CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873. NO 4.

EXACTLY RIGHT.

Miss Belle Lancaster sat in her elegant boudoir, with such a frown upon her brow that her cousin Minnie, who stood in the unenviable position of a "poor relative" dependent on the Lancasters for her daily bread, was terribly alarmed.

"Minnie!" said Belle, at last.

"Yes."

"Where did you get acquainted with Mr. Harwell?"

Poor Minnie blushed crimson, then burst into tears.

"At Brighton, before poor papa died," she said.

"Four years ago! You remember acquaintances well," Belle sneered.

"He and papa were intimate friends," said Minnie; but she did not tell her cousin that Edmund Harwell had been her own accepted lover, and that she had dismissed him when poverty came upon her, without giving her reasons, simply telling him that something had come between them that would keep them asunder forever.

"Well, hereafter, when my acquaintances call," said Belle, severely, "I trust that you will remain invisible. Remember your circumstances are changed—that you are dependent on us for support, and govern yourself accordingly. Edmund Harwell will be a splendid 'catch'—worth thousands they say—and I am determined to bring him to my feet. Of course I do not fear your rivalry; but when one has poor relatives, 'tis well enough that they should be made to know their places."

And Miss Belle arose, and haughtily swept from the room, while poor little Minnie crept softly away up stairs, and indulged in a hearty cry.

That evening, when Edmund Harwell called, he saw no one but Belle. He fidgeted about for a while, and then asked for "Miss Norton."

"Miss Norton? Oh, Minnie, you mean," laughed Belle—"our companion. Why, she is up in her room, I suppose, poring over the latest novel. She only gets time at night to read."

"But what has become of her father?" asked Mr. Harwell, paying not the slightest heed to the covert scorn.

"Dead," was the reply.

"Dead! How long since he died, Miss Lancaster?"

"Three years, I believe. He failed, and lost every shilling of his property, and Minnie then came to us."

"Then she is a relative of yours?" asked Edmund Harwell, quietly.

"A relative! No, I assure you. All the claim she has upon us consists in the fact that we were acquainted before she became poor."

Belle uttered this falsehood without flinching; but if she had known that Minnie had often spoken of her to him, and that he knew they were cousins, she might not have spoken so glibly.

"I would like to see her."

Belle bit her lip with vexation, then rose, left the parlor, and glided up stairs.

"Mr. Harwell desires to speak with you," she said, with a bitter laugh, as she met Minnie upon the landing. "Go down, if you wish it."

Minnie glanced at her, and reading the expression upon her face, replied that she would not go.

"Then I shall tell him that you refuse to see him?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"What reason shall I assign?"

"Not any. My reasons would make no difference to him.

So Belle Lancaster returned to the parlor.

"Miss Norton declines to see you," she said.

His face flushed hotly.

"Did you urge her so very much, Miss Lancaster?"

"Why, to be sure, I told her you wished to see her very particularly—was not that enough?"

"I suppose so," he answered with a sigh. "But I did wish to see her very much. We were good friends once, and I saw no reason why the ties that bound us long since should not be revived. If, however, she thinks otherwise, I must yield, not being able to help myself."

"She's a curious girl," said Belle, apologetically. "She treats her best friends as coldly as utter strangers. I often doubt her sanity, but I presume it is nothing but a contradictory spirit."

"Possibly," said Harwell, with a dreamy, far-away expression in his eyes; and the subject was not again alluded to.

Meanwhile, Miss Belle redoubled her exertions to effect a conquest, not only on this but on many subsequent visits. His heart appeared to present no very salient point; but a continual dropping will wear away a stone, 'tis said; and after a time he seemed becoming sensible that she was charming, and paid her greater deference.

She hailed this as a happy omen, and was already figuring the probable expense of her trousseau, when one day she saw him meet her cousin in the hall, and stop to speak with her.

"Miss Norton—Minnie!" he cried, seizing and imprisoning her hands, "why do you shun me?"

"No matter, Mr. Harwell; let me go, I beg of you," she pleaded.

"I shall not let you go until you answer me," was his reply.

Minnie looked distressed.

"I cannot, Mr. Harwell."

"Is it by order of Miss Lancaster?"

No answer.

"Is it because you dislike me?"

"No, Mr. Harwell, it is not."

He folded his arms around her.

"Minnie," he demanded in thrilling tones, "you said you loved me once—do you love me still?"

"Oh, please release me," she cried, almost sobbing. "I cannot tell you that. Remember I am poor—a poor dependent on Miss Lancaster's bounty. I could not be a fitting mate for you."

"Yes, you could, my darling—and I love you. My life without you would be a desert—you can make it blossom as the rose. My home is waiting for the mistress of my heart—be merciful, I pray you!"

