Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1868. NO.

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

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

Selected Poetry.

THE RAINBOW.

HOW high a gate of gorgeous light,
With film of gold and violet bright,
A wonderful and magic sight,
Is swiftly built,
And instantly the purpled height
Of mountain gilt!

The glory scarce begins to climb,
As rapid as the wing of Time,
When Earth beholds its finished prime,
And hushed admires,
As if to stir would be a crime,
Till it expires!

Up springs the lark, in haste to soar,
His little bosom trembling o'er
With sudden wild tumultuous store
Of melody,
And loud and sweet the carols pour
From field and sky.

And now the hues on azure turn
So spirit-faint that sight doth yearn,
And scarce in front of Heaven discern
Its tinted porch;
But on the dark blue wave they burn,
A glowing torch.

Oh! seraph track, that dost incline
Thy sudden path for steps divine,
Of life thou art the loveliest sign
Through all the years,
While Hope's ethereal colors shine
In human tears!

Thou com'st between the rain's black wall
And Evening's sunset opened hall;
Upon the golden radiance fall,
Like priceless gems,
The countless drops outsparkling all
Earth's diadems!

And even while the cloud is driven,
A vanished joy again is given;
Thy phantom bow of splendors seven
Returns as bright—
The glorious arch that reaches Heaven,
A world's delight!

WHAT CAN A CHILD DO?

SUPPOSE the little cow slip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To loose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away;"
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way,
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow?
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a living spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love.

A Sagacious Dog.

From All the Year Round.

On Wednesday, the 27th of June, 1866, Mr. Otto Striedinger, a gentleman connected with the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, went with two friends to a croquet party at Westend, about five miles from Netley. He was accompanied as usual by his favorite dog Worry, a magnificent black retriever. The weather being extremely hot, the croquet did not begin before four o'clock, and was followed by supper, so that it was ten o'clock before the party broke up. The three gentlemen walked back to Netley in the dust. The footpath by which they returned led through a private park, across a common overgrown with heather.—When about a mile from Netley, the walkers passed a reservoir which supplies the hospital with water. The night being hot and close, Mr. Striedinger wished to give his dog a swim. He whistled again and again, but no Worry came; so he made up his mind that the dog had been hunting for his own private amusement, and had lost the track, as there was very little scent on the ground. Worry's master did not trouble himself about his whereabouts, as he had been for years a very independent dog, quite up to taking care of himself, and would doubtless find his way home later. Mr. Striedinger arrived at the hospital, and was preparing to go to bed, when he remembered that he had to answer two letters which he had received by that afternoon's post, just as he started with his friends for Westend. These letters were of great importance, and when Mr. Striedinger had looked for them without success, he felt extremely uncomfortable. He instituted a search all over his rooms, turned his writing case topsy turvy, looked through his desk, but all in vain. He then took a light, and had a hunt in every nook and corner of his office, but came back empty handed. Thoroughly tired and discomposed, he went to bed. Unable to sleep, he got up in the middle of the night to make another and an equally fruitless search. At last the morning sun began to light up the rooms, which was a signal for fresh investigation, with the same result. Then, and not before, the idea struck him that, the letters having been delivered just as he was starting for the croquet party, he must have read them on the way thither, and must have put them in his coat pockets; but when he thrust his hand into the pocket, he must have read them on the way thither, and must have put them in his coat pocket; but when he thrust his hand into the pocket, and drew it back empty, he felt convinced that his letter was lost beyond all chance of recovery. Hoping against hope, however, he resolved to make one more effort. He rushed on, unshaven and unkempt, to retrace his steps of the previous day, looking right and left, turning over every scrap of paper he saw on the road, stopping wherever he recollected that he and his companions had stopped the day before, mistaking every object that was conspicuously light in the distance for the papers, and growing more despairing every minute. After walking on for about three miles, he espied a black object lying close to the foot path. It was Worry's black head. Reproaching himself for having in his great uneasiness forgotten his favorite, he whistled to Worry, who, however, instead of showing his usual alacrity, remained lying motionless on the ground. His owner supposed him to be caught in one of the snares with which he knew the common to be thickly studded; but, on his approaching Worry, up jumped the dog, leaving exposed to Mr. Striedinger's delighted view the missing letters, together with a number of other loose papers.—There had been a very heavy dew that night, and Worry's curly coat was as wet as it he had had an hour's swim in the neighboring reservoir, but the papers were as dry, hot and crisp as a breakfast roll out of a baker's oven. There were marks of teeth on one or two of them, showing, either that before having recourse to his subsequent and successful expedient for preserving his master's property, Worry had endeavored to collect and carry the scattered manuscripts, or, which is more probable, that he had—finding them too numerous to allow of his acting on his retrieving instincts—brought all the outlying letters within reach of the shelter of his outstretched body. It was now eight o'clock. This devoted dog had been on guard over these papers for sixteen hours, ever since the friends went to Westend, at about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. It must have been then, and not on the return to Netley, that Mr. Striedinger dropped his letters; for they fell out of a breast pocket of the coat which he flung over his arm when walking in the sultry heat of the afternoon, but which he wore on his way home at night when it would be impossible for the contents of the pocket so to escape. The gentlemen in returning must have made some slight deviation from the path by which they had gone, and in this manner must have missed the sentinel Worry.

