THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MNING, NOVEMBER 13. 1869. NO. 23.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

141 Pratt street,

Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165. Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER, 4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHHRS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,

At Nos. 53, 55 & 57 alvert St.,

Corner of Saratoga Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

The object of which is to furnish all kinds of Building Material from one locality, thus saving purchasers that trouble and expense they would otherwise be subjected to in visiting different places to procure such articles. They propose, and are constantly prepared to furnish

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, &c.,

Slate Roofing, MARBLEIZED SLATE, AND MARBLE MANTELS.

Ornamental Garden and Parlor Vases, Statuary, &c.

Glass, Hardware, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Sewer and Water Pipe of Hydraulic Cement and Terra Cotta, Hydraulic Cement, Marble, Iron, and Stone Fronts, Crest Railings, Encaustic and Marble Tiling, and all other building materials at the lowest market prices,

Having made arrangements with the leading Factories in their respective branches of trade to supply all building materials at one place. Estimates for Marble, Iron and Stone Fronts, Gas Fitting, Plumbers Work, &c., furnished. Sole Agents for the State of Maryland for Thompson and Harper's and other celebrated slate mantels, the Terra Cotta Works of Philadelphia, and represent Davison, Ayres and Heuvelman Agents of the architectural department of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, in Baltimore.

P. De MURGUIONDO,
Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert street,
Jan. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Saratoga.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Jan. 16, 1868—y. Baltimore, Md.

URIEVILLE

GRIST AND SAW MILLS.

THE undersigned, having rented the above well-known Mills, takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to accommodate them in Grinding and Sawing, having at both Mills thoroughly competent and reliable men. The Mills are in excellent condition for work, and all who favor him with their patronage may rely upon full justice in every respect, being done them, and as good a turn-out for grist as can be had at any Mill in the county. By giving his entire personal attention, and a determination to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction to his customers, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.

H. M. ROLLISON,
May 29, 1869—6m. Urieville Mills.

TO THE TAX PAYERS

Of the First District.

HAVING concluded that the taxable citizens of the First District may have forgotten that they owe taxes for 1869, I beg leave to remind them of that fact—and that unless they show some evidence of a disposition to pay them, I shall at an early day avail myself of the comfort of the law.

I WILL BE AT

GALENA on Monday;
MASSEY'S on Wednesday mornings;
SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons;
CHESTERVILLE Saturday mornings;
MILLINGTON on Saturday afternoons;

E. E. MILLER, Collector.
October 23, 1869—tf.

BALCK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

WILL be exposed to PUBLIC SALE to the highest bidder on

SATURDAY,

THE 13TH OF NOVEMBER, 1869,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., at Messrs. Sparks & Walls Store-house at Locust Grove, all that

HOUSE

AND

LOT OF LAND

AT LOCUST GROVE,

now occupied by Mr. J. W. Cavender as tenant. The House is two-story frame, new, commodious and convenient; also a Kitchen new and two stories. The Lot contains 43 PERCHES OF LAND. There is a cellar under the House.

The village is growing in business and population, and is a pleasant place for a residence, The neighborhood is good. Shallcross' Landing is within two miles.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third cash, and the balance in six and twelve months, secured. The purchaser will get possession on the first day of January next, and will be entitled to a proportion of the rent for the present year.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Oct. 30, 1868—tds.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued by T. Waters Russell, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, to me directed, at the suit of W. W. Wallis, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Milcah Rasin (colored) I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Milcah Rasin, of, in and to the following property:

One House

And Lot of Land attached,

situated on the road leading from Chestertown to Millington and adjoining the farm of Barkman & Ford. And I hereby give notice, that on

Tuesday, the 16th of November, 1869,

in front of the Court House door in Chestertown, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I will sell said property to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

R. W. CALDER,
October 23, 1869—tds. *Constable.*

PUBLIC SALE

OF A VALUABLE FARM

On Chesapeake Bay.

