The Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1876. NO. 6

"BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let him look about who wanders,
And he'll surely find.
When he notes where Fortune squanders,
That she *must* be blind,
Gilded Ignorance will jostle
Poor Wit from the wall;
While brute Wealth pursues its wassail,
Worth *waits* in the hall;
And when such strange things confound us
Well may come the thought,
Oh! how many there are round us,
"Better fed than taught."

When we see a stately madam,
In some lofty place,
Proud as any child of Adam,
Of her worldly grace—
When we hear her lips enweighing,
Bitterly and long,
Against some lowly sister, straying
In the path of wrong—
When she breathes the loud decrying,
As no Christian ought—
Charity keeps gently sighing,
"Better fed than taught"

When we find a Priest, who groweth
Greater every year,
Taking corn that Labor soweth,
When 'tis in the ear—
When we see his heart get thinner
As his tithes increase,
Snatching from the helpless sinner
All he can of fleece—
When we find such saints defaming
Creeds with mercy fraught—
Tell me, who can help exclaiming,
"Better fed than taught."

When we see a young man leaning
Idly on his gold,
Large in speech, but small in meaning,
Out of danger, bold—
When we see him rude to Weakness,
Insolent to Age,
Trampling on the words of Meekness,
With a braggart's rage—
When we note the revel vision
Of his brain distraught—
Wisdom sneers, in cold derision,
"Better fed than taught."

When some little miss or master
Fresh from desk and form,
Manages to spread disaster
In a household storm—
When they cry for "moons" above them,
And for "chimney bricks"—
When they cling to those who love them,
With most filial kicks—
Let us brand such olive blossoms,
As wise people ought,
And hang this label on their bosoms,
"Better fed than taught."

Good sooth! we must mend our manners,
One and all and each,
Or Shame will leap and plant her banners
In some moral breach
When Prosperity's broad table
Yields us all we ask,
'Tis to make us strong and able
For some Duty-task;
Let us feast, but let us render
Goodly deed and thought,
Lest our lives bear this addenda,
"Better fed than taught."

EFFIE MASON,

OR

Bread Cast Upon The Waters.

BY OLIVER BELL.

CHAPTER I.

One bitter cold morning in mid winter, two school girls tripped down the marble steps of a brown stone palace on a fashionable avenue up town, and walked briskly along the almost deserted pavement.

'My! how dreadful sharp the air is!" cried Gertie Morton, a bright, dark-eyed brunette of fifteen years, as she held her sable muff to her face to ward off the piercing winter wind. She was warmly and richly clad in furs and soft cashmere, as was also her companion, a delicate blonde with blush-rose cheeks and thoughtful blue eyes.

'Yes,' she said, shivering slightly, 'I had no idea it was so cold. Last night must have been a bitter night to the poor scarce of fuel.'

'Poor, Effie! you'er always in a ferment about something. Let the poor look out for themselves. We are comfortable,' laughed Gertie, her plump cheeks crimson with cold and exercise.

'Gertie?' Effie Mason turned her blue eyes on Gertie with a reproachful glance; 'How can you be so thoughtless? Do you never think of Alice Carey's beautiful lines:

"None are too low, and too poor,
For hope to come down to.
And none, in the world's brightest places,
Are sure of keeping the heights they have won."

'God made us all, Gertie, rich and poor, and it is through His goodness we are among the fortunate instead of the unfortunate.'

'Ugh! for goodness sake, Effie, don't begin a sermon. The cold is enough to bear without being twitted about a body's sins.'

'You need a little touching up, Gertie. It's only right for us to help and comfort the poor and needy. 'Inasmuch as ye give it unto the least of one of these, ye give it unto me,' the Saviour says. And out of your abundance how much do you give to the poor?'

'Not a cent,' laughed her. 'O, yes, I do! I put something into the contribution box every Sabbath; but like as not that goes into some deacon's pocket.'

'Gertie, what a heathen you are!'

'Not a worse one unconverted, my dear. Bless me! what's that?'

The girls had turned into an alley to shorten the route to school and avoid the piercing east winds, and Gertie's toe had touched something lying in the shadow of a large building. Effie fearlessly stooped over the bundle of rags.