The Bell Bird.

Wandering in a tropical forest amidst the gorgeous growth of climbing vines and brilliant blossoms in the early morning, one's ears are literally pained with the mingled din that comes from everywhere; above, below, behind before, right and left, curious eyes, jubilant songs, angry discussions, growls, snarls, croaks and hisses, from birds, beasts, insects and reptiles, making the jungle a Babel of unintelligible sounds. Then, as the scorching sun rays pierce the clustering tangle of vegetable life, one by one the sounds die away, the flowers close their petals, the leaves drop languidly from every branch and spray; not a breath of air stirs even the delicate tree ferns; the stillness is that of death, as if the world of things had ceased to be. As you crouch under the wide leaves of the plantain, seeking shelter from the burning heat, suddenly a loud sound is heard, like a deep, full-toned bell; a short time elapses, and again it sound, and so on at intervals of three or four minutes; often other singers join the peal, and then the "forest chimes" toll the mournful music far and near. Your cautiously creep out, and peep curiously in the direction of the noise, to discover what living creature could produce a sound so exactly like a bell. At last you spy him out, and catch him in the very act, seated on the top of a dead palm, his belfry. By travelers he is named the "bell bird." On the top of the head there is something like the horn of the fabled unicorn. The tube of flesh is hollow, and communicates with the palate. When the "bell bird" is silent, this strange spire like affair hangs down over the beak, just as the red fleshy wattle dangles on the front of a turkey cock's head; but when sounding his bell-like voice, it is filled tightly with air and stands erect, and stiff as a horn. A late traveler says:—"At a distance of three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes like a distant convent bell."

A certain youth recently made the following comments on Pocahontas; Said he, "Pocahontas was a great man—Pocahontas was a noble, kind hearted and true man. "Hold on," cried his companion, 'Pocahontas was a *woman*.' 'She, was, eh!' said he—'well, that's just my luck; how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible?"

Napoleon once entered a Cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. "What are these?" said the Emperor. "The twelve apostles was the reply. "Well," said he, "take them down, melt them, and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their Master did."

Mr. Greeley as a Gentleman.

