THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1869. NO. 23.

FAULTERS TO THE STATE.

OF MARYLAND,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
Annapolis, Oct. 1, 1869.

In compliance with Section 6, Article Code Public General Laws, to wit:

The Comptroller shall furnish each officer the State whose accounts are in arrears, at st sixty days prior to a general election, a statement of his accounts, and in default his accounting for such deficiency within irty days, then it shall be the duty of the Comptroller to have published weekly *for one onth*, in one or more newspapers in the sevcounties of the State and the city of Balre, the names and titles of said officers, e amount of such deficiencies."

rewith publish the following list mbraces the names of all accountofficers in default to the State of Maryland, together with the amount of principal and interest due by each.

WM. J. LEONARD,
Comptroller.

	Interest.	*Principal.*
Allegany County.		
Geo. W. Hoover, late Register of Wills, 1867.	$ 26 81	$ 241 51
Daniel Duncan, late Shff, 1867.	28 61	255 00
Barnard, late Shff.,	236 26	175 03
Hanson Willison, late Sheriff, 1868,	14,71	
J. Floyd McCullough, Collector, 1867.	1,087 15	5,656 11
James Willison, 1868,	86 43	2,862 22
A. Arundel Co.		
ard I Duvall, late egister of Wills, 1867,	328 68	519 81
Daley, late Collector 849 and 1850	330 85	
Sanford, Coll. 1865,	328 98	1,107 11
" " 1866,	122 32	807 60
plied " 1867,	22 43	87 20
lover, Collector, 1865 and 1867	56 33	174 22
ns, Col. '68	77 03	
altimore City.		
Norwood, late clerk Com. Pleas	2,544 81	4,693 01
Hamill, late clerk Com. Pleas	1,041 76	2,162 89
s H Gardner, late rk Criminal Court	706 82	1,699 21
ath, Hickman, late Register of Wills	9,920 63	7,438 13
hos R Rich, late Notary Public	214 84	1,302 00
pander Warren, late Notary Public	63 91	426 11
Sutton, late Notary blic	3,207 38	6,030 90
M Walker, late Notary Public	541 62	3,462 00
ceder, Tobacco Inor warehouse No 1.	5,927 08	3,099 90
d France, Lottery ractor	8,111 55	12,750 00
ltimore Co.		
J Wheeler, late ff, 1860,		
rm		

	Interest.	*Principal.*
Thomas P Gist, late Shff. 1868	2 36	176 10
Stephen Oursler, Coll. '67	18 47	
Wm D Frizzell, " '66	146 18	451 56
" " " '67	32 62	70 09
David Grogg " " '66	20 43	
" " " '67	18 14	129 07
John Root " '66	26 45	58 03
Mordecai Engler " '67	2 99	91 31
James Gilbert " '68	14 73	105 94
Jacob Holmes " '68	136 14	957 15
Nathan Hanna, " '68	30 20	627 42
Cecil County.		
R M Walmsley, late Shff. 1855	32 22	38 50
J J R Poole, late Sheriff, 1857	34 40	37 25
Jas B Price, late Sheriff, 1865	297 38	1,110 00
Amos Alexander, Sheriff, 1868	10 90	205 00
Enoch Crouch, Coll. '61	189 47	
Willis Rutter, " '63	195 21	
Jethro McCauley " '66	30 56	65 15
Wm H Pearce " '68	1 75	57 91
°Thos P Hazell " '68	2 16	16 71
Lambert G Ford " '68	83 73	1,003 68
Jas A Mackey " '68	26 92	296 95
Jos S Wingate " '68	20 73	198 66
°Joseph Golibart " '68	5 90	10 40
Charles County.		
R H Mitchell, late Clk '52	48 11	46 01
Thos J Stewart, late Shff. 1864	319 79	1,058 00
Ed R Wheeler, late Shff. 1842	708 52	420 21
John B Lanson, late Shff. 1845	87 61	60 70
William M Morris, late Sheriff, 1868	30 14	565 00
Eugene Diggs, Sts. Atty. collected of Jno R Murray, Collector, 1865	205 06	754 37
Allison Roberts, 1842	1,086 70	9 66
Dorchester Co.		
John T Moore, late Shff. 1865	4 48	19 24
Jas A Bramble, Sheriff, 1868	15 83	299 06
Wm J Lamblin, Coll. '63	25 80	
Robt H Gambrill, " '62	167 04	186 71
" " " '63	619 31	1,803 79
James R Donoho " '63	94 66	87 90
" " " '64	73 13	38 33
Martin L Wall " '65	465 02	2,103 44
Thos W Wright " '66	208 26	1,053 49
" " " '67	128 55	1,155 49
Robt Creighton " '67	20 87	3 41
Wm T North " '67	1 44	15 62
J W Brohawn " '62	636 72	1,436 90
Amasa Thompson " '67	40 75	
Nathan Vickers, " '68	92 11	2,285 65
D C Hendley, " '68	35 24	885 86
Thos H Keen, " '68	13 89	415 89
Charles Lake, " '68	23 62	234 61
John H Seward, " '68	68 56	1,254 99
Wm H Willis, " '68	8 80	191 33
Frederick County.		
Casper Mantz, late Shff. 1853,	239 31	167 53
Nathan O. Neighbours, Shff		885 00

