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Chestertown Transcript

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jan4'68

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

Selected Poetry.

FATE.

BY WM. P. BOUDINOT.

THERE is a phantom ever haunting
All the living things of earth!
Like a spectre, dark attending
Every mortal from his birth;
And its likeness is a demon's,
Horrible with mocking mirth.

And it never sleeps, nor tires,
Never turns away its eye,
Which is always fixed and greedy,
Gazing at us ardently;
When at night we sleep it watcheth
At our bedside standing by.

Low it croucheth by the cradle,
Where the new-born infant sleeps,
Watching with the watchful mother,
When it smiles, and when it weeps;
Unseen, silent, absent never,
Round the dreaming babe it creeps.

Thus from life's first faint beginning.
Till the dreaded close appears,
Does this still unknown companion
Dog us through our flying years!
And it mocks our silly pleasures,
As it mocks our useless tears.

But unconscious as we travel,
Lo! our day has passed its noon!
And we shudder at the sinking
Of our onward sun so soon,
As we hasten to that region
Which is lighted by no moon.

Whither? pleads the weary traveller,
Whither? whither do we fly?
But the night now o'er him closing,
Shut the scene from human eye;
Clear is heard the faint voice pleading—
Never, *never* the reply!

Few has ever seen his spectre,
Caught his desolating eye,
When the dews of life's fresh morning
Stir the heart with feelings high,
And the evening and the darkness
Seemeth never to be nigh.

But when love, nor fame, nor pleasure
Warm the heart to dim the sight,
When at last the mental vision
Pierceth through the mental night,
Then we know the dark attendant
Of our feeble, failing flight.

And we feel his icy fingers
Tracing wrinkles on the brow,
While his breath so cold and deadly,
Turns the raven hair to snow,
As we hobble on our journey,
With a stumbling step and slow.

Just behind us all it moveth,
With a still and stealthy tread,
As it followed unseen millions,
Who once lived like us, 'tis said;
As we journey to that country
Whither *they* have darkly fled.

On the footsteps of each mortal,
From his first, to latest date;
When he joys, or loves, or sorrows,
Wretched, happy, humble, great,
Mocking glides this silent phantom!
Child of clay, it is thy Fate!

Like the helpless clouds of heaven,
Borne upon the unseen wind,
Leaving naught that felleth after,
Token, sign, or trace behind;
Swiftly thus on Fate's broad pinions
Fly the millions of mankind.

Jones and Johnson.

BY MARIA B. CUSHMAN.

William Johnson and Edwin Jones were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their farms were beautifully situated, the soil naturally [illegible] had been disfigured by old bark and dead limbs; in short, everything seemed to wear a look of dilapidation and neglect. Edwin Jones was a hard working man, yet everything was at loose ends with him, and he often caught himself wondering how it was that his neighbor Johnson kept along so smoothly and quietly, and yet had everything in such perfect order.

"Good morning, Johnson," said Jones, one day in spring, as he put his head in at the door, "have you got an auger?"

"To be sure," returned Johnson, "I shouldn't know how to get along without one."

"Well, I want to borrow it a little while. I have delayed sowing my grain now these two days, because my harrow was broke, and I had nothing to mend it with."

"Ah! mine is already in the ground," said Johnson.

"And it is high time," returned the other. "What I am to do now I don't know. I have lost one of my steers."

"That's bad! how did it happen?"

"He broke his leg."

"Broke his leg! How, pray?"

"Why," he returned, with a mortified air, "why, the floor had got worn and shaky, and so he got his leg through it, and snapped the bone right off; so I had to kill him."

"Ah! Mr. Jones, such losses as these we farmers should guard against. A little labor at the proper time, would have saved all that."

"I know it, and I should have fixed the floor long ago, if I had had the tools. But it is no use crying for spilled milk. What is done can't be helped."

And that was Edwin Jones' only consolation. When a thing was done, he satisfied himself with the reflection that it could not be helped, and seldom laid up his experience for future use. Mr. Johnson turned towards the shed, and led the way up into a light chamber, and Jones followed him. Here was a stout bench, all fitted for use; upon it a full set of planes, saws, hammers, &c., while, in a rack against the partition, were arranged a set of chisels, gimlets, screw-drivers, files, and hung around were a number of different sized augers, in short everything that a man could need for repairing about the house. Mr. Johnson supplied his neighbor with the required article, and as he handed it to him, he remarked—

"I lent your boy a small hammer a few days ago, which he promised to bring back soon. I have rather needed it about putting down the carpets."

