Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1868. NO. 38.

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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jan4'68

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

Selected Poetry.

MAGDALEN.

BY EBEN E. REYFORD.

LIFT her up, men, from her slumber,
Lift her up gently I pray;
Once she was stainless and lovely,
Sinless, and fair as the day!
But in the ways of the erring
Early her footsteps were led,
And her life's pathway was downward,
Now she's at rest with the dead.

Turn the white face to the sunlight!
Ah! what cold beauty is there!
Cold as a statue in marble,
White and exquisitely fair!
Who, if they look at the features
Hiding the darkness within,
Oh! who could think of such beauty
Linked to such hideous sin?

Smooth back the hair from the forehead,
Yellow and shining as gold;
See! through its soft silken meshes,
Sunshine wove in with each fold!
Somewhere I have seen, I remember,
A face that was strangely like this!
Ah! I know now—one sweet summer,
Sweet with delirious bliss!

Now when I look back toward it—
That sweetest summer of life—
How my heart stirs with emotion!
Tears and my pride are at strife.
She that I knew was as sinless,
Pure and as good as a child,
Is this her life wreck before me,
Sin tarnished, scorned and defiled?

Oh! what a story of sorrow
Clings to this wreck of a soul—
Trial, temptation, and struggles
'Gainst fate too stern to control!
Is there a mist o'er the morning?
Somehow my sight has grown dim
While I have looked on this pale face,
Sad as a burial hymn!

Cover the face from the sunlight—
Hide her away from the day;
God, in his merciful pity,
Grant her His pardon I pray!
Great was her sin and her error—
God has more pity than men,
He can forgive all the sinning
Of even a poor Magdalen.

THE NEW DOMINIE.

BY JOHN H. NEVINS.

The usually quiet little village of C—— was in commotion. The old dominie, Rev. Jedediah Jenkins, had preached his farewell sermon to his flock, and, having admonished them to follow his teachings and to keep in the path that leads to life everlasting, he was about to take a final leave of them.

The old dominie was in every essential a good man and a christian. His plain sermons and truthful teachings had been such as to impress the good people that composed his flock with a feeling of profound veneration for him; and, when it was announced that he was to relinquish his charge of them and to bid them a final farewell, it may be supposed to have caused quite a commotion. But, as commotions in whatever community, and from whatever cause, will eventually subside, so did this—but only to make way for another.

It was but a short time after the departure of the old dominie when it began to be whispered, among the knowing ones of the village, that a new one had been selected to fill his place, and that he might shortly be expected to appear among them. Great was the curiosity of the good people to learn who he was, where he came from, how old he was, if he was homely or handsome, and a hundred other points which could only be ascertained when he should appear among them.

A strange family had lately taken up their residence in the village. Who they were, or where they came from, not one in the village could tell. But it was soon discovered that the old mansion which the late Squire Hinchley had occupied was being repainted and undergoing numerous repairs, and that new additions were being made to it; and it also became known that the strange family were to be its occupants. Thus it became a settled fact among the villagers that at all events they must be people of some note and consequence.

It was Friday; the next day the new dominie was to enter the village, and, according to custom, was to make the acquaintance of each family separately; hence the commotion that has already been described, each family being anxious to outvie their neighbor in their reception of him, and each anxious to create a favorable impression of themselves upon his mind.

To create that impression, none were more desirous than the Shipleys—that being the name of the strange family. But there was a great diversity of opinion in the Shipley family as to the most appropriate manner of eliciting his particular attention. Mrs. Shipley was of the opinion that a grand "spread" should be made in order to impress him with an idea of their worldly greatness, and that he should be received with a sort of religious humility that would give him an impression of their spiritual inclinations. On the other hand, Mr. Shipley stoutly contended that no such thing was necessary; besides, he urged, their means wouldn't admit of their making a grand "spread," as his wife termed it. It was only necessary to receive him as they would any other honored and respected guest; and in his mind the more humble the reception the better.

"What!" almost shrieked Mrs. Shipley; "would you have him leave our house with the impression that we are a miserable set of pretentious nobodies?"

