Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1868. NO. 45.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

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.

Advertisements

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 advertisements 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.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

MARYLAND BOUNTY
TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

ARMY AND NAVY AGENCY,
THOMAS TIMMONS & CO.
No. 19 South Street, over Gas Co's Office, Baltimore.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS, enlisted or drafted, and mustered into the United States Service, after May 26, 1863, and credited to Maryland, are entitled to $300 State Bounty.

ADDITIONAL U. S. BOUNTY,

Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, who have received not more than $100, are entitled to an additional $100.

Widows and heirs of soldiers, also soldiers who have lost their Discharges, are entitled.

PERSONS WHO FURNISHED
SUBSTITUTES
Between April 1 and December 18, 1864, will also be entitled to Bounty from the State of Maryland.

Discharges of Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, Wanted.

And heirs of deceased Soldiers may obtain valuable information free of charge at our office.

We make liberal advances, collect promptly, and if desired will cash claims for State Bounty at sight.

All letters promptly answered.

U. S. Bounty, Pensions Back Pay, Prize money &c., for Soldiers and Sailors promptly collected.

☞ Cut this advertisement out and bring it with you, or communicate by letter.

THOMAS TIMMONS, & CO.
Dec 18, 1867.—tar

TAW. A CURE FOR ALL. Sample five cents!
TAW. LAUF YOUR PHILL! Sample five cents!!
TAW. Ladies!!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. A MARVEL!!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. WONDERFUL CURE! Sample five cents!!
TAW. BOYS and GIRLS like it! Sample five cents!
TAW. A TERROR to evil doers!! Sample five cents!
TAW. SAVES MONEY!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. PHUNNY PHOLKS!! Sample five cents!
TAW. NO DELAY! NOW!!!! Samples five cents!

RICHARDSON & COLLINS,
81 Nassau Street, New York.
june 1'68

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

J. K. ALDRIDGE is closing out the balance of his large stock of Stoves at 10 per cent. below his regular price, which is much lower than Stoves can be bought in the city.

Call and see and be convinced of the fact.
Jan 25

BAVELEY'S Best Brand of Chewing Tobacco: Segars and Smoking Tobacco, for sale at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY
OF
MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery was organized in 1848. Chartered by the Legislature, February 26, 1853. Name changed by a legislative enactment to the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia in 1860. In 1863 it purchased the Pennsylvania Medical College, established in 1842, and the Philadelphia Medical College, which had previously been merged into the Pennsylvania Medical College. In 1864 it purchased the Penn Medical University. The Trustees of the separate schools united, petitioned, and obtained a special act of the Legislature, consolidating these institutions and changing their names to that of the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, March 15, 1865. All these various acts are published in the statutes of Pennsylvania. The cost of the building and museum was over one hundred thousand dollars. It will be observed that the University, as now organized, is the legal representative of the four medical Colleges that it has absorbed. It is a liberal school of medicine, confined to no dogma, nor attached to any medical clique; but embraces in its teachings everything of value to the profession.

Sessions.—It has two full sessions each year, commencing on the 1st of October, and continuing until the 1st of January as its first session, and from the 1st of January to the 1st of April as its second; the two constituting one full course of lectures. It has also a summer session, commencing the 1st of April and continuing until August, for the preparatory branches, such as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, etc.

Tickets.—Tickets to the full course of lectures $120, or $60 for each session. For the summer or preparatory course $25. Graduating fee $30. To aid *young men of moderate means*, the University has issued *five hundred scholarships*, which are sold to first-course students, for $75, and to second-course students and clergymen for $50, each constituting the holder a life member, with the perpetual privileges of the lectures, and all the teachings of the school. The only additional fees are a yearly dissecting and matriculating ticket, each of which is $5.

The Advantages of Scholarships.—The student holding a scholarship can enter the College at any time during the year, attend as long as he chooses, and re-enter the institution as frequently as desired.

It requires no previous reading or study to enter the University on scholarships, hence, all private tuition fees are saved.

Students, by holding scholarships, can prosecute other business a part of the time.

The candidate for graduation can present himself at any time, and receive his degree as soon as qualified.

In case a student should hold a scholarship and not be able to attend lectures, it can be transferred to another, thus preventing any loss.

