Chestertown Transcript.

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THE

Chestertown Transcript

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jan4'68

OF INTEREST TO THE READING PUBLIC

On the first of January, 1868, there will be published simultaneously in the cities of New York and Baltimore the first number of a new monthly Magazine, to be called

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3rd. The selections will come under the general heads of Politics, Sociology, Religion, Belles Letters, Biography, History, Science and Art; and the aim will be to keep busy mercantile and professional men accurately and compendiously informed upon those important movements of the day in the world of thought and discovery, which merit the attention of all classes of society.

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

The following beautiful poem was written by Charles Dickens:

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in the tender embrace,
O! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last:
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin:
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows weak as a woman's
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountain of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of Fate blowing wild,
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of the child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! these truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as other have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught them the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve—
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet,
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dimissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

The Minister's Wife.

A Tale of Western Life.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Bucke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we would be expected to remain over night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we arrived at the log house of Mr. Burke about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, awaiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm, marm! here's the elder and his woman. They are nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey's wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's—as crooked as a cow horn squash."

Alas for Mr. Morrison s aquiline nose, of which he was very vain.

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him in the pot. Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of the chair for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in a calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward wiping her face on her apron.

"How d'ye do, elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head—hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air hain't it? Shoo, there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sal, take lady's things. Set right up to the fire marm. Han's cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws, if she ain't actually shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this hot corn dodger into yer lap—it's as good as a soap stone."

A fateful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly after he was bouncing about in a four quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitors must have made her careless, for she upset the concern and butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. B., "and help dip it up. Take keer don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do you keep your feet out of the buttermilk; it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter is gathered. Drive that hen out; she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful.—If you are going to be spliced to-morrer, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pine knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," cried she, "don't be afraid; Sam and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind or you will smash your brains out against that beam. Take care of that hole where the chimney comes thro'."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot on the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, when I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking cooly:

"What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commisserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just being shot from a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico, over a crinoline full four inches longer than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck-ribbon, and white cotton gloves.—Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned. When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally sprang behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan, a few sharp words from Sally advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well dressed with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead. I want it done up nice; I'm able to pay for the job; do you hear? Come Father Burke, trot out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was or not at all. We argued and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood; the happy couple joined hands through a coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping bridegroom and pastor, and filled the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out look-rather sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentuous question, Lemuel responded, "to be sure; what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "Yaas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said my husband, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that sir. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows chatter.

"I vum if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel; and hastily taking a large bite from a piece of maple sugar he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watchguard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then he turned to my husband.

"Now, elder, what is the damage?—Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, elder," said he, "there's a muskrat's skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing, Mrs B., went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and I bade them adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

Alas, it might have been!

Presidents, Vice Presidents &c.

The following list of Presidents, Vice-Presidents and candidates for these offices since the formation of our government, is worth preserving.

1789. George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition.

1797. John Adams, opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice-President.

1801. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr; beating John Adams and Chas. C. Pinckney.

1805. Thos. Jefferson and Geo. Clinton; beating Chas. C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

1808. James Madison and Geo. Clinton; beating Chas C. Pinckney.

1813. Jas. Madison and Elbridge Gerry; beating De Witt Clinton.

1817. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins; beating John Quincy Adams

1825. John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun; beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Wm. H. Crawford, there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin for Vice President.

1829. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun; beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.

1833. Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren; beating Henry Clay, John Floyd, and William Wirt, for President, and Wm. Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee, for Vice President.

1837. Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; beating Wm. H. Harrison, Hugh L. White, and Daniel Webster, for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.

1841. William H. Harrison ond John Tyler; beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. [Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the rest of the term.]

1845. James K. Polk and Geo. M. Dallas; beating Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen.

1849. Zachary Taylor and Millard Filmore; beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren, for President, and Wm. O. Butler and Charles F. Adams for Vice President. [Taylor died July 9, 1850, and Filmore became President.]

1853. Franklin Pierce and W. R. King; beating Winfield Scott and M. A. Graham.

1857. Jas. Buchanan and John C. Breckenridge; beating John C. Fremont and Millard Filmore, for President, and Wm. L. Dayton and A. J. Donelson, for Vice President.

1861. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckinridge, for President, and Edward Everett, Herschell V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice President.

1865. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson; beating George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton. [Lincoln assassinated April 14, 1865, and Johnson assumed the Presidency.]