	Interest.	*Principal.*
°Ed H Waters," 1868	21	6 78
Wm Mullican " 1868	121 17	701 14
W F Lazenby " 1868	29 75	984, 70
P. George's Co.		
J W Webster, late Shff. 1859,	563 65	920 00
Peter G Grimes, late Shff 1863,	1,670 10	4,195 00
Judson F. Richardson, late Sheriff, 1864,	1,377 94	5,599 00
John E Turton, late Shff 1866,	17 62	305 00
Geo. Semmes, late Shff 1827,	719 36	286 60
Ed W Belt, late Shff, '30	595 35	254 71
Eli S Baldwin, late Shff 1845,	949 98	634 67
Thos Baldwin, late Shff 1835,	10,551 19	4,378 39
Danl. R. Dyer, late Shff. 1868,	35 10	780 00
Thos Harvey, Coll. '63	407 45	634 11
C Ridgely, Jr., " '68	940 06	2,234 01
John E Gardner, " '66	682 55	3,669 99
" " " '67	531 84	5,271 09
Robt. Wright " '45	2,652 95	860 39
" " " '47	248 71	68 06
Henry Tolson, " '49	95 61	86 75
W Lyles, of Thos " '46	4,105 20	887 77
Rd T Robinson, " '56	256 00	337 91
" " " '57	577 65	828 72
Horatio Beall, " '56	199 94	81 32
Jas J Jarboe, " '60	922 78	1,741 03
B H Beckett, Jr., " '68	93 85	1,753 39
C H McPherson, " '68	12 92	228 16
Queen Anne's Co.		
Geo T Burgess, late Shff 1863.	328 39	956 24
Wm F Ford, late Shff. 1866,	127 20	748 25
Thos. J. Satterfield, late Shff. 1867,	56 29	489 50
Ed Sudler, late Shff. '59	301 63	569 13
J R Story, Shff. '68	18 56	337 70
S L Duhamel, Coll. '57	141 45	
J B Sparks, " '63	262 64	
Robert B Pearce, " '65	396 12	700 52
Wm C Dudley, " '66	12 23	49 38
" " " '67	167 28	919 18
John Palmer, " '66	768 98	90 84
Edwin P Jump, " '65	205 23	898 99
James Benton, " '63	473 53	393 05
N C Merchant, " '68	76 66	1,551 53
°R E Fedderman, " '68	62 97	
Thos A Embert, " '68	126 51	1,514 03
St. Mary's Co.		
T L Davis, late Sheriff, 1863,	17 50	50 00
F M Goddard, late Shff. 1866,	57 75	107 28
J B Hayden, late Sheriff, 1850,	38 09	35 61
Jas Johnson, late Shff. 1851,	1 76	1 66
J F Fenwick, Shff. '68	35 76	350 25
Geo B Dent, Coll. '60	297 11	265 90
Jos O Taylor, " '66	4 69	30 49
" " " '67	37 71	209 93
Robert J Bean, " '66	138 88	669 34
" " " '67	121 28	1,201 71
James F Abell, " '67	11 88	101 55
" " " '68	5 56	184 40
P G Love, " '49	4,374 71	1,108 33
" " '46	16,045 50	9,161 96

Selected Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky West,
And curfew clocks with measured stroke
Chime in the eve of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up, with tinkling bells,
Through all the loomy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops;
The smith his silent anvil leaves;
His ringing ax the joiner drops;
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day cark and care
Were lifted off and left us calm,
Pervades the quiet air;
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the homes of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below,
Few Saturdays are ours at best,
And out of pain and earthly woe
Few days of Sabbath rest!
God teach us! that we yet may know
The Sabbaths of the blest.

