THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1871. NO. 48.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,

Musical Instruments

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES

and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

No. 178 West Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

May 14, 1870—y.

OYEZ! OYEZ!! OYEZ!!!

All manner of persons having CLOCKS, WATCHES OR JEWELRY

TO REPAIR!

can have the same repaired, with dispatch, at

W. G. RUSSELL'S,

adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son.

☞ All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, or no charge made Charges moderate. Be particular and ask for

W. G. RUSSELL'S.

Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST, SAFEST, AND BEST article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

Only 25 cents per Gallon, retail: Wholesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

E. F. PERKINS, ESQ., has been using the above named oil for some months, and allows me to use his name as a reference.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this oil in Kent county, parties may rely upon being always able to obtain it from me, either wholesale or retail.

Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c., of good quality, and for sale very low. Don't forget the place:

H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,

Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

On and after THURSDAY, January 19, 1871, the **STEAMER GEO. LAW** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crumpton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown.—*Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A.M., making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES, Agent.

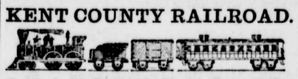
Jan. 21, 1871.

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



CHANGE OF HOURS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th*, 1870, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12;20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
Arrive Kennedyville,	12:50	

☞ Passengers from Kennedyville, and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Kennedyville, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 5 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Kennedyville on the arrival of the train, say 1 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* or *J. L. Stam & Son's store*, the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.25.

J. B. WINGATE,

Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

October 29, 1870—tf.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

MANUFACTURERS

AND DEALERS IN

Agricultural Implements & Machinery

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS,

FERTILIZERS, &c.

141 Pratt St., Baltimore,

CONTINUE to keep constantly on hand every description of *First Class* Implement and Machinery to meet the wants of Farmers and Gardeners. Call special attention *now* to

Bickford & Huffman's Grain Drill,

with its *unequalled* Guano Distributor.

American Cider Mill and Press, price $42.
Buck Eye Cider Mill and Press, sen. " 45
" " " " jr. " 25
Hickok " " " " 40

These Cider Mills are recommended as very superior. Further description furnished on application.

The Genuine Pennock Corn Sheller, and Genuine Van Wickle Grain Fan,

together with every description of the most useful and desirable Implements and Machines, always to be had on application to

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 *Pratt Street*,
July 30, 1870—tf. BALTIMORE.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

CAUTION!

ALL persons indebted to me are hereby notified to call at my store and settle, by note or cash, on or before January 1st, 1871, otherwise they will find the claim in the hands of a Collector.

JOS. A. CATLIN.

Dec. 17, 1870—tf.

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

TO THE LADIES.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, FOR Beautifying and Preserving the Complexion and Skin. Mr. Laird has every confidence in recommending his Bloom of Youth to the Ladies as being the only perfect and reliable Toilet article now in use.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

January 7, 1871.

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.

VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Medical Card.

DR. T. S. HOLTON having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, (when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. S. Wickes' Drug Store.

Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

Selected Poetry.

FANNY'S GARDEN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"I love the roses fragrant,
For they are fair and sweet;
I love the modest daisy
That blossoms at my feet;
I love the stately lily,
It is so pure and white;
I love the purple pansy
So innocent and bright."

Thus Fanny said, and planted
These flowers one day in Spring;
It was the time for gardens
When birds were on the wing.
But, ah! how long she waited
Before the blossoms grew,
They needed so much sunshine,
And rain, and air, and dew!

Her mother saw her watching,
And said to her one day:
"No wonder you are weary
With such a long delay.
I, too, have a fair garden
Where I must work and wait;
I sometimes fear the blossoms
Will come for me too late.

"I planted truth and virtue,
And faith, and hope, and love;
I taught the little tendrils
The way to climb above.
They are so slow in growing,
It makes the tear-drops start;
That garden fair, my darling,
Is little Fanny's heart!"

MY HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

"No money! What in thunder 'd you get on for? How'd you expect to travel on this road 'thout the stamps? Off with you, and no whining round me! I know my business and you know yours, maybe. Any baggage?"