The Government Printing Office.

The special correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes a long letter to that paper, giving an account of the Government printing office at Washington, from which we take the following.

The building is fifty by three hundred feet, and four stories high; it is situated on North Capitol Street, about a mile north of the Capitol. The building is an immense narrow structure, full of small windows, and looks like the pictures of Independence Hall in the geographies.

The composition-room is on the second story, and occupies the whole length of the building, except a few feet at the east end, divided off for the office of the Superintendent. In this room, during the session of Congress, over one hundred and fifty compositors are employed.

In this room all types are set for the whole of the Government printing. All the Department reports, which are distributed broadcast throughout the country, the blanks, Executive documents, Census, Agricultural, Patent Office, Internal Revenue, and a hundred other reports, beside all the printing for both Houses of Congress, are put in this room. The founts of type used are very large, some of them sufficient to set up five hundred pages, royal octavo. As an evidence of the rapidity of work of which this office is capable a royal octavo volume, five hundred pages, can be put in type in three days.

It is safe to say that this office turns out more copies of books, every year, than any dozen publishing houses in the country, and the largest share of the work is not bound, and cannot be counted as "books." Some of the reports—the Agricultural, for instance—are printed to the extent of two hundred thousand copies.—This report, for 1860, contains six hundred and ninety-two pages, including thirty-six full pages of illustrations.

The pay of the compositors is four dollars per day for eight hours work, or sixty cents for 1000 ems, the prices fixed by the Columbia Typographical Union. The employees are all paid monthly.

A stereotype foundry is connected with the composing-room, and all works requiring over twenty thousand copies are stereotyped.

The third floor is occupied entirely as a bindery, and the fourth as a folding-room. In the bindery there are employed one hundred males, and about the same number of females. The machinery used is all of the latest and most approved pattern. The amount of work done is immense. Besides the Congressional binding, all the binding for the Executive Departments of the Government are executed here; including blank books, account bocks, blanks, &c., which are all ruled and bound in this room.

In the folding-room there are eleven folding machines, very perfect and automatic, each of which folds sixteen pages with one action There are less hands employed in this room than any other, and these are mostly females.

The press-room and drying-room are on the first floor. In the press-room there are twenty-five Adams presses, six Hoe single cylinder presses, a number of small job presses, and one of the remarkable Bullock presses, in all fifty-two.

The Bullock press is certainly a most remarkable piece of mechanism. This machine was introduced into the Government printing office about a year ago, and Mr. Defrees, the Superintendent of Public Printing, and the foreman of the press-room, speak of it in the highest terms.—In a given time, with two hands, it did the work of twenty Adams presses, and thirty-five hands. The cost of the Bullock press was 25,000, and of the Adams press, 3,000. The Agricultural report, 189,550 copies, was the first and only book yet printed on this press. It has run more consecutive hours than any press known. In less than four months, at eight hours a day, with two men and a laborer. it printed eight millions of distinct impressions, without any effort to crowd its capacity. The paper for the use of this press comes from the mill in rolls containing thousands of sheets when cut into proper size. The roll is placed on a reel, and the press started; it unwinds the paper, cut off the required size, points it on both sides at one operation, counts the number of sheets, and deposits them on the delivery board ready for folding, at the rate of from eight to fourteen thousand per hour, or counting both sides, from sixteen to twenty-eight thousand impressions.

There is also attached to the printing office a complete machine shop, with lathes and other necessary appliances, so that all repairing can be done in the building. It has two engines—one of forty-five horse power and the other fifteen.—These engines run all the machinery in the building, and the various departments are heated by the waste steam.

Cynicism.

There are people who have a preturnatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion.—Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases, by which humanity can be troubled and afflicted.—They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. I prefer to study it in the beautiful and majestic forms of heroes and gods. It is a blunder to mistake the *Newgate Calendar* for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some significant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner or so smooth, that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief, requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is with them something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with a *priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meaness to whatever they touch.—They creep, huzz, and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them.

Suppose that this habitual depreciation of character never sinks into actual falsehood and slander, and that every fault alleged, or hinted, or supected, can be proved; suppose that this ignoble criticism is not ignorant blundering, and that every imagined imperfection is real—is this carping, cynical temper much less censurable, or are the words it prompts much less injurious? The influence of talk of this kind is gradually to lead people to believe that there is nothing in this world which it is safe to trust, honorable to love or discriminating to admire. Reverence for saintly goodness vanishes; gratitude for kindness is chilled; and that enthusiastic admiration of great genius which communicates to common men something of the strength, and inspiries them with something of the dignity belonging to genius itself, is ignominiously quenched.

