Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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.

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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 advertisments 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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&c., &c., &c., &c.,

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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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OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity.

He may at all times be found at his Office under the Voshell House, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

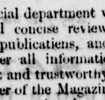
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May 19, 1866—y.

WHITE MEN MUST RULE AMERICA!
Clubs for 1868.

Clubs for 1868.
The Best New York Weekly Pubished.
NEW YORK DAY-BOOK
FOR 1868.

THE NEW DAY-BOOK is a straightforward, Radical Democratic paper, with a larger circulation than any other Democratic journal ever published on this Continent, and it enters on the threshold of 1868 more prosperous and more hopeful of the great cause it upholds than ever before. Standing on the foundation of the Declaration of Independence, that "all (*white*) men are created equal," and *therefore* entitled to equal rights, it is opposed to all forms and degrees of special legislation that conflict with this grand central TRUTH of Democracy.

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Dec. 14, 1867.

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With Illustrations, Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Rubuses, Enigmas, &c., &c.

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THE RURAL is not only a favorite in the rural districts, but deservedly popular in the cities. No newspaper in this or any other country has ever run a more prosperous career.—*Louisville Journal.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER comes to us freighted with information valuable to all who take an interest in the improvements of the times. We commend it.—*N. Y. World.*

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

Selected Poetry.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran, deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself a flame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, then the band,
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnish glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain,
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, low stream, its noiseless tread
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply Home, sweet Home, had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie'

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stood before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

Louisville Journal.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

NORTHERN WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

We now come to the last, though not perhaps to the greatest, of the causes that produce the forwardness of women, so much more conspicuous in America than elsewhere. It is loudly proclaimed in the States that all labor is honorable.—Such is the theory to which, however, neither men nor women conform in practice. It is honorable in a man to dig in a garden, to plough a field, to fell timber, or to split rails, to pack pork, to be a tailor, a shoemaker, a mechanic, or handicraftsman of any kind; but it is not thought honorable or consistent with the dignity due to a man who has a vote to be a domestic servant. The women in the same way, will consent to be factory girls, railway clerks, seamstresses, dressmakers, or drapers' and milliners' assistants; but they will not condescend to become cooks, house-maids, or chamber-maids. The very word "servant" is objected to as synonymous with slave, and service becomes "help" in the language of these proud Republicans. The word "master" suffers the same exclusion from the vocabulary, for the same reason; for master savors of slavery. The master of a household in the Northern States is the "boss" by which name the servants or "helps" always speak of him; and the mistress is invariably addressed by her name, and never as "mistress," "missus," or "madam." One servant or "help" never asks another if "missus" rang the bell, but if Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, as the case may be, rang it. When spoken to by the mistress, they do not reply "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am;" but "Yes, Mrs. Jones," or "Yes, Mrs. Smith."—Even an employer of other domestic labor is not recognized as a master. There are boss-barbers, boss-builders, boss-carpenters, boss-tailors; but no masters of these or any other crafts. The consequence of this inveterate dislike to domestic service, and to the social inferiority implied in it, is that none but the newly-arrived Irish and the negroes will consent to do the work of the house, the kitchen, or the stable. The negroes do not exist in the North in sufficient numbers to supply the want of "help," and the Irish are so ignorant, so insolent, and so extravagant, as to be the plague of every household which they enter. They take situations as professed cooks, without being able to boil an egg or potato. They waste thrice as much food as they consume, and their dirtiness and want of order and system natural to them in their original hovels of Connemara or other piggeries in which they have been born or bred, become most provoking and unnatural in their new sphere of life. In consequence of this sore affliction, housekeeping in the great cities, such as New York, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and others, is so disagreeable to the man who likes a dinner well cooked, even it should be plain, and so offensive to the woman who desires to have some little enjoyment of her life, that in sheer desperation husbands and wives who ought to be able to keep up an establishment of their own, betake themselves to hotels and boarding-houses, where unhappily they incur worse dangers and suffer greater evils than those from which they have attempted to escape. No man is idle in the United States. Every one has his work to do and his fortune to push, so that the married woman, living in the hotel or boarding-house, is left to herself at an early hour in the morning, and sees nothing of her husband till he comes home to dinner. This of course happens in England as well as in America to the great majority of people. But in England the married women can always occupy her time in the management of her household and her children, and can only contrive to find leisure for reading, music, and other amusements, when her domestic duties have been discharged. Not so the American woman living in the hotel or boarding-house. She has no marketing to do, no household expenses to economise, no servants to govern—nothing to occupy her attention but the care of her own person. She dresses several times a day in a new costume for every meal; for as she has to be seen and criticised by her own sex, as well as by the men in whose presence she breakfasts or dines, she has to make as fashionable and gay an appearance over her earliest as over her latest repast. If the weather be very fine she promenades in the fashionable streets, and goes shopping to the great "dry-goods store" or the jewellers: or if this be over for the day, or the weather not to her mind, she resorts to the public room called the parlor, sits in a rocking-chair, one of the greatest social courses of the country, and chats with some other listless idler of her own sex, or, still rocking herself, reads the last new novel. The only privacy that a life of this kind allows to the married couple is that of the sleeping chamber. And that women living such a life, always in the glare of publicity, and with nothing to occupy ther minds or their time, should remain as timid or modest in their manners as people who live at home, and employ their minds in wholesome pursuits, is scarcely to be expected. The young children who are forced to lead this kind of life are to be as greatly pitied as their mothers.—Their only play-grounds are the long corridors or stai.-cases of the hotel, unless the mother take them to the public square or park for an occasional holiday in fine weather. By constant association with their elders they become prematurely knowing, and little ladies of nine or ten give themselves the airs and indulge in the coquetries that at eighteen or twenty might be pleasant enough, but which in such children are painful to witness. The girls are indulged with jewelry when yet infants, and little creatures unable to walk have rings an their fingers and bracelets on their arms. A boy or girl of nine or ten years of age, living with its parents at a hotel, thinks nothing of coming down to the public breakfast-table by itself. It is amusing, though to a certain extent unpleasant, to notice with what delight these small creatures give their orders to the waiters, and what co-pious breakfasts are spread before them. Chop, steak, fish, potatoes, scrambled eggs, ham, sausage, oysters, corn-cake, buckwheat-cake, toast, and rolls,—all these enter into the catalogue of their wants, the corn and buckwheat-cake being usually rendered more agreeable to the youthful palate by large quantities of syrup. To see them eat is, as the Americans say, "a caution."

