."

[It w]as now my turn to speak.

[I.] You told me last night that John was [brou]ght to conviction. I fondly hope you are [the s]ame. If so, why do you not clean [your] house and put things in order, and [make] your children clean and tidy?—[Wher]e I in John's place I would be sorely [tempt]ed too to spend my nights in a public [house] rather than in such a place as this." [Sh]e attempted several excuses, such as, [she h]ad no heart to keep the house in or[der] for her husband seldom spent a sin[gle w]aking hour in it, and was quite able [to ta]ke of his earnings, if he would keep from [drin]k, to provide her with a servant to do [the w]ork of the house. She had not been [accus]tomed to any drudgery, she said, all [her d]ays.

[I.] You need not expect your husband to [refra]in from drink till you get your house [in a]n thorough order. What comfort or [enjoy]ment can any man have at the close [of a] hard day's work in such a house as [this]?"

[I pe]rsuaded her to commence at once the [clean]ing process, but she excused her[self a]gain and again, saying that it was [hopel]ess, and that she did not really know [whe]re to begin, for she had never [been] accustomed to such a thing. The [case] seemed hopeless, and I was just about [leavin]g under this conviction when my eye [fell o]n a sight of a broom in a corner, and [thoug]ht to myself, might not this be a case [where] for example than for precept? I [resolv]ed to try, so throwing aside my coat [and ta]ken the broom, much to the surprise [of the] faded figure before me, and pro[ceede]d to make a vigorous onslaught on [the] black cobwebs and their long un[disturb]ed inmates, who never suffered such [disgra]ce before. I brought the broom along [the s]moke begrimed walls, on which the [dust l]ay so thick that I could have written [in it t]he amount of good advice or maxims for [the m]anagement. I thus gave her [a pra]ctical illustration of what might be [done] as a first and necessary instalment in [restor]ing the house to order. She stood [amaz]ed. "The like of that I never have [done]. I must surely see and finish what [I] have begun." The cat ran out as if [in jo]y at life, and the children went round [the] doors telling that the minister was [clean]ing the house. A beginning was [made], and it was at the right end. Her's [was] a nature that required but to be roused [and s]et in motion by some strong and sud[den] impulse. John was not to be at home [for] three nights—a job detaining him in [the c]ountry—and I promised that if she [would] have the house all put nicely in or[der,] all the children tidied up before he [came] back, that I would take him into my [hom]e hands and try what I could make of [him].

[The] Washerwoman was got, and some [of the] neighbors came in and lent a helping [hand]. When John returned home on the [first] night, he declared that he scarcely [knew] his house, his wife or his bairns.—[He] had not visit the public house that [night] but remained at home, and when I [call]ed I found him seated with his [eld]est child on his knee.

[This] was the turning point in the history [of the] home circle, and when John walked [home] with me that night, along the shady [bank] of the river, it did not require much [argum]ent or persuasion to get him to [prom]ise that with the help of God he [woul]d turn over a new leaf." The rub-[and] scrubbing and scouring of these three days began a new era in the dwelling.—The wife woke up as if from a dream, she gave up the "Castle of Otranto," and such like, at the circulating library, and John never needed to appear before the session, nor had his wife any further reason to complain of him, for with the happy change at home the public house lost all attraction for him. He was in constant receipt of good wages, and in the course of a single twelvemonths his house was a model of neatness, comfort and domestic peace. I had the pleasure of sitting with them in their dwelling when not a single cobweb was to be found, and at as finely a spread table for tea as could be found anywhere in broad Scotland. I cannot by any means lay claim to all the honor in this happy change. I may have begun it, but it was a kind, Christian, motherly woman, who with great tact and tenderness waited on, and with kindly counsels completed what I had somewhat roughly begun.—The result showed that both husband and wife *were open to conviction.*

The lesson is obvious. Let every working man's wife do her best to make home in every way more attractive to husband than the public house, before she complains of his drunken habits, or wishes to bring him before the session. Much of our drunkenness would disappear where every man's home as happy and pious as the one described in the following lines:

"His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnie,
His clean hearth stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Do all his weary carking cares beguile,
And make him quite forget his labor and his toil."

A Cash Basis.

Bonifaces are more subject to imposition from penniless travelers than any other class of purveyors, and it must be admitted also meet with less sympathy when they are taken in. If what we hear of Vallejo landlords be true, they must have suffered a heap of martyrdom from itinerant Bohemians before they resorted to the present ingenious measure of self-defense. It seems that the rule adopted there is to pay for dinner immediately upon the delivery of the plate of soup.—The other day a fraudulent genius, having unsuccessfully exploited one hotel, boldly entered the Washington and called for dinner. He was astonished to see the waiter approach him with a plate of soup in one hand, a towel in the other, and a large family syringe under his arm. The waiter laid the plate of soup in front of the customer, and significantly placed the palm of his hand under the nose of the hungry man. As our friend had not as yet tackled his meal, he modestly inquired the meaning of the open hand.

"Pay in advance!" was the terse and peremptory reply of the waiter.