"'Tis my opinion that it will be his impression at any rate," mildly suggested Mr. Shipley. "Even were it necessary to make a grand 'spread,' as you call it, you must know as well as I that our means won't admit of it Had you been content with a less stylish house and less handsome furniture, we should not be so continually pinched for ready cash, and might have a little to spare in an emergency; nor should we be, as you say, 'a set of pretentious nobodies'"

"Oh, indeed! that's your opinion, is it? Well, now I'll give you mine. If you'd cease to interfere with my household arrangements, and just attend to your own proper business, we should both be more contented, and things would be kept more straight."

Having given utterance to this bit of conjugal wisdom, Mrs. Shipley quitted the room, leaving her husband to ponder on the faults and follies of womankind generally.

At the commencement of their married life the Shipleys were in what might be called rather poor circumstances; but, by habits of industry and perseverance on the part of Mr. Shipley, the course of a few years they were enabled to live in comparatively comfortable circumstances. It was then Mrs. Shipley began her course of foolish extravagance. Their snug little cottage and comfortable furniture began to look shabby to her in comparison to her neighbors' more palatial residences; and nothing would do but Mr. Shipley must purchase a more stylish house, and have it handsomely furnished throughout.—And thus it went on, each day bringing forth some new scheme of extravagant expenditure. At length their snug little fortune dwindled to a bare living; and the broad fact came staring them in the face that they must abandon their splendid dwelling and extravagant mode of living.

This sudden change of fortune had no very great terror for Mr. Shipley. On the contrary, he rather welcomed it, having always been opposed to his wife's extravagance, he though that by a timely retrenchment he might be able to retrieve his fortune, and his wife, by past experience, might mend her extravagant ways, and they might once again live comfortably and happily together.

It was at this crisis of their affairs that they arrived at the village of C——. But, alas for Mr Shipley's fond anticipations! His wife, instead of striving to subdue her extravagant propensities, seemed more desirous than ever to make a show of worldly greatness; and every cent that could be scraped together, even to the limiting of actual necessaries, went towards some foolish piece of extravagance for the decoration of her house.

Mr. Shipley, having striven hard to mend matters, was finally compelled to give up the task; and at length Mrs. Shipley held full sway over her house and husband.

It was Saturday The village, or rather that portion of its inhabitants which was to constitute the flock of the new dominie was alive with expectation, wondering who should have the honor of the first visit.—Mrs. Shipley was firmly convinced that the new dominie would pay her the first visit. Was not hers the first situation in the place. In her opinion it would be a case of downright impudence for him to neglect to pay her that respect.

While she sat at her window indulging in these quiet speculations, she perceived a poor care-worn traveller pause at the gate, apparently doubtful whether to pass on or to to enter. After a few moments of indecision, however, he opened the gate, entered, and was approaching the house when he was met by Mrs Shipley, who, in a manner not the most pleasant, accosted him with:

"Well, what do you want?"

The poor man looked up into her face, and in a most humble manner said:

"I have traveled from a great distance, in the expectation of meeting some friends in this neighborhood. I am tired and hungry, and would ask you for some food and a place to rest awhile. I have nothing to pay for it but a poor man's blessing, but I will pray to God, the Father of the poor and friendless, to compensate you for it."

The poor man ceased speaking, and, apparently quite exhausted, seated himself upon a small bench that stood near by.—After a short pause, Mrs. Shipley said:

"You must have passed other houses ere you reached this; why did you not apply to them for assistance?"

"True, I passed other houses," replied the poor man, "but they were of a humble class; and preceiving your fine mansion from the foot of the village, I resolved to venture thither, trusting that the occupants of so fine a house would have a trifle to bestow upon the poor and needy."

It would be impossible to describe the emotions of Mrs. Shipley at this unlookod for reply. Deeply conscious of her vain desire to appear as some one grand in the eyes of the people, and of the niggardly manner in which she was compelled to live in order so to appear, she experienced a mingling of crushed pride and deep humiliation. Fully persuaded that nothing short of a grand "*spread*" would be likely to impress the new dominie with an idea of what her family were *not*, she had concluded that a grand "spread" should be made, even at the cost of half starving herself for a month after; and in consequence she was unable to render the poor man any assistance. But, not to admit to him the true reason of her refusal to assist him, she affected pious indignation, and turning to him, said:

"It has always been a custom of mine to refuse assistance to those who seem fully capable of assisting themselves, believing, as in the present case, that a mistaken sense of charity is too often the main producer of idleness and crime; therefore, I have nothing to give you, save a bit of scriptural advice: 'earn thy bread by the sweet of thy brow.'"