'A man almost frozen to death!' cried she, throwing down her satchel and muff, and lifting up the man's gray head she looked into the withered face pityingly.

'Effie, you must be a goose, angrily cried Gertie, 'come on and let the man lie there. How do you know but what he is dead drunk?'

'Hush!' Effie gently dropped the man's head as his eyelids suddenly unclosed.

'No, miss, I'm not drunk,' he said, in a faint whisper. 'But I'm starving with hunger, and I think I must have fainted from weakness.'

'Poor old soul!' ejaculated Effie; 'Here, Gertie, let us lift him to his feet.'

Effie caught one of the cold hands in her own, and Gertie, with many a sniff of contempt took hold of the other, and in an instant the bundle of rags was on his feet.

'There,' cried Effie, with childish delight, 'take this and get out of the cold as soon as possible.'

'Effie emptied the contents of her pretty netted purse into the shrivering palm, took off her fleecy white nubia and wrapped it around the aged man's unprotected neck and said cheerily:

'Now, if you need anything more call at No. 12 Madison Place, and ask for Effie Mason.'

The man, who in spite of his tattered clothing, looked honest and respectable, bowed his gray head a moment, as if invoking a blessing on the youthful head.

'God bless you and keep you always!' he said in a trembling voice as he moved away.

'I hope He will,' murmured Effie as she hurried after Gertie, 'for it would be terrible to be cast out of His favor. Better poverty, hunger, sorrow, anything but that.

'Effie Mason, you have the least pride of any girl I know,' was Gertie's stormy salute as Effie reached her side. And I want you to understand, Effie, that the next time you want to help a street beggar to his feet you need not ask my assistance.'

'Gertie, dear, do not be angry. I never could have left that man lying, half-starved, and almost frozen, such a morning as this in the open air. Have some charity—some pity for your suffering fellow mortals, Gertie—for, believe me, your life, and mine may be full of privations yet,'

'Perhaps so. But I wouldn't give my pocket money away to anybody. You have not a cent to buy *bon-bons*.'

'I can do very well without them. I have only done my duty, 'cast my bread upon the waters.'

'Bah!' laughed Gertie, running up the academy steps. 'I don't believe in any such nonsense.'

Effie Mason followed her school mate very thoughtfully. For Effie's goodness and religion were inborn, and Gertie's total want of every principle of benevolence and faith had long been a source of contention between them.

Both the daughters of successful merchants; both reared to every luxury, their future promised to be a happy and prosperous one.

Gertie Morton held everything beneath her in supreme contempt, snubbed her servants, badgered her dressmakers and made herself generally feared and disliked by the lower classes. While Effie, with a wisdom and thoughtfulness beyond her years comforted the afflicted, fed the hungry, and made life pleasant and sweet to many a struggling creature, who would willingly have laid down its heavy burdens.

Years sped on. Effie and Gertie grew up to womanhood, were the reigning belles of a season or two. But the panic laid its withering touch on Mr. Mason, and Effie disappeared from society; while Gertie finished her maidenhood by wedding a young man, reputed wealthy, and the heir to many hundreds of thousands.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Gertie Rollin, *nee* Morton, was lounging on a velvet sofa, before a glowing fire, one winter evening. She was a pretty, piquant brunette, with as bright a bloom on her cheeks as of old, but her eyes were restless and brow slightly disfigured by a frown that spoiled the warm beauty of the dark face.

'What a bore life is after all!' was her mental lament as she yawned over a new novel she had been trying to read. 'I wish Charley would hurry home from that funeral.'

Charley came in presently, a good-looking, free and easy sort of a fellow, who did not seem to care whether he were rich or poor.

'Well, my love,' yawned Gertie, 'your uncle Joe is buried.'

'Yes, Gertie, dead and buried,' dryly replied Charley, seating himself beside the fire, and unfolding the evening newspaper.

'Put that paper down,' was the wife's command, 'I want to hear the news. How much was uncle Joe worth?'

'Five hundred thousand.'

'You don't say so!' Won't that be a help to us?'

Mr. Rollin did not reply, but a curious smile flitted over his face.

'And he was once poor, you say?' she went on.

'Yes a sudden reverse of fortune left him without a dollar. He fainted on the street once from cold and hunger.'

