Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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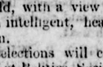
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May 10, 1866—y.

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jan4'68

Selected Poetry.

GONE.

GONE! Yes, he's gone with no word of endearment,
Without a regret, or a tear or a sigh;
No tender speeches to serve as a cerement,
Embalming the dead love with a soft-spoken lie!
A word and a look—a sneer—and they parted;
The fabric of years was dissolved in an hour;
Life is a blank to the girl broken hearted,
No warmth in the sunshine nor bloom in the flower.

Sad little heart! So your hopes are all blighted:
Ah! Trample out boldly the smouldering flame;
Think not again it can e'er be ignited—
That love unto you can be ever the same.
Doubtless you'll love with a feeble sensation;
Regard on the ruins of love may be built;
Brilliants had ever a paste imitation,
Gold oft replaced by some base metal—gilt.

Wearily gazing, like one who is dreaming,
Her deep grief yet trying to stille with sighs,
Sad, bitter tears will be presently streaming
From sorrowing depths of those violet eyes;
Is man so noble, so priceless a treasure?
Or hearts of fair girls merely a toy for the vain?
To love or to lose, or to break them at pleasure,
Like glittering trinkets you wear on your chain?

Gone! Yes, he's gone, though the birds go on singing,
While dreamily flutter the fast-falling leaves.
'Tis over! Yet still merry voices are ringing,
And reapers yet binding the bright golden sheaves
Still the clear brook where they wandered together
Flows on, though its carol changed to a moan;
The same, but how changed the bright sunny weather,
To one left down-stricken and weeping alone.

Gone! Yes, he's gone, and she'll nourish her sorrow,
In silence and sharpness 'twill dwell in her breast;
Sadness as weary to-day as to-morrow,
The same mocking dreams ever haunting her rest.
Man in his anguish may publish his sadness,
And brazen it out by the force of his will.
To woman 'tis given to laugh in her gladness;
To suffer in silence—to weep and be still.

The Goldsmith's Apprentice.

A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG IN 1796.

St. Petersburg was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favorite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S—— had been the Emperor's most honest adviser, and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his imperviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astonished. Accustomed as he had been to the wayward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that in the eyes of such, even the most honest action may be construed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust as his sentence was cruel But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower many years, and of all his children none were left to him save one daughter, Katinka, the flower of his old age. It was for her he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear, "you are not alone, and will not be alone. See! there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds overhead;" and with those words his daughter placed in his hand a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes? No—no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a viel over the outpourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say that Katinka, by her tears and entreaties, at last wrung a reluctant consent from her rent that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful an confident voice.

"You may well ask whom?" he answered sadly—"you will find no one among all my dependents who would follow in my service. No—no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the tokay of my rival and successor, to drinking the icy cold water of the Yenisei."

With a confident step Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependents of the family, who owed fortune, fame, and, may be, life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In an humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knock at the door, when he arose from his knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced into banishment, and that he is to set out to-morrow?" the young man inquired.

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the towns-people, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter?" he resumed, not waiting for an answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas," she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady!"

"Alas! then we are forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and call him their saviour, can be found ready and willing to offer him their last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say that they could follow him, but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl, and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint, St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when stuck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him!"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. No! your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True, lady, I forgot that," interrupted the old man; "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hind."

"It seems derogatory to my fathers' honor to have asked twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe, I yet may be able to find one sufficiently miserable to consider it no futher addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room where he had been standing, unpreceived by Katinka. "I will go!—You do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, "will be my guarantee that I speak truly and from my heart."

"I do not know you, Feodore!" exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady; that will he," said Feodore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheeks. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two were once more alone, "you have said you will go with him, and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Feodore. "Did she not say 'with us?'—Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater;" and the old man wept bitterly.

"Us! yes, said us!" continued Feodore, headless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count, a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it.

"And you, Feodore," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth and an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence—for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks my blessing, for your noble conduct. See my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfillment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning toward Feodore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Feodore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones:

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at day-break I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, my friend," said the Count much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Feodore, who had been wrapped in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed:

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question; it was not the daughter, surely, you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the thorn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her!"

"You dream, Feodore," replied his father, amazed; remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a Countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she never can be."

