Ches[ter]town Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

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May 16, 1866—y.

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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

MOORE'S RURAL is full of variety, original and select. We confess to a surprise at the variety and richness of its contents, bountifully illustrated as it is. No paper on our exchange list comes so near our ideas of perfection, for a secular family paper. It maintains a high moral standard.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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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.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT ALL FORGOT.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Not all forgot;—I still sometimes look back
Along the pathway of the waning years;
Some roses bloom e'en yet beside the track—
The brightest, those I watered with my tears.

Not all forgot;—some voices murmur yet
Within the holy silence of my soul;
They sing some songs I never may forget,
And stir my heart with strangely deep control.

names I hear that from the marble gray
answer only in their silentness;
are mouldered that were wont to

of their hearts, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.—Here I commenced my married life, and all that heart could wish was mine. Her Mary and I lived happily and comfortably together till Haskins came here and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born: and there my Jennie died. O, how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her shoes and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick! And then how she begged me, before she died, never to strike her mother again! I can see her now, her pale face, her wasted form, but she can not come to me again. And O, my wife, how shamefully have I abused you! It was not your Daniel that did it. No! it was that cursed rum that Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They will not let me live with you. Not a drop more, Daniel, till this house is mine again. Not a drop more till these broad acres are again in my possession, and the wife and the children that are living, are in yonder rooms, and we are a happy family once more. Not a drop more, Daniel, so help me God, till all these things are accomplished. I thank you, Haskins, for those words. I shall not forget them.

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoken in a tone so loud, that he had not heard the wagon, which by this time had reached the road, in which was seated the kind hearted Quaker who has been mentioned. He stopped his horse, and heard distinctly the language which Daniel used. As he closed his solitoquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said, "Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy word?"

He answered, "I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times that thee would drink no more, what makes thee think thee will keep thy vow?"

"I know, friend Edgerton, I have often vowed to drink no more, but now I feel different from what I ever did before.—My heart is broken, and I feel my weakness, and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant it may be so. Daniel, get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written; and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York, and work his passage around the Cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"Thee wants to see thy wife and children before thee goes."

"Yes, Friend Edgerton, I do, but they have become estranged from me. If I went, perhaps they would not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, as I hope to do by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I presume that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who should know where I am, and what I am doing."

Thus, while riding toward the quiet farm-house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the place the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. He said as they took seats before the fire, "Amy, thee may put on another plate; Daniel will stay with us a few days, and then he will go to California."

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Akin would keep his resolve. At length when everything was in readiness the old horse was harnessed, and before daylight Daniel Akin was on his way to a railway station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words, "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it was supposed he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's mother lived in the adjoining town, and she thought he had gone there.

No inquiries were made, for all were convinced that he was missing, and cared not for his return.

He had been gone somewhat over a year when the Quaker was in the store of Haskins and remarked that he wished to hire the pasture for the coming season. "I have got one I will let you have free of rent if you will put up the fences on the place," said Haskins.

"Where is it," said the Quaker.

"On the Akin farm."

"If thee will let it out at that rate, thee must have let it get out of repair."

"It is so Indeed; I cannot leave the store to see to it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it last were too careless to buy wood, and burnt up all the rails. I had rather sell it than rent it."

"What will thee take for it?"

"It cost me some sixteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, but thee paid in goods, and charged thine own price on them."

"To be sure I did; Akin could not get credited anywhere else, and I felt I was running a great risk in letting him have goods, and I charged accordingly, just as everybody else would under the circumstances."

"Thee has not told me what thee would take for the place; I will give eight hundred for it, if that is any object to thee."

Haskins thought long enough to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better for him than the farm, for the use of which he realised precisely anything, and said, "You can have it."

"Thee can make out the deed to morrow, and thee shall have thy money. By the way, does these know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No. He has not been in the village more than a year. At any rate I have not seen him."

We may tell the reader what Haskins did not know. The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Akin stating that he was at the mines hard at work, and was sticking to this motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," and that he had laid up a few hundred dollars, and desired him to inqure what the place he once owned could be bought for. Mr Edgarton had taken the method above mentioned to find out Haskins views. So confident was he that Daniel Akin would come home a sober man, with money in his pocket, that he ventured to purchase it, for the purpose of keeping it for him."