"No baggage." I muttered dolefully; but you can take my overcoat. I can get the money at Savannah."

"Dang your old overcoat! What you s'pose I want with your old rags?"

"Rags! Look here, there's not a break in this coat. Good as new."

"Off with you, quick!"

"For heaven's sake!"

"Shall I kick you off?"

"I'm a thousand miles from home."

"Dang your home! Off with you, or I'll sling you off."

"Try it, if you dare!"

"Whop! thud! biff! biff! lick-to-whack! spat! scuffle-a-bangle! kow-him! thrash! bim! whollop! and out we went together on to a pile of cross-ties. As he clinched me I struck him a heavy blow in the face with my right fist, while with my left hand I pulled the bell-rope. Toot! toot! said the signal whistle and off went the train.

Do you quite understand what I had done? It's all very plain to me. I had stolen a conductor. Let me be explicit. To tell you the truth I had just served through the war in the Confederate army, and only twenty-one years old at that.—You know there was a conscription law, and when I was eighteen I had to go in. I was assigned to duty in Florida, and when the war ended I found myself suffering from a wound, and a thousand miles from home. I staid in Florida till the winter of '68, when, finding myself well again, and seeing no earthly chance of ever finding any employment in that distracted State which would enable me to lay money enough to pay my way home on the cars, I set out afoot. Not till I had walked a hundred miles or more did I fully realize the difficulty of my undertaking. In consequence of my wound I had for a long time been in doors, scarcely taking any exercise at all, and

[redacted]

"Got none," said I.

"Money then," said he.

"Got none," I replied.

Then followed what is chronicled at the beginning of this sketch. He had up and pulled the bell rope, bringing the train to a stand-still. I did not think of stealing him till the very moment he clinched me to throw me from the platform. Then, all at once the resolve came. As I have said, I struck him with one hand and pulled the bell-rope with the other. We had a short, furious fight on the platform, then rolled off into a pile of cross-ties just as the train, in obedience to my signal, rolled away. I do not think the conductor heard the engine whistle or knew the cars had gone, so busy was he trying to lick me. I was too much for him, tho' I had not tasted food for three days past I suppose fever and the fury of despair lent me strength, for I got him under me, there on the cross-ties, and thumped him till he bawled for help. By this time the train was roaring but faintly in the distance. I let him up and he gazed around.

"Wh—where's my train?" said he.

"Don't you hear it?" I asked, seating myself on a cross-tie, in an almost breathless state.

"What in thunder! Ding that engineer! What on earth made him leave me? I'll report him to—"

"Oh! don't get too blustery," said I, interrupting him, "I gave the engineer the signal just as you clinched me."

"Did you pull the bell-rope?"

"Yes, sir."

"The nation you did! What for?

"Oh! just for fun," I replied, scowling at him out of the corners of my eyes.

"For fun! and how much is it?" he asked.

"Between a quart and a half-a-gallon," I replied.

"I will have to walk at least ten miles through this infernal old swamp," he muttered.

"Better two of us than one!"

"But, ding it! my train!"

"Just so!" said I.

"They may not miss me for fifty miles."

"Nor me."

"Nor you! Ding you! Who are you, anyhow?"

"No matter," said I, "you'd better have let me alone."

"But, ding it man, I must obey orders, The road-master would have reported me for dismissal if I'd 'a let you off without the money!"

"And now he'll report you for deserting your train."

"No; I'll hurry up to the next station and telegraph my situation."

"By no means," said I.

"Why not?"

"I'll not allow you."

"*You* won't?"

"That I will not!" said I, emphatically, drawing from its hiding place underneath my coat-tail, a huge Colt's revolver. The conductor's face turned to just the color of moonshine.

"Don't kill me," he suggested, "I was only obeying orders, indeed I was, sir."

"Maybe you'd like to pray a little?"

"Pray! Good heavens! You're not in earnest?"

