Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1868. NO. 4.

THE

Chestertown Transcript

Is published every Saturday, at Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,

Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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jan4'68

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Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

Selected Poetry.

Written for the Transcript.

A TRUTHFUL TALE.—A Washington Tailor turns a stubborn Neddy out of the Warstable, Neddy brays and Congress passes a bill preventing cruelty to animals: said bill is disregarded by the Taylor and is forthwith Impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

A TALE WHAT IS NOT ALL A TALE.

Compiled from Chips from Other Blockheads.

CHAPTER I.

"If I had a donkey, and he would not go,
Do you think I'd beat him? Oh! no, no."
Old Song.

All the dogs will have their day,
And so will all the coons;
The pups will two mornings have,
Their mam s two afternoons.

But as the cats have each nine lives,
And largely deal in mews,
And *pay no tax*, they all may have
Whatever time they choose.

But of another animal
I here will tell a fable,
Which lived for years at Washington,
In the War Office stable.

Like other stubborn Neddies, he
Could slyly deal in kicks;
None but his breed could trust him,
He had done such dirty tricks.

By feeding at the public crib
His ears so long had grown,
He foolishly began to think
The stable was his own.

Because he had a woolly head,
And heart as black as coal,
He claimed to be a *loyal* moke,
And free from all control.

At last he bray'd so very loud,
And kicked up such a route,
A Taylor boldly undertook
To turn the Neddy out.

But scarcely was poor *Edwin* thrust
Outside the stable door,
Then he began to kick and bray
More fiercely than before.

As soon as Congress heard the noise,
Learned what it was about,
The members swore the Tailor could
Not turn the Neddy out.

Beside, poor Edwin was a spy,
And one of their own breed,
And should within the stable stop,
And fatten on the feed.

Therefore, they framed and passed a bill
As soon as they were able,
To make the Taylor take again
Their Neddy in the stable.

At this the Taylor said on him
There should be no restraint;
Beside, of Neddy's stable he
Had made a general Grant.

But Congress swore that they would not
By *any grant* abide,
For such a thing was only *smoke*,
Unless upon their side.

And in the stable Neddy should
Again be put by force;
No Taylor could *turn out a moke*,
But p'r'aps might *grant a horse.*

So Neddy at the public crib
His former place received.
Which clearly proves a general Grant
Is not to be believed.

As Neddy, by the treacherous Grant,
Was put into the stable,
He was determined to stick in
As long as he was able.

And brayed far louder than before,
Pricked up his tail and ears;
Daring the Taylor to come in
And those with his shears.

The Taylor, nothing daunted was,
But Thomas sent in haste
Up to the stable to turn out
Again the braying beast.

But Congress swore it *treason* was,
Their Neddy to provoke;
And Thomas was *arrested*
For looking at the moke.

And took before Judge Carter,
Who put him under bail
For speaking disrespectful of
Poor Edwin's ears and tail.

Meanwhile, the Neddy very close
Within the stable kept,
Afraid to come outside the door,
For there he ate and slept.

And General Thayer lay all night
With Neddy on the straw,
For fear that Thomas should again
Attempt to break the law.

At this Congress became enraged,
And frantically screeched:
That Tailor for his cruelty,
Shall quickly be impeached.

And be suepended, for he has
The *power we hold defied*,
And by the *biggest rogues within*
The Senate shall be tried.

S.

HANESVILLE, MD.

From the Casket of May, 1833.

THE YANKEE RACER.

The following story, extracted from the forthcoming work of "*A Yankee Among the Nullifiers*," purports to be told to the author by a South Carolinian:—

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too *cute* for us in everything except horse flesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southron* or a purse of two hundred dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short, he was the best horse at that time in Carolina. There were to be sure two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him; but they were no touch to Southron, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should come along but a d——d Yankee with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was as lean, slab-sided, crooked-legged, rough-haired, milk-and-molasses-colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact his owner called him *Sleepy David*. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedlar, whose exterior corresponded marvelously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zadock Baker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I; "what, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for turkey buzzards."

"Not's you knows on, Mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David; but he's a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He's like a singned cat, a darn bit better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina hosses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions; I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone; for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguey good speck. But I had to hurry on like the nation to git here in season; and that's one reason my hoss looks so kind of shabby and out of kilter this morning. But for all that he'll perform a like day's work I tell you."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him be gone and not trouble me with his d——d Yankee palaver.