'Poor old fellow!'

'Gertie!' Charley's voice was strangely stern. 'Do you remember Effie Mason?'

'To be sure I do. A goose of a little thing who patronized all the street beggars,' said Mrs. Rollin, who never quite forgave Effie for forcing her to touch that 'low creature.'

'Where is she now?'

'Bless me, how do I know. Her father failed years ago, and they went into cheap lodgings somewhere.'

'Well—she is uncle Joe's heir.'

'What?' Gertie was on her feet like a flash: has he not left his fortune to you?'

'Not a dollar of it,' grimly replied Mr. Rollin, who had the satisfaction of knowing that Gertie would not have married him but for that prospective fortune.—'Do you remember the old man Effie helped to his feet one bitterly cold morning ten years ago?'

'That—that—was not your uncle Joe?' Gertie cried in vexation.

'That was uncle Joe; and he never forgot how Gertie Morton sneered at his poverty. Effie's pocked money procured him food and lodging, and a sudden change in fortune brought him wealth. He leaves every dollar of it to Effie, who has been teaching music to keep herself and parents from actual starvation.'

'Provoking!' sniffed Gertie, as she left the room to take out her disappointment in a good cry.

'Provoking, indeed!' sighed Mr. Rollin, 'for I need the money. But uncle Joe never forgot a face or a favor.'

He went on in the dreary channel of an sinless, and fashionable life, while Effie—patient, long-suffering Effie rejoiced in the return of her 'bread cast upon the waters.'

THE ANNUAL SPRING FESTIVAL.

MODELED AFTER THE ANCIENT ROMANS, WITH BARBARIC SPLENDOR AND POMP.

Simon Wadso, returning home with his arms full of groceries and his mind full of contentment at the prospect of a well-served dinner, and a quiet, cosy evening in the bosom of his family, found his programme, on arriving at his house, upset, and the prospect of a quiet evening as badly shattered as a looking glass through which a cannon ball had passed. Instead of a waiting wife and dinner, a carpetless floor, soft soap bubles, and the furniture stacked in pyramids greeted him.

'Has there been a fire?' he meekly inquired of the servant girl, as he deposited his parcles on the coal scuttle, which had been converted into a corner ornament for the mantlepiece

'No, sir,' replied the usually neat girl, who appeared to be in an awful state of rags and soap suds.

Visited by an earthquake?' he calmly asked, lifting a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, and a wet dishcloth, off the crown of his best silk hat, and smoothing it on his coat sleeve.

'Sure the missus's house-cleaning, sur,' observed the help, waving a dripping scrubbing brush to and fro on the door.

The wife of his bosom entered at that moment, disguised with a patch of stove-black on her fair face, her nose fiery red from the cold, a pillow-case worn as turban, a badly torn dress festooned about her, and her feet encased in a pair of Wadso's Arctic overshoes.

'Good gracious, Maria, what's the matter?' he exclaimed; glancing from his badly damaged hat to his disreputable looking matrimonial partner.

'Why, I'm spring house-cleaning, and have got all the carpets up and out in the back yard for you to beat this evening,' she replied, in an exultant voice, 'and I'm so glad you'er back to help Anna and me move the stove.'

'Don't you think, love,' he said, gloomily, 'it would be better to hire a man to come in the morning and beat them? I'm—'

'Nonsense, I won't have a strange man here. You can just as well shake them as not,' she interrupted briskly brushing his eighteen dollar seal-skin gloves off the top of the sewing machine into a soft-soap puddle,

'When will dinner be ready?' he asked despondently, as he rescued his gauntlets and wiped them dry with his pocket-handkerchief.

'Oh, I had to let the fire go out to black the range. If you'er hungry, I'll get you something to eat,' she replied, leading the way into the kitchen, where, having fished up an ironing blanket, the family cat, a sun bonnet and some clothes pins out of the wash-boiler, a week-old mutton-bone and some buckwheat cakes were discovered, the table spread on the mantle-piece, and dinner was announced as ready.

Wadso groaned in spirit at the sight of the unsavory viands, and his appetite vanished like a boy's kite when the string breaks.

'Now, if you'er through, let's move the stove,' said Mrs. W., after allowing him seventeen seconds to worry the mutton-bone in.