THE UNDERSIGNED AS AGENT AND ATTORNEY FOR ABEL J. REES, will expose to *PUBLIC SALE*, on

TUESDAY,

The Twenty-third of November, 1869,

at the Voshell House in Chestertown, at half-past eleven o'clock, A. M., all

THAT FARM AND TRACT OF LAND,

in Kent County, Maryland, called

"Tolchester,"

which is finely situated on the Chesapeake Bay, and only twenty miles from Baltimore, and is *ONE OF THE FINEST FARMS IN KENT COUNTY.* It contains about

600 ACRES

OF LAND, all of which are arable with the exception of about ten acres, which might be converted into a good Meadow at little expense. The Farm is divided into six fields, all of which are well watered, and have direct communication with the farm Buildings and Barn yard.

A Peach Orchard of 12,000 Trees,

IN FULL BEARING,

3,000 of which are four years old.

There is also a large *APPLE ORCHARD*, which produces well every second year, whilst many of the early varieties produce annually good crops. There is also a

YOUNG APPLE ORCHARD

Of Three Hundred Trees of Choice Fruit, four years, old, and

600 STANDARD PEAR TREES,

of very choice varieties, four years old, and the Bartlett fruited this year, the fruit selling for three dollars per box without selecting and assorting them.

The Buildings are very ample.

A LARGE BRICK *MANSION HOUSE*, several Tenant Houses, Large GRANARY; STABLING for twenty head of horses, and SHEDDING for 100 head of Cattle; Large Hay House, Wagon Shed, Carriage House, &c.

The Terms of Sale are:

One-fifth of the purchase money in cash, or in sixty days; the balance in four equal and annual instalments from the first day of January next, when possession will be delivered; the credit payments to be secured. Interest from the first of January next.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent and Attorney for Abel J. Rees.
Chestertown, Oct. 16, 1869—tds.

TAXES FOR 1869.

THE subscriber hereby notifies Tax Payers of the Fifth District that their tax accounts for the present year are now due and prompt payment is earnestly solicited.

He will be at Gray's Inn steamboat wharf every Saturday morning, at Rose Corner every Saturday afternoon, and at Chestertown on Tuesdays.

A. B. WHEATLEY,
Coll. Fifth District.
July 31, 1869—tf.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable [illegible]
T. W. [illegible]

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 21st, 1869.

WHEREAS, THURSDAY, the eighteenth day of November instant, has been appointed by his Excellency, the President as a DAY OF THANKSGIVING throughout the United States, and being desirous that the people of the State of Maryland should cordially co-operate with their fellow citizens in the several States in their acknowledgement to the Great Creator of the Universe of His blessings bestowed upon them with an abundant hand, and trusting that all classes of society, however different their religious faith, will unite in the manifestations of their heartfelt thankfulness to our Divine Ruler for His fatherly protection over us all during the past year.

Now, therefore, I, Oden Bowie, Governor of the State of Maryland, have appointed and set apart the

Eighteenth day of November, instant,

as a day of

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE

to Almighty God, and do earnestly request the citizens of the State of Maryland on that day *to Abstain from all Secular Employment*, and devote themselves humbly to its proper observance as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Maryland at the city of Annapolis, this twenty-first day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine.

GREAT SEAL.

By the Governor,
ODEN BOWIE.

R. C. HOLLYDAY,
Oct. 30-3t. Secretary of State.

COAL FOR SALE

AT BUCK NECK WHARF,

AT REASONABLE PRICES, for *Cash*.
JOHN BELL & BRO.

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS
AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

We have in store and for sale, the following high-standing Fertilizers:

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO,
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,
ZELL'S AMMANIATED BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE.
CRICHTON'S AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
WILSON'S AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
MERRYMAN & CO'S. RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE.
WAY & CO'S. SPHAGNINE,

The Great Delaware Fertilizer, prompt and permanent; good for all crops, Peach Trees and all Fruits, and will permanently enrich the soil. Also, BONE DUST and FLOUR OF BONE.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all descriptions, on hand.

JOHN BELL & BRO.
Buck Neck Wharf, Sept. 11, 1869.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,

No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*

January 10, 1868—y

Attention.

THE undersigned respectfully call the attention of the people of Kent County and elsewhere, to their new stock of

Drugs, Medicines,

PAINTS AND OILS,

SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,

which they are now selling at greatly reduced prices.

Thankful to the public for the past patronage and trust by their own merit and strict attention to business to continue that patronage.