"Why, Mister," said he, "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now, I've taken a good deal of pains to git here this morning in order to run Sleepy Davaid against some of your Southern hosses. I ain't a joking, sir; I'm in airnest; I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you and don't trouble us any further."

"Well, if I can't run then I spose I can't; but its darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to the races, and then can't be allowed to run arter all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get him in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance money be?" drawing out a purse containg a few shilling in silver a few pence in copper.

"If it ain't more'n a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail."

"It is two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Yankee; "By gauly, what a price!—Why, they only axed me a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole Caravan in New York Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoss, wagon and all would not fetch that.—But, Mister, don't you think I could get in for ten dollars?"

Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy-five, then a hundred, and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another to accomodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen of tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here, also, he was accomodated; and taking Sleepy David from the tin-cart he scrambled upon his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse awkwardly in your life. Everybody said he would fall off before he had gone a hundred yards; and and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he; "why, do think I'm such a darned fool as to pay two hundred dollars and not run after all?"

Others, who wanted to see the sport though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do," said he, "I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake up Sleepy David, and look about you: you must have your eyes open to-day; it's no time to be snoozin' when there is money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, picked up his ears and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang Southron with the speed of lightning and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear, the pedlar verging from side to side, as he was just ready to fall off.—The horse went pawing along, with his tail clinging close to his haunches, and nose stuck out before him; and you never beheld such so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded; the pedlar sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others.—But it would not do. He came in at least half a mile behind Southron, and a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he preserved, and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one.

"He don't know which side his bread is buttered on," said another; "or else he wouldn't risk any more money at so desperate a stake."

He's safe enough there," said a third, "for he has no more to risk."

Here, however, everybody was mistaken again, for the pedlar hauled out an old greasy pocket book, and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southron was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking devil as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced; and if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse Southron, that superiority was stengthened, as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo and behold! the pedlar's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil kick him on end; and stretching out his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

Everybody was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "At least, he has the devil to back him," said a third; "I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he got through. Such was the observation that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to plank another thousand dollars; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

"There, by gauly!" said the Yankee, as he dismounted; "I'll take that little purse, ifyou please, and the other cool thousand! I knew well enough that your Southern hosses could not hold a candle to *Sleepy David.*"

The Battle of Caulk's Field.

The following account of this battle was published in the "*Kent Inquirer*" of June 30th, 1832, published in this town.

The difference between the two statements will be readily understood from the experience of our late civil war. It will also be seen that the "intelligent black man" is not an invention of recent date.

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER.

ADMIRALITY OFFICE, Sept. 27.

[Transmitted by Vice-Admiral Cochrane.]

His Majesty's Ship Menelaus; off Poole's Island, Chesadeake, Sept. 1, 1814.

SIR:—With grief the deepest it becomes my duty to communicate the death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart., late commander of his majesty's ship Menelaus, and the occurrences attending an attack on the enemy's troops, on the night of the 20th ult. encamped at Bellair. The previous and accompanying letters of Sir Peter Parker will, I presume, fully point out the respect the enemy on all occasions evinced at the approach of our arms, retreating at every attack, though possessing a superiority of numbers of five to one; *an intelligent black man* gave us information of 200 militia being encamped behind a wood, distant a mile from the beach, and described their situation, as to give us the strongest hopes of cutting off and securing the largest part as our prisoners, destroying the camp, field-pieces, &c., and possessing also certain information that one man out of every five had been levied as an acquisition on the Eastern Shore, for the purpose of being sent over for the protection of Baltimore, who were only prevented crossing the bay by the activity and vigilance of the ship's boats. One hundred and four bayonets with 20 pikes, were landed at eleven o'clock at night, under the immediate direction of Capt. Sir Peter Parker, Bart., the first division headed by myself and the second division by lieut. Pearce. On arriving at the ground we discovered the enemy had shifted his position, as we were then informed, to the distance of a mile farther; having taken the look-out picket immediately on our landing, we were in assurance our motions had not been discovered and with the deepest silence followed on for the camp. After a march of between four and five miles in the country we found the enemy posted in a plain, surrounded by woods, with the camp in their rear; they were drawn up in line, and perfectly ready to receive us; a single moment was not to be lost; by a smart fire and instant charge, we commenced the attack, forced them from their position, putting them before us in full retreat to the rear of their artillery, where they again made a stand, showing a disposition to out flank us on the right, a movement was instantly made by lieut. Pearce's division to force them from that quarter; and it was at this time, while animating his men in his most heroic manner that Sir Peter Parker received his mortal wound which obliged him to quit the field, and he expired in a few minutes. Lieut. Pearce with his division, soon routed the enemy, while that under my command gained and passed the camp. One of the field pieces was momentarily in our possession, but were obliged to quit it from superior numbers.