"Mine!" answered Feodore, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

* * * * * *

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night St. Petersburg. When the sun arose next morning, it rays shone on the Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued, but little heed was given to the fulfillment or revocation of the late Czar's commands There was a new master to please now; even Count S. . . . . forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colorless lips trembled as they touched it, which seemed just as if a blood-stain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesternight I was an old man; but the last night added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave my only wish is to seek peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to wait the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there nought else I can do? You have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Fedore Solkow, the—the goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes is astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!"

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; though of humble origin, he is noble at heart and deserves this, ay, and more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me—when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my saloons, professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain, if it were but an approving word from my daughter. When amongst all my dependents not one was willing to share their master's fate, this youth came forward—he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jenesei, I now pray your Majesty, may be celebrated in this your royal city."

"Be it so!" answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Feodore kneeled together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.

A Sensible Love Letter.

The following love letter was read in some court in France, not long since, pending a trial:

Mademoiselle—It was a saying of the celebrated Frenchman Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose name you very likely cannot pronounce, that, to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you have written. Now, with all due deference to Rousseau's talents in other respects, I may say I do not believe this saying to be true, and I shall endeavor to write in opposition to it. I mean about what I write to you, Mary, that I may guard against poisoning your mind with flattery, or saying anything that may offend you. I wish you to understand that what I say I mean; that I neither write for writing's sake nor to please my own fancy. I have, I hope, a higher aim and a more honest and more noble intention. I need not blush to own that my only object is to whisper in your ear a pure and tender tale of love. I entreat you to consider it as a symbol of the honestness and truthfulness of the writer, as a proof of his affection for you, and as a bond which shall unite us forever. Know then that from the moment I first beheld you I have felt a lively interest in your welfare, and your image has frequently presented itself to my mind. This will account for what passed between us on Sunday evening. "I have loved you for beauty, but not (I hope) for that alone." "Beauty is but skin deep," although it is very agreeable as every one knows. It is not possible that I can know what other qualities you possess, but I should wish you to have a good knowledge of household matters. You may depend upon it that there is a good domestic happiness in a well dressed mutton-chop or a tidy beefsteak for breakfast. The woman who can cook contributes more to the happiness of society than the twenty who cannot cook.

The greatest bet ever made has been decided to be the alphabet.

Stonewall Jackson's Strategy.

On the 16th of June, 1862, Jackson sent a note to Col. Mumford, who had succeeded Ashby in command of the cavalry, and held the front toward Harrisonburg, to "meet him at eleven o'clock that night, at the head of the street at Mount Crawford, and not to ask for him or anybody." Mount Crawford is a small village on the valley turnpike, about eight miles from Port Republic and the same distance from Harrisonburg. Col. Mumford received the note, set out alone, and, at the appointed hour, entered Mount Crawford, which, at that hour of the night, looked dark and deserted. The moon was shining, however, and at the head of the street, in the middle of the highway a solitary figure on horseback awaited him, motionless and in silence. The hand of the figure went up to his cap, and in the curt, familiar tones of Jackson, came the word:

"Ah, Colonel! here you are. What news from the front?"

"All quiet, General," replied Colonel Mumford.

"Good! Now I wish you to produce upon the enemy the impression that I am going to advance."

And Jackson gave his orders in detail, after which the figures parted, and went different ways—Jackson back to Port Republic, Col. Mumford to Harrisonburg.—The following is the manner in which Col. Mumford carried out his orders:

At Harrisonburg were a number of Federal surgeons, who had come with twenty-five or thirty ambulances to carry away the wounded officers and men who had been abandoned by Gen. Fremont in his retreat. These were informed by Colonel Mumford that, before he could give them permission to do so, he must ascertain the wishes of Gen. Jackson; and, with this reply, he left them to carry out the rest of the scheme. There was attached to his command, as an independent, a well known gentleman of that region named William Gilmer; and to this gentleman, ever ready for a good, practical joke, was entrusted with the execution of the plot. The Federal surgeons occupied an apartment next to the room used by Colonel Mumford for his headquarters, and only a thin partition divided them. Every word uttered in one room, could be heard in the other, and this fact being well known to Colonel Mumford, who gave Mr. Gilmer his instructions in a loud tone, dispatched him apparently to Gen. Jackson, and then awaited the issue of his scheme.

Some hours having elapsed since they had ascertained that General Jackson's wishes would be ascertained, the surgeons, all at once, heard a courier mounting the stairs, his spurs and sabre clanking as he ascended. They moved quickly to the partition, and placed their ears close to the cracks—as it was expected they would. The courier entered, the surgeons bent lower, and determined not to lose a word.

