CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. NO. 25.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I love the flowers. I love their tints and graces,
Their radiant beauty, and their odors sweet;
And everywhere I look on their bright faces,
I hold their presence sweet.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no garden,
Where Spring's first breath in the pale snow-drop blows;
And where the perfect June to its fair warden
Pays fief in blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride—
White seals of faith, too strong and pure to falter,
Whatever lot betide.

Nor welcome less pale flowers before the chancel
That quivering hands upon the coffin spread,
Where their celestial beauty seems to cancel
The dust-doom of the dead.

Oh, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,
To crown the pallid bride of Love or Death;
[illegible] has no gloom beyond the spell of [illegible]dness
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion
That lifts the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's passion,
And faint heart seeks Christ's grace.

On either side the consecrated preacher,
Like priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—
These pulpit flowers recall the perfect Teacher,
By His own hand ordained.

With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,
That make the world beside a [illegible]
bidder,
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from ea[illegible]
chalice
My ardent soul makes incense c[illegible]
that rise
Beneath my prayers up to my King[illegible]
palace,
In heaven's unfathomed skies.

Each perfect crest and crown of [illegible]
beauty,
By faith translated to my soul, bec[illegible]
A blossom on the barren rod of dut[illegible]
And covers it with blooms.

And if, than empty speech, I choose[illegible]
rather,
Their sweet, dumb lips to eloq[illegible]
shall break;
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll g[illegible]
Sweet lessons for His sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloo[illegible]
Sunday,
To whose sweet thought provides t[illegible]
thanks and love:
I pray their hands twine brighter [illegible]
lands one day,
In Paradise above.

☞ Not long ago one of the most [illegible]
brated women of the demi-monde o[illegible]
is committed suicide by throwing h[illegible]
out of the window of her lodgings. [illegible]
was a Spaniard, Madame Pepita Sanc[illegible]
Her admirers clubbed together and [illegible]
her a sumptuous funeral. The bo[illegible]
in state. The spectacle attracted c[illegible]
Each frail sister inscribed her na[illegible]
made her mark in a book kept fo[illegible]
purpose, and left her portrait in a [illegible]
near by. The coffin was superbly m[illegible]
ed in silver, and, after services i[illegible]
Church of the Madeleine, it wa[illegible]
temporarily in a vault of that chu[illegible]
await the arrival of the husband, [illegible]
had been separated from Madame Sa[illegible]
for years. The husband came: so[illegible]
furniture, the articles of luxury, th[illegible]
tle personal effects of his wife. The[illegible]
ding was spirited, and ten thousand [illegible]
lars was realized, which the hus[illegible]
pocketed. He declined to pay for th[illegible]
cupation of the vault at the Madel[illegible]
or for the removal of the body. [illegible]
funeral expenses he utterly repudia[illegible]
He said he was only too happy to be [illegible]

A SHARP TEMPTATION.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Of "Fortune's buffets" James Watson felt he had borne his full share. Why, then, turn his back upon her favors, if at last she chose to offer them?

So James Watson asked himself, on finding that the pocket book he had just picked up contained a handsome sum of money.

"But it's not mine," he reflected, "and the owner may be discovered.

"Don't be a fool!" he answered to himself, with the customary rudeness of one getting the worst of the argument.

"It's not your business to look after the owner. Others have not dealt so justly by you, that you need put yourself out much on account of some others."

Bad reasoning, surely, but if James Watson yielded to it, it was not without palliation. The failure of his employer had lost him his situation, besides a considerable arrearage of wages. The bank in which he had deposited his savings had broken, and at last the wolf was at the door.

He had been out all day seeking employment without finding it. At home he had left an invalid wife and a child crying for bread. To carry them nothing back but disappointment, he could not bear to think of. He had continued his search until hope had become hopeless, and was moodily bending his steps homeward, when his eyes fell on a pocket-book at his feet, which he eagerly picked up, and which he found, on inspection, to contain a sum much larger than he had ever before possessed.

Having snubbed his conscience into silence, James Watson hastened to seek the humble home he had a moment before shrunk from entering.

"Dot any supper for Charley, papa?" were the first words that greeted him.