Wadso rolled up his sleeves, mounted the kitchen table, gave a wrench at the pipe hard enough to haul an anchor out of the mud. The next moment the table had turned a back somersault, he had peeled the skin off his shins and knuckles by falling over the stove, and his wife stamping around, with tears in her eyes and about a peck of soot poured over her face.

There! I knew you'd do it,' screamed Mrs. Wadso, looking as if she was blackened for a negro minstrel performance.

Wadso made no reply, his attention being divided just then between his lacerated shins and a broken window through which he had driven the end of the infernal stove pipe.

'You did it on purpose, I believe,' sobbed his wife, wiping her face with her petticoat.

Wadso said nothing, but tugged away at the pipe, and after knocking down a bird cage, upsetting a glass lamp, ruining his clothes, and nearly jamming the eye out of Anna, who was passing, succeeded in getting it into the garden. He did not return just then, but spent the next two hours thrashing dirty carpets with a broom-handle, choking and blinding himself with dust, raising blisters on his hands, bumps on his head, and profanity sins on his conscience, that bottles of liniment and weeks of piety will scarcely effect a cure. When he did go in it was with the face of chimney-sweep, muscles aching, hands smarting, shins paining, eyes watering, and temper soured to such an extent that even the charms of the cold mutton-bone dished up again for his supper failed to entirely restore him to good humor.

Mrs. W., retired early, worn out with the duties of the day, and Wadsy having added up his grocer's and butcher's hooks washed himself at the kitchen sink with yellow soap, locked up the house, extinguished the gas, and went sadly, sorely and hungry to bed.

'Darnation!' he exclaimed, as he fell over the rocking chair, on entering the pitchdark room, and was kicked in the ear by the rocker.

'Oh, heavens, what a noise you are making!' screamed his wife from the bed.

'Why in thunder didn't you leave things where they belong?' he yelled as he tried to get out of the clutches of the floundering chair.

'It's your own stupid awkwarkness?' she answered.

'It's your confounded upsetting!' retorted Wadso, getting up on his feet an sitting down on the place where the bed used to stand.

'Good Lordy! what the d—l is this?' he yelled upon finding the bed gone, and he clutched wildly at a table to save himself from falling, dragging with him a globe of gold fish down upon his head with a crash.

'You'll brake everything in the house!' cried his wife, jumping out of the bed in the opposite corner and lighting the gas.

'House be ha-hanged, wo-wo-woman! I—I'm dr-drowned!' grasped Wadso, wringing the water out of his hair, eyes and shirt.

'It serves you right! Look at the mess you've made!' snapped Mrs. W., as she bobbed around in her night clothes to pick up her flopping fish and put them in the basin.

Wadso having got on his feet again, was about to reply, when he beheld the partner of his joys and sorrows suddenly drop the basin, kick out like a mule, and prance around the room on one foot, like a dancing dervish, finally collapsing in a groaning, moaning, sobbing, hysterical heap of bare feet, agony and sleeping raiment.

'Cramps, eh?' he inquired solicitously, as he wiped his neck dry with the corner of the counterpane.

'Much y-you'd care!' she sobbed, nursing her foot, after having extracted a full grown, well-developed tack she has stepped on.

'I'd sooner had the darned house burnt down than the way it is,' growled Wadso as he turned the gas out and himself into bed.

* * * * * * *

'I wish you'd carry that clock down to the parlor,' said Wrs. W., next morning, as he was about descending to the breakfast table.

Wadso took the clock into his arms, and preceded her, treading carefully down the stairs. He chanced to step on a piece soap, forgotten while scrubbing the day before, and after trying to kick the ceiling over his head and failing, his feet flew out, and he slid down the remainder of the flight with a velocity that threatened to carry him through the hall door at the foot, the old clock bounding after and striking him in the back of the head every second stair hard enough to loosen his back teeth.

'Mrs. Wadso sat down on the top step and began to cry, thinking that he was killed; but he arose after a minute and said:

'If you don't stop this darned house cleaning business right away, I'll get a divorce.'

He took his hat off the rack, jammed it over his eyes, went out, slammed the door after him, when his next door neighbor met him and said pleasantly:

'Ah, Wadso, good morning.'