What could Minnie say! She could not have the moral courage to break his heart or torture her own, and we are glad she did not. Putting the hand he had released shyly back into his own, she whispered, "I do love you, Edmund, and have loved you always. If you really wish me, poor

[redacted]

Posture:"

"Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
Conceal'd her features better than a veil:
And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale."

And from "Childe Harold;"

"The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite."

In Spain, where the greatest respect is paid to the fair sex for its own sake, whatever be woman's age condition, or appearance—"Manos biancos no ofenden"—white hands (the fair sex) never hurt, is a familiar saying. The hand also plays an important part in the language of gallantry. When a gentleman rises to take leave of a lady, he says to her, "A los pies, De V. Senora"—(my lady, I place myself at your feet). To which she replies, "Besso a V. la mano, Cabalero"—(I kiss your hand, sir knight). A gentleman never offers to shake a Spanish lady's hand, nor gives her his arm when out walking. When a lady makes a call a well-bred host takes her by the hand and leads her to the door of her carriage.

Listen to what palmistry reveals of the female hand: Women may be ranged under two principal banners—under the one those with a large thumb, and those with a small thumb under the other.—The first more intelligent than feeling wise from history; the other more feeling than intelligent from romance. A woman with a large thumb loves with reflection—less with the heart than the senses, but adds to her passion constancy and every mental charm. Women with small thumbs are not endowed with so high a principle of sagacity. So love with them is all their thought; but such is the charm attached to that powerful passion that there is no seduction equal to it. Order, arrangement, symmetry, and punctuality reign without tyranny in those dwellings governed by the gentle economists with the square phalange and small thumb. Are you paying court to a beautiful young lady with square phalanges? Equip yourself with good sense and steadiness, reject all captivating airs and confound not singularity with distinction. In the number of her axioms are these—silence is a power, mystery an ornament.

With women of a strong palm, conical fingers, and little thumb, paint your language in glowing colors. They love that which dazzles, and theory has more power over them than logic.

Three things govern them—indolence, fancy and feeling. They have in their hearts the prayer that the Corinthians addressed every morning to Venus:—'O goddess, grant that to-day I may say nothing which may not be agreeable"—or to please is their chief care and they love as much being beloved and admired as esteemed. Such were doubtless the hands of the beautiful and triumphant amazons of which the flying squadron of Catherine de Medecis was composed.

A high-priest of palmistry tells us 'Madame Roland had beautiful large hands, indicating a head full of poetical ideas and a soul inclined to the ideal.—She understood the beauty of passion and the self-sacrifice it imposed. At once stoical and impassioned, perative and enthusiastic, tender and austere, she loved three things with an intense love—country, liberty, and duty. By nature bold and couaageous, like the majority of women of her type, she did not belie herself in poverty, in greatness, or on the scaffold."

Queen Elizabeth was proud of the beauty of her hands. Is is written that during a public procession to prayers she pulled her glove off her right hand, sparkling with jewels and gave it to kiss as a mark of particular favor, to a Bohemian baron who had letters to present to her. Diana of Poictiers' features were regular and classical, her complexion faultless, her hair of a rich purple black, which took a golden tint in the sunshine, while her teeth, her ankles, her hands, her arms, and her bust were the themes of the court poets.

The hand of Mme. George Sand is narrow with knotted, pointed fingers, delicate, smooth, and elastic, without softness.

THE POETRY OF THE FEET.

Parisienne is synomymous with slender feet, narrow ankles, and arched instep.—We learn every day that the small, arched foot is a sign of nobility—a rule that admits of many exceptions. Generally the foot aristocratic is fine, slender, nervous, delicate; the foot plebian short and gross. For the last 100 years we have compressed the feet to such a degree that if it should continue the slipper of Cinderella would serve for all the world. The English have the flat foot; the Russians have enormous feet, as heavily attached as those of an elephant. For this reason, it is said, a Russian princess invented *les robes a traine*.

The American women are acknowledged to have the most beautifully shaped feet of any nation in the world.

The fascinating forms and manners of the "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of old ballads, retain all their former celebrity. Every one has heard of their dark, glancing eyes; their pretty hands "skilled" in the "nice conduct" of the speaking fan; their feet dainty and fairy-like, "of which a glimpse is one of the last precious favors accorded to lover's sighs and tears;" and more than all their walk.—It has been distinguished by Mrs. Romer from the "affected wriggle of the Frenchwoman and the grenadier stride of the English as a graceful, swimming gait.—The charm is that it is natural, and in being the true, unsophisticated daughter of Eve and nature the Spanish women has few rivals."