"Charley shall have a nice supper tonight," he answered, taking up the child and kissing him.

"Look here, Mary," he exclaimed, displaying his treasure before the astonished eyes of his wife.

"Where did you get it?" she asked, [illegible]

possession, he might, in some way, be compromised.

"Sorry," said the old gentleman; "I wished to see him particularly. I'm a lawyer, you see," he added abruptly.

Mary was all in a tremble. She was sure now it was the pocket-book he had come about.

"But stay," said the old gentleman, jumping up, "is that your family Bible?" And before Mary could answer he had the book open, and was closely comparing the family register with a memorandum he had taken from his pocket.

"Quite right!" he muttered to himself.

"Now then," he resumed, "I have a most unpleasant piece of news to tell, and may as well out with it."

Mary trembled still more violently. Possibly James had been found with the pocket-book in his possession, and charged with stealing it.

"Your husband had an uncle Edward," the stranger continued—a wild dog Ned was—in fact, we were a pair of wild dogs together, he and I. Well, he ran away, and was never heard of till after he had died a millionaire in a strange land. By his will, duly forwarded to me, and in which I am named as executor, the bulk of his fortune is left to his nephew, your husband, of whom, it seems, he had somehow gained intelligence.

Mary was so much agitated fully to comprehend the old gentleman's statement. She waited for him to continue.

"Now for the storm," said he. "By George I wish your husband was here! I'd rather face twenty men than one woman in such a case."

"I'm at a loss to understand you, sir," was all that Mary could answer.

"You will soon," he returned; "the will's lost! Now you may think it makes but little difference, seeing the contents are known, which only proves how little women know of law. A will has no effect till it's proved, which it can't very well be without a thing produced. 'How came it lost?' you were going to ask. Quite a proper question on cross-examination, and I take no exception to it. Well; it was through my own stupid carelessness. I dropped my pocket-book somewhere yesterday—"

"And I found one," said James Watson, who had entered at this point.

"Found one!" cried the lawyer; "what was it like?"

James described it, stating accurately the amount of money in it.

"Confound the money!" interrupted the other—"were there any papers?"

"A sealed packet and some memoranda," James answered. "But you can soon see for yourself that everything is right. I have just placed the pocket-book and its contents in the hands of a reliable person to be taken care off till the owner is discovered."

"Huzza!" cried the old lawyer, tossing up his hat. "You're an honest fellow, and deserve your good luck."

When a few words of explanation had enabled James to comprehend the allusion to his luck, he blushed a little at the compliment to his honesty, which he felt was more due to Mary than himself, then turned pale as he reflected that but for her unswerving sense of right, his own hand would have committed to the flames the means of rising to affluence, from the depths of want, those for whom he would have periled life, and had so nearly periled honor.

The pocket-book and contents were promptly identified. In due time the will was proved, and James Watson, the humble clerk, is now a man of wealth. Mary is as good and gentle as ever. But we doubt if little Charlie's suppers are eaten with as keen a relish as when hunger sharpened appetite.

☞ A gentleman who lives in Danbury recently read an article setting forth the evil of two persons sleeping together. He became so impressed with the argument, that he proposed to his wife that they sleep in separate beds, and she acquiesced. The experiment was put in practice that night. About two o'clock in the morning the lady was awakened by some one stealing softly into her bed, and, on uttering a scream was greatly relieved to find it was her husband. It had grown cold in the night, and he concluded if he had to die any way, he might as well go off quietly with a nervous attack, as to be frozen dead in a grotesque attitude.

MATCH-MAKING BY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Singular as it may seem, the system of match-making and marriage by advertisement has become an earnest reality in London, and is so admitted by the respectable press of that city. This advertising is done mainly through the columns of a weekly newspaper called *The Matrimoial News*, which is sold on the streets by newsboys, and meets with rapid sale. *The Pall Mall Gazette* thus speaks of the operations of this new branch of journalism:

"The editor of that journal is the match-maker of the nineteeth century, and his paper appears to be established on principles of the most businesslike description. In every number the reader may review some 300 candidates for marriage, and for one shilling an advertiser may describe his or her attractions, provided the same be done in less than forty words. Questions of difficulty or delicacy referring to courtship are answered gratuitously in these columns, privately for twelve stamps, personally for five shillings; a fee of five shillings is also required one month after any marriage is brought about by this machinery. We are assured that the business is *bona fide*, that confidence and secrecy are strictly observed, and, if we are to believe the editor, hundreds of marriages have resulted from his labors."