[*A. J. H. Duganne.*

Josh Billings on a Live Man.

The live man is like a little pig; he is weaned young, and begins for to root early.

He is the pepper sass of creation—the alspice of the world.

The man who can draw New Orleans molasses in January thru a half-inch augur hole, and sing "Home, Sweet Home," while they are running, may be strictly honest, but he ain't suddent for this climate.

The live man is as full of bizziness as the conductor of a street-car; he is often, like a hornet, very bizzy; but about what nobody knows.

He lites up like a cotton factory, and ain't got any more time to spare than a schoolboy has Saturday afternoon.

He is like a decoy duck, always above the water, at least eighteen months during the year.

He is like a runaway hoss—he gets the whole of the road.

OVERBOARD.

"A man overboard!"

I heard the cry distinctly as the angry dark waters whirled me under the counter and astern. "Who?" "Where?" and "Let go the life-buoy!" "Call the life-boat's crew away!" "These were the orders in rapid succession, followed by the hurried rush of feet, and creaking of blocks as sail was shortened and the ship brought to the wind, which rose above the sounds of the whistling squall and of the roaring water in which I was immersed.

We had been out from Genoa about three days on our way to Malta. The weather had been very squally, with thick, driving rain, and at the time I fell overboard the ship was under double-reefed topsails and courses; the top-gallant sails had just been taken into a fresh squall.—I was standing on the weather-netting, holding on to a top-gallant backstay, when it parted, and the next moment I was plunged into the water.

At first I went down like a lump of lead, but in a few seconds began to ascend.—When I reached the surface, however, it was to find myself whirling from the vessel's side, with a confused noise of the howling wind and the bubbling water in my ears.

I was so blinded by the water that I could not immediately see. I spun round and round as in a whirlpool, for I was caught in the eddies, under the stern.—As I rose on the top of a billow, I saw that the ship was hove to, her quarter boats were down, and her rigging full of men anxiously endeavoring to get sight of me; but the darkness of the approaching night was increased by that of the squall, and another driving cloud of rain coming down, effectually hid me from their sight.

How my heart sank within me! Was I to perish, and within hearing too of my shipmates?

"Ahoy! Aho—oy! Aho—o—oy!" I shouted, straining my voice to its utmost—the last call painfully prolonged, and I watched its effect for a full minute with the most anxiety. Alas! no answering hail was heard; the ship was fast drifting to leeward, and her boats pulling from instead of towards me.

After giving way for some moments to despondency, I rallied myself, and began to consider my situation more calmly. I knew that that part of the Mediterranean was crowded with vessels, that the squall would soon clear off, and that even if night came before I was picked up, the glorious moonlight would enable me to see any vessel that might happen to be near me; so I turned over on my back to husband my strength as much as I could. As a swimmer, I had seldom met my equal; besides, I calculated that the life-buoy, and anything else that might have been thrown overboard, would have floated in the same direction, and nearly as fast as myself.

Nor was I mistaken, for I shortly perceived an oar not far from me. Swimming to it, I got it under my arms, and then felt that by God's providence I still might be saved. My first object, in this new frame of mind, was to get rid of my boots, which were by this time full of water, and dragging me down. This I did without much difficulty, having often practised doing so for sport, little dreaming how useful such practice would eventually turn out.

I remembered that just before I fell overboard, there were three or four vessels in sight, one of which, a French brig, was not far from us; and I calculated that my drift had been in her direction, and as the squall cleared away I endeavored to make her out. Of course my vision of distant objects was cut off every moment by my being carried down into the trough of the sea.

No one who has not been in a similar situation can appreciate the awfulness with which I gazed on the dark, glistening sides of the waves as I saw myself sinking away from them, as if to the very bottom of the ocean. With what horrid mockery the glassy waters seemed to rise high all around me! Suddenly, when I was at the lowest, I would begin to ascend, as if by magic, from the gloomy gulf, my velocity increasing every instant, until at last I would shoot upwards to the crest of the wave like an arrow from the bow. A toss of the head to shake off the water, a long-drawn breath, a hasty glance all round, and then I was whirled down again, half-smothered, in the wild abyss.