He wrote to Akin what he had done, and about three months after received a letter stating that by express he had sent five hundred dollars in gold to a banker in New York, with orders to sell it and remit proceeds to him, to go toward the farm. Gold commanded a large premium, and the five hundred became more than eight hundred before it reached Friend Edgarton's hands. Akin requested him to draw a deed giving the whole property to his wife Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of Deeds.

In his letter: "If perchance I should ever break my resolution, I shall have secured a home for my wife and children; I prefer, however, they should not know anything of this for the present. If I live to come home, I will give Mary the deed with my own hands—if not you can do it. Now the farm is bought, you had better stock it, for I shall stick to my motto, 'Not another drop, Daniel.'"

Another year passed. By this time Friend Edgarton had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep. The fences were put in repair, and everything wore a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came which paid for all the stock, and with an overplus with which to repair the house.

Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who chanced to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans.

These repairs all completed—furniture found its way into the house. A yoke of oxen was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse and riding in a new buggy.

He received this short note one day:

"I have arrived all safe and sound.—Go and get Mary and the children."

He rode over to the adjoining town and called at Mary's father's and invited her to make him and his wife a visit, they accepted the invitation and he took them home.

The next afternoon he said, "Mary, I have got to go to the railroad station, but thee and the children can stay with Amy." He went and got Daniel Akin, and did not reach home until after dark. He left Daniel in his own house, nicely furnished to which place he previously conveyed provisions, and left him there to pass the night.

The next next morning he said, "Mary I suppose thee has heard that I have bought thy old place. I have got it fitted up, and I want thee and the children to ride over and see it after breakfast. I think thee will like it."

They rode over and were surpised to see the changes which had taken place.—They could scarcely believe their own eyes. They looked through the lower rooms first. Over the mantle in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass in large letters were these words,

"NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL."

Mrs. Akin said, "O, if Daniel could only have said those words and stuck to them, this beautiful place might have been his."

The Quaker said, "Then thee doesn't know where Daniel is?"

"No; I have not heard a lisp from him for more than three years."

"Thee would like to see him?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Let us walk up stars." As they went up the front stairs Daniel Akin slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the sitting-room. When they returned, Mrs. Akin noticed a man standing in the room with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant The Quaker said, "It is a friend, Mary." Upon this Daniel turned round, and in the man with heavy beard and moustache' she did not recognize her husband.

"Don't you know me, Mary?" Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was. Friend Edgerton said, "I must go and get Amy. Mary, this house is thine; Daniel has the papers for thee. Thee can stay here as long as thee lives. Thee will live happily now, for that, pointing to the frame over the fire-place,) NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL, is his motto now and it will be during his life."—*Congregationalist.*

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.*

What word is always pronounced wrong?—*Wrong.*

Over Cleanliness in Holland.

Mr. Coffin, writing to the Boston *Journal* from Holland, says: If the Dutch have a catechism, I think that one of the questions must be—"What is the chief end of women?" and that the answer would be—to rub and scrub. All hands are at it, women and children along the banks of the canals, kneeling down, sousing clothes into the water, wringing, sousing again—more rubbing, pounding and wringing. They wash the outside of pots and kettles as well as the inside; wash their wooden shoes; the blankets worn by the cattle; they rub the floors of the houses, till the oaken boards are worn through with sand and soap. They scrub the pavements and the walls of the houses. In some places you hardly dare to step out of the doors, the pavements are so neat and clean! Where there is so much rubbing there is very little reading, and though nearly all the people are able to read and write, they can find little time for reading. Cleanliness is excellent, but there is something in life more important than to rub and scrub from the cradle to the grave.

A Talent for Conversation.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every day uses of life. Let any one who has the gift enter into a social circle anywhere.—How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody, glad and happy. To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with great brilliancy. A man may talk with such a surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence, or excite their envy, and so produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him, as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more almost than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have most varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much, or just as little, as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and easily from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.

A Wonderful Clock.

We were at Strasburg, on the Sabbath, and seen the wonderful cathedral clock mark the hour of twelve. The cock duly flapped his wings three times, and crowed right lustly; the Apostles marched round the figure of the Saviour; the urchin turned over his hour-glass, and his fellow struck the bell, and all performed their parts with their usual punctuality. The clock tells us not only the hours as they pass, but the days of the week and the year of grace, marks the equinoxes, the length of the days, the position of the earth in the ecliptic, and the equation of time, and it is claimed that so perfectly does it indicate the movements of the earth that it will perform the kind offices for the people who live a thousand years hence. It certainly is a marvel of astronomical knowledge and mechanical accuracy and skill; but so far as we could judge it is more curious than practically valuable. It, with the grand old cathedral in which it stands, serves to attract many visitors to Strasburg, and certainly in that respect it is of great value to the inhabitants of the city.—*Episcopal Methodist.*

Luther and his Wife.