"Well, John's sick; he is quite feverish, and we have had to send for the doctor. He got cold, I 'spose, spattering through the wet. Fact is, I was rather careless about it. I knew his boots wanted mended, and I meant to have carried them down to the village and got them fixed, but I forgot it."

"I do all such little jobs myself," neighbor Jones," was the quiet reply.—"I always keep a little leather on hand; then, when there is tapping to be done I can fix in a few minutes. All these things can be attended to rainy days, when I should otherwise be idle."

"Well," returned Jones, "I suppose could cobble a shoe if I had the tools, but it takes quite a collection to fill a cobbler's bench. However, what's done can't be undone. I guess John will be about again in a day or two. I must be off and fix my harrow."

It took Edwin Jones all day to *fix* his harrow, so he had to postpone harrowing his ground till the next day, and when he at last got his grain into the ground, he was just one week behind his neighbor.—His son John was confined to the house nine days, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, besides having the doctor's bill to pay. It was just so all the way through. When it came to haying, he had to buy new rakes; the old ones were gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, and so for the want of proper tools to repair the break, he was obliged to replace them with new rakes. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progress, all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after harvesting was over, Johnson was at work in his tool chamber, when his neighbor Jones entered.

"Johnson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's plane a few moments, "how much did that sled of yours cost? I have got to have one this winter."

"O, that cost me nothing; I made that myself. I got the timber out last winter, so that matter's disposed of, and I feel quite proud of it too. It's my first attempt.

"Well, neighbor Johnson, I don't see how in the world you get along so.—Your farm don't produce any more than mine does and I don't believe you work as hard as I do. Your wife don't make any better butter than mine; your sheep don't grow any better wool. You raise more fruit to be sure."

"I have not so many trees as you."

"No, but the fruit is of better quality, and finds a ready market."

"Yes, because I have taken great pains to obtain the best grafts. My trees were the same as yours when we started. My cows give more milk than yours do in the winter, for they have a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens are tight and comfortable, and so on."

"And I suppose you are laying up money?" muttered Jones, with a crest-fallen look.

"Certainly I am—about two hundred dollars a year."

"So much!" exclaimed Jones, with a look of surprise: "why I can't lay up a single cent. In fact, am running behind-hand."

"Let me tell you the secret," said Johnson, in the kindest, most neighborly way. "Last summer I saw you buy two rakes and two pitch forks; now how much did they cost you?"

"Let's see—two dollars and a half."

"Well, now, my fork-handle got broken last winter so did some of the rakes I brought them right up here, and then when I had leisure, I just fixed them up. There was so much saved. Now, you have nothing at all to do to-day."

"No, indeed! it rains too hard."

"But I am at work, making my apple boxes; how are you going to get yours?"

"Grandison makes them for me, and I am to give him a barrel of apples."

"Which is as good as two dollars.—Now, if you hire as good a sled as mine, it will cost you at least twelve dollars.—You see how these little things count up."

"And all this comes of your having tools to work with," returned Jones, whose eyes were beginning to open.

"Yes, neighbor."

"Well, if I had tools, I might save a good many such sums in the course of the year, but I never have the money to spare for them. Why these 'ere tool of yourn must have cost more'n fifty dollars."

"Just about that."

"Then I'm mighty afraid I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I shall never have that sum to spare."

"You don't understand Let me explain the secret. I should never have gone with a fifty dollar bill and bought these things. I have procured one at a time with my grog and tobacco money."

"Grog and tobacco 'money," repeated Jones, with a look of blank surprise.

"Yes," said Johnson, with a smile.—"Now, I am not going to give you a lecture I am going to give you the benefit of my experience. The first year I begun on the farm, I used to keep spirits by me, and every now then take a drink to keep up my strength, as I said to myself. In the long warm days, in haying and harvesting, the bottle was patronized liberally. But I finally began to see that it was growing upon me, and might become too strong for me to resist; and so after deliberating upon the subject, I came to the conclusion that rum and tobacco did me no good and *might* do much evil, and I would leave them off, and I *did*. So I commenced laying up the money they cost me. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do the work myself I had been obliged to pay for, and so I began buying such tools as I thought would come handy. At the end of the first year I found I had quite a little collection, and it had all come from money I might otherwise have drank and smoked up, and I felt healthier and happier than the year before. I knew I had laid the foundation for future good. Time passed on; my grog and tobacco money kept coming in. It was now a hammer, then a saw, then a new auger, another plane, a bit stock, &c, till I have now an excellent stocks of tools, and they are not only a source of great profit, but solid comfort into the bargain. I believe, friend Jones, that in giving up my grog and tobacco, I have been a great gainer. Now, do you think you would feel full as well without it."