I had been overboard, I fancy, nearly an hour before I caught sight of the French brig. When at last I beheld her, I could not restrain a shout of joy. How beautiful she looked! Now she would pitch headforemost into the sea; now slowly rise, dripping from deluge, every moment nearing me. On—on she came, but no token was shown that I was seen. What if there was no lookout? The thought was horror. Raising myself as high as I could upon my frail support, I hailed with all my strength:

"Brig-a-hoy! Brig-ho-oy!"

No answering hail came back, no sign was made, no signal waved. On—on she came. Again I hailed, but all in vain; at a distance of a hundred yards she passed me.

"Hillo, hillo, hille-o-o!" I frantically cried; but no friendly voice sent back my cry. Heaven grant that none who read these words may ever experience feelings similar to mine at that moment. Slowly the brig faded from my sight, and with her went nearly all my hope.

Alone on the ocean! Alone while night was drawing on! Alone, with no earthly hope of escape remaining! Far, far to the leeward, just visible occasionally over the distant waves, I saw one vessel; but except this, the horizon, as far as I could see, was without a speck.

I burst into tears. The tension of my nerves had been unnatural, they now gave way: and as I saw nothing before me but a long, lingering, cruel death, I wept like a child. Thoughts of my distant home, my aged parents, my sisters, chased themselves madly through my brain. My whole past life rushed in review before my mind. Again I was a boy in my happy boyhood's home. But, alas! I was never to see that home again. Then my train of thoughts changed, and I wondered who would get my vacancy; if the admiral would give it to either of the mates in my own ship, or if a stranger would get it; and if so, if he would purchase my uniform. These, and a hundred such thoughts chased each other rapidly through my brain.

The night began to close in. Darker and darker fell the shades of evening, but now the wind and sea began sensibly to decrease. I was cold, weary, and half stupefied. My senses began to desert me, and I felt, gradually stealing over me, an inclination to thrust my frail support from me, in order that the end might come sooner than it otherwise would. Presently the moon rose in an unclouded sky, and shaking off the morbid thoughts which oppressed me, I again anxiously scanned the horizon. But all was black—not a sail broke the line of my vision. Still I clung to the hope of being picked up. I could recall to mind numbers of instances of people in as bad a plight, and yet mercifully preserved. Hour after hour passed, and I had almost given up looking round for sails, when suddenly I fancied I saw a light. Long and anxiously did I gaze in the direction in which I fancied I saw it, and presently I distinguished the red and green lights of a fast approaching steamer. My heart flew to my mouth. But no pen can tell, no words express what my feelings were, and had not tears come to my relief I should have gone mad.

She was fast nearing me, and shortly I could plainly hear the thump, thump of her paddles. She was steering direct for me, my only fear was I should not be able to make myself heard by those on board her.

Presently she was but a short hundred yards from me, and I exerted all my power and hailed her. Again, and again, but still no answer, but on she came, seemingly as if bent on my destruction. Excitement now overpowered me. Confused noises rang in my ears—my eyes lost their sight, and then followed utter forgetfulness—the stupor of the dead, or rather that trance between life and death, when the body is exhausted but the vital spark not yet fled—that one dread pause between this world and the next.

My recollection is one of excessive pain. On coming to myself before a rousing fire, kind but strange hands were busy in chafing my limbs. Some one held a glass of something to my lips, and then I sank back while all things seemed to whirl around me. In this state I remained some hours.

On recovering my senses, I found myself in a berth on board the French merchant *Eugenie*, bound for Genoa. They told me that they did not see me until I was close under her bows, and on picking me up they thought I was dead, but by chafing my limbs and employing stringent restoratives they recovered me.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the captain of the steamer, and when I parted from him two days after in Genoa, it was with sincere regret.

I must not neglect to say that when I rejoined my ship at Malta, some three weeks after my involuntarily leaving her, I was welcomed with the greatest joy by captain, officers and men; the only person perhaps, who had reason to feel aggrieved being an unfortunate mate, who had been promoted by my supposed death.

Years have passed since then, and I have oft-times had to rehearse my escape, yet I always shudder to recall those terrible hours when I was overboard.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

MARK TWAIN AT THE TOMB OF ADAM.—"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas! I did not live to see *him*.—Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is."