Parents, guardians, or friends of students wishing to purchase scholarships for them a year or more before their attendance at the University, can secure them by advancing one-half the price, and paying the balance when the student enters. Physicians and benevolent men can bestow great benefit upon poor young men, by presenting them a scholarship, and thus enabling them to obtain an honorable profession.

The Faculty embraces seventeen eminent physicians and surgeons. The University has associated with it a large hospital clinic, where every form of medical and surgical disease is operated on and treated in the presence of the class.

College Building.—The College building, located in Ninth Street, south of Walnut, is the finest in the city. Its front is collegiate gothic, and is adorned with embattlements and embrasures, presenting a novel, bold, and beautiful appearance. The facade is of brown stone, ornamented by two towers, rising to the elevation of eighty feet, and crowned with an embattled parapet. The building contains between fifty and sixty rooms, all supplied with water, gas, and every other convenience that modern improvement can contribute to facilitate medical instruction. Only five hundred scholarships will be issued, and as two hundred and fifty are now sold, those who wish to secure one should do so at once. Money can be remitted by express, or a draft or check sent on any National bank in the United States, when the scholarship will be returned by mail, signed by the President of the Board of Trustees, Jos. S. Fisher, Esq., and the Dean of the Faculty, W. Paine, M. D. All orders for scholarships or other business of the University, should be addressed to Professor W. Paine, M. D, Philadelphia, Pa. June 15, 1867.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. J. A. PERKINS, having removed to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

May be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

DR. W. T. URIE
HOMŒPATHICIAN,

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.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.

May 18, 1865—y.

LAND SURVEYING.

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.

June 22, 1866—y. E. F. PERKINS.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a sweet snowflake soft and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that young and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls as pure as these
Need daily mercies from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with those soft eyes and tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
How hardly, if she win not Heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

Waiting for Her Husband.

A physician relates the following story:

I was led up into an old-fashioned, richly furnished room. A great wood fire burned on the hearth. The bed was surrounded with heavy dark curtains, in which the shadowy remains of bright colors were just visible. In the bed lay one of the loveliest young creatures I had ever seen. And, one on each side, stood two of the most dreadful looking women I had ever beheld. Still as death, while I examined my patient they stood, with motionless faces, one as white as the other. Only the eyes of both of them were alive. One was evidently mistress, and the other servant. The latter looked more self-contained than the former, but less determined and possibly more cruel. That both could be unkind, at least, was plain enough. There were trouble and signs of inward conflict in the eyes of the mistress. The maid gave no sign of any inside to her at all but stood watching her mistress. A child's toy was lying in the corner of the room. I found the lady very weak and very feverish—a quick, feeble pulse, now bending and now intermitting—and a restlessness in her eye which I felt contained the secret of her disorder. She kept glancing, as if involuntarily, toward the door, which would not open for all her looking; and I heard her once murmur to herself:

"He won't come."

Perhaps I only saw her lips move to these words—I cannot be sure; but I am certain she said them in her heart. I prescribed for her as far as I could venture, but begged a word with her mother. She went with me into an adjoining room.

"The lady it longing for something," I said, not wishing to be so definite as I could have been.

The mother made no reply. I saw her lips shut yet closer than before.

"She is your daughter, is she not?"

"Yes," very decidedly.

"Could you not find out what she wishes?"

"Perhaps I could guess."

"I do not think I can do her any good till she has what she wants."

"Is that you mode of prescribing, doctor?" she said, tartly.

"Yes, certainly," I answered, "in the present case. Is she married?"

"Yes."

"Has she any children?"

"One daughter."

"Let her see her, then."

"She does not care to see her."

"Where is her husband?"

"Excuse me, doctor; I did not send for you to ask questions but to give advice."

"And I came to ask questions in order that I might give advice. Do you think a human being is like a clock, that can be taken to pieces, cleaned and put together again?"

"My daughter's condition is not a fit subject for jesting."

"Certainly not; send for her husband, or the undertaker—whichever you please," forgetting my manners and temper together; for I was more irritable then than I am now; and there was something so repulsive about the woman that I felt as if I were talking to an evil creature that for her own ends, though what I could not tell, was tormenting the dying lady.

"I understood you were a *gentlemen*—of experience, breeding."

"I am not in the question, madam; it is your daughter."

"She shall take your prescription."

"She must see her husband, if it be possible."

"It is not possible."

"Why?"

"I say it is not possible, and that is enough. Good morning."