"Johnson," said Mr. Jones at length, after a protracted silence, "I wish you had told me this long ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you; it was a delicate matter a best."

"I know it, but Edwin Jones is not the man to be offended with a neighbor for friendly advice,"

"Well," said Johnson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it's never too late to amend, and if you get in a pinch where fifty or a hundred dollars will be of use to you, come to me."

Mr. Jones thanked his friend with a suspicious moisture shining in his eye, and shortly after took his leave. The very next day he went into town, and, instead of refilling the brown jug and empty box, he brought home a new auger, and a proud and happy man was he to be at work with one of his own tools. Time passed away, and he soon found himself the owner of quite a little lot of implements. This thing operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a certain pride in doing it. He reset his windows, roofed his bee-house, built new pig-pens, tightened his barn, and in rainy weather was never without pleasant and profitable employment. His cows do not break through the barn floor now, and they give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as good apples as his neighbor Johnson's do, and all this is because he stopped his grog and tobacco expenditure, bought his tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors. and so he is now a happy, thriving and contented farmer.

A Yankee Trick.

Soon after the after the late war, when an amnesty oath—more commonly known within the bounds of the defunct Confederacy as a *damnesty* oath—was considered by some a *desideratum*—"a thing of beauty"—(?)which would last forever—a long, lank scion of the Confederacy, clad in butternut jeans, walked into the Provost Marshal's office at Charlottesville, and inquired:

"If this war the place to git into the Union at?"

The dapper little "individual" presiding over the establishment replied, in blue-nosed Yankee twang.

"Yes, sir; we administer the amnesty oath here."

Butternut—"Well, sir, I want to be cussed in the institution quicke'rn h—l can scorch a feather."

Reb's name, rank, regiment, and place of abode being ascertained, the oath was administered with due solemnity and impressiveness.

After its administration our Reb gulped two or three times and started out; then turning suddenly around, as if he had forgotten something, addressed himself to the presiding functionary:

"Say, Capt'n, I'm in the Union now, ain't I?"

"Yes, sir," replied the officer, with dignity

"Well," with a quizzical look, "I'm as good a Yankee as anybody now, ain't I?"

"Yes, sir, you are."

"Well," continued Butternut, "now, Captain, didn't Stonewall Jackson use to give *us* h—l in the Valley?"

Deponent saith not what was the officer's reply, but it is presumable he thought it was a striking example of the "ruling passion strong in death."

☞ When was Desdemona like a ship in port? When she was Moored.

Three Years Under Water.

About twenty years ago Hiram Hill, then well known in Cairo, accepted employment on Messrs. Eads & Nelson's wrecking or sub-marine bell boats. In time he was installed as diver, and as such we propose to speak of him. He remained in the employment of Messrs. Eads & Nelson a period of eighteen years. He is now on Messrs. Dugan & Co's. Underwriters, where we saw him yesterday, and learned something of a diver. The use of a bell, in diving, is now discarded. The diver wears a water-tight armor over his entire person, except the head, which is covered by an inverted metalic pot, in which the head can turn and move at ease. Thick, transparent glass is fixed in front to serve as windows; and to prevent accident this glass is protected by steel guards or fenders. Equipped in this armor, the diver puts on a pair of lead-soled shoes, weighing each twenty pounds, lashes to his back and breast a piece of lead weighing forty pounds, attaches the tube through which he receives air, to the back of the head-pot, and then is ready for his submarine explorations. He generally descends to the bottom of the river by the use of a ladder, but can, without incurring any risk, jump from the boat and sink to the bottom. The moment he disappears under water the air pump commences its work of supplying him with a constant stream of fresh air. If at any time, the air creates too great a pressure upon him, the pressure is relieved by a self-acting valve, fixed at the side of the head. If the pump does not furnish sufficient air, the diver indicates the fact by signs, and the supply is increased. Mr. Hill informs us that he has remained under water five hours at a time. The great weight of lead fastened upon his feet and body is necessary to counteract the bouyancy of air furnished him by the pump. While on the boat, the armor and lead form a load for a strong man. Under water they impose no realizable weight, and in no way impede motion. Mr. Hill informs us that he has, while under water, often clambered up stanchions, jumped down hatchways, a distance of twelve and fifteen feet, with much greater ease and less risk than he might have performed the same feats out of water. Taking with him his tools, he has frequently worked for hours at a time, patching up the bottoms of snagged steamers, sawing boards, boring holes, driving nails, &c., with perfect ease and accuracy. When the water is clear he can recognize shapes at a distance of two or three feet, and at a distance of six inches he can determine the different kinds of timber. When the rivers are high and the water is muddy, everything is impenetrably black, rendering it immaterial. He has been at the business so long that by the mere sense of touch he can instantly determine what portion of the wreck he is exploring; can cork up cracks, or patch up holes; can determine the character of the sunken cargo; pass from hatch to hatch through the hole, and do everything else under water that an expert blind man might do on land. He says that he breathes full and satisfactorily; that there is no stifling sensation, no odds how long he remains under. Indeed, so accustomed is he to life and labor under water, that he feels somewhat lost when his stay on land is protracted. He is of opinion that about three years of his life have been spent under water, yet he has no scales on his body, no sign of fins or gills; not even web feet. He is, to all intents and purposes, a human being, not even partaking of the nature of a mer-man—or any other flesh.—*Cairo, (Ill.,) Democrat*

