Chestertown Transcript.

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THE

Chestertown Transcript

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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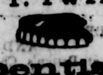

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May 18, 1866—y.

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Dec. 14, 1867.

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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 B. WICKES.

Chestertown, Dec. 7, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

IN place of books; or work or play,
Some ladies spend the livelong day
In scanning every passer-by,
And many a wonder they descry.
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud,
That some are short and some are tall;
They get their information all
By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace,)
You catch the outlines of a face;
The face seems strange; again you look;
Dear sirs, she knows you like a book!
She knows the color of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear;
She knows your business, I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country 'round,
By peeping through the blinds!

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day,
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain,
She knows the Browns at number Four,
Just opposite her very door;
Folks quite as poor as they can be,
For don't they sit and sew, while she
Is peeping through the blinds!

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need,
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street;
Full soon you'll read your neighbors well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T.
Much better than your own, you see,
By peeping through the blinds.

Harper's Magazine.

SALT TEARS.

A FISHERMAN'S TALE.

I've seen that same face of hers scores of times since, and though it makes me shudder, and nips me to the heart, I always go and have a good long earnest look at it, and come away a better man. You may see that face yourself—as much like as if it had been taken from her sad, anxious looks—you may see it at the picture-shop windows, and it's of a woman tying a handkerchief round a man's arm, and she looks up at him pitifully, and it's called "The Huguenot." That's like the look, and the face that gazed up into mine after she'd told me what I know now was the truth; and I—yet I'm almost ashamed to own it—I flung her away from me, and wouldn't believe what she said. There was a tear upon each cheek, and the bright drops were brimming in her eyes, and ready to fall; but I was hard and bitter, and whispered to myself that they were false tears, put on to cheat me, and I ran out of the house, swearing that I'd enter it again no more.

It wasn't a large house, that house of ours, but if it had been a palace I don't think it could have been a happier home than it had been for years; and of course I know that that's a foolish way of talking, for happiness isn't a thing to be found in palaces, any more than in the smallest of cottages. It seems to me that real happiness grows, as it were, out of the true faith and trust that a man and his wife have in one another; while the strength of two working together the same way gives them a help forward in the world that nothing can resist.

Speaking as a fisherman, and one who was brought up with the sound of the sea always in his ears, I may say we rowed well together in the same boat, Mary and I. I had a long fight of it before I could persuade her that it would be best for her future that she should take me for pilot, and not Harry Penellyn; but I did persuade her at last, and we were married down at the little fisherman's church at the head of the cove.

Four years of as happy a life then fell to my lot as could fall to that of any man in this life, I believe. My ways were rough, and hers were not those of a lady, but they suited our stations in life, and what more would you have? Living the life I do now, busy here about this great city fish-market, I look back upon that bright bit of life as it was some dream; and though I can't settle to go back to the old place, I cling to the fish, and look upon those days when a west country boat comes in, as days worth recollecting; for they bring the blood in one's cheek, and a bit of light in one's eye.

I can see it all now as plain as can be: the little fishing village under the cliff; the stout granite pier running out so as to form a harbour for the fishing-boats; and the blue sea, stretching away far as the eye could reach. Down by its edge too, the weed-fringed rocks, piled high in places, with the sea foaming among the crevices, and again forming little rock-pools where the bright sea growths flourished; and as the tide came in, with its fresh cooling waters, you saw the limpets and sea flowers wakening again to life, while many a spider-crab and shell-fish crept out of the nook or crack, where it had hidden from the warm sun. I can see it all now at any time, though I am growing grey, and a score of years have passed since; but brighter than all seem to stand out those two mournful eyes, with the same tearful look they gave me as I flung out of the door and saw them for the last time; for when I next looked upon that face the eyes were fast closed, and could I have opened them the lustre would have gone.

A west country fisherman's life is one which takes him a deal from home, for sometimes we go off for perhaps three months at a time to the north coast, or to Ireland when the herring season is on; and like the rest, I used to be off in my boat, sorry enough to leave home—happy enough to return after a busy season, till one year, when I took it into my head to think it strange that Harry Penellyn, my wife's old beau, should spin his illness out so long and stop ashore, time after time, when the boats went out, and him seeming to be well and strong as any of us.—There had been a heavy gale on the coast some weeks before, and as we always do, at such times, we had run in for the harbour as soon as we saw it coming; but through bad seamanship, Penellyn's boat came inside the rocks, when she should have come outside, and then, through their not having water enough, she grounded, lifted again, caught by the stern, and then swung round broadside in the waves, which swept her half deck, while a regular chorus of shrieks rose from the women standing ashore.