The American women live too much indoors, and take too little exercise. The summers are too hot to admit of much pedestrianism, and it is only in winter, when the ponds and rivers are frozen over, that the ladies can indulge in the one of outdoor amusement of which they are passionately fond—that of skating. Heat, however, is the greatest enemy of their health and beauty, in summer it pours down upon them from the skies, in winter it is generated for them within doors by furnaces burning a dry anthracite coal that parches out all the moisture from the air they breathe, and dries them up to such a degree as to give them the outward appearance of old age before they are much past the prime of life. They begin at a very early age to indulge themselves in sweet-meats—"candies," as they are called—and continue the injurious practice to their maturity and old age, to the detriment not only of their teeth and beauty, but of their health. That something is radically wrong, either in the climate, the mode of life, or the social peculiarities of the women of America, has long been suspected and asserted by philosophers and physicians. "The remark, says Dr. Harvey Lindsey, an American physician practising at Washington, "has often been made by Europeans who have vistited this country, and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have traveled in Europe, that American women suffer more from ill-health than the women of other countries. My attention has been for some time past particularly directed to this subject, and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent. Not only is the average health of our countrywomen much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country. . . . With respect to their inferiority in point of vigor strength, and robustness to the women of England, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison, and whose attention has been directed to the subject. The English woman has a much more florid and beautiful complexion, a more vigorous person, and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure. The slender, delicate, and fragile form, the pale, sallow, and waxen complexion which are so common among us, are much seldomer seen in Europe."

