The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY SOUTHEY.

I.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many hereabout,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

V.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.

VI.

It was the English, Kasper cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

VII.

My father lived at Bleuheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

VIII.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene.
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay,—nay, my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

X.

And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

☞ Mullins is entirely bald, with the exception of a single lock, which he combs carefully over the side of his head. A short time ago some young ladies asked him for his photograph, and just for fun he had a picture taken of the top of his head. About a week afterward he went past the photographer's place and noticed an immense crowd studying a picture in the window. He looked in and found that that disgusting artist had painted a greatly enlarged picture of his bald head, with the black lock running around the edge, and had it labelled, "Eclipse of the moon, the phenomenon as it appeared at quarter past eleven." That picture was sent all over the world, and it is now filed among the archives of every scientific institution from Hong Kong to the Franklin Institute.

☞ The following letter from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes [illegible] some twenty years ago, is quoted to show that the price of literature has risen:

"My terms for a lecture, when I stay over night, are: Fifteen dollars and expenses, a room with a fire in it, in a public house, and if obliged to sleep on—not a feather bed. Do you write in your invitation accepting, I tell you at once all my [illegible] conditions. I am obliged to sleep in a cold room. I can't sleep on a feather bed. I will not go to [illegible] however much a little food [illegible] it is worth to me to go [illegible] for that night to gratify that common curiosity."

☞ I say there, sir, ex-President Chamberlain, of Williams College, during a tea-party some evening last year, was telling them that the custom of throwing rice in many places for the sake of their good luck arose in the days when rice was as much an article of food as potatoes are now. "Why," [illegible] "in Carolina, in the days when I was a boy, rice was so plenty that [illegible] used to throw it away by the bushel." [illegible] "Why, Mr. President, how could you throw away rice when it was worth [illegible] a bushel?" "Why, my dear [illegible] I didn't throw away the rice, I threw away the money."

A LAWYER'S PLOT.

'Quinlan, I am afraid this is an awful risky job.'

'Risky, you fool? What are you afraid of? As sure as I live, I never had an easier one as long as I was in this line of business, Jake Stalling. You see——'

'All I see is that, if we get caught, we'll swing, sure.'

Quinlan then burst into a loud, scornful laugh.

'You are a coward, Jake,' he said angrily.

'No, I ain't, d—n you, Quinlan,' retorted the other fiercely, 'but what you want me to do with you is simply to commit buglary, murder and arson!' he replied.

'Hang your big words!' cried Quinlan angrily. 'Call it as you please; but one thing is sure: if you leave me in the lurch, you can bet your pile on it that I will blow on Jake Stalling about the murder of old Mrs. Harrison, at Raleigh ——'

'Hush! Hush!' interrupted Stalling, looking round as if fearful lest anybody should have heard what Quinlan had said to him

'Wil you help me—yes or no?' asked Quinlan in a menacing tone.

'Yes, yes, but—'

'No ifs and buts here, Jake. So you will aid me. Very well. Now let me tell you there's no risk for us whatever in this little job. Old Birney is all alone with his two niggers and his yellow wench at his villa on the island. We paint our faces red and tackle the darkies first—they will be scared to death, and we can easily bind them hand and foot and then cut their old master's throat. Thereupon we ransack the place, take all the valuables we can carry off, and then return to the niggers. We will give them a few cuts and stabs, and then get away as fast as we can.'

'I thought we were to set fire to the villa after—'

'After killing the old chap?' said Quinlan. 'No Jake, I have changed my mind on that point. You see the blaze might attract attention in the neighborhood, and we might get caught. My plan is safer; everybody will suspect the niggers did it; and the niggers, you know, couldn't testify against us.'

'And what are you going to get for the job?' asked Stalling.

'Why, Mr. Byron, the old chap's nephew, going to give us $400 down, and $600 next week, besides what we shall find in the old chap's place,' said Quinlan.

This delectable conversation took place between two villainous-looking fellows near the Mountain Inn, some fifteen miles from Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, at a late hour in the afternoon of July 15, 1837.

Raleigh was at that time infested by gamblers, blacklegs and still worse criminals, and during the preceding four months no fewer than eleven murders had been committed in the town and its vicinity. But such was the apathy of both the authorities and the citizens of Raleigh that no serious steps had been taken to ferret out and bring to justice the perpetrators of these heinous crimes. Only one man, James Lancy, was in jail on a charge of murder. He was a fellow of the worst repute, and was suspected of having been a participant in other outrages.

His counsel was a young lawyer, William Byron, who was noted for his eloquence at the criminal bar, but who was generally disliked because he was known to be an inveterate gambler.

In his twenty-sixth year he had already run through with the large fortune which his father had left him, and since then he had frequently obtained loans of considerable sums of money from his uncle, Hiram Birney, a wealthy old bachelor, and a most eccentric man.