Catherine Bora, the lady whom he chose for his wife, was a nun of good family, left homeless and shelterless by the breaking up of her convent. She was an ordinary, unimaginative body, plain in person and plain in mind; in no sense whatever a heroine of romance, but a descent, sensible, commonplace Haus Frau. The age of romance was over with both of them; yet for all that, never marriage brought a plainer blessing with it They began with respect, and ended with steady affection. The happiest life on earth, Luther used to say, is with a pious, good wife; in peace and quiet, contented with a little, and giving God thanks. He spoke from his own experience. His Katie, as he called her, was not clever, and he had humorous stories to tell of the beginning of their adventures together. "The first year of married life is an odd business," he says. "At meals, where you used to be alone, you are yourself and somebody else. When you awake in the morning, there are a pair of tails close to you on the pillow. My Katie used to sit with me when I was at work. She thought she ought not to be silent. She did not know what to say, so she would ask me: 'Herr Doctor, is not the master of ceremonies in Prussia the brother of the Margrave?'"—*Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects.*

TRUTH.—The adorer of truth is above all present things. Firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices simply because he is without them; decided as a bad bargain by all want to purchase, he alone is not to be bought, and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin which is always painted more crooked than a ram's horn, although every naturalist knows it is the straightest fish that swims.

Written for the Chestertown Transcript.

"DIDO."

YOU have heard of "Old Tray," a good dog in his way,
But he shan't be the only dog sung of;
A ditty I'll raise to celebrate the praise
Of a better dog than he ever had the tongue of.

To be a little sensible, in a dog is indispensible,
Our dog combines sagacity with beauty;
His ears are soft as silk, his teeth white as milk,
His tail wags when he knows he's done his duty.

He follows me about, both in the house and out,
And when I go for a walk or a ride O!
He cuts so many pranks, rubbing up against my shanks,
That we've called our little dog "Dido."

And then he is so nice! I've never seen a flea
That so acted the gentleman all over;
He don't bark or bite, nor does he whine and fight,
And he's prettier than our neighbor's dog, Rover.

Mrs. Partington said (at least so I've read,)
That the Scriptures mention a dog, named Moreover;
But if there's a place for dog "sperits," where dogs get their merits,
Our "Di," when he dies, will be in clover.

He's gentle in his ways, and he's loving in his plays,
And he's a friend in prosperity and trouble.
Thus he sets a rule for many, who if you meet with any
Reverses, dissolve their friendship like a bubble.

While he lives, I'll caress him; when he dies, I'll bless him,
E'en a *dog's love* should never be rejected;
If he lives as long as I do, for naught shall want our Dido;
If he dies, his ashes shall be respected.

Chestertown, Feb. 10th, 1868.

Giving the Devil [illegible]

There is a point in the following anecdote: A person was making a call upon an old lady, who made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully said: "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I do believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merrimemt at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied: "Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

Animal Sagacity.

Plutarch tells a strange story of a mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream, and, finding its load thereby lightened, adopted the experiment afterward, and whenever it crossed a stream slipped into the water with its panniers. To cure this trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated it could barely stagger.

A SORRI BOY.—A few months ago, as a lady connected with a certain mission was visiting one of the institutions for the reformation of juvenile delinquents, she would ask of the different urchins for what misdemeanors they were in there. It went on till she came to a rather hard looking boy, who evidently didn't like the "system," when she asked:

"What are you in here for?"

"For stealing a coat, marm."

"Well, arn't you sorry for it?"

"Yes," (grimly.)

"Won't you try and do better next time?"

"Yes, I'll steal two!"

AN exchange says: "We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the sage brush in the back yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them said to the third little girl: "There now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. O! that'll be such fun."

A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures, not men." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father astonished at his voting for a man who was deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for doing so.—Sure, father, said the youth, "you told me to vote for *measures*, and if *Peck* is not a measure I don't know what is."

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will; which if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it

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