"Oh, if you don't want to pray," said I, cocking my pistol and examining the cap.

He went down on his knees and prayed quite fervently. Just as he finished, I heard the train coming back at full speed.

"They'd if they ain't a backing down! They've missed me!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"They'll never find you," said I.

"Very easy," said he, "I'll wave my hat."

"Not at all, I rejoined.

"Why not? I'll let you ride to——

"I do not care to ride," I interrupted, "let's take a little stroll into the swamp."

"What for?" he asked tremblingly.

"Oh, just to avoid being seen," I replied.

"For lord's sake!" he cried.

"Move ahead!" I said, and so I drove him back into the thicket swamp a few hundred yards.

"Now you just open your mouth," I remarked, as the train rumbled slowly past with lights hanging out on every side, "and I'll put a ball down your throat!"

He kept very quiet and we could plainly hear the excited voices of the passengers and train hands as they were borne ing at a constantly lessening speed.—ally the train was brought to a stand ll a half-mile below. After remaining re awhile it came slowly puffing back, men running along beside it beating roads a few rods in either direction. Meantime I was not idle. I bound the nductor's hands and feet with his sus-nders and gagged him with my hand-chief. In this condition I sat him n against the root of a large pine tree throwing my over-coat across my arm him there. As soon as I got out ight of my prisoner, I took off my ll-coat and turned it. It was a small nel sack made to be worn either side It was black on one side, white on other. I hastily put a pine knot in p and threw it into pond hard by, ut on a soft hat which I had been ing in my pocket. This hat was e and very broad brimmed. I now tened to the vicinity of the railroad k and as the train with its excited atlants began to pass I coolly joined the d of persons who walked beside the

"Singular what's become of him," I rked to the man nearest me.

"Tarnation queer, indeed," was the re-

"He sloped with the money," said a ling fat man on my left, "bet my boots that."

"That's my notion," said I.

"Yes, yes," continued the fat man approvingly, "that's it 'xactly. I know a conductor out in Texas to do this very same trick once."

"You did!"

"Yes, sir, and he never has been seen since."

"Indeed!"

"So sure's the world, and they said he had a pile of money on hand too."

"Real sharp villain, wasn't he?"

"Was that, sure!"

"Hist, listen! Who's that?"

"Help! help! help! roared a voice down in the swamp.

Everybody halted to listen.

"Help, help!"

"It's the conductor's voice," yelled the brakesman, and forthwith everybody rushed into the swamp. In a very little time we had found my man, who had managed to spit out his gag. I helped to untie him.

"How the dickens came you in this fix?" said I in an assumed voice, helping him to his feet.

"Ding if I can tell you; must 'a' been the devil. Great big black fellow sitting on hind platform. Asked him for ticket; said had none. Asked him for money, said had no money either. Stopped the irain and went to kick him off; scamp pulled the bell rope and clutched me.—Slung me off the platform. whaled me like blazes. Took me down in the swamp and tied me. Pistol two feet long. Ding if 'twasn't!"

Well after everybody had congratulated the conductor we all went back to the train and got aboard. I took a seat near the middle of the hindmost car.

"Hoot! hoot! yelped the whistle and away we sped. I leaned back in my seat and soon fell asleep. Everybody was exhausted.

"Ticket, check."

Some one punched me in the ribs. I sprang wildly to my feet.

"Ho, ho; here, what ails you?" said the conductor laughing.

I rubbed my eyes and sat down.

"Thought that fellow of yours had got me," I muttered, cooling taking off my hat as if looking for my check.

"Lost," said I: "must have fallen out when that infernal brush dragged my hat off."

The conductor rubbed the knots on his head, made by my fist, and said, smiling painfully:

"You fellows must have torn about like possessed; about one half of you are minus your checks; but ding if I ain't monstrous glad you found me! Awful beating that fellow gave me. He'd 'a' killed me if the train hadn't 'a' come back just as it did! Bless my life, you ought to have seen his eyes. They had the devil in 'em."