S. WICKES & SON.

S. WICKES & SON are also Agents for Hoofland's German Bitters and Hoofland's German Tonic, which they are prepared to furnish in any quantities.

Chestertown, August 29, 1868.

B. B. PERKINS & SON,

Chestertown,

ARE AGENTS for the celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

and are prepared to furnish them at city prices. Persons wanting a Sewing Machine can save the [illegible] by calling at [illegible] PERKINS & SON.

Selected Poetry.

At My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shattered flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust,
Dust is on thy brow.

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered flower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In Memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night wind wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Only Christians.

John Wesley once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects [redacted]

Care of the Feet.

Concerning this subject the Scientific American very truly says; "Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located in the bottom of the foot, and that most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become completely saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water only, as well as the arm-pits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn one day, and then aired and cleaned and worn another day, if necessary."

FANNY FERN says: "If one half of the girls knew the previous lives of the men that they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased." Whereupon the Boston Post asked: "If the men knew what their future lives were to be, wouldn't it increase the list of old maids still further?"

☞ Occasionally, when the train arrives at Middletown, a nice young man jumps off and kisses the best looking girl at the depot, supposing it to be his sister. He apologizes so nice that the girls are getting so they look for him regularly. Some big brother will jam his nose yet.

☞ There is not a wakeful moment without some duty.

HOUSEHOLD SAINTS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

SAINT PHILIP.

Philip Otis was well-born, handsome, and eloquent. He early loved and married a young lady of much beauty and accomplishments.

All went well with the "happy pair" on their bridal tour, till one fatal day when they took passage on a certain famous railway, then just opened—a railway with a broad gauge, everything on a broad scale, especially cuttings.

On this day the train met the usual accident. Phillip Otis escaped with slight injuries—an arm and a leg hurt, etc.—but his Alice was fearfully injured, so crippled for life, by an injury to her spine. When she was able to be carried, as a change, into some sheltered spot; and beautiful home on the Hudson, and those of them that have escaped the couch of pain, and looking more like parasites, assuming the pupa state, from wasted by long sickness, and about which they emerge butterflies. As for than like the bride of one short month others, the ichneumon-grubs at this She never left that house again, and she issue forth, and spin their little lived many weary, hopeless years. In all ns of yellow silk, about the size and that time, she was only lifted from one f grains of wheat, from which they couch to be laid upon another. In all came out as flies. Of the unfortunate that time she was never from one day or pillar nothing remains but the night quite free from pain. There were empty. The hidden butterfly has many dark hours, especially during the been consumed.

first years of her trial, when her womanly fortitude and her sweet temper, even her loving faith in God, failed her, and she was petulant, exacting, unreasonable, and rebellious. But, in all that sad time, Philip, her husband, was gentle, patient, pitiful, and loving. Whatever the cares and perplexities of business, he nobly cast them from as he approached her, in whose shadowed and defeated life pain and sorrow were doing their slow work of sanctification. Whatever temptations and evil influences might approach him, with taint, and soil, and dark allurements, he shook himself free of them at the threshold of that chamber, and brought to that bedside only pure thoughts and clear looks sought to surround that suffering and beaten life with all grace, and soft pleasant serenity. It was ministered, cheered by bright vice and skilful and soothed by carefully companionship, guarded [illegible] reigned in that chamber. Exquisite taste and arranging were of delicate colors, choice pictures brightened the walls, all articles of furniture and ornament were of delicate, classic shapes. Roses and woodbine were trained up to the windows and never a day in all the year was the stand at the head of poor Alice's couch without its fresh bouquet of fragrant flowers. Here Philip brought the choicest new books and periodicals; here he related the last good story, and the freshest bit of literary, political, or social gossip.

In the charmed air of this chamber even the Irish servant maid did her "spiriting gently." Not a wave of the great flood of spring-house cleaning was allowed to break rudely in upon it; no domestic jar, no shock of kitchen-convulsion ever reached it.

One still night in early summer, when the moonlight shimmered on the river, and the breath of roses filled the air, Alice, raised a little on her pillows, lay holding Philips's hand, smiling into his face, and dying.