Mr. Horace Greeley has just disgraced himself, his newspaper, and the American press, by one of the most infamously abusive articles ever printed. No American gentleman can read the paper headed *Governor Seymour as a Liar*, published in the *Tribune* of the 19th ult., without indignation and contempt. The offender has done this sort of thing too often to deserve that delicacy in discussing it which his years or presumed services would otherwise naturally command, and we make bold to inform Mr. Greeley, with the utmost respect for whatever is respectable about him, that the language employed by him in the article referred to is such as to unfit him for the society of gentlemen, inasmuch as it is of the sort commonly confined to blackguards. It seems an astonishing thing—although it is probably a very natural one—that so many of these people who strain to distinguish themselves as ultra-philantropists, and who are so ostentatiously eager for the rights and feelings of their fellow-creatures in mass, should be so utterly regardless of the same rights and feelings when they come to deal with individuals. It is perhaps quite consistent that the advocates of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—men who seek to elevate the nation by degrading the suffrage—should think to augument the usefulness of political discussion by studding it with the epithets of Billingsgate and saturating it with the slime of the kennel. Possibly we ought not to be surprised when demagogues whose notoriety has been gained by stimulating the prejudices of the ignorant, and who, though enjoying the worship of the frantical mob, have learned to regard themselves as infallible, do not know how to behave themselves when dealing with gentlemen, and fail to exhibit that self-control which is among a gentleman s first attributes. An utter disregard for the possibility of a political opponent's being honest in his belief and in his statements appears, in truth, to have become a cardinal dogma of the Radical creed. The Springfield *Republican* calls people "wicked" who differ from it in political opinion. The sillier Mr. Greeley is more specific and more Saxon, and simply dubs his antagonists "liars."

A "little story" occurs to us which happens very nicely to illustrate the title of this article, and which we shall take the liberty to relate.

A few years ago a certain American journalist arrived in Liverpool by an ocean steamer. Although the day, like many English days was a very wet one, our traveler trudged bravely through the mud to a hotel affected by his countrymen—let us say Adelphi. He proceeded into the coffee-room, so called, where a large number of guests were dining. The room is spacious and elegant of its class, and is frequented by rather fastidious people.—At the end of the apartment blazed a large and cheerful fire, below which a great many plates for the service of the various dinners, present and expected, were being kept hot. The new-comer strode to the fire, seated himself, and finding his feet were wet with walking through the rain, he deliberately forced of his boots, and thrust *over the plates and edibles* his not over cleanly or otherwise attractive extremities to dry them. Now, while there is no harm in a man's wishing to dry his feet when wet, we must all admit that there is a time and a place for everything and that the selection of time and place in this instance was a little unfortunate.—To stretch a pair of dripping and streaming feet over dishes off which forty or fifty people are to dine may be regarded as objectionable, even if those people are not over-particular. No wonder, then, that amazement, consternation, and derisive laughter succeeded in this case by indignation and complaint and that our journalist, after having been unsuccessfully remonstrated with by a servant, was finally unwillingly conducted from the room by the landlord of the hotel. Now, we have not the least doubt whatever that the "masses" whom our damp and discomfited friend was in the habit of swaying with his editorial eloquence at home would have regarded this particularly dirty trick of his as a pardonable eccentricity; or even as a stroke of genius; but he happened—*mirabile dictu*—to be among gentlemen, and they didn't. They merely thought, as the *Saturday Review*, in its contemptuous lashing of the *Tribune* of March 21, implied, that a very low bred fellow was doing his country and his profession very great injustice, and that the small vanity of trying to make one's self conspicious, even in a disgusting way, was mingled unpleasantly with the ill-breeding. It is barely possible that the moral of this little story may be lost upon Mr. Horace Greeley; but if any further details may assist him in finding it they are very much at his service. In the meantime, we can scarcely expect him to agree with us in the opinion that very few of the Southern blacks, whom he is so anxious universally to enfranchise, would have been such uncouth and selfish boors as to have done likewise.—*The Round Table.*

The Englishman's Beer.