The conductor passed on, I rode to Savanah, where I found a friend who furnished me the means to get home. Such is the history of my first, last, and only *highway robbery.*—*St. Louis Home Jour.*

A Distinguished Honor.

The citizens of Groton Junction, Massachusetts, having by a unanimous vote requested the Legislature to charter the place as a town named after Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, the "great medicine man," and the request having been complied with, the inauguration of the new town took place on the sixth of March. There was a very large attendance, including some of the most distinguished men of the State, and several speeches were made. Dr. Ayer, upon whom the distinguished honor had been conferred, upon being introduced, spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—On the western coast of Scotland, where it slopes into the Irish Sea, a river, rising on the mountains of the inner land, winds down among the hills and empties into the Firth of Clyde. From remote time it has been called Ayr, from an old Scotch word "Ayry," meaning an eagle's nest—the river of the eagle's nest. Near its mouth and a contiguous harbor, long stood a hamlet which became a royal burg or town named from the river, and now about one third as large as Lowell—the city of Ayr. For more than a thousand years it has been noted in the history of Scotland. During the wars of Robert Bruce it was one of his resorts, and was especially favored by him because he was there cured of leprosy. Oliver Cromwell made it one of the depots and headquarters of his army in his attack upon Scotland, and one of his old forts is now the Citadel of Ayr.

But above all its distinctions, Ayr was the birth-place of the poet Burns. And what a poet! What a voice has he given to all the endearments of home! How has he hallowed the cottage and all it covers—weans and wife, patches and poverty, beans, barley, ale, hardship and the poor man's toil. How he wraps with tenderness whatever he names, even his bleak leagues of pasture, the stubble-field, ice, snow, sleet, and rain, brooks, birds, mice, thistles and heather. His Bonny Doon, John Anderson, my Jo John, Auld Lang Syne, and Highland Mary, roll round the world in ever ringing symphony with what is purest and best in human nature. His songs woo and melt the hearts of youth and maidens, bring solace to the sorrowing and courage to the overburdened by their lot. His inspiration has set the affections to music in strains that are immortal.

No other one man ever made a language classic, but he has rendered that lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. The name of his home and his beloved river Ayr was lifted on the wings of his pathos, and now the approaching traveler yearns to reach the spot his genius has sanctified.

Along the borders of the sea in a parallelogram and surrounding the town is a county of the same name—Ayrshire.

It would weary your patience to hear the history of my ancestors from one ancient John of Ayr, then John Ayr, down through the centuries to this Ayer now before you; through their vicissitudes of poverty and plenty—of fortune and misfortune; how they have intermarried with England, Ireland and Scotland, and later with the Americans, who are an excellent mixture of them all.

My friends, you have chosen the name I inherited for your town with an extraordinary unanimity, and have thereby conferred an honor upon me, the proper acknowledgment of which I do not feel fully able to express. But I beg you to be assured that it is appreciated and that it will be gratefully remembered with a living interest in your prosperity while life remains to me, and, I trust, beyond that by my children after me.