"Your trial is drawing to a close, dear," she said. "At first, I used to pray that it might be shortened. Now, I thank God that he has allowed me to live long to be a witness to your goodness and devotion. I have often been very dying, childish, and perverse; but you have been a good husband always, and good husbands nowadays, I have heard, are rarer than saints used to be. You are fast becoming my saint, and perhaps I am to be taken, lest I should worship you too utterly."

"O Alice, Alice!" sobbed Philip "you have been my good angel. I shall lose my hold on heaven when I lose you."

"No dear, don't say so! You will lose only this poor shattered shell of me. My love, my blessing will stay with you always, Philip, my darling! And if I have done any thing for your soul's good, in these years of suffering, I will not say I am sorry now for my broken life and your disappointment. I thank you for your long patience, for all—all."

That was the last her lips said to her husband, but the love-light shone a little longer in her sweet, wistful eyes, then faded out, and *Saint* Phillip kissed down their white lids into the long peace.

A Curious Analogy.

There is, in the natural world, a remarkable phenomenon, connected with insect life, which has often occurred to me as presenting a curious analogy.

Every butterfly, (the Greek name for which is also the same which signifies the soul *Psyche*) comes from a grub or caterpillar, in the language of naturalists called a larva. This name (which signifies literally a *mask*) was introduced by Linnæus, because the caterpillar is a kind of outer covering or disguise of the future butterfly within. For it has been ascertained by microscopic examination, that a distinct butterfly, only developed and not full-grown, is contained within the body of the caterpillar, that the latter has its own organs of digestion, respiration, etc., suitable to its larva-life, and quite distinct from and independent of the butterfly which it encloses. On the arrival of the time when the life of the insect in this its first stage is to the end, it becomes what is called a pupa, enclosed in a chrysalis or cocoon, and lies torpid for a time in this natural coffin, from which it issues finally as a butterfly.

But sometimes this process is marred. A numerous tribe of insects in their larva-state are parasitical, inhabiting and feeding on the bodies of other larvæ. ichneumon-fly deposites her eggs in the body of the cater-pillar, where they are hatched; and while in the larva state, they feed upon the inward parts of their victim.

A most wonderful circumstance connected with the process is that a caterpillar which has been thus attacked goes on feeding and apparently thriving quite as well during the whole of its larva-life, as those that have escaped. For, by a wonderful provision of instinct, the ichneumon grubs within do not injure any of the organs of the larva, but feed only on the future butterfly enclosed in it. And, consequently, it is hardly possible to distinguish the caterpillar which has these enemies within it from those which are untouched. But when the period arrives for the close of larva-life, the difference appears. You may often observe the cabbage caterpillars retiring to undergo their change, into some sheltered spot; and

ichneumon-grubs issue forth, and spin their little cocoons of yellow silk, about the size and shape of grains of wheat, from which they come out as flies. Of the unfortunate caterpillar nothing remains but the empty skin. The hidden butterfly has been consumed.

Now, you are considering with wonder what this most curious phenomenon, think where is not something analagous the condition of some of our race; whether a man may not have a kind of enemy within his own bosom, feeding his soul, though without interfering with his well being in the present state of his existence; and whose presence may never be detected till the time arrives when last great change should take place.

Hints to Bryant's Speakers.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, in advice to a young friend following literary pursuits, in an article for those who of Medicine, observes:

My young friend, I observe in your *Post:* used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will in your English language, that you will find the capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found this to be and in all that I have written I do not recollect call an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known, oblong instrument of manual industry; let a home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning, and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will speak so that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gasses to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air. Sydney Smith once remarked: After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.

BOY'S RIGHTS—BY A BOY.—Talk about the women and the darkies, and the—the—all the rest of 'em, none of 'em all are half so badly used as boys are Ask any boy. I know a lot, and I can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you, to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world. You're to take all the sass that's given to you and give none back, 'cause you're a boy.—you are to pay full fare in the cars and omnibuses, 'cause you're a boy and not a child; and never have a seat, 'cause you're a boy and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "Come, now, you boy." You've paid your sixpence. No matter—*that* is nothing. You've been on your legs, with bundles, all day. Who cares?—you're a boy. Now a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry, and a man won't take any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's no limit to it. Who does'nt know a boy who does a man's work, and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't read an advertisement for a boy who "writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, boards with his parents; is trust-worthy; no objection to sitting up all night; not anxious about meals at regular hours; no impudence about him. The best recommendations required, and two dollars a week." You look and wonder if [illegible] that pretty little fellow [illegible] everybody stuffed [illegible] wonder if you'll [illegible] liked by the [illegible] the other [illegible] and all [illegible]

Washington, Past and Present.