The marines, under lieuts. Beyon and Post, formed our centre, and never was bravery more conspicuous. Finding it impossible to close on the enemy, from the rapidity of their retreat, having pursued them upwards of a mile, I deemed it prudent to retire towards the beach, which was effected in the best possible order, taking with us from the field 25 of our wounded—the whole we could find, the enemy not even attempting to regain the ground they had lost; from three prisoners (cavalry) taken by us, we learn their force amounted to 500 militia, a troop of horse, and five pieces of artillery, and since by flags of truce, I am led to believe their number much greater.

Repelling a force of such magnitude with so small a body as we opposed to them, will I trust speak for itself; and although our loss has been severe, I hope the lustre acquired to our arms will compensate for it. Permit me, sir, to offer to your notice the conduct of Mr. James Stepford Hore, master's mate of this ship who on this, as well as on other trying occasions, evinced the greatest zeal and gallantry. In justice to sub-lieut. Johnson, commanding the Jane tender, I must beg to notice the handsome manner in which he has at all times volunteered his services.

Herewith I beg leave to enclose you a list of the killed, wounded, and missing in this affair.

I have the honor, to be, &c,
(Signed)
HEN. GREASE, act. com.

Total—14 killed; 27 wounded.

AMERICAN ACCOUNT.

Not having before inserted Col. Reed's official letter respecting the affair with Capt. Parker, we take the opportunity to present it, as follows;

Copy of a Letter from Col. Philip Reed of the 21st regt. of Maryland militia, to Brig. Gen. Benj. Chambers.

Camp at Belle Air, 3d Sept. 1814.

Sir—I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to seize from incessent labor to inform you that about half past 11 o'clock on the night of the 30th ult., I received information that the barges of the enemy, then lying off Waltham's farm were mooring in shore. I concluded their object was to land and burn the houses, &c., at Waltham's and made the necessary arrangements to prevent them, and to be prepared for an opportnity which I had sought for several days to strike the enemy. During our march to the point threatened, it was discovered that the blow was aimed at our camp. Orders were immediately given to the quarter master, to remove the camp and baggage, and to the troops to countermarch, pass the road by the right of our camp, and form on the rising ground about three hundred paces in the rear—the right towards Caulk's house, and the left retiring on the road, the artillery in the centre, supported by the infantry on the right and left. I directed Capt. Wickes and his second lieut. Beck, with a part of the rifle company to be formed, as to cover the road by which the enemy marched, and with this section I determined to post myself, leaving the line to be formed under the direction of of Major Wickes and Capt. Chambers.

The head of the enemy's column soon presented itself and the fire of our advance party, at seventy paces distance, and being pressed by numbers vastly superior, I repaired to my post in the line. The fire now became general along the whole line, and was sustained by our troops with the most determined valor. The enemy pressed by numbers vastly superior, I repaired to my post in the line. The fire now became general along the whole line, and was sustained by our troops with the most determined valor. The enemy pressed our front; foiled in this he throw himself on our left flank; which was occupied by Capt. Chamber's company. Here too his were equally unavailing. His fire had nearly ceased, when I was informed that in some parts of our line catridges were entirely expended, nor did any of the boxes contain more than a very few rounds, although each man brought about twenty into the field. The artilery catridges were entirely expended. Under these circumstances I ordered the line to fall back to a convenient spot where a part of the line was fortified, when the few remaining catridges were distributed amongst a part of the line, which was again brought into the field, where it remained tor a considerable time, the night preventing a pursuit. The artilery and infantry for whom there were no catridges were ordered to this place. The enemy having made every effort in his power although apprized of our having fallen back, manifested no disposition to follow us up, but retreated about the time our ammunition was exhausted.