If this name has become noted among the many that are worthier around you, that is greatly due to its publicity. May I be permitted to state whence that came? Until within a few centuries all the civilized nations of the globe were pent up on the Eastern continent. Two or three hundred years ago they leaked over into this; few and fearfully at first, then more and more, but always in their settlements timidly hugging the Atlantine coast. Within the last two or three generations they have burst out, as it were, and overrun these vast continents of the West. Now they are scattered here and possess these measureless stretches of mountains and valleys, hills, plains, forests and prairies with the boundless pampas and mountain ranges of South America. Former generations lived in villages and towns, thickly settled together where physicians were plenty and near at hand. Now, the people are widely scattered, in many sections of these many countries. For great numbers the timely treatment of physicians cannot be had; over large tracts of country good or competent physicians cannot be had at all. They cannot visit patients enough many miles apart to live by their profession, nor can they carry medicines enough with them on horseback for their requirements. Hence has arisen in these modern times a necessity for remedies ready at hand, with directions for their use—a present recourse for relief in the exigencies of sickness, when no other aid is near. It is a new necessity consequent upon the changed conditions of human life—a want I have spent my years in supplying, and I will tell you something of its extent. Our laboratory makes every day some 630,000 potions or doses of our preparations. These are all taken by somebody. Here is a number equal to the population of fifteen cities as large a Lowell, taking them every day (for sickness keeps no Sabbaths) nor for once only, but again and again year after year, through nearly one third of a century. We all join in the jokes about medicines as we do about the Doctor's mission to kill, the clergyman's insincerity and the lawyer's cheating. Yet each of these labors among the most serious realities of life, Sickness and its attendant suffering are no joke, neither is the treatment of them. This system of transportable relief, to be made available to the people, must keep its remedies fresh in their memories. This is done by advertising. Mark its extent. An advertisement, taking the run of the newspapers with which we contract (some 1900 annually) is struck off in such numbers, that when piled upon each other flatwise, like the leaves of a book, the thickness through them is sixteen miles. In addition, it takes some seven millions of pamphlets and twelve millions of circulars to meet the public demand for this kind of information. Our annual issue of phamphlets alone, laid solid upon each other, make a pile eight and one quarter miles high. The circulars measured end-wise reach 1894 miles, and these assertions are matters of mathematical certainty. What ever the estimation in which these publications may be held here, they reach the firesides of millions upon millions of men who do treasure and regard them, and who in their trials do heed the counsel they bring.

Not only over these great Western continents but throughout that other land so little known to you, under our feet, the Australian continent, there are few, vilages as large as this which are not familiar with the name you have chosen, and employing the remedies that bear it.

Thus, gentlemen, have I striven in my humble sphere to render some service to my fellow men, and to deserve among the afflicted and unfortunate some regard for the name which your kind partiality hangs on these walks around me. We may look forward with confident hope to the renown you will gather under it, and the prosperity, which there is reason to trust the future has in store for you. Situated as you are here on one of the main arterics between the west and east, between the great industries of the plough and the spindle, you must aid in their exchanges and thrive with them. Soon these channels will be opened wide and pouring through your precincts streams of men and merchandise that will need your furtherance and must contribute to your growth.

Build schools for your children and find talent to teach them. Then inteligence and integrity in prosperous and happy homes will be your sure reward.

Associated as you have made me with your weal and wo, I wish I might be allowed to contribute from my means such as they are, something towards this first foundation of the public good.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long. Oppressed with the fear, that I do not deserve the distinction you bestow, I pray God to make me worthier, and to smile upon you with His perpbetual lessings.

Extract From an Address.

BY R. D. SELLMAN.

Delivered before the Public School Teachers' Association of Anne Arundel County, March 17th, 1871.

Ours is eminently a utilitarian age. We must now be useful. To be useful we must work. To work with advantage we must have about us the best materials. It will avail us nothing that our brains are crammed with Greek and Latin, that we know all the higher mathematics, and as for astronomy and logic, there is not a star in the Heavens we cannot name, no syllogysm whose sophistry we cannot detect. A true knowledge of subjects most truly adorns the human mind, but it is at best only an embellishment, and should never be acquired at the expense and sacrifice of that which is really useful. With nothing else to rest his pretentions upon, its possessor will find but slight chance to accumulate greenbacks, which are said to be so necessary for the procuring of our daily bread and butter.

There is a difference, of course, between a collegiate and primary school education, but it is not in reality so great as is generally supposed. The difference, however, so far as real usefulness is concerned, is to my mind, clearly in favor of the latter. At college, I know, more is aimed at—a greater variety of subjects is presented—a wider field is given for the expansion and development of mind—greater opportunities are offered to become acquainted with the doings and ways of the world from constant and intimate association with those who hail from different parts of it—but, after all, the business of life requires of us but to read intelligently and intelligibly a newspaper—to write orthographically and grammatically a plain letter in a plain hand—to know the practical parts of arithmetic, and have a general knowledge of geography. Such, I hold, may much more easily and readily be acquired at schools where the rudiments on which it is immediately founded, are kept constantly fresh on the memory. Where a boy goes to college, he sees for the most part nothing but the bewildering subtleties of some master mystifyer whose inspired page, like that of the immortal Coke, can be seen into, only by some genius whom heaven but now and then permits to visit our sphere, to tear apart the misty vail that encircles them. It is then farewell to the old landmarks whose "occupation's gone" indeed.