It was a rough time, for even our boats that were in the harbour were groaning and grinding together, while every now and then the sea washed over so as to threaten to kill them, and sweeping the pier from end to end. In an ordinary way we made a custom of laughing at the crew of a boat who, from bungling, got her on the rocks, for born as we were in the bay, with our fathers fishers before us, we knew every stone along the coast, and could almost have steered our boat to them blindfold; but this was no time to jeer, for now the poor fellows were being swept one by one from their hold, and borne struggling through the surf to the rocks, where they were in danger of being dashed to pieces, for our was no smooth, sandy beach. Some were swimming, some beating the water frantically; and clad as our men are, in their thick cloth trousers, heavy sea boots, and stout Guernsey shirts, they stand a poor chance of keeping afloat long, for the weight of their boots is enough to drag them down.

There was every one in a state of excitement; men running out as far as they could and throwing ropes—men shouting orders that nobody attended to—women tossing their arms up and crying, while first one and then another of the boat's crew was dragged ashore, and carried half drowned up to the cottages.

I was standing looking on, with Mary by my side, for she was out on the cliff when my boat ran into the little harbour, while her hand was the first to clasp mine when I got ashore, thankful for the escape we had had, for the sea had rose wonderfully quick. I had taken no part in trying to save the boat's crew, for there were plenty of willing hands, and there being now but little standing-room below the cliff, I had thought I should be in the way; but now it seemed to me that one poor fellow would be lost with the efforts they were making to save him, for he was too weak to cling to the ropes thrown out, and as fast as he was swept in by the waves, they sucked him back again three or four times.

I had seen who it was, but just then, as I made a start as if to go down, my wife clutched my hand there was a wild look in her face as she said aloud, "Harry Penellyn."

The excitement of the moment carried almost everything before it, but I had a strange feeling shoot through my heart, and something seemed to say, "Keep back;" but the next minute I was fighting with the waves, with the noose of a rope round by body, and plenty of stout mates ashore fast hold of the end; while, after a strangling battle, I got tight hold of Penellyn, and we were drawn ashore, and both of us carried to my cottage, though I tried hard to get upon my feet and walk, but I might have known that our fellows would not have let me on any account.

Well, Harry Pennellyn lay at our place three or four days, and Mary tended him, and all that time I had to fight against a strange, ungenerous cowardly feeling that would creep over me, and seemed at times to make me mad, till I got myself in a corner and asked myself questions, to all of which I could only answer the same word—nothing. Then Penellyn got better, and went to his mother's house; and time went on, till I grew bitter, and harsh and morose, and was always haunted by a suspicion that I would not put into words, though now the question came again and again—"Why does'nt Harry Pennellyn go to sea?"

But no answer came to my question; and though he seemed now to be well and strong as ever, he always kept at home while we went out; and in my then state of mind this troubled me, and I kept feeling glad that we were only out now on the short trips of a few days in length. I grew angry with myself and with all around. Ay, and I grow angry even now, when I think that a few earnest words of explanation—a few questions that I know would been answered freely—would have set all right, and perhaps saved the life of as good and loving a woman as ever lived in the light.

But it was not to be so; and I went on wilfully blinding my eyes to everything—placing a wrong construction upon every look and word, and making those true eyes gaze at me again and in wonder; while Harry Penellyn, who had never before shown me much goodwill, now that I had saved his life, would have been friends, only I met his every advance with a black scowl, when he always turned off and avoided me.

One evening it had come to the lot of my boat to run into harbour with the fish of several other boats; for the takes had been very light, and somehow or another I felt more light and happy that night than I had done for weeks. I got ashore, left my mates tending the mackerel, and ran up to our cottage to find my wife out.

This did not trouble me at first; but after a few minutes' fidgeting about, I felt a flush come in my face, and hurrying out, I made an excuse at Mrs. Penellyn's and got to know that Harry was out too.

The hot blood rose from my cheeks to my forehead, and seemed to blind me, while a strange singing sensation came in my ears; but the next minute I was tearing along the cove in the dark of the evening, so as to get away where I might be alone with my thoughts, for that vile suspicion that was struggling with me before had now conquered and beaten me down, so that I was a slave, and for the time a regular madman.

I had run about half a mile, when I stopped panting, and began to walk slowly along beneath the trees close beside the fern-hung rocky bank, while it was now too dark to see far before me. But the next instant I was standing with my breath held, and one hand resting on my side, for as I crouched close to the bank I heard Penellyn's voice, talking earnestly as he passed a few yards from, with his arm lightly clasping a woman's waist, while just as they had passed they stopped, and there was light enough for me to see him bend over her, and their lips met in a long, clinging kiss—a kiss which sent the mad blood bubbling through my veins, as without stopping to think, I leaped from where I was hid, and as the woman shrieked and fled, I had Penellyn by the throat, and we joined in a fierce struggle.