The late Mr. George Combe, who quoted this passage in his 'Notes on the United States,' says that the American ladies ascribe their maladies to the variable nature of the climate; but declares his opinion to be, that their own habits of life contribute much more than the climate to their sufferings; that they do not, as a rule, walk abroad for the sake either of air or exercise; that they pass their time both by day and night in over-heated and unwholesome apartments; and that they eat too much pastry, sweets, and animal food. If American physicians did not proclaim the same facts it would be considered unjust, or at least ungallant, for any English traveler. One great result of this chronic ill-health is that as a rule American mothers do not have large families, and are not nearly so prolific as their European sisters. The registrar of the city of Boston, Massachusetts, in his report for the present year, states that while the population of Boston has been uniformly increasing for many years, the birth-rate has with equal uniformity been declining, and has fallen from 1 in 26 in 1850 to 1 in 36 in 1865. "The birth-rate," he says, "has been declining throughout the United States for the last 70 years. It appears that only one in four of the children born in Boston in 1865 was the offsprings of parents, both of whom were natives of the United States. The majority of the children born in Boston in the same year were the offsprings of parents both foreign-born." A New York paper, in commenting upon these remarkable and, to Americans, alarming facts, represents that the unwillingness of American women to be the mothers of large families is to be partly attributed to the unruliness of American children. But as there are wheels within wheels, and causes within causes, this very unruliness may be a result of the mother's weakness of body, which leads her to let her children have their own way out of her sight, and may proceed also from the system of hotel and boarding-house life alluded to. That American women are as naturally fond of children as other people—that their families are not so great as the families of the people in the British Isles—and that barren marriages are but too common—may be seen at glance by any one who will take up an American daily newspaper of any city in the Union, and look over the advertising columns. The number of American ladies who wish to adopt children and make known their wants in this way is very large; and the number of poor Irish and Germans, who are in the position of the old woman of the nursery tale who lived in the shoe, who are willing to supply the demand for a consideration, is a striking peculiarity of American domestic life. There is one other peculiarity, with which we shall conclude our observations on this subject. The American newspapers announce marriages and deaths, but they never, or very rarely, announce births. If the English materfamilies should ask why? the only reply to be given is, that for some reason or other it is thought indelicate to proclaim to the world that you have had an addition to your family. But why it should be more indecent to be born than to be married or die, not even an American can tell.

The Art of not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many of which if heard will distnrb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I am caught one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks may do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushin, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth your while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they slam the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark.

A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.—*Selected.*

Read Advertisements.

Readers of newspapers who habitually omit to read the advertisements are unwittingly losing some of the most interesting portions. If the paper is stupid the chances are that the advertisements are not more so; if it is bright, its advertising columns probably possess real interest.—For, in the first place, these columns are filled by hundreds of writers, each representing in his own vein a subject of vital interest to himself, and compelled to seek brevity and point; while the so-called reading matter is prepared by a comparatively small number of men, who do not always believe what they write, much less feel a keen interest in its acceptability, and do not always aim at brevity, but sometimes are intentionally prolix. In the next place, the advertisements really represent a wider range of human operations than does the ordinary grade of news; nothing could be duller than many telegrams, and nothing brighter than many advertisements. For advertising has reached its proper place in public estimation of late years, and it is now made a subject of earnest study. Business men are beginning to understand that in advertising they are practicing the art of the salesman upon the whole public instead of upon a single individual, and they study the art accordingly. Ingenuity is tasked to devise bits of rhyme, conundrums, odd junctions of the article on hand with the latest matter of public interest, anecdotes ending with advice to buy your hats of Hit, the hatter, tricks with types, and seductive stories which beguile the reader into an advertiser s store. Hence advertisements are a curious index of human character, being dull, verbose, pithy, straitforward, polished, blunt, witty, or the opposite, as their writers happen to be, and in a certain sense, advertisers are writers of essays for prizes, for upon the supposition that their business is conducted with average sagacity, those who write the best will win the largest prize of public patronage. The most brief, most pointed, and the oftnest renewed avertisements are the most readable and the best paying and readers who would gather the best idea of what is going on must not overlook the columns of small type.—*N. Y. Evening Gazette.*

Origin of the Needle Gun.

A mere accident, less strange, to be sure, than that which made Berthold Schwarz invent gunpowder, but which nevertheless must be regarded as a hint of Providence, directed him to another, and we can now say, the only right way. It was thus: It sometimes happened that quantities of percussion caps were sent back to him, having been spoiled by moisture. In order to prevent this, Dreyssee conceived the idea of protecting them against dampness by covering them with a thin film of paper.

The result proved to be the very opposite, for the paper attracted moisture, and a very large order, which been constructed in this way, was sent back to him, as they were entirely spoiled and unfit for use. This was a great loss to the firm as copper was very dear at that time. In order to obtain the copper of the caps for further manufacturing purposes, Dreysse decided to remove the fulminating composition. In order to effect this with as little loss of time as possible, he wanted to do it by explosion. After various unsatisfactory attempts the idea occurred to him of accomplishing it by means of a pin or needle constructed for that purpose.—This experiment proved to be entirely successful, and like lightning the idea struck him of using the needle altogether for exploding the catridge. Not less quickly a second idea dawned on his mind that of removing the entire explosive process from without to within the gun, and by inserting the explosive material into the cartridge, to save the expensive copper used heretofore for caps. This was the first important step in the construction of the Prussian needle gun. Dreysse at once set to work, and in the beginning of 1829 the first needle gun was made.—*Hours at Home.*

"Why, George, what are you boo-ing in the garden for at this time of night?"