Rev. Dr. Burt in his travels on the Nile, says: "What interested me more than anything else in my English companions, was their loyal and ardent devotion to their great home institution—beer.—This, indeed, was almost affecting. They had provided an ample supply of the bottled article, and their constant care for it, their daily discussion concerning it, their high enjoyment of it, were every way wonderful. The beer was kept, sometimes in the hold of the vessel, sometimes on the upper deck, sometimes in an unoccupied stateroom, as the varying comfort of the article might require. If the boat received a shock, the first thing to be ascertained was the safety of the beer. If there was a talk at Assouan of transferring our effects to a boat already above the cataract, in order to our going through Nubia, the first inquiry was, 'How shall we carry the beer?'

"These gentleman discussed the varying conditions of the human body in relation to beer. They sought to ascertain the precise temperature of the body, the amount of exercise previously secured, the exact hour of the day, when beer taken would have its most blissful effect. They also discussed the outward conditions of the physical universe in relation to beer. They sought to ascertain the precise degree of heat or cold, of motion or rest, or darkness or light, necessary to the development of the happiest qualities in beer.—Every day they presided over the "cooking," in cold Nile water, of the number of bottles needed for lunch or dinner. Every day at the table they supervised the drawing of the corks and the pouring of the precious article, noticing the exact amount of foam and bead the degree of clearness, and the quality of taste. And the last thing each night, with the gentleman occupying the room opposite the beer. was to take an affectionate glance at the goodly array of bottles before passing into his own door.

"This is not exaggeration. Indeed, it would be impossble to exaggerate. The Englishman's devotion to beer is incomparable, and defies the power of language to set it forth. The child does not so much value a new toy, the young lady is not so enchanted with her latest dress, as the Englishman is so perpetually fascinated with his beer. John likes his beef and mutton, his port and his sherry; but if you wish to touch his old heart in the tenderest spot, give him beer. The Barvarian, who cannot afford meat, drinks beer.—Beer is the Barvarian's servant. John who can afford everything, prefers beer above everything. Beer is John's idol. If at sea the Englishman hoists a flag of distress, at once bear down upon him and learn if he is not out of beer. If he is lost in an exploring expedition, search for him by the empty beer bottles with which he has strown his path.

"When in England and passing through Burton Trent, I not only saw the extensive breweries of Mr. Allsopp—I was told also of those by Mr. Bass The great popularity of the former of these gentlemen at home is apparently equalled by that of the latter abroad. Wherever around the globe the vagrant Englishman strays, or the red cross of St. George waves, there will be found—at least I have every reason to think so—Bass & Co.'s "Pale Ale," or "India Beer." With Allsopp at home and Bass abroad, the glory of Britain is complete; and on the Empire of Beer the sun never sets."

A Wonderful Vision.

A young German lady recently arrived, with a party of friends, at one of the most renowned hotels in Paris, and occupied an apartment on the first floor, furnished with unusual magnificence. Here she lay awake long after the hotel was wrapped in slumber, contemplating, by the faint glimmer of her night-lamp, the costly ornaments of the room, until, suddenly, the folding doors opposite her bed, which she had secured, flew open, and the chamber was filled with a bright light, as of day. In the midst of this, there entered a handsome young man, in the undress uniform of the French navy. Taking a chair from the bedside, he placed it in middle of the room, sat down, took from his pocket a pistol with a remarkably red butt, put it to his forehead, fired, and fell back, apparently dead! Simultaneously with the explosion, the room became dark and still, but a low soft voice uttered these words: "Say a word for his soul! The young lady had fallen back, not insensible, but in a far more painful state—a kind of cateleptic trance, and thus remained fully conscious of all she imagined to have occurred, but unable to move tongue or hand, until seven o'clock on the following morning, at which hour her maid, in obedience to orders, knocked at the door.