Mr. Birney had been disappointed in love many years before, and since then he had been frequently subject to fits of melancholy and hypochondria

His relations had all died except his nephew, Mr. Byron, and as he knew the besetting vice of the latter, he had as little intercourse with him as possible. He lived in the most profound seclusion in a villa which he had built a number of years previous on a beautiful little island in Reed Lake, a delightful little sheet of water, about fifteen miles from Raleigh. The grounds surrounding the villa had been transformed at considerable expense into a lovely little park.

The villa itself was a rather long, one-story dwelling building. Mr. Birney occupied the wing of it. He had there a well selected library, a sitting and dining-room, and a small bed-chamber, with a window opening upon the west side of the island. The other wing of the villa was occupied by two negroes, Edward and Duncan, who kept the grounds in order and did the household chores, while Mary, a bright mulatto woman, the cook and housekeeper, slept in the back room.

Three days prior to the conversation related at the beginning of our narrative, young Byron had visited his uncle at the latter's island home, and had asked him for a loan of $2,000.

Mr. Birney had flatly refused to grant his request.

'You are a gambler. Will' [illegible] to him. 'You will never get money [illegible] from me.

A stormy scene [illegible] between the two.

[illegible] Byron left the house.

Quinlan then returned to the frightened negroes and untied their hands.

Five minutes afetrward he was again in his boat, and rowed quickly back to the shore. He now began running at the top of his speed toward Raleigh, where he arrived breathless and exhausted at 3 o'clock in the morning. In fifteen minutes he had communicated what had occurred to Byron, who had been waiting for him.

'Stalling will be caught on the island, and he will swing for it, Mr. Byron,' she said. 'No one will believe his story, and we will be safe.'

He received his money, and half an hour afterward he had left the city. No one had seen him there.

At daybreak the frightened negroes ventured out of their bedroom Hearing a terrible noise in their master's bedroom they ran in dismay out of the house, and rowed in their boat over to the shore, where they breathlessly informed a tobacco planter, named Partridge, of what had taken place on the island.

Mr. Partridge aroused his neighbors, and an hour later a large force landed on the island. Stalling was still in Birney's bedroom. He was utterly exhausted and offered no resistance to the men, who tied his hands on his back and took him to Raleigh, where he was heavily ironed and locked up in a strong cell. The story which he told about Quinlan and Byron was utterly disbelieved, as Mr. Birney's negroes were positive that they had seen only Stalling, with his brick-red face.—Byron protested his innocence, of course, and took possession of his uncle's estate. He now had plenty of money, and when Stalling was put upon trial he managed to influence the bar of Raleigh in such a manner that the prisoner had no counsel. The result was that Stalling was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Byron chuckled over the success of his villiany, and he was determined to ruin the prisoner Lancy, and thereby silence all witnesses against him. Instead of getting him the promised change of venue he made only a sham defense for him; and Lancy, whom he had encouraged to the last moment, was likewise convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

When the dread sentence was passed upon Lancy, his daughter, who was present in the audience, rushed forward toward the judge. She was deadly pale, but looked determined and desperate. In hurried words she told the judge what she had heard in the jail at the time of Byron's interview with her father. The judge held a brief consultation with the prosecuting attorney, who then ordered the arrest of William Byron. Quinlan was never found. Stalling's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Byron got off with five years' imprisonment, and Lancy was pardoned on condition of leaving the State.

THE RIGHT TIME TO GET MARRIED.

One of the things which young people seem to be the most anxious to know, is "the right time to get married," as some of them put it

The great majority of young people are poor, and get comparatively small wages. They naturally suppose that if they get married it will cost more to live than it costs them while they are single. So the question with them is, Shall we marry while we are young and poor, or wait till we get older and better off? And that is the real question in their minds when inquire as to "the right time to get married."

There can be no rule laid down on this subject which will fit all cases. Some people are naturally so industrious and thrifty that they will get along under almost any circumstances. Others are so thriftless that they cannot get along under any circumstances. The right time for the first class to get married is whenever they choose to do so, while the right time for the other class to get married seldom comes at all.

A young couple who truly love each other, and are willing to work hard and live economically, and patiently build up their fortune little by little, may safely send for the clergyman as soon as it may be convenient. But young people who are lazy and extravagant, and care more for show than for solid welfare, should wait till they acquire correct notions of life and thrifty habits before they get married.

WHERE HE'D KNOWN IT TUESDAY.—A crowd of men were standing on Whitehall street yesterday discussing the election probabilities, when one of them remarked:

"You can Tilden only wants one more vote to elect him; he already has 184—one more vote will do the business."