Many persons erroneonsly esteem the feet of women beautiful in proportion to their smallness. The beauty of the feet consists in their symmetry and grace of outline, not in their being short or extremely small. The feet of the Venus de Medecis excite the admiration of every one who looks at the beautiful statue.—In the outline of their extremity they approach the elegant form of the ellipsis, and are founded from the proportion of nature, that of six to one between the foot and the body, the standard of measurement adopted by the larger part of the sculptors of antiquity. The natural projection of the second toe, which, gives the foot its elliptic form, is arrested in its development by compression of the boot or shoe, and thus its beauty is marred and its elastic tread impeded. There is always a similarity in the natural shape of the hands and feet of the same person. If the hand is plump, rounded, and dimpled, with a delicate wrist, so are the feet dimpled on the first joints of the toes, and the ankle softly rounded.

Poets in every time have lavished praises on the "human foot divine." Homer calls Thetis "the silver-footed queen."

Paris, in making choice of the many beautiful virgins brought before him—

"Their gait he marked as gracefully they moved,
And round their feet his eye sagacious roved."

Ben Johnson describes a lover, whose devotion to his mistress was so great that he

——"would adore the shoe,
And slipper was left off, and kiss it too."

And again:

"And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

The following sentiment is from an old volume of anonymous poems:

"How her feet tempt; how soft and light she treads,
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds;
Yet from their sweet green pillows everywhere
They start and gaze about to see my fair.
* * * * * * * *
Look how that pretty, modest columbine
Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine!
See the fond motion of the strawberries,
Creeping on earth to go along with thee;
The lovely violet makes after too,
Unwilling yet, my dear, to part with you.
The knot-grass and the daisies catch thy toes,
To kiss my fair one's feet before she goes."
"Do not feare to put thy feet naked in the river, sweet;
Think not newt, nor leach, nor toade,
Will bite the foot where thou hast trode."

Wilson's Cheerful Ayers.

Herrick pays the following delicate compliment to Mrs. Southwood:

"Her pretty feet,
Like smiles, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep
Did soon draw in again."

The following is also very beautiful, from Sir John Suckling's "Ballad of the Wedding":

"Her feet beneath her pettycoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is, half so fine a sight!"

Byron also exquisitely describes the animation of the character as shown in the movement of the feet:

"Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,
But rather skim the earth."

WILLIAM HAVERLY?

'About thirty years ago,' said Judge P., 'I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

'Plenty of them,' said the salesman.

'How much do they cost?'

'One dollar, my lad.'

The little fellow drew back in dismay, and taking his little hand out of his pocket he commenced to count some pennies and little silver pieces that he had held until they were all damp with sweat. Several times he counted them, and then he said,

'I didn't know they were so much.'

He turned to go out and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

'I have only got sixty-one cents,' said he; 'you could not let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?'

How eagerly his bright little eyes looked for the answer; and now he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile and left the store. I followed out and overtook him.

'And what now?' I asked kindly.

'Try another place, sir.'

'Shall I go too and see how you succeed?' I inquired.

'Oh yes, if you like,' said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him and each time he was refused.

'Will you try again?' I asked.

'Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

'You want the book very much?' said the proprietor.

'Yes, sir, very much.'

'Why do you want the geography so very much?'

'To study, sir; I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor and I want to learn the places where he used to go.'

'Does he go to those places now?'

'He is dead,' said the boy softly. Then he added after a while: 'I am going to be a sailor too.'

'Are you, though?' asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

'Yes, sir, if I live.'

'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.'

'Are the leaves all in it and just like the others, only not new?'

'Yes, just like the new ones?'

'It will do just as well, then, and I'll have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I'm glad they didn't let me have any at the other places.'

The bookseller looked up inquiringly and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

'A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark.'

'Thank you, sir, you are very good.'

'What is your name?'

'William Haverly.'

'Do you want any more books?' I asked him.

'More than I can ever get,' he replied, glancing up at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. 'It will buy some for you,' I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

'Can I buy what I want with it?'

'Yes, my lad, anything.'

'Then I will buy one book for mother,' said he. 'I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back.'

He wanted my name and I gave it to him; then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him; and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of our voyage: then came a most terrific storm, that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class, but after pumping all night and still the water was gaining on them, they gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man back to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men bow before the strong will of their captain and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, then at the other passengers who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly:

'Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above the water. When I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before; nor any one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps.'

Thrice during that day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will, mastered every mind on board, and we went to work again.

'I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool, said he, 'if you will be men.'

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed on the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said:

'Judge P——, do you recognize me?'

I told him that I was not aware that I had ever seen him till I stepped aboard his ship.

'Do you remember the boy in search of a geography years ago, in Cincinnati?'

'Very well, sir; William Haverly.'

'I am he,' said he. 'God bless you.'

'And God bless you, noble Captain Haverly.'

SLEEP THE BEST STIMULANT.