It is a Christian grace to have pleasant and affectionate thoughts about men, to rejoice in their excellencies, and charitably to forget as far as may be their shortcomings. It is the attribute of a pure and beautiful nature, to have an eye quick to discern, and a heart warm to honor all that is fair, and bright, and generous in human nature. The words which discourage the charity that "thinketh no evil," and give keenness if not malignity to the discovery of imperfection, are "corrupt" and unwholesome; they are not to be spoken by ourselves, and are not to be listened to when spoken by others.—*Good Words.*

Shakspere as a Gentleman.

Fortune following on his exertions, Shakspere's mind only took the firmer hold of Stratford and his loved relatives there. It became the dream of his life to restore his family to the comfort and respectability from which they had fallen to become, if possible, a man of consequence there. In this he might be said to resemble Scott, who comparatively indifferent to literary *eclat*, concentrated his high aspirations on founding a laird's family in the country of his race—Roxburghshire. As in Scott's case there was a basis for the idea in the gentle blood of which he was descended, so was there in Shakspere's. Through at least the mother, Mary Arden, of Wilmcote, if not also through the father, there was also a trace of connection with land and birth. It is a highly significant circumstance that in 1596, when Shakspeare was getting his his head above water in London, his father is found applying to the Heralds' College for a coat of arms, on the basis of family service to King Henry VII., of official dignity, of the possession of property, and the fact of having married a daughter of Arden of Wilmcote; an application which was extended three years later to one for the privilege of impaling the Shakspere arms with those of Arden. There can, of course, be no doubt that William, the poet prompted those ambitious applications, and designed them for the benefit of himself and his descendants. They take their place with the investments of Stratford as part of the ultimate plan of life which the great poet had in view. Let it be observed that with this conception of his idea all the other known and even the negative circumstances are in conformity. He thought not of taking a high place in London—he kept retired, and saved money. To this voluntary obscurity it may be attributed that he had passed so notelessly among his fellows in the metropolis, and been left wholly without a biography among them.

In about ten years from his coming to London—namely, in 1597—he was beginning to make his purchases of property in Stratford, and in a few years more he had wholly withdrawn, to live like a gentleman in the handsomest house in the new place, where he lived to the end of his days. Let it be observed—strange indeed that it should not have been observed before!—that this whole course of procedure is peculiar, stands quite singular among the literary, and still more the theatrical lives of that day, arguring a character in Shakspere as original and self-dependent as his talents were exalted. It seems to us to speak strongly for a just and rational view of the end of life on his part; it shows him as a man whose original healthy tastes had never become spoiled by town life; as one who had never allowed himself to be carried away by love of excitement and applause; the smoke of the stage lamps had never smirched him; the homage of the Pembrokes and the Northamptons had never misled him. He desired simply to be a gentleman living on his own acres, *procul a negotiis*. It was an idea of life both modest and dignified. We hear not of his seeking any external honors beyond a coat of arms.—We hear of no ovations at his retirement from the stage, most probably he was too proud a man to undergo a testimonial, even had such things been fashionable.—He had come to town on a purpose, and when that was accomplished he quietly resumed the calm existence he loved by the banks of that beautiful river of his youth, ever pressing along through its green and umbrageous meadows. Could anything be more worthy of "a gentleman of Nature's making" or a man of genius?

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—It may not be generally known, that the seeds of the sunflower are the most fallible remedy yet discovered for the speedy cure of founder in horses. The directions, which we glean from a brief article upon that subject in the Essex *Banner*, says:

"Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food, and it will perfect a cure."

We cannot vouch for the correctness of this recipe. There can however, be no harm in giving it a trial.

CURE FOR A BURN.—Chloride of Soda, is said, in the London *Lancet*, a medical work, to be an effectual cure for a burn. It is stated in that journal, as an example, that an attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, four ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured into a soup plate, wrapped his hands in lint, as the skin was not broken, and so kept them for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye.

☞ A German writer says a young girl is a fishing rod. The eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the butter in which he is fried.

☞ An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to find room for it."

☞ The arm of a pretty girl wound tightly round your neck has been discovered to be an infalible remedy in case of sore throat. It beats pepper tea out of all

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