"Well, I was awful dry, mother; and don't the bible say, "'Ho every one that thirsteth!'"

The old lady drew her head in, closed the window and collapsed.

Written for the Transcript.

Truth and Falsehood.

Truth is the conformity to reality or fact. Truth like the ancient pyramids is imperishable, for, if crushed to the earth it will rise again, the eternal years of God are hers. Truth is as imperishable as its author,—who is God,—and he who is nearest to truth is nearest to God. We can do nothing against the truth. Her strength is next to that of the Almighty. She needs no stratagems to make her victorious, for these are used only by error against her power. Truth seems conscious of superior power and therefore came towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; reason always attends her but becomes her follower rather than her companion. Her march is slow and stately, but her motion is progressive, and when once she has firmly grounded her foot no one can force her to retire. All things we look upon in nature are true, for all were formed by the hand of God. There is truth in Art, for it is an imitation of nature's own works.—There are truths in Science. "If equals be added to equals, the whole will be equal. If equals be added to unequals the whole will be unequal." In Philosophy, by adding different fluids we know that new compounds will be formed. We also find out many truths by experience, society and love. The false is the opposite of these truths. Truth and falsehood journey with us through life. Which ever way we turn, we find them on every hand. Truth takes us by the hand and leads us slowly but surely along, while falsehood leads us violently, for she has no steadiness or constancy.

Truth is pure, naked and simple. Her symbol is a mirror in which she reflects her own beautiful image.

Falsehood wears tinsel and mask, which are but mock finery. The ancients describe truth as wearing a white flowing robe, and falsehood, a black mask, they tell us they went to bathe and left their robes upon the shore, after bathing, falsehood came out and putting on the robe of truth, walked off. Truth, finding what was done, disdained to touch or wear the soiled robe of falsehood; left it and since has gone pure and simple, she needs no covering. Wisdom alone can discern through the garb of dissimulation worn by falsehood. Truth is the only earthly thing that will survive the wreck of matter and crash of worlds.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Perhaps there cannot be found a more curious case than one which occurred a few years since at the British Museum by which a gentleman might have been made liable for a disgraceful transaction. He requested the attendant who was with him to let him see a particular coin; he opened the drawer of coins, and pointing it out, observed *that it was the only coin of that stamp.* The gentleman asked if he was sure of that, and was answered that it was a known fact. The visitor requested leave to take it into his hand, and on being told it was against the rule, drew a written order from his pocket, which he had procured from one of the members. The coin was then placed in his hand, and he examined it closely for a few minutes, and then returned it to the drawer, which the man closed, and took his leave. Before he had time to reach the street the man rushed after him, demanding the coin.—The gentleman said he had placed it in the drawer. It was positively declared not to be there. After a sharp altercation on both sides, the man declared that he must search the gentleman; this he protested he would not allow, and insisted on his again looking into the drawer—the coin could not be found!

The police were called, and told to search the gentleman. He insisted vehemently that he would allow no such thing, and desired the attendant to go back and look better in the drawer. In a few minutes he returned with many apologies, and the coin in his hand; it had slipped into a chink in the drawer, where fortunately it was at last found. Had it remained undiscovered, the gentleman would have been placed in a most pitiable situation, for he took from his purse a coin exactly like that just found. Having heard that there was one of the same stamp in the British Museum, he had gone for the purpose of examining it, and comparing it with his own. The other one—which was believed to be the only one in existence—and this found on the gentleman, would have been an everlasting stain upon his character.

Horrible.

The Washington *Union* says that two beautiful girls, sisters, and members of a wealthy family, residing in the First ward of that city, have recently been suffering untold horrors, and which for a time baffled description. It seems that some time during the summer the young ladies went on a picnic to Carlin Springs, and returning after night fall, they drank a cup of water taken from a brook, and in so doing swallowed a number of "saurins," of the species known as lizards. They soon afterwards began to endure miseries which the physicians were unable to alleviate, until, finally, the cause of the trouble was discovered through the agency of a microscope, some of the horrid reptiles having worked themselves to the surface of the spine, and thus exposed the foundation for all the sufferings of the unfortunate girls. Means were at once adopted to expel the hideous creatures, and a few days ago the elder sister ejected eleven of the animals from her stomach, and the younger sister seventeen. They are now improving, and hopes are entertained that they will finally recover from the effects of the fearful terrors through which they have passed.

WHAT is the greatest stand ever made for civilization?—The inkstand.

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