The poor man arose from his seat, and about leaving the place, when Mrs. Shipley—an idea suddenly suggesting itself to her—called after him to stop. The poor man turned and walked back to where she stood.

"I suppose," she said, "if you're not able to pay, you're willing to work for some refreshment?"

The poor man readily signified his willingness.

"Then," she added, "there is some wood to be split, and coal to be carried into the coal-shed. After you have done that work you shall have something to eat."

The poor man directly set about his allotted task; and Mrs. Shipley returned to the house, congratulating herself upon the manner in which she would receive a dollar's worth of work for the small trifle of a homely meal. That dollar would go towards the grand "spread."

The poor traveler, having completed his work and received his promised fare, left the place to pursue his journey.

"It was noon; but still no signs of the new dominie. The villagers began to wonder. Never, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, had a new dominie neglected to enter the village on the appointed day; and numerous were the suggestions offered as to the cause of his non-appearance. In the meantime, Mrs. Shipley sat in her parlor anxiously awaiting his arrival, and quietly speculating upon the probable result of his visit. She meant to impress him with an idea of her high station in the community, and thus induce him to believe that all matters appertaining to the church should be first submitted to her before being acted upon.

At length she was aroused from her quiet speculations by a gentle ring of the door bell; and shortly after a squalid looking girl—whom Mrs. Shipley had hired, as a sort of maid-of-all-work, at the enormous salary of twelve dollars per annum with board—opened the door of the room, and announced the Rev. Mr. Nickols.

The gentleman entered and was most graciously received by Mrs. Shipley, who requested him to be seated. He had no sooner become so, than Mrs Shipley, casting her eye upon him for the first time, became impressed with the idea that she had seen that face before; but when or where it was impossible for her to determine. However, in a moment or two she regained her composure, and began the conversation by observing that she had expected him sooner, but perhaps he had been visiting some of the other families.—

"No," he replied; "but a little incident that occurred on my way here somewhat delayed me."

"Indeed!" observed Mrs. Shipley; that is somewhat remarkable, for in this quiet little place 'tis seldom anything occurs to attract the attention of a stranger."

"Perhaps," remarked the new dominie "the incident to which I allude might not attract the attention of many; but to me it had a peculiar attraction. On my way here I had a companion. He was a poor traveler, and his appearance indicated that he had come from a great distance; he appeared foreworn and destitute; and he had traveled hither in the expectation of meeting some friends. As he entered this village he espied a large, fine looking mansion. 'Now,' thought he, 'there is every appearance of plenty; I will journey thither and solicit from its occupants a trifle of food, and a place to rest my wearied limbs.'"

The dominie paused; and, as he had kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the countenance of Mrs. Shipley during the recital, he had perceived a sudden flow of crimson flit to and fro across her face, and her eyes, which had sought the floor as he commenced speaking, still remained there, she being unable to keep them on his. She well remembered now when and where she had seen that face before. The dominie continued:

"The poor traveler at length arrived at the house. The mistress of the mansion met him; and he asked her for food."

"Say no more," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Shipley, "say no more."

And the poor woman, overwhelmed with anguish, threw herself at the dominie's feet, buried her face in her hands, and wept, as the mortified feelings of her shame and exposure mingled with the thoughts of the great sin she had committed against God by her base ingratitude towards one of His chosen ministers. Clasping the hand of the dominie she implored him to mingle his prayers with hers that God, the merciful and just, would grant to her a new heart, and take from her that false pride which had so long been her bane, and that He would guide her into that bright path which so unerringly leads to life eternal.

It was the juncture that Mr. Shipley entered the room. He was surprised to find his wife weeping at the feet of the dominie; but, ere he could ask a question, the dominie explained how, previous to entering the village, he had hit upon a little stratagem to test the character of some of some of those who were to compose his flock He then related the little episode of the morning between himself and Mrs Shipley, and thus acquainted the husband with the cause of his finding his wife in her present position.