"Can't you wait till I get through my meal first?"

"No, sir. Our rules are positive. On delivery of the soup plunge down the cash."

"Singular promptitude," he muttered. Then reddening up with natural indignation, said he:

"I suppose, if I don't pay you, you'll brain me with that bludgeon pump of yours?"

"Not at all sir. Through this instrument we secure our business on a cash basis. Your money, if you please!"

He thought he had dead-wood on the soup anyhow, and dipped his spoon for the first mouthful. Before the spoon reached the broth, however, he was transfixed at seeing the waiter coolly introduce the point of his syringe into the plate, and pulling the suction handle out to its fullest extent, the soup suddenly disappeared, leaving his plate as empty as his stomach. He turned around, but the waiter had passed to another customer, and our friend left the establishment in disgust.

A Pretty Foot.

What is prettier than a pretty foot?—What more captivating than a dear little boot covering a high instep, and coming down neatly over the toes, with a bewitching tassel dangling at the top of the close-locking. In nothing is aristocracy so marked as in the pedal extremity; the thin nostril, the long fingers, the narrow palm, are evidences of gentle blood, but far less so than the round ankle, the high instep and the hollow beneath, through which, as the high-bred Arab says, a stream of water should be able to flow while the possessor is standing. The flat splay foot, on the contrary, as surely tells the want of pedigree as its misbappen excrescences, its corns and bunions drive away affection. The horse shows the purity of extraction by clean limbs, neat pastern and small hoof; and the same result is noticeable in more or less animals. Man falls in love as readily with a seductive foot as with an attractive face; he finds in it a thousand expressive movements; its firm tread speaks of a decided character; its quick step denote anger; its elasticity of motion assures him of loveliness and good humor; its hasty tread denotes impatience; its subtle glide signifies cunning, while the quick but marked footfall guarantees him an affectionate disposition. The face often deceives with an alluring smile; it is taught or trained by design or habit; openness is guarded or confirmed, but the foot speaks its own language, unrestrained and untutored; and the male sex owe a debt of gratitude to fashion for giving black, honest feet to the future adorerers of human existence.

IN reply to Ike's question of "what Mr. Seward meant when he said he wanted St. Thomas for a *coaling* station," Mrs. Partington (after rubbing her forehead thoughtfully for a moment with the bow of her silver spectacles) replied, "It must be because it shakes so, Isaac, and is therefore a good place *to sift the ashes.*"

Very Reasonable Objections.

Plaintiee Statement of a Man who Didn't Want to be Either Married or Murdered.

The infelicities and frequent separations of the married at Chicago, seemed to have caused a horror of matrimony among the bachelor fraternity in that city which is well illustrated by the disgraceful means taken by one Burbark to break off an engagement made when he was drunk. He told his own story in court, where he appeared to have the "big brothers" of his affianced one put under bonds to keep the peace towards him.

Until a week ago, your honor, I was engaged to be married to Sally, the sister of the prisoners. I will not speak ill of her, though we are enemies now, for it is owing to my engagement that I took the pledge and am a sober man. You, see, I was drunk when I proposed and was accepted. That showed me to what liquor could bring a man, and I at once took the pledge. I was engaged to her for three months, and during that time I did my duty. I visited her daily took her to places of amusement, and told her sweet lies. In fact I did everything required except to name the marriage day. In that I procrastinated.

She insisted that we should be married at once; she had sworn she would be married at once; she had sworn she would be married before Mary B——, and she would be. I became desperate. I had no intention of marrying her or any one else. I know what matrimony is; I have been whipped by my father because my mother has happened to caress me. Not knowing what else to do, I pretended to be drunk when visiting Sally eight days ago. She had some friends with her in the parlor, and that pleased me. I kissed her and tried to kiss them, male and female. Then I told her in a hic-coughy way that I had been unable to get the false hair she wished, that they cost too much. That did the business.

Indignant at thus, apparently, having her dearest secrets exposed to the young ladies and gentlemen there, she angrily told me to go—that I must never come near her again. Believe me, Judge I was happy to hear it, and I left at once. I did not visit her, and three days afterwards I received a note from her telling me she was sick and wished to see me. Not being a doctor, I stayed away.

The next day I received a similar note; my answer was the same. Then I received a note telling me I was a faithless brute and cruel wretch; and she had two big brothers, (I knew it,) and they would at once avenge her wounded honor and broken heart by beating me. I believed, and had carefully avoided the big brothers

I am a law-abiding man, and do not wish to fight. They have been to see me eight times already; made the servant tell me a lie; may God forgive me; and say I was out. But I know they will catch me, and then I shall feel very bad. To prevent that I have had them arrested. I wish them bound over to keep the peace; they can also keep their sister Sally. They have said they would kill.

Justice—"You were right to have them arrested. They must each give bonds in the sum of $500 to keep the peace As for you, your conduct has been disgraceful. The name of my first love was Sally, and no one shall go back on a girl of that name. You are fined $15."

A Slight Mistake.