If an angel had told me I was deceived I should not have believed him then in my blind fury: and it was not until, having dashed his head against the ground again and again, I felt my enemy's hold relax, that I leaped up, kicked him savagely, and then ran back.

Just as I expected, Mary was at home looking hot and flushed, but she jumped up with a smile, and hurried to me, saying—

"I was down at Mrs. Trevere's, dear; but I heard your boat had come, and—"

She stopped short, half frightened by my wild looks and disordered clothes, and half by the savage curse I gnashed out at her as I seized her arms; while, as the truth flashed upon her, she was the moment at my feet, appealing to me, uttering vow after vow, clasping her hands, and seeming half crazed with horror; while I, poor mad fool, glared on her, and thought her anguish was caused by guilt. Ah me! that I could have been such a fool—so blind, so mad—that I could turn from those true, appealing eyes, and rush from the place, meaning never to return, and feeling savagely glad as I saw her fall senseless upon the floor

Would weeping blood for my folly have recalled all that, would giving up my life have crushed it out, I would have done it a hundred times; but it was done—it was one of the hard things of fate, and I rushed from the room and from the village, heedless that the girl who had been Harry Penellyn's companion had spread the alarm that he had been attacked, and that he had been brought in nearly dead. I knew nothing, saw nothing, except my own mad misery, and at times was wild that I had not slain the wife who had lain in my bosom, till something rose up whispering me of the past.

I found my way to Bristol, and then to London, and after a time I learned from one from my own part, that Harry Penellyn had recovered and was married, and that my wife was ill.

I fought with myself one week—two weeks—a month—and then I went, getting taken round the coast in a fishing-boat. I landed and went up the old slip, on to the cliff in the dusk evening, just as I had walked up a year before, and I roused myself up to my task, saying I would go and forgive her, and then see her no more.

Forgive her! What had I to forgive? Had she forgiven me before her eyes closed in that long sleep, and her pure spirit fled? I asked myself that again and again when her mother had led me to the room I dared not enter alone, and with the few words she had uttered, made the black veil of mad jealousy drop from before my eyes.

But it was too late—too late—and I could not see those eyes look their forgiveness, for they were sealed close, and I was alone.

Her mother left me there for awhile, and then fetched me away, and I followed her like a child, listening to her long tale of her child's sorrow, and the upbraidings she heaped upon my head.

What could I do but groan and bear it—bear it as part of my punishment here for my folly? It was a mistake—the act of a fool—but I have suffered for it; while with me ever, seeming, too, at times, even to smile upon me—upon me a broken man—a man of rough toil and a hard life—there are those two faithful loving eyes, and the memory of their last look seems to grow brighter as I get nearer and nearer to the end of my bit of life.

There, sir, that's my story—a sad enough one, too, you will say—and I'm obliged to try and laugh it off, or I should get no work done. We all have hearts, sir, and more or less they're moved by the same feelings. Nothing's good without a moral, sir—never beyond listening to reason.

A FRENCHMAN who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of ear-rings and a collar upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

HORACE GREELEY recently used the words "Jupiter Pluvius" in an editorial article, and they appeared next morning in print as "Inspector Plincas."

[COMMUNICATED.]

Pleasures of Marvelling.

Editor Transcript:—Some time ago, while travelling in a distant State, we were accosted by a bright-eyed lad with the interrogatory, "Mr. can you *Marvell?*" Now this was a "sockdolager;" we were perplexed, but at length were obliged to answer "no." "Well," says he, "I can," and with this, he drew from his pocket a quantity of *Marbles*. We were at once enlightened—he wished to know if we could play marbles.

From the peculiar zest with which some engage in this sport, it is apparent there must be pleasure in it. I herewith transmit you a few thoughts on the PLEASURES OF MARVELLING.

If marvelling were not its own exceeding great reward we would not find it cultivated under the tremendous difficulties which beset some of its votaries; we should not behold a Tom marvelling during school hours, though he knows he'll get a glorious "lickin'" if he is caught; a Richard marvelling on Sunday, though he knows if his Pa was to step in the back-yard, he would be sent up stairs without his supper. Artemus Ward said, marvels *is* marvels, and there is a world of Philosophy in the brief remark, they are indeed marvels!

A boy thoroughly imbued with the love of marvelling may live cold and indifferent to the angry frowns of tutors, to the advice of his Ma, to the expostulations of his Pa; they may quarrel about their game (the reader will recall the time Tom hit him in the eye,) but they never forget their marvels. Who can forget his big "middle nick," his "alleys," and his little "man;" the three most delightful things in his boyhood's happy days? Who can forget how he swapped his "big nick" for Bill's or Adams "big nick," "by stealth in school hours," regardless of the verse

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Thus marvels, when we are in danger of a thrashing, lead our thoughts from the impending crisis, and they bestow happiness, not on the affluent alone, the humble in the walks of life are admitted into the realms of marvels.