The Capital twelve years ago—What a Decade has produced at Washington—The Great Revolution—Status of the Negro—A Striking Change among the Correspondents—A Financial Genius—The Correspondence of the Future.

A correspondent of one of our daily papers thus mourns over Washington "as it was," and contrasts it with Washington "as it is:"

Twelve years ago this very day I wrote my first Washington letter to a New York newspaper. The recollection calls up strange and striking contrasts. What wonderful changes have taken place since that not very remote date!—changes greater than have been experienced by any capital in the world in the present century, and rivaling the great historic cataclysms of Paris in 1752, of Constantinople in 1452, of Rome in the fifth century, and of many an Asian and African capital in the earlier annals of mankind. In the present day, Florence alone can claim to have been the seat of a revolution of nearly equal magnitude. It is not a mere change of dynasty, such as has occurred in Athens and Madrid, but a revolution of ideas, of usages, and of manners, much more considerable and of much vaster consequence than any dynastic overthrow.—Twelve years ago, Southern ideas and manners were so prevalent at Washington that a genuine Northerner on coming here felt almost like a foreigner, till he got accustomed to the atmosphere and his mind opened to the fact that Boston was not really the hub of the universe, and that other modes of thought and other means of life existed in the nation besides those which happened to be in vogue under the shadow of the State House and of Bunker Hill Monument. Now Northern ideas dominate in the government and the municipality, and Northern usages are fast supplanting the habits of Southern life.

The greatest of all changes is in the status of the blacks. Before the war the negro was nobody. He was nothing in Washington, politically or socially.—Though kindly enough treated, he was in a position of servitude. Now he is petted and courted to an extent altogether unequalled in the North, even in Boston, and enjoys privileges and holds offices to which twelve years ago it would have seemed as fantastic and ridiculous for him to aspire as for Susan B. Anthony to become Empress of China, or Mrs. Stanton Pope of Rome.

But it was not of political or social changes that I meant to speak when I began this letter, but of certain differences which I perceive in the style of Washington correspondents during the long interval that has elapsed since I was last here as a journalist.

Twelve years ago the correspondents were many, and many older men than now employed, and many, perhaps, be credited with a certain superiority, on the score, at least of experience and judgment, if not talent. Their number has multiplied prodigiously. At that time only four or five New York journals kept correspondents here. Those were the *Herald, Times, Tribune, Evening Post*, and *Journal of Commerce*, and of these only the *Herald, Times*, and *Tribune* went to any great expense. A score or more of papers outside of New York, it is true, had, nominally, correspondents here, but they were mostly amateurs. None of the papers at that time had offices, or "bureaux" here; and even the greatest journals depended on the exertions of a single correspondent whose position was by no means a sinecure, and whose pay did not enable him to roll in luxury. I remember, however, a *Herald* correspondent at that period, who, with his family, occupied rooms at Willard's at $70 a week, and always went to the Capitol in a carriage, though his salary was only $20 a week. How he did it was a mystery which I could never fathom, but it gave me such great respect for his financial ability that I should not be at all surprised to see him a director of the Erie, or even president of the New York Central.

At the present the newspaper offices occupy nearly a block of Fourteenth St., opposite Willards, and display on their signs the names of most of the leading journals of the country, North, South, and West. The principal offices also maintain a "staff" like an army general, and the expenditure, I am told, is on a scale that would have been thought frightful in the days before the war. But yet it does not seem to me, with all this employment of men and outlay of money, that the Washington correspondence of the New York journals is any better, if it is as good, as it used to be, in the days when it was carefully written by competent hands, and sent by mail, instead of being gobbled up hastily and crudely and flashed over the wires in the utmost to avoid being anticipated by a wide awake rival. For mere news, nothing complete with the [illegible] the public want [illegible] news. They want [illegible] explanations. [illegible] only what happened [illegible] to com[illegible] caut[illegible]

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0871