A young lady stepped into one of the street cars the other day, and dropped her handkerchief upon a vacant seat, as much as to say 'taken,' while she advanced to the other end of the car to deposit her fare. Meantime a nicely-dressed young man jumped in sat down on the handkerchief, without observing it. The young lady, after paying her fare, turned back discovered to her chagrin that her seat was occupied, and sat down opposite, ladies making room for her. But she did not desire to loose her handkerchief, so she looked intently toward the place where she had left, hesitating whether to ask for it or not. Discovering the direction of her looks all eyes on the opposite side of the car were soon bent on the young man. Finding himself the object of so much attention, he himself looked and discovered to his horror something white on which he sat, the end peeping out. He mistook its character. To cover it with his hand, and to tuck it away, was the work of a few moments. None in the car but the young lady knew that the 'something white,' was a handkerchief, and hesitating still more to ask him, she lost it,

We find the following in the *St. Michaels Comet* of Saturday last:

Bishop Whittingham, of the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, has issued the following circular:

"*To all Whom it may Concern:*—The subscriber affectionately calls the attention of the clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal church in Maryland to the following canon of the Diocese of Maryland, hereby declaring his judgment that it binds the conscience of members of that Church:

"CANON XVIII.—Attendance upon theatrical exhibitions, horse-races, and other vain and light amusements, being inconsistent with the christian character, it is hereby declared to be the duty of members of this church carefully to abstain from countenancing them by their presence.

WILLIAM ROLLINSON WHITTINGHAM,
Bishop of Maryland.

A PERT little girl boasted to one of her little friends that her father kept a carriage. "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus"

Popular Ideas Concerning Newspapers.

The Janesville *Gazette* talks very sensibly upon this point, and says there is a class of well-meaning but thoughtless persons who regard a newspaper as a sort of benevolent enterprise gotten up by some liberal-minded gentlemen for the sole purpose of doing all the good possible, and who has selected the million-tongued press to accomplish it They are the regular poacher upon the press—men who always want their favors inserted gratuitously, and are always ready to inform the publisher that he is engaged in publishing a *news* paper, and they are always sure to have something of a business nature that they believe to be good news which ought to be given to the public at once. One man has just patented a new heating apparatus that will save half the fuel now used, and of course it will be a great favor to the poor if the editor will just tell the people free of charge, where such apparatus can be bought.

A man engaged in the manufacture of reapers, recently sent the editor a communication of two columns solid matter, setting forth the saving his machine would be to farmers over the common reaper, which he wished inserted gratis, it would be helping the farmers, don't you see?—Then there are numberless organizations and associations of individuals that are clamorous for free rides in the publisher's wagon. The different religious denominations want all their notices of meetings, conventions and festivals published free: first, because they are too poor to pay, and second, because they are engaged in doing good and it is the business of the publishers to help on the noble work.—Firemen get no pay for watching the property of citizens, and must have their notices of elections, meetings, &c., given them *pro bono publico.* The temperance organizations are busy in the noblest work that can engage the effort of men—that of uplifting the fallen and ruined of our race.

John Doe takes a weekly paper for which he pays two dollars a year and gets five dollars worth of reading. His wife and he asked the editor to print an obituary notice that costs at least two dollars to get put in type. John might as consistently ask the undertaker who furnished the coffin for his poor wife, to throw in a small one for his youngest child, simply because he was a patron of his, as to ask such favors of a newspaper without pay.

A mean man is nominated for office, and he expects the editor to put on the best possible face on his fitness for the position, whitewash his character, print his tickets and vote them too, all for the good of the cause and the success of correct principles.

We beg all whom it may concern to remember that no good newspaper can be made without it has the whole time and industry of those engaged on it, and its expenses are comparatively larger in proportion to its gross receipts than almost any other sort of business. If you read a paper, pay for it, if you need its facilities for getting you business before the public and increasing your trade, pay for *that,* but don't *sponge.*

The Spirit of Discontent.

How universal it is! We never yet knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or poor, the man of competence, or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of muttering and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask.

"Ah!" said he, "mine is a hard lot, forever trotting around like a dog, driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, on one of the late hot days, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red-hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is life, with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a fire!"

"Oh! that I were a carpenter!" ejaculates a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone. "Here I am, day after day, wearing my sole away making soles for others; cooped up in this little seven by nine room—no hum!"

"I'm sick of this out-door work!" exclaimed the carpenter, "broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to inclemency of the weather, I wish I was a tailor!"

"This is too bad!" perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time; would that mine were a more active life!"

"Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck horse, or a dog, or anything else!"

"Happy fellows!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry musty record "happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than puzzle my head on this tedious, vexatious question."

And so through all the ramifications of society all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their particular calling. If I were only this, or that, or the other I should be content, is the universal cry—"Anything but what I am." So it has wagged and so it will wag.

"AMELIA, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear the eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of etheral space and put them in my trowser's pockets; I'd pluck the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its effulgence in the fountain of my love for the!"—Amelia—"Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark,"

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