How common is the remark: Mr. A. is thoroughly educated, because he is a graduate of St. John's; but this poor fellow B. who has never had an opportunity to see even the inside of the old brick building, has no education at all—he never went to any but a primary school. But I will venture to say that the poor fellow who never attended any but a primary school, and who made improvement his aim and end, while there, knows more geography, arithmetic, is a better accountant, can write a better hand, is a better speller and a better reader than he, who for four long weary years, has been learning nothing but the dead languages and Hindostanee. For my part, I would rather have to aid me in the battle of life we are fighting, an education such as our common schools, as they are now conducted, are able to furnish, than to be the recipient of a thousand diplomas setting forth such scholarly attainments as will never be of any practical utility whatever.

As the object of all education should be to make useful and practical men, nothing, in my opinion, should be taught at all, particularly in our common schools, save that which has a useful and practical bearing. What adorns is generally of no significance, further than the grace that attends it. Flowers are useful only because they are beautiful. Fictions and high-flown theories are good in their places. But what may be brought into immediate and constant use should never be parted with. Before we essay to fly aloft on fancy's wings, let us be sure that we are not fancy's own ere we go. Let that which supports us here on earth, be something sure and solid and strong, then let speculation carry us whithersoever it will.

Life has no smooth ways for those who are not properly prepared for it. With the best of us it is rugged and thorny.—A young man, on entering it, if he expects to succeed, must have his eyes about him, and be equipped and ready for its difficulties. How to avoid, how to meet, how to overcome them, no experience of others can teach. Every many has experiences of his own, separate and distinct from those of others. He must depend, in great part, upon the mettle he is made of. Let his purpose be honest, and let him not be ashamed to work to accomplish it. If the way be through drudgery, let him bravely do the work of drudgery.—When thus engaged, the pride is false that brings a blush to the cheek. The heart that is withering wants but direction and assurance. Let him be taught that to drive a cart, to follow a plow, to run a mill—if to do these be for an honest purpose—are no disgrace, but an honor—that although the hand may become hard, and rough and blistered by the operation, the virtue that clings about it will ennoble it in the presence even of princes.

Situated as our people are, they cannot hope, and do not expect, that their children shall be taught all and everything. We, as teachers, know very well the difficulties under which they labor. Especially do we, who trade in country schools. We know that much is lost by non-attendance on the part of pupils, but we know also the many causes of it. There are thousands of obstacles which we never parade, and of which the outside world knows nothing at all. They are privacies which the world need not know. But let not this cause them in any way to dispond. I believe there is a general and growing disposition, in the people of this county to avail themselves of all the advantages and benefits which our present school system affords. I believe they are ready to make great sacrifices to this end. I believe they earnestly desire in this behalf to do their entire duty.

At any rate, let us do ours; to store our pupils' minds with useful information, in order that they may be fitted to act well their part in the great drama of life which is opening—to make them good and useful citizens, and worthy to be called members of a Republic, which promises and guarantees so much that blesses and protects—is a duty that devolves mainly on us. We are required now, more than ever before, to do thoroughly our work. Cloak it as we will, throw around it what disguises we may, we cannot hide from view, the fact that the tendency of our times, in morals, is decidedly downward. Our chief object must be to check and turn it. We know, we feel the heavy responsibility that rests upon us, and the fearful colors in which it presents itself, but with cheerfulness and patience and hope, let us set ourselves to the task.—Let us strive doubly to qualify ourselves to perform it.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0296