The boy who delights in marvels, grumbles not, neither does he complain that

He never had a piece of bread
Especially nice and wide,
But what it fell upon the floor,
And always on the buttered side.

Marvels make him oblivious of all such misfortunes!

It is not enough to play marvels, to understand them, we must play them systematically and understandingly. Bonaparte when a boy marvelled, our great Washington marvelled, and we believe that he who in after years will guide the helm of State, and direct our country in her onward course of glory, till our flag—the flag of Freedom—waves proudly from the ancient capitals of the Old World—we believe that to-day he is a boy, revelling in the Pleasures of Marvelling.

Learn a Trade.

Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the "governor" say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage.

"I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are, and my advice is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade," replied the millionaire

This piece of advice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting-room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar is as low as I can live by," replied Ben.

"Cheap enough. Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for $50,000 which he accompanied with this moral to the story:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back on, which will afford you a good living."

DURING the summer 1861, while the hospitals in Richmond were crowded with wounded, the ladies of the city visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and vied with each other to comfort and cheer up the wounded. On one occasion a bright-eyed damsel of about seventeen summers was distributing flowers and speaking tender words of encouragement to those around her, when she observed a young officer who was suffering from his wounds, exclaim, "O, my Lord!" Approaching timidly, in order to rebuke his profanity, she said, I think I heard you call on the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?" Glancing hastily upon her lovely face and perfect form, he replied, "Yes, please ask him to make me his son-in-law."

Friendship, like health, is seldom truly valued until lost.

What Every Young Man Should Do.

1. Every young man should make the most of himself, intellectually, socially and physically.

2. He should depend upon his own efforts, with help from above, to accomplish these results.

3. He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, unless his own judgment or convictions, properly founded, should otherwise direct.

4. If he is unfortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he should do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not the obstacles to overcome.

5. He should remember that young men, if they live, grow old, and that the habits of youth are oftener than otherwise perpetuated in the mature man. Knowing this fact, he should govern himself accordingly.

6. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.

7. He should never under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come near his desires as possible—he will thus reach the object of his ambition.

8. Every young man should remember that this is not the only world to which he stands related, and it becomes him seriously to consider what and where he is to be a thousand years hence.

Stop that Boy!

A ciger in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor, he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the Mayor of the town, higher than the President. Stop him! He don't see himself as others see him. He don't know his speed. Stop him ere tobacco shatters his nerves; ere he ruins his character; ere the loafer masters the man; ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion; the shame of their families, the disgrace of their town, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

The Country Press.

These who are in the habit of sneering at the "rural press," are requested to read the following, from a recent number of the *Alexandria Daily Journal.*

"We consider ourselves fortunate in having an excellent list of country newspaper exchanges. Many of them are conducted with a degree of practicability which places them, in point of merit, far above a large number of their pretentious urban cotemporaries. The country papers deal with subjects such as we desire information, and are of vital moment to our business interests; whereas many of the huge sheets which come into our office on the same day from different cities, but for their market and marine reports, might have been all issued from the same office, as far as variety of topics and ideas is concerned. They discuss the same things in the same way with endless iteration, and dispute about last words with the pertinacity of Billingsgate fish-women. But our country papers bring us facts about their own regions, comments upon subjects of interest to our readers, and we scissor them and use them with great satisfaction.

OLD Mr. RUSSELL was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted by a hearty shake of the hand and:

"How do you do, old Russell?"

"Come now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby; and if you please, we will determine the question very soon. Just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect."

"Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say, there goes old Ben Russell."

A landsman once said to a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor replied, "On the sea," "Where did your grandfather die?" "On the sea."—"Well, are you not afraid to follow the seas as your business, seeing that it has proved so fatal to your ancestors?"—"Well," said the sailor, "and where did your father die?" "In his bed," "And where did your grandfather die? "In his bed," "Astonishing! and are you not afraid to go to bed, seeing it has proved so fatal to your fathers?" The wisdom of this world may see force in these questions.

A vender of hoop-skirts was recently extolling his wares in the presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the shopman. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within it."

☞ Oh, Pa, Mr. Smith was here this morning, and when Ma told him that you would not be home till late, he said her lips were like honey, and that he wished he was a bee, and then he kissed her.—They gave me a stick of candy not to tell any one, but I don't think they'd mind you, are so well acquainted with Ma."

☞ Gold-bearing bonds,—the bonds of matrimony. The coupons are payable annually or thereabouts.

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