Well," said Col. Mumford, in a voice which he knew could be heard, "what does Gen. Jackson say?"

"He told me to tell you," replied Mr. Gilmer, in his loud and sonorous voice, "that the wounded Yankees are not to be taken away, and the surgeons are to be sent back with the message that he can take care of their wounded in their own hospitals. He is coming right on himself with heavy re-inforcements. Whiting's division is up. Hood is coming. The whole road from here to Staunton is perfectly lined with troops, and so crowded that I could hardly ride along."

Such was the highly important dialogue which the Federal surgeons, listening with breathless attention, overheard. When Col. Mumford sent for them, every man was on the other side of the room from the partition. They were ushered in, and briefly informed that they could return with their ambulances, that Gen. Jackson had instructed him to say, that their wounded would be cared for in the Confederate hospitals.

The surgeons returned without delay, communicated the important intelligence they had overheard to General Fremont, and that night the whole Federal army fell back to Strasburg, where they began to intrench against the anticipated attack.

Jackson was, meanwhile, on his way to the Chickahominy —*Cooke's Life of Jackson.*

Necessary Rules of Sleep.

Dr. Winslow wisely says there is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus is it that, in early English history, persons who are condemned to die by being kept from sleep, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2d. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awke; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

How Soon Forgotten.

So lately dead; so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral: everything goes on as usual; we are not missed on the streets, men laugh at jokes; one or two hearts feel the wounds of affliction, one or two members still hold our names and forms. But the crowd moves in the daily circle, and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

Risks of Mercantile Life.—Some curious statistics have been collected illustrating the risk of mercantile life, from which it appears that in a single department—that of dry goods, the average rate of success within the last fifty years has been as follows: Ninety merchants in every hundred have failed; five in every hundred have made a living and saved money, and one in a hundred has made a fortune. It will thus be seen that the path to ultimate success in this direction is extremely hazardous, and it ought to supply a powerful argument to law-making "powers that be" in favor of affording all reasonable legislative protection (by the regulation of the public finance, and otherwise) to a class in whose success and enterprise the prosperity of the country is so largely involved.

The Golden Motto.—A good old man when he heard of a neighbor's misfortune, would say: "He fell to-day, I may fall to-morrow." This is the purely golden motto for every neighborhood; it reaches to the perfection of Christian charity and manly kindness; it places us all along the way of mutual moral dangers; it levels us all the possibility of immediate wrong; it gives us all a defence in forgiveness and liability; it teaches us all against judgements, and shows to all that offense is a common inheritance, which cannot be pushed from out of our ready search.—"He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." Let this solemn confession be always echoing from the voice of conscience; let it be impressed on the tables of honor; let it be the first recollection, the constant influence, the guiding spirit of the day and the prompter of the nightly prayer.

In the good old times in Prussia a girl who owned a little property, a hut or a fishing boat—was thereby legally authorized to pick out a husband for herself. If she wished to commence her "*friajfad*" (hunt for a husband) she would hang up her blue apron in front of the door of her house, and post herself behind it. The young men of the village would then pass by the apron one by one in a long procession, and dressed up in their best Sunday clothes. As soon as the right one appeared, the girl would rush out, throw her arms around his neck, and within three weeks there was a wedding.

A young lady at a fashionable dinner party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested.

"Why is the letter 'J' like the end of spring, doctor?" was the question, and of course the doctor couldn't tell. "Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution.

"Now, Miss, will you tell me why the letter 'K' is like a pig's tail?" stearnly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give it up. "Because it's the end of pork, Miss"

The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

A young man who carried a collecting plate after the service in church, before starting put his hand in his pocket, and put, as he supposed, a shilling on the plate, and then passed it around among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the man, taking a glance at the plate found that instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation lozenger on the plate with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face.

A Philadelphia contemporary says, and very truly, we think, that the merchant who studies the fancy of his customers, who goes to some trouble to understand the wants of his locality, who does not hesitate at expense in letting the public know what he has for sale, who enters into the market to buy the best to sell at the very lowest prices, soon succeeds in building up a trade, in establishing a confidence, which he can retain as long as he is true to the principle by which it was won.

☞ To have your cup of tea handed you with two spoons in the cup or saucer, is a sign that there is to be a wedding—But such signs, it is said, never occur in places visited by General Butler.

☞ "I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, turning around upon his pillow." "Well, I will try the water cure," said his wife, pouring a tumbler-ful over him.

What is the difference between an old dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

☞ Not found among Stanton's virtues—resignation.

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