In Europe it was formerly held to be most fitting that parents or near relatives should take the initiative when a match was to be made between in different parties, so far as the women were concerned, while the other sex, I presumed, could look out for themselves. But it appears that there are many men incompetent to to do this, and innumerable young women and widows, who have neither father, mother, or relative able and willing to assist them. What, then, is to be their fate? How avert the misfortune which threatens them? Hence the establishment of *The Matrimonial News*, which declares that marriage is the ultimated destiny of most men, and it is thought to be the object and chief business of all women. The *modus operandi* of this innovation upon the old order of things is said by *The Pall Mall Gazette* to be as follows:

"The real name, address, and photograph of each candidate are deposited with the editor, the advertisement appears, and those who like, correspond in the *Matrimonial News*, at first by numbers, like convicts: No. 6,000 replies to No. 6,010, avowing that the particulars suit, and that he desires and exchange of photographs. This is done through the editor, who then, if both parties wish it, places them in direct private correspondence with each other on condition of receiving a fee (amount not stated.) Assuming that all this has occurred, it is probably that the personal appearance is equal to the photodraph, and the second to cause their respective lawyers to inquire as to the fortune of the lady and the "ample private means" of the gentleman. For it is a most noteworthy fact, and one which extorts our admiration, that not only fortune-hunting in these advertisements is conspicuous by its absence, but that instances of extreme disinterestedness abound, so that men of private fortune or ample means expressly states that money on the lady's side is of no moment."

Of the absence of all evidence of fortune-hunting in the vast accumulation of these advertisements in *The News*, *The Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Out of nearly two hundred, not above twenty make it a neccessary qualification. One, indeed, whose list of attractions is not of a solid order, asks for that of which he apparently has none. 'The young son of a good country family, aged twenty-nine, fair, five feet ten inches, has *entre* to best society, traveled a great deal, domestic, fond of country life, is a good shot, rides well, wishes to marry, but requires a wife with means.' A clergyman 'possessed of good means, who desires to form the acquaintance of a young pretty, well educated lady,' to his eternal honor, adds that 'money, though an advantage, is not an essential;' while 'Achilles, who is an author and man of refinement and position, with means independent of his profession,' only demands, good sense and ladylike graces with a lady under forty. A noble, as[illegible] loving [illegible]onsive [illegible]herous [illegible]e that [illegible] as the [illegible]ing, af[illegible]ghly do[illegible]odestly [illegible]oking,' [illegible]. One [illegible]evoted [illegible]eady;' [illegible]able i[illegible]hat she [illegible]encum[illegible] a nice [illegible]ut feel[illegible]partner;' [illegible]and Juno[illegible]ld prefer a [illegible] widower.

Many have 'fascinating manners, or are well connected and educated. Of widows, who are supposed to understand what man requires, a large majority declare that they are 'jolly;' while only two young ladies plead guilty to that quality. A considerable number candidly state that they have nothing beyond a faithful, loving heart and willing disposition to offer; but fortunes of from £150 to £200 and £350 per annum, or from £3,000 to £5,500 down, with good expectations, are common in these columns. One has golden hair and a yearly income;' another, 'though poor and not without faults, is not to be bought with money.' There is a case which is appalling, if true. 'An heiress of noble family, aged twenty-four, very handsome, with £720 a year from large landed estates, is a splendid pianist, harpist, speaks French and Italian, and rides and drives,' is yet driven to the *Matrimonal News*. It is right to mention that she 'will only correspond with a gentleman of good birth.' Of these gentlemen not one has the courage to state that he is short in stature. They mostly describe themselves as good-tempered, tall, 'considered fine-looking,' 'think that they can make a wife' or, sometimes, 'any reasonable woman happy,' of good position, &c. Many affirm that they are in possession of landed estates or of appointments bringing in £1,000, £1,500, £2,000 per annum, if which, if true, is a matter easily verified. 'An heir to a considerable estate,' having no doubt observed the satisfactiory results in business, 'a V. S. examination is allowed,' mentions that he is of sound health and unimpaired constitution, valuable qualities indeed in either man or woman which we should like to see more in request than is now the case. There are also advertisements from farmers and tradesmen who wish for economical, managing helpmates. As we have observed, 'fortune is rarely the essential, but good looks, education and refinement are demanded; in some instances beautiful and musical talents are coupled together. Several wish to be married before Christmas; others entreat for speedy replies, as they are going to India, and one wishes to marry 'at once'—that he is a major in the army with good means, and all he desires is a lady of good connections not over thirty-five.