A rough, earnest-looking fellow had listened to the conversation eagerly from the start, and when he heard about the one needed vote, he exclaimed:

"Wish to the Lord I had known that Tuesday, damn me if I hadn't walked fifty miles to put it in.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Times.*

☞ Is there a yeast manufacturer in America whose cohes didn't take the highest medal at the Centennial?

☞ It was a Baltimore woman who ran-sacked an old barrel and found it close to the stove to dry.

☞ The New York Sun calls Talmage the Dungeon of America. That can't be [illegible]

"LOVE,"

AN ESSAY,

BY

MRS. MARY E. B. STEPHENS,

READ BEFORE

THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION OF KENT COUNTY,

Nov. 21, 1876.

Mr. President and Teachers:—I have chosen for my subject a theme so trite and well-worn that I fear I may tire your patience, yet I do not think it has ever been considered among us in its bearings upon our school-work. It is love. Many of you may not agree with me when I say that one of the most important essentials of a successful teacher is love, both for the work and the pupil. You may think that if you do your work conscientiously you will have done all that is required of you. So you will, by law; but the children will know; they have such a keen sense of what is lacking; such fine perceptions, that they will soon feel whether it is love that guides the instruction or merely duty. I doubt not but you may teach them many things; but the true impulse, the mainspring, the life if I may so speak, will be wanting. The gardener, in rearing the tender plant, not only must have a love for his work but an affection for the plant, to be successful. He sows the seed, watches for the slightest evidence of growth, the tender germ is cared for, placed in the most favorable position, and every little shoot which appears is hailed with delight, carefully trained and pruned. So must you, fellow teachers, watch your pupils: sow the seed not only carefully but prayerfully; watch every evidence of interest, and try by every means in your power to foster its growth, try to guide in the right direction, show that you love your work, and not only the work but the pupils, and they cannot, will not fail to improve. I I am but a beginner in the work, I may say but in the vestibule of the temple of teaching, and it may seem to those who have penetrated farther towards the arena as if I were presumptuous in offering advice; but look around in the world and you will find in every pursuit of life that those who carry weight with them, who accomplish anything, are those who have a love for what they are doing, enthusiasm as we call it. Look at the minister—the highest calling on earth—only those who are thoroughly impressed with the importance of their Master's message and deliver it as if they loved the souls of those to whom they were sent, accomplish anything. The sculpter not only is filled with love for his art, but also with a love for the creations of that art. The machinist loves his work, and the ponderous engine, that seems to others but a grimy, black monster, is to him as a living creature, obedient to his every will, and loved accordingly. So with the painter: the work of his hand gradually grows before him on the canvass till his very soul is filled with delight, and he verily sometimes gives his life in exchange for these materialized visions which floated through his brain.

Teaching is a high and holy calling, for was not many of the world's greatest among our ranks. Yea, even the Master himself was called a teacher sent from God; he was filled with love for his pupils. Many may say, but his teaching was of holy, heavenly things, ours of the earthly. All knowledge, I hold, to be from God. When God created the Garden of Eden, he placed among other trees one of the knowledge not only of good but evil. It is the fault of mankind if knowledge is used for evil. If in obedience to His commands it will be for good—therefore, all knowledge must be good till misapplied, and it is from Him, for until He wills it we work in the darkness; when the fullness of time is come He then opens the minds and understandings of His creatures, and they receive what He wishes. America was on the other side of that mighty ocean many years before Columbus realized the dream of his lifetime; and yet God had not put it into the heart of man to dream of it. Season after season had apples fallen to the ground, but it was reserved for Sir Isaac Newton to discover the laws of gravitation. Many times had the heart of the cottager been comforted by the cheerful scene which soothed and charmed the youthful Watts as he sat by the bubbling tea kettle, but none save the one for whom such knowledge was destined arrived at the cause. And a most overwhelming proof lies in our own Franklin's discovering the identity of the lightning and the contents of the Leyden jar, mercifully protected by God during his experiment when others since have lost their lives in the same manner; how can we doubt that God destined him to be the recipient of these truths. And Morse, the inventor of the telegraph; well might that first message flash across the wires, "What hath God wrought." Then, my friends, if knowledge comes from God, let us not fail to give Him the glory by showing that we reverence His holy Word. Banish it not from our institution. Let it not be ignored as a subject [illegible] In fact, I never could see [illegible] taught without referring to that first of books. Let us not follow the example of many of the schools of Europe, send our pupils from us with memories and minds cultivated and their souls neglected; better remain in ignorance, for all, I judge, will concede that the educated infidel is the greatest evil in the world. Teach them to love truth, honesty and goodness, and to wish to possess them. Work, then, teachers, with an earnestness and enthusiasm that your pupils will catch your spirit, and you will give the cause of education such an impetus that the whole county will be carried as if by storm. You will meet with opposition, and the good time may be delayed, but never mind—

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be the heroes in the strife.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Ah, how skillful grows the hand,
That obeyeth Love's command;
It is the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love's behest,
Far exceedeth all the rest.