The pulpit, the bench, and bar, the forum, have contributed their legions of victims to inebriated habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, have filled, but too often, the drunkard's grave. Now that the press has become such a great power in the land, when the magazine must come out on a certain day, and the daily newspapers at a fixed hour, nothing waits—everything must give way to the inexorable call for copy; and sick or well, disposed or indisposed, asleep or awake, the copy must come. The writer must compose his article, whether he feels like it or not; if he is not in the vein of writing, he must whip himself up to it by the stimulus of drink. Some of the greatest writers of the country have confessed to the practice, on urgent occasion, of taking a sip of brandy at the end of every page or even oftener. It may have escaped the general reader's notice that more men have died young, who have been connected with the press of our great cities, and that, too, from intemperance, than in all the other educational callings put together—young men whose talents have been of the first order, and gave promise of a life of usefulness, honor, and eminence.

The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too week to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of brain power, the only actual renewal of brain force. Because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of the consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritious particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropiate to itself those nutritious praticles during the state of rest, of quiet, and of stillness in sleep.

Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves—they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst or starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The incapacity of the brain for receiving recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant, loses sense, and is an idiot. It was under circumstances of this very sort in the very middle of a sentence of great oratorical power, one of the most eminent minds of the age forgot his idea, passed his hand upon his forehead, and after a moment's silence said, "God, as with a sponge, has blotted out my mind." Be assured, readers, "There is rest for the weary" only in early and abundant sleep, and wise and happy are they who have firmness enough to resolve that, "By GOD's help I will seek it in no other way."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WHAT TO DO.—Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotic. If you begin this you must keep right on with it till it leads to ruin; or if you pause, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all the wretched men his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debaunch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same troubles again. That which was at first fearful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing and exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them. You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go a-loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake by your tossings, spoil your wife's temper and your own breakfast in the morning, and begin to-morrow feeling far worse than to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time heals, and perh[redacted] can never be healed at all, but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind them with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an official remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental moral disease. It operates kindly and well, having no disagreeable sequel, and we assure you we have taken large quantities of it with the most beneficial effects. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the *materia medica*, and comes nearer being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Exchange.*

OUR PUBLIC MEN.—The following sketch of our Great Men, which we copy from the Chicago *Tribune*, shows what it cost to be *Great Men*:

Jefferson died comparatively poor; indeed if Congress had not purchased his library, and given him for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manucript papers and paid $30,000 for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died in New York so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of his friends.

John Quincy Adams left some $50,000, the result of industry, prudence, and inheritance. He was a man of method and economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich. Throughout his political life he looked out for his interest. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings in politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Daniel Webster squandered a million in his life, the product of his professional and political speculations. He died leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than $20,000, while the latter exceeded the sum of $250,000.

Henry Clay left a handsome estate. It probably exceeded $100,000. He was a prudent manager and an honest man in all his transactions.

James K. Polk left $150,000, $50,000 of which he saved from his presidency of four years.

John Tyler left $20,000. Before he reached the Presidency he was a bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means and then married a rich wife.

☞ Some young men got hold of a bustle and were proceeding to an examination, when one wrote the following:

Young man, spare that bustle!
Touch not a single "pape;"
That woman had an awful tussel
To get herself in shape.

The Humbold jousnal's poct brings out the following new version:

Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas always on its muscle;
She pulled the wool out of its back
And stuffed it in her bustle.

FAME.—"Mr. Speaker," exclaimed a member of the Arkansas Legislature, "my colleague taunts me with a desire for fame. I scorn the imputation, sir. Fame, sir! What is fame? It is a shaved pig with a greased tail, which slips thro' the hands of thousands, and then is accidentally caught by some fellow that happens to hold on to it. I let this greased quadruped go by me without an effort to clutch it, sir."

☞ Mark Twain, a few months after his first baby was born, was holding it on his knee. His wife said:

"Now confess, Samuel, that you love the child!"

"I can't do that," replied the humorist, "but am willing to admit that I do respect the little thing for it's father's sake."

SIR FLETCHER NORTON was noted for his want of courtesy. Pleading one day before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say: "My Lord, I can illustrate the point of my own person—I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with his usual bland smile, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher!"

☞ A writer tells of a colored woman who had been lately converted, but was so unfortunate as to fly into a passion over the misdoings of one of her neighbor's youngsters. Her mistress remarked upon the impropriety of misconduct in the case of one about to join church, and received this response: "I have 'sperienced religion, an' I's gwine to join the church, but Miss B——, I'll scald dat nigger furst."

☞ Thirty years ago, a man living near La Crosse, Wis., sold a pair of boots for a gun, traded the gun for a pony, sold the pony for thirty acres of swamp land, and now owns sixty-six city lots, worth $800 each.

☞ "It's forty years, John, since we were boys together." "Hush! not so loud! There's a young widow in the next room."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0784