"The strangest part of the traffic presents itself when we regard the social position of the candidates. In one batch there are two noblemen, two colonels, a member of three learned societies, barristers, physicians, missionaries, squires, with beautiful residences and good fortune, country magistrates, and numberless naval and military officers; a French lady of title, two English ditto, one having a jointure of £3,000 per annum, two heiresses, whereof one is a ward in chancery, entitled to large landed property on coming of age; some half-dozen of noble family or of ancient lienage; and above the rest in point of urgency is an application from a widow lady and her three daughters all wanting husbands and having independent income. Surely this is, to say the least of it, very strange. On another point a few words of warning seem needed.

"Certain of the candidates desire to correspond with too many of the other sex at once. Thus a bachelor, No. 5,371, 'desires to correspond, with no fewer than nine ladies; an Italian, No. 6,456, with seven. The daughter of a deceased officer wishes to hear from eight gentlemen, and Emmeline, who is the offender-in-chief, wishes to correspond with as many as fourteen. Such a course of proceedings is hardly fair, nor is it promising of future happiness, for if marriage accomplished proves unsatisfactory, the nucleus of regret, if not of discontent is already formed 'If I had only taken 5,432 instead of 6,320,' he or she will say, 'so should I have been blessed, whereas now,' &c. It is hardly to be supposed that of 350 weekly advertisers all represent impostures, and we are assured (though we remain doubtful) that detection and exposure are the results of any attempt at a hoax. If our men and women are so driven by circumstances that they can find suitable companions by no other method than this, so be it. Many there may be who marry in haste and repent an leasure; but according to Congreve there is a worse fate possible.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

A good story is related of a wealthy London banker, who is very good natured but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest, and highly intellectual.—those qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good-will. He was as poor as his salary, and had no connections to push him after fortune.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children.

I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were of course, no attentions, on the part of the young, man others than extremely delicate, reserved and most proper.

This will almost always be the case with English youth, as Americans well know. Don't 'ahem' after this.

The youth, in spite of two or three day's invitations to the banker's to breathe fresh air and clean his lungs of London fog and smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

'I cannot make out what is the matter with my clerk,' said the banker to a *confrere* who was in the office with him, after the youth had brought in some appers.

'Well, you are green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience,' said banker number two. 'Don't you see what is the matter? He's in love.'

'In love! bah! He is modestly and propriety itself.'

'I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would.'

'Oh the haughty old fool; my clerk is as good his daughter, and be hanged to him. Thank you for the hint.'

As soon as banker number two had disappeared the young clerk was called in.

'So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's the secret is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir? The youth was silent.

'Well, my boy, I pity you; but I will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair she is worth running a risk for. Look here, there are two hundred pounds, and two month's leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid! I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me.'

The clerk fell on his marrow bones, and was upon the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man arose and left precipitately to avoid a scene.

The young man considered, and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house.

The house was in consternation, and a search was made in every direction.

A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one inclosed from the young clerk, stating that believing the banker meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on the suggestion, and ere his 'father-in-law' had received the letter he would be his son-in-law.

The pill was bitter, and the joke a terrible one again st him, but the banker was a good natured man, and hated ridicule, so he took the bull by the horns at last, and openly declared that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and that he was aware, all the time, whom his clerk was going to run away with.

DID NOT WANT HIS INSURANCE.