I could say no more at that time. I called the next day. She was just the same, only that I know she wanted to speak to me, and dared not, because of the presence of the two women. Her troubled eyes seemed searching mine for pity and help, and could not tell what to do for her.

There are, indeed, as some one says, strongholds of injustice and wrong into which no law can enter to help.

One afternoon, about a week after my first visit, I was sitting by her bedside, wondering what could be done to get her out of the clutches of those tormentor, who were evidently to me consuming her in the slow fire of her own affections, when I heard a faint noise, a rapid foot in the house so quiet before—heard doors open and shut, then a dull sound of conflict of some sort.

Present a quick step came up the oak stair. The face of my patient flushed, and her eyes gleamed as if her soul would come out of them. Weak as she was, she sat up in bed, almost without an effort, and the two women darted from the room, one after the other.

"My husband!" said the girl—for, indeed, she was little more in age—turning her face, almost distorted with eagerness, toward me.

"Yes, my dear," "I know. But you must be as still as you can, else you will be very ill, Do keep quiet."

"I will, I will," she gasped, stuffing her pocket handkerchief actually into her mouth to prevent herself from screaming as if that was what hurt her; "but go to him—they will murder him."

That moment I heard a cry and what sounded like an inarticulate imprecation, but both from a woman's voice, and the next, a young man—as fine a fellow as I ever saw—dressed like a game keeper, but evidently a gentleman, waked into the room with a quietness that strangely contrasted with the dreadful paleness of his face and with his disordered hair; while the two women followed, as red as he was white, and evidently in fierce wrath from a fruitless struggle with the powerful youth.

He waked gently up to his wife, whose outstretched arms and face followed his face as he came around the bed to where she was at the other side, till arms and head fell into his embrace.

I had gone to the mother. "Let us have no scene now," I said, "or her blood will be upon your head."

She took no notice of what I said, but stood silently glaring, not gazing, at the pair. I feared an outburst, and had resolved, if it came, to carry her at once from the room, which I was quite able to do then, though I don't look like it now. But in a moment more the young man, becoming uneasy at the motionlessness of his wife, lifted up her head and glanced in her face.

Seeing the look of terror in his, I hastened to him and, lifting her from him, laid her down—dead! Disease of the heart, I believe.

The mother burst into a shriek—not of horror, or grief, or remorse, but of deadly hatred.

"Look at your work;" she cried to him as he stood gazing in stupor on the face of the girl. "You said she was yours, not mine; take her. You may have her now: you have killed her!"

"He may have killed her; but you have *murdered* her madam," I said, as I took the man by the arm and led him away, he yielding like a child. But the moment I got him out of the house he gave a groan and, breaking away from me, rushed down the road toward the home farm. I followed, but he had disappeared. I went on; but before I could reach the farm I heard the gallop of a horse, and saw him tearing away at full speed along the road. I never heard more of him, or of the story.

Selected Poetry.

LITTLE ROSE.

SHE comes with fairy footsteps—
Softly their echoes fall—
And her shadow plays like summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright
'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she bounds-eth
So gleefully along:
As a wild young bird she caroleth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeams seem to linger
Above the holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within,
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin.

She comes—the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet bearing still the breath of Heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And it passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children—
The gifts of heavenly love;
They stand betwixt our world hearts
And better things above;
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SOBER PROPOSITION.—A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the magistrate that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

A clergymen said he addressed his congregation of ladies and gentlemen as brethern, because the "brethern" embraced the ladies."

A Noble Dog.

There is in the museum of Berne an object which attracts universal attention from visitors. It is only the skin of a rough, hairy dog, stuffed and set up so as to look natural as life. But that dog had a history. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, away on an Alpine summit. There, in pleasant weather, he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, jolly as any dog. But when the storm came on, and the rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself up for the serious business of life; with a little basket of meat and drink tied under his neck, and a warm blanket strapped on his back, he set out in search of lost travelers in those fearful passes.

Never a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick but Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveler at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and went bounding joyfully onward to show them the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with the breath and tongue, pull at their clothes; and if all his efforts to arouse them failed, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry. Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley, when his age of service was over, and this honorable niche in the museum when his short life was ended.—There he stands with his bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on his old mission.

A Little Sermon.—Sometimes I compare the trouble we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

Good-Natured People.—Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable.

Despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of fear, laziness, and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty, too.

Over 2,000,000 acres of land in Miss. are advertised for sale under execution.

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0500