☞ The following conversation was overheard the other day: "Ah! Jones, how are you? Where have you been?" "I have just returned from Smith's funeral." "You don't say so—have a good time?"

The time that we pass either in wild rapture or with despair is motionless, and has no gommon upon its dial-plate.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independency, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave 'Success to forgery.'

On the 27th of September a thin skin of ice was visible in White county, Ark.

A Talk with a Lion Tamer.

A lion tamer named Legel, was severely bitten in the leg by a lioness in Charleston, South Carolina, in April, and is still disabled, in consequence of the wound.—One of the Charleston papers describes a visit to him as follows:

In answer to a question as to his manner of taming lions, he replied at length, saying that it was a gift of nature with him.

'I have no fear of them, people tell me every time I get a wound that it should be a warning to me, and should make me fear to go into the cage again. But it does not. When I am away from the lion I get home-sick, and when I go where they are and my wound prevents me from going in the cage, I get more home-sick still. I never saw any lion I could not tame. Three years ago I tamed a lion in New York, which while in Europe, had killed one man and badly mangled another, who had had attempted to tame them. In three weeks after they were put in my charge they were tamed as I wished, though before they were considered untamable. I very seldom use force in taming them, but sometimes it becomes necessary—kindness is my usual plan; I am always careful to keep my eye upon them.

Every one who has seen the lion-tamer leaving the cage after his feat of lying down among the lions, putting his feet on their heads, feeding them, and firing off pistols, has doubtless noticed how careful he was—stepping out backwards very deliberately and watching closely the beasts which always advanced upon him. In speaking of this, he said: 'If I did not keep my eye upon them they would jump at me. They have sense enough to know that I am retreating from them, and they gain courage; there is more danger to me at this time than any other. If the lions were at liberty, I would fear to go near them. Some people think that a lion born in America is more docile, partaking less of the nature of the brute, than one born in Africa or Asia. Not so. I would rather have to tame a litter born in either of the two mentioned places than a litter born in this country—the latter are more dangerous and less easily tamed.

Newspapers.

Not long since, a widow lady came to our office and requested a paper to be sent to her address, remarking that she had several sons, for whose benefit she became a subscriber. It may very natural for printers to commend such a act, but after all, there is more wisdom in the widow's reasoning than might appear, or than she might be able to elaborate. An advertisement even, cannot be read in a newspaper without suggesting a useful train of reflections. Take, for example, the many commencing, "Strayed or stolen from the subscriber," &c. Here is either carelessness on the part of the owner of the property, or villiany on the part of one who wishes to own what does not belong to him, misfortune on one side, crime on the other. Besides many wholesome thoughts from such a fact, increased vigilance and care the natural consequences. for a time, at least, claim closer attention and a sharper lookout.

Take another example: "By virtue of a deed of trust, executed by A. B., I will proceed to sell a tract or parcel of land," &c. The young reader of a newspaper begins to inquire, what is a deed of trust? Then, why did the poor man give one?—Then he dwells upon the misery of the unfortunate debtor, and thinks to himself it is a bad thing to go in debt, and sticks a pin there. Presently an obituary notice arrests his attention. Some youth just blooming into life is stricken by disease and like the flower touched by the untimely frost, withers and dies. Here is a sermon preached to him while he awaits his feeding horse. Such sermons, in the retirement of country life, under the shade of some tree in a corn field, do good.

But, then, newspapers instruct in a knowledge of human rights. The rising generation should know their rights by heart. It fosters the spirit of liberty.—History affords no instance of any people who achieved so much with such small means, as the people of this country in our revolutionary struggle; and none ever knew their rights better. This it was that insured fortitude under privations and suffering, and at the same time courage on the battle-field. Teach your children to read—give them a Bible—go with them to Church—procure for them a newspaper, and our word for it, they will prove worthy sons of worthy ancestors.

The conduct of the widow has furnished us this theme—her example and our remarks, we trust, may may not be altogether useles.—*Stanton Spectator.*

A gentleman on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain minister, wrote the following:

I can not praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

Upon a tombstone appeared this inscription:

"Here lies John Tug, snug as a bug in a rug."

A wag seeing this, and a stone near by with no incription, wrote:

"Here lies John Tugger, snugger than the other bugger."

Why is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to *every* woe.

No support, when you are right, can be derived from those who are *very* ready to yield to us when we are wrong.

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