When it is recollected that very few of our officers or men had ever heard the whistling of a ball; that the force of the enemy, as the most accurate information enables us to estimate, was double ours; that it was commanded by *Sir Peter Parker* of the *Menelaus*, one of the most distinguished officers of the British navy, and composed (as their officers admitted in a subsequent conversation,) of as fine men as could be selected from the British service, I feel fully justified in asserting that the gallantry of the officers and men engaged on this occasion; could not be excelled by any troops. The officers and men performed their duty. It is however but an act of justice to notice those who seemed to display more than a common degree of gallantry. Major Wickes and Captain Chambers were conspicuous—Captain Wickes and his lieut. Beck of the rifle corps, lieut. Eunick and ensign Shriver of Captain Chamber's company exerted themselves, as did Capt. Hynson and his lieut. Grant, Capt. Usilton of the brigade artillery and his lieutenants Reed and Brown—lieut. Tilghman who commanded the guns of the volunteer artillery, in the absence of Capt. Hands who is in ill health and from home was conspicuous for his gallantry, his ensign Thomas also manifested much firmness.

I am indebted to Capt. Wilson of the cavalry, who was with me, for his exertions, and also to Adjutant Hynson, who displayed much firmness throughout. To Dr. Blake, Dr. Gordon and to Isaac Spencer, Esq., who was accidently in camp, I am indebted for their assistance in reconnoitreing the enemy on his advance.

You will be surprised, sir, when I inform you that in an engagement of so long continuance in an open field, when the moon shone brilliantly on the rising ground occupied by our troops, while the shade of the neighboring woods, under the protection of which the enemy fought, gave us but an indistinct view of anything but the flash of his guns; that under the disparity of numbers against us, and the advantage of regular discipline on the side of the enemy, we had not one man killed, and only one sergeant, one corporal, and one private wounded, and those slightly. The enemy left one midshipman and eight men dead on the field, and nine wounded; six of whom died in the course of a few hours. Sir Peter Parker was amongst the slain—he was mortally wounded with a buck shot, and died before he reached the barges, to which he was conveyed by his men. The enemy's force consisting of marines and musqueteers, was in part armed with boarding pikes, swords and pistols, no doubt intended for our tents, as orders had been given by Sir Peter Parker not to fire—many of these arms, with rockets, muskets, &c., have fallen into our hands, found by the picket guard under ensign Shriver, which was posted on the battle ground for the remainder of the night—nothing but the want of amunition saved the enemy from destruction.

Attached are the names of the wounded; and, as an act of justice to those concerned, I enclose you a list of the names of every officer and soldier engaged in the affair—certain information from the enemy assures us, that his total loss in killed and wounded was forty-two or forty-three, including two wounded lieutenants.

I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
PHIL REED,
Lieut. Col. commandant.

Noble Sentiment.

Mr. Fessenden concluded his speech against conviction as follows:

"To the suggestion that popular opinion demands the conviction of the President on these charges, I reply that he is not now on trial before the people, but before the Senate. In the words of Lord Eldon upon the trial of the Queen, 'I take no notice of what is passing out of doors because I am supposed, constitutionally, not to be acquainted with it.' And again, 'it is the duty of those on whom a judicial task is imposed to meet reproach, and not court popularity.' The people have not heard the evidence as we have heard it. The responsibility is not on them, but upon us. They have not taken an oath to 'do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws.' I have taken that oath. I cannot render judgment upon their convictions, nor can they transfer to themselves my punishment if I violate my oath. And I should consider myself undeserving the confidence of that just and intelligent people who imposed upon me this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if, for any fear of public reprobation and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the convictions of my judgment and my conscience. The consequences which may follow either from conviction or acquittal are not for me, with my convictions to consider. The future is in the hands of Him who governs the universe, and the fear that He will not govern it wisely and well would not excuse me for a violation of His law."

"Bobby what is steam?"

"Boiling water."

"That's right; compare it."

"Positive, boil; comparative, biler; superlative, bust."

The difference between a miller and a sexton is, the one tolls for a living, and the other for a death.

☞ There was a heavy snow storm in Maine on the 8th ult.

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