'Go 'way from me,' he replied, 'or I'll smash you into a million.

☞ It turns out that the Western editor who wrote to Philadelphia indignantly refusing a deadhead pass on the condition that he must have his picture taken with it, is a squint-eyed man, with a hair lip and a broken nose.

☞ Schools to teach girls plain needle work are proposed in New York. It is needless to say that the success of such schools will prove only sew-sew.—*Norristown Herald.*

AMERICAN ACCOUNT.

Copy of a letter from Col. Philip Reed of the 1st Regiment of Maryland Militia, to Brig. Ben. Benjamin Chambert:

CAMP AT BELLE AIR,
3d Sept., 1814.

SIR—I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to seize from incessant labor, to inform you that about half-past 11 o'clock, on the night of the 30th ult., I received information that the barges of the enemy, then lying off Waltham's farm, were moving in shore. I concluded their object was to land and burn the houses, &c., at Waltham's, and made the necessary arrangements to prevent them, and to be prepared for an opportunity which I had sought for several days, to strike the enemy. During our march to the point threatened, it was discovered that the blow was aimed at our camp. Orders were immediately given to the Quarter Master to remove the camp and baggage, and to the troops to countermarch, pass the road by the right of our camp, and form on the rising ground about three hundred paces to the rear—the right towards Caulk's house, and the left retiring on the road, the artillery in the centre, supported by the infantry on the right and left. I directed Captain Wickes and his second lieutenant Beck, with a part of the rifle company to be formed, so as to cover the road by which the enemy marched, and with this section I determined to post myself, leaving the line to be formed under the direction of Major Wickes and Capt. Chambers.

The head of the enemy's column soon presented itself and received the fire of our advance party, at seventy paces distance, and being pressed by numbers vastly superior, I repaired to my post in the line, having ordered the riflemen to return and form on the right of the line. The fire now became general along the whole line, and was sustained by our troops with the most determined valor. The enemy pressed our front, foiled in this he threw himself upon our left flank, which was occupied by Capt. Chambers's company. Here too his efforts were equally unavailing. His fire had nearly ceased, when I was informed that in some parts of our line the cartridges were entirely expended, nor did any of the boxes contain more than a very few rounds, although each man brought about twenty into the field. The artillery cartridges were entirely expended. Under these circumstances I ordered the line to fall back to a convient spot where a part of the line was fortified, when the few remaining cartridges were distributed amongst a part of the line, which was again brought into the field, where it remained for a considerable time, the night preventing a pursuit. The artillery and infantry for whom there were no cartridges were ordered to this place. The enemy having made every effort in his power, although apprized of our falling back, manifested no disposition to follow us up, but retreated about the time our ammunition was exhausted.

When it is recollected that very few of our officers or men had ever heard the whistling of a ball; that the force of the enemy, as the most accurate information enables us to estimate, was double ours; that it was commanded by SIR PETER PARKER of the MENELAUS, one of the most distinguished officers of the British navy, and composed (as their officers admitted in a subsequent conversation) of as fine men as could be selected from the British service, I feel justified in the assertion, that the gallantry of the officers and men, engaged on this occasion, could not be excelled by any troops. The officers and men performed their duty. It is however but an act of justice to notice those officers who seemed to display more than a common degree of gallantry: Maj. Wickes and Capt. Chambers were conspicuous—Captain Wickes and his lieutenant Beck of the rifle corps, lieutenant Eunick and ensign Shriven of Captain Chambers's company, exerted themselves, as did Captain Hynson and his lieutenant Grant, Capt. Uscleton of the brigade artillery and his lieutenants Reed and Brown—Lieut. Tilghman who commanded the guns of the volunteer artillery, in the absence of Capt. Hands, who is in ill health and from home, was conspicuous for his gallantry, his ensign Thomas also manifested much firmness.

I am indebted to Captain Wilson of the cavalry, who was with me, for his exertions, and also to adjutant Hynson, who displayed much zeal and firmness throughout—to Dr. Blake, Dr. Gordon and to Isaac Spencer, Esq., who were accidentally in camp, I am indebted for their assistance in reconnoitering the enemy on his advance.