A STORY TOLD BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

'Soon after I had commenced the practice of my profession in Boston,' said Mr. Webster, 'a circumstance occurred which forcibly impressed upon my mind the sometimes conclusive evidence of silence; and I wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as a divinity.

'A man in New Bedford had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of our insurance offices in Boston. One day news arrived in Boston that this ship had suddenly taken fire, and been burned down to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which Gen'l. Arnold Wells was president and myself attorney.

'Gen. Wells told me of the misfortune that happened to the company in the loss of the vessel so largely insured; communicating to me at the same time, the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

'Do you intend,' I asked him, 'to pay the insurance?'

'I shall be obliged to do so,' replied the General.

'I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss that the ship was set on fire with the intention to defraud the company out of the insurance.'

'But how shall we prove that? and what shall I say to Mr. L——, when he makes application for the money?'

'Say nothing,' I replied; but hear quietly what he has to say.'

'Some few days after this conversation, Mr. Blank came up to Boston, and presented himself to Gen'l. Arnold Wells at the insurance office. Mr. Blank was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well-brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever you might think of him, you would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that when he spoke he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. Gen. Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in his right eye.

'I was not present at the interview, but I have heard it often described by others who were. Gen. Wells came out from an inner office, on the announcement of Mr. Blank's arrival, and fixed him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously, but calmly. Mr. Blank looked at Gen. Wells with his sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he sought to turn the General's right flank.

'They stood thus, with their eyes cocked at each other, for more than a minute before either spoke; when Mr. Blank thought best to take the initiative.

'It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cold.'

'It is, as you say, Mr. Blank, a pleasant, though rather cold day,' replied the General, without taking his eye from its range.

'I should not be surprised, General,' continued Mr. Blank, 'if we should have a fall of snow soon.'

'There might be more surprising circumstances, Mr. Blank, than a fall of snow in February.'

'Mr. Blank hereupon shifted his foot, and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from the desperate attempts to conceal his embarrassment.

'When do you think, General,' he inquired, after a pause, 'that Congress will adjourn?'

'It is doubtful, I should think, Mr. Blank, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly.'

'Do you hear anything important from that quarter, General?'

'Nothing, Mr. Blank.'

'Mr. Blank by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told, one is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he begins to see no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did not know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to regain self-possession, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

'He never returned to claim the money.'

THE QUARREL ABOUT CREEDS.

The simple faith the Saviour taught
We change, remodel and refine;
We waste a world of skill and thought,
To carve and gild the work divine.
Our architects cannot agree,
Each tries to suit his tastes or needs;
While millions lack a shelter, we—
We quarrel about creeds.

Our breeders of religious stock
Their own superior skill maintain;
Each owner of a little flock
Exalts the merits of his "strain."
All, in their own opinions set,
Boast of their pure and perfect breeds;
The people may go hungry; yet
We quarrel about creeds.

Many there are who till the soil;
But they are foes who should be friends,
They waste their time in fruitless toil,
And labor for their seperate ends.
The fresh, strong plant we seldom see,
Sprung from the Savior's simple seeds;
The people starve and die; but we—
We quarrel about creeds.

Plain words and harsh are these, but true;
We labor hard to gain a loss;
Christians in Christian lands are few;
Small is the Army of the Cross.
O'er systems still we fume and fret,
Neglect the wheat, and till the weeds,
The world looks on in wonder; yet
We quarrel about creeds.

Not such the Saviour's easier art—
His simple words may still be read,
"Love thou thy God with all thy heart,
Thy neighbor as thyself!" he said.
But our improved theology
Splits hairs with words, purblind to deeds.
The heathen shake their heads: while we,
We quarrel about creeds.

The drowning soul, bewildered, sees
A hundred ropes before his eyes,
Unknowing which to choose of these—
Clutches a straw at last, and dies.
Could all be woven in a net,
It might secure salvation's needs;
But sinners doubt and drown; and yet
We quarrel about creeds.

Then let us heed the simple rule—
The only law—the law entire—;
The teaching of the Saviour's school,
That satisfies the soul's desire;
And let us hold in unity
The truth from which all truth proceeds,
Nor teach the world to doubt; while we
Still quarrel about creeds.

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