A STRANGER IN DANBURY.

He was a stranger to Danbury, and somewhat inebriated, we are sorry to say. Where he came from, and where he was going, were facts that did not transpire while he was among us. His first appearance was in the bank. There was an old gentleman at the patrons' desk laboriously indorsing a check. The stranger went up to him, and slapped him on the back, without ostentation. The old gentleman's pen was just in the act of completing the tour of the letter Z. The jar sent it up to the northwest corner of the paper, and thence drove it into the desk. The writer turned about in unmitigated astonishment.

"What do you want, sir?" he demanded, with his spectacles reeling around on the end of his nose from the effect of the shock.

"I come to see you about Taylor," said the stranger.

"Taylor? what Taylor?"

"Zach, of course; president, you know," explained the stranger, with an agreeable smile. "Lays down there now—not a stone to mark his grave, by Jinks!" and the stranger's face suddenly grew serious.

"What do I know about that?" said the old gentleman, hastily grabbing up the pen.

"Ain't you going to do anything about it?" demanded the stranger, catching hold of the desk to steady himself.

"Go way; you're drunk," pettishly exclaimed the old gentleman, discovering this and the horrid scratch on the check, both at the same time.

"Drunk yourself, you ole fool," retorted Mr. Taylor's friend, looking about for the man who stood back of the counter when he came in. Not seeing him, however, he gave the old gentleman a cordial invitation to go soak himself, and departed. The moment he got outside of the door, the cashier of the bank appeared from under the counter, and gazed absently at the ceiling.

The stranger next went into Morril's toy store. Mr. Morril, who is a thin, tall person, was endeavoring to sell a lady a horse and wagon artistically constructed of tin and elaborately colored.

"Good afternoon," said he, with a merchant's seductive smile.

"How are ye?" responded the stranger. "Are you the proprietor?"

"I am."

"Glad to see you. Will you just step one side a moment. I want to see you on special business."

Mr. Moril took the new comer to the end of the room, and then looked anxiously at him.

"You are nicely fixed here, I imagine," said the stranger, peering around. "Dolls with yaller hair, painted dogs, primers, tops, etcettery. Did you ever think," he suddenly added, "that while you stood in the midst of all this glitter like a god in a barrel of ice cream, the grave of President Taylor has no stone to mark the spot?"

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Mr. Morril, nervously glancing toward the waiting lady, "but you spoke of a matter of importance."

"Ain't it a matter of importance that the grave of the illustrious dead should be hid away under weeds like a bag of stolen apples?"

"I know, sir," said Mr. Morril, soothingly, "but you see I'm very busy just at present, and while I naturally feel a deep interest in Mr. Taylor's affairs, still there is a lady here to purchase a horse and wagon"—

"Of course, you are a man of business," gracefully consented [illegible] gimme ten cents, [illegible] Taylor has no [illegible] before night."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Mr. Morril moved back to the lady.

"Ain't you going to give me ten cents, you old skinny?" demanded the stranger, with a most unmentionable rise to his voice.

"What do you mean?" gasped the now mortified and greatly astonished merchant.

"I want ten cents for the illustrious dead," yelled Mr. Taylor's friend.

"You go out of this store, or I'll put out," threatened Mr. Moril.

"You'll put me out, will you, old flat stomach?" derisively snorted the stranger. "You'll pick me right up an' drop me in the gutter, I suppose, you old lath, and the grave of a president as bald as your skull. Gimme ten cents, I say, or I'll cut off your ears and shove you under the door."

Mr. Moril was struck dumb with horror.

"By Godfrey!" suddenly ejaculated the stranger, smiting his forehead in a paroxysm of grief, "to think of Zach Taylor down there waiting for an obelisk—a little tiny obelisk—and his only authorized agent snapped up by two quarts of bones in a borrowed suit of clothes. I won't stay in a town like this. I won't stay a minute longer. I shall go back of some freight-house and break my heart, and be laid away with laurel and spices."

An hour later he was sitting on a plank in the lockup, waiting for a freight-house and laurel and spices to come along.—*Danbury News.*

WHAT TO DO WITH TROUBLE.

Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum and narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on till it leads you to ruin—if you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is most painful, who having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakens from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head, and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which at first was painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable.

Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful and total wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard you hit something else hard—pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good solid absorbing work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking of them. You want sleep, 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 working, and go a loafing all day, to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your wife awake by tossing, spoil her temper and your own breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you did to-day.

There are some troubles that time heals, and perhaps some that cannot be healed at all, but all can be healed by the panacea, work. Try it, you who are thus afflicted.

☞ "A'n't you exprised to see me?" said a five-year-old girl, as she tripped into my house in the midst of a rain storm. "The rain fell over me like it ran down through a strainer, and I