Finding no reply was given, the maid went away and returned at eight, in company with another domestic, repeated her summons. Still no answer, and again, after a little consultation, the poor young lady was delivered over for another hour to her agonized thoughts. At nine the doors were forced open and, at the same moment, the power of speech and movement returned. She shrieked out to her attendants that a man had shot himself there a few hours before, and still lay upon the floor. Observing nothing unusual, they conoluded it was the excitement consequent upon some very terrible dream. She was, therefore, placed in another apartment, and with great difficulty persuaded that the scene she so minutely described had no foundation in reality.—Half an hour later, the hotel proprietor desired an interview with a gentleman of the party, and declared that the scene so strangely recreated had actually occurred three nights before. A young French officer had ordered the best room in the hotel, and had there terminated his life—using for the purpose a pistol answering the description mentioned. This body and the pistol lay at the dead-house for identification, and the gentleman, proceeded thither, saw both, the head of the unfortunate man exhibiting the wound in the forehead, as it was in the vision.—*French Newspaper.*

A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-the-elbow poet, who by some freak of Fortune came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad and said, —"Johny, my boy, take William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it bill."

☞ Mr. Charles Dickens arrived in England on Friday 15th.

Advice to Young Mechanic.

There is a growing inclination on the part of young men, after they have served long and hard apprenticeships to acquire a good trade to abandon that mode of making a living to enter the legal or medical professsion, where it is supposed greater emoluments can be secured and larger honors won. In nineteen cases out of twenty such ventures are failures, for two reasons. First, the professions require peculiar talent and the most thorough education. As a rule, apprentices to the trades have neither the time nor the means to acquire this education. Hence, when a mechanic at the end of his apprenticeship aspires to and enters any one of the professions, he does so at a great disadvantage. He may be a fluent speaker, know how to argue a point in a debating society or harangue a crowd at a ward meeting, but such talents do not fit him for the legal profession. He may know how to extract a splinter from his own hand, how to make a salve, how to mix a powder or administer a pill, but all this, while it might qualify him as a good nurse does not fit him for the medical profession. The fact is, the young men who abandon their trades are tempted to do so by a feeling of false pride erroneously imagining there is no honor to be secured in apursuit of the medical arts. His proves the fallacy of such suppositions.

The brightest names which now adorns the annals of all countries are of the best mechanics who have blessed mankink with the productions of their genius. All that is beautiful and grand is the result of improvement in machines. The pendulum, the main-spring, the barometer, thermometer, printing-press, steam engine, sewing machine, telescope—all are the result of mechanic arts, making those famous who produced them and the people great who adopted them.

A good mechanic who becomes a pettifogger or a quack merely because he is too proud to work at his trade, is indeed a pitiful object. A man of the right mental balance, who has a right mental force with the necessary independence, will win as much honor and as fair a living in the trades as in the professions; indeed, an indifferent lawyer or doctor lacking briefs or patents, always a miserable going, a bad example in the community. Let our young mechanics, then, become ambitious in their own peculiar vocations. If they dignify their trades by becoming proficient therein, the trades will dignify them with the highest honors. If mechanics pursue their business with a purpose to self improvement therein, and not merely to hammer and file and saw, but to improve the art, to develop something new therein, the mind will be strengthened as the arm becomes muscular, and the heart of the mechanic will be made to swell with as true a pride as ever glowed beneath the doublet of a prince. Will the young mechanics think of these truths? —*State Guard, Harrisburg Pa.*

Home after Work Hours.

The road along which the man of business travels in the pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macdamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight.—On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset, with "wait abit" thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and has a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministration that discumber us into an old easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this ye wives and daughters of business men!—Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes; and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fire-sides. The sober and industrious man's home should be made a happy one.

Not Generally Known.

Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the office of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his State, and member of both Houses of Congress. Thomas H. Benton is the only man who ever held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years. The only instance of father and son in the United States Senate at the same time, is that of Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and his son Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa. Gen. James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the U. S. Senate.—At one time he was Senator from Illinois and subsequently from Minnesota.—John Quincy Adams held positions under the government during every administration from that of Washington to that of Polk, during which he died. He had been Minister to England, member of both houses of Congress, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. He died while a member of the House of Representatives.—*Sav. Rep*

☞ Six murders in one day were recently committed in a single county in Texas.

☞ Queen Victoria has more than thirty tons of silver and gold plate.

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