You will be surprised, sir, when I inform you that in an engagement of so long continuance in an open field, when the moon shone brilliantly on the rising ground occupied by our troops, while the shade of the neighboring woods, under the protection of which the enemy fought, gave us but an indistinct view of anything but the flash of his guns; that under the disparity of numbers against us, and the advantage of regular discipline on the side of the enemy, we had not one man killed, and only one sergeant, one corporal and one private wounded, and those slightly. The enemy left one midshipman and eight men dead on the field, and nine wounded; six of whom died in the course of a few hours. Sir Peter Parker was amongst the slain—he was mortally wounded by a buck-shot and died before he reached the barges, to which he was conveyed by his men. The enemy's force consisted of marines and musqueteers, was in part armed with boarding pikes, swords and pistols, no doubt intended for our tents, as orders had been given by Sir Peter not to fire. Many of these arms, with rockets, muskets, &c., have fallen into our hands, found by the picket guard under ensign Shriven, (Skirven?) which was posted on the battle ground for the remainder of the night. Nothing but the want of ammunition saved the enemy from destruction.

Attached are the names of the wounded; and as an act of justice to those concerned, I enclose you a list of every officer and soldier engaged in this affair. Certain information from the enemy assures us, that his total loss in killed and wounded was forty-two or forty-three, including two wounded lieutenants.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

PHIL. REED,
Lieut. Col. Commandant.

Benjamin Chambers, Brigadier General,
6th Brigade Maryland Militia.

Names of the wounded of Capt. Chambers's company—John Magnor, sergeant, slightly in the thigh. Philip Crane, corporal, a ball between the tendons and the bone of the thigh, near the knee.

Of Capt. Page's company—John Glanville, a private, in the arm.

WHAT IS DONE IN JUNE.

In June the land is sorely scourged with strawberry festivals and other devices which empty pockets and also disorder stomachs.

In June a man who can't afford his wife a hired girl can spend thirty cents a day for buck beer.

In June banana skins cripple more people than cannon balls.

In June croquet works woe with youthful hearts and youthful corns.

In June the tramp trampeth after anything but a plow.

In June the house fly becometh numerous once more, and, as of old, has no other ambition than to flop into the butter.

In June the contact of warm lips through wooden railings is diviner than at any other season of the year. Consequently it is the accepted time for swinging on front gates.

In June men invest in their pet base ball clubs, and their wealth never bothers them any more.

In June a man looks long and earnestly for his last summer clothes—and he finds only a pair of cheap vases.

In June asparagus appears on the table, and is as delicious as a dish of boiled clothes-pins.

In June Sunday schools pick up marvelously, preparatory to expected picnics.

In June all that a man hath, yea all that he can borrow, that will he give to see a base ball match.

In June little girls stretch cords across pavements, and "Jump the rope," and everybody that passes that way falls over the rope and wounds his nose.

In June radishes are strong enough for base ball bats, and barber's grease will blister the scalp of a cocoa nut on a single application.

In June Cupid and turtle doves are abroad, and the tender passion smites right and left.

In June a woman no longer wants a spring bonnet. She has repented her ways—she wants a summer bonnet.

☞ "There is one thing on which a husband and wife never have and never can agree, and that is on what constitutes a well-beaten carpet. When the article is clean it's a man's impression that it should be removed, and he's allowed to wash up and quietly retire. But a woman's appetite for carpet-beating is never appeased while a man has a whole muscle in his body. And if he waited until she voluntarily gave the signal to stop he might beat away until he dropped down dead. It is directly owing to his superior strength of mind that the civilized world is not a widow this day."—*Danbury News.*

☞ During an attack of "passenjaire" the devil of the *Cattaraugus Union* boiled over thus:

"The devil sat in the editor's chair,
And thusly spake to the compositair:
Pick, boys, pick with care;
Pick, ye lazy compositair.
And pi, pi, pi if ye dare;
Pi in the presence of the editair
If ye wish to hear him cuss and swear:
Then pick, boys, pick with care."

☞ Smith and Brown running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other.

"Oh, dear! how you made my head ring!" said Smith.

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"But didn't yours ring?"

"No."

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

☞ The obituary of a book agent says: "He was a man of marked composure of manner."

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