Preparation of Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthiness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre: or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color add four pounds umber—Turkish or American, the latter is the cheapest—one pound Indian red, and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color add four pounds raw umber and two pounds lampblack. This wash may applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash.

QUESTIONS.—How many soldiers died that Jay Cooke might amass fifteen millions of dollars?

How many soldiers died to be found a bondholding aristocracy of the United States?

How many soldiers died that the masses of the people might be crushed beneath an intolerable and oppressive debt?

How many soldiers died that southern negroes might be transformed into President-makers?

How many soldiers died in the false belief that their lives were given for the preservation of the Union?—died victims of false pretense.—*Crawford County Forum.*

The Bladensburg Dueling Ground.

Bladensburg, the famous dueling ground is situated in Maryland, some six or eight miles from Washington. There in a beautiful little grass plot, surrounded by trees, is where a number of the most noted duelists resorted to perform their deadly work.

In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seemed to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this dueling ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator, fought his sisters husband, John McCarty here. McCarty was averse to fighting, and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight. McCarty named muskets loaded with grape shot, and so near together that they would hit heads if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and McCarty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned white so soon after the duel as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as second in a duel, but refused, in accordance with a pledge he made to his wife soon after killing her brother.

1820, Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel here by Commodore Barron.—At the first fire both fell forward, with their heads within ten feet of each other; and, as each supposed himself mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still lying on the ground. Decatur expired immediately, but Barron eventually recovered.

1821, two strangers named Lega and Sega appeared here, fought, and Sega was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on their gloves, left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1822, Midshipman Locke was killed here by a clerk of the Treasury Department, named Gibson. The latter was not hurt.

In 1826, Henry Clay fought (his second duel) with John Randolph, just across the Potomac, as Randolph preferred to die, if at all, on Virginia soil. He received Clay's shot, and fired in the air.—This was in accordance with a declaration made to Mr. Benton, who spoke to Randolph of a cail, the evening before, on Mrs. Clay, and alluded to the quiet sleep of her child and the repose of the mother. Randolph quickly replied: "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

When Randolph fired he remarked:—"I do not shoot at you, Mr. Clay," and extending his hand, advanced toward Mr. Clay, who rushed to meet him. Randolph showed Clay where his ball struck his coat, and said facetiously: "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat."

Clay replied, "Thank God the debt is no greater!" They were friends ever after.

In 1832, Martin was killed by Carr.—Their first names are not remembered. They were from the South.

In 1833, Mr. Key, son of Frank Key, and brother of Barton Key, of Sickles notoriety, met Mr. Sherborn, and exchanged a shot, when Sherborn said:

"Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you."

"No matter," said Key, "I came to kill you."

"Very well, then," said Sherborn, "I will now kill you." And he did.

In 1838, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky, assuming the quarrel of James Watson Webb with Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, selected this place for Cilley's murder; but the parties learning that Webb, with two friend, Jackson and Merrell, were armed and in pursuit, for the purpose of assassinating Cilley, moved towards the river, and nearer the city. Their pursuers moved toward the river, but missed the parties, and then returned to the city, to which were soon followed by Graves and the corpose of Cilley.

☞ An Englishman, some years since visited the tomb of Napoleon and wrote in the register a verse on the ex-Emperor to this effect:

Bony was a great man,
A soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him at
The field of Waterloo.

An American, to punish the braggart, wrote immediately under the following.

But greater still, and braver far
And tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington, the man what could,
Have licked 'em both together.

☞ "What's that?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a scholar, pointing to the letter O.

"Don't know," replied the urchin.

"What do you say when you stump your toe, my child?" said the teacher.

"D—n it," was the wicked boy's answer.

☞ An old Revolutioneer says, that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bem's after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

☞ Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads that the end of woman is dust.

☞ There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

☞ Sunday is the strongest day in the week. The rest are all week days.

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