When he had finished, Mr. Shipley placed his arms gently about his wife, raised her from the floor, and thanked God for the great change. The new dominie stood by contemplating them, pleased with his first labors among his new flock.

Friendships of Wives and Husbands.

It is fitting in the next place, to say something of the disappointment and wretchedness which so many married men and women notoriously experience in their relations with each other. It may be useful to state the principal causes of this unhappiness, and to give some definite directions in the way of remedy. Absence of love, absence of reason, absence of justice, absence of taste—in other words, harshness and neglect, silliness and frivolty, vice and crime, vulgarity and slovenliness—are the leading and inevitable creators of alienation, dislike and misery in marriage. Whatever tends to increase these tends to multiply separations and divorces between those who cannot endure each other; and so multiply irritations, quarrels, sorrows and agonies between those who may endure, but cannot enjoy, each other. In marriage the intimacy is so great and constant that the slightest friction easily become galling. Nowhere beside is there such need of magnanimous forbearance in one, or else of equality of worth and refinement in both. "Love does not secure happiness in marriage,—often the contrary: reason is necessary." So said the wise Jean Paul. He also said: "The best man joined with the worst woman has a greater hell than the best woman joined with the worst man." This is, no doubt, true as a general rule, because woman is so much more capable than man of self-abnegation, silent patience, meek submission and flexible adjustment to inevitable circumstances. Probably the women who keenly and chronically suffer from unhappy marriages are far more numerous than the kindred sufferers of the other sex. This is because they are more deeply susceptible to cruelty and indifference and to all the repulsive traits of character; are less capable of ignoring such things; have less of absorbing occupation of their own to take up their attention, and are less able to be absorbed in things beyond the personal and domestic sphere. There are unquestionably thousands of married women whose experience is made a living martyrdom by the infidelity, the tyranny, the coarseness, the general odiousness and wearisomeness of their husbands. In most cases, even where a divorce is wished, the shocking public scandal and disgrace are too much; and they wear on to the end. What misery delicate and conscientious women, of dedicated souls and polished manners, who love everything that is pure and beautiful, are compelled to undergo in their bondage to husbands, ignorant, uninteresting, ignoble, relentlessly domineering, is not to be expressed. Their best weapons, in such cases, if they knew it, are gentleness patience, persuasion, and the skillful use of every means to improve and uplift their unequal companions to their own level. The Persian poet expressed a rich truth when he wrote, "Gentleness is the salt on the table of morals." It is a tragedy that the good wife of a bad husband is so identified with him that the penalties of his offences fall on her head, often more terribly than on his. A pure woman loving a wicked man must expect to have her affections ravaged by his sins; does not the lightning drawn by the rod blast the innocent ivy twining it? What lacerating woes the gambler, the drunkard, the forger, the adulterer, inflicts on his wife!

And yet, profound as is the misfortune, sharp as is the suffering of such, it may be doubted whether a noble, sensitive, cultivated man, with a yearning heart of softness and peace, a capacious mind full of ground aspirations, married, by some fatal chance, to a woman with a petty soul, a teasing and tyrannical temper, a mendacious and rasping tongue, whose taste is for small gossip and scandal, whose ambition is for fashionable show and noise, whose life is one incessant fret and sting—it may be doubted if this man's lot is not severer with his ill-matched consort than hers would be with the worst husband in the world. He had better marry a vinegar-cruet than such a Tartar. When weary and seeking to rest, to be roused up by a scolding; when searching for truth, or contemplating beauty, or communing with God, or aspiring to perfection, or scheming some vast good for mankind, to be aggrevated by abuse, insulted by false charges, dragged down to petty interests which he despies, and mixed up with wrongs and passions which he loathes—these degrading injuries, these wasteful vexations, are what he must endure. No wonder if he vehemently resents a treatment so incongruous with his worth. No wonder if, vexed, hurt, goaled half to madness, he gets enraged, and seemly contentoins ensue, followed by painful depression and remorseful grief. No wonder if he finds it hard indeed to forget or to forgive the infliction of an evil so incomparably profound and frightful. There is, to a high-souled man, no wrong more hurtful or more difficult to pardon than to have mean motives falsely ascribed to him, to be placed by misinterpretation on a lower plane than that where he belong. Every such experience stabs the moral source of life, and draws blood from the soul itself. Husband and wife powerfully tend to a common level and likeness. The higher must redeem and lift the unequal mate, or live in strife and misery. If the lower takes pattern after the superior one, the petty, frivolous, false and fretful becoming magnanimous, dedicated, truthful, serene, it is a divine triumph of grace, and the result will be full of blessedness. But otherwise a wearing unhappiness is inevitable, however carefully it be hidden, however bravely it be borne.—"*From the Friendships of Women,*" *by Alger.*

SEVERAL nations in Europe, particularly Austria, are obtaining breech-loaders from America.

Old Hickory.

All Americans are familiar with this soubriquet of General Andrew Jackson; yet very few know how it was earned by the old hero. I happen to be able to inform your readers.

In 1836 I was intimately acquainted with Col. John Allen, United States Agent of the Chickasaw Indians, residing in Pontotoc; and with his brother, Captain William Allen, then a merchant in that town. I learned from Captain William Allen that his father was a near neighbor and devoted friend of Gen. Jackson, and that he and his brother John served as soldiers in his escort, in all his campaigns, and camped at the same fire, and messed with him during the Creek war. They were certainly great favorites with him, and he rewarded them for their friendship by giving them lucrative appointments in the Chickasaw nation while he was President. In conversation with Captain Allen about General Jackson, on one occasion, I asked him how he acquired the name of "Old Hickory?" I give his reply as well as I can remember, in his own words.

"During the campaign which concluded the battle of Emucklaw Creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and we were without tents. In the month of March, a cold equinoctial rain fell on us, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The General was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a bad cold and sore throat. At night we bivouacked in a muddy bottom, while it was pouring down rain which froze as it fell. My brother John and I, finding that he was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, and laid down on his blanket, by the camp-fire with his soldiers. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water, in his suffering condition, we determined to try and make him more comfortable.

"We cut down a stout hickory tree, in which the sap was rising, and pealed the bark from it in flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and dead leaves, and roofed it and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure, against the wind, with bark, and left the other end open. We then dried our blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent we had constructed. We woke up the old General, and with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped in our dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night, well cased in hickory bark.

"The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of whiskey, with which, after imbibing quite freely himself, he gave us all a "treat," as far as the liquor would go.—He seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow; a sort of "privileged character" in his country. While staggering about the camp-fires, full of fun and whiskey, he blundered upon our little hickory bark tent, which immediately arrested his attention. After eyeing it for a moment, he exclaimed:—"What sort of an outlandish looking Indian 'fixin'' is this," and gave it a kick which tumbled down the queer looking structure, and completely buried the old hero in the bark. As he struggled out of the ruins and looking around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him, and exclaimed, "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and join us in a drink."

"There was something so ludicrous in the whole scene, that respect for his presence and rank could not restrain our merriment, He very good humoredly joined us, laughing at the mishap. As he rose up, shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern we all gave him a *vive* "Hurrah for Old Hickory." This was the first time he ever heard these words, which were afterward shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever and wherever he appeared among them."

I will only add that Captain William Allen, of Davidson County, Tennessee, who died in Pontotoc, in 1837, was distinguished for courage, integrity, and veracity; and the above may be regarded as a true account of the origin of the nichname of Gen. A. Jackson.

Woman's True Sphere.

Jefferson Davis uttered the following sentiment:—They demand to be self-supporting, forgetting that their most tender charm and safest armour lay in their helplessness. Woman's office embraces all the sweetest and holiest duties of humanity. Her true altar is the happy fire side.—Physically unable to defend themselves from injury or insult, their weakness is a claim which the man must be utterly base who disregards. The highest test of civilization is the deference paid to woman. They are like the beautiful vines of the South, winding around the rugged forest trees and clothing them with beauty; but let them attempt living apart from this support, and they will soon trail along the ground in trampled immaturity. While woman depends on man for everything, man's generosity leads him to think that he can never do enough to discharge the delicious and sacred obligations.

SLANDER.—Against slander there is one defence. Hell cannot boast of so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a smile. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is fatal as the sting of the most deadly asp—murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

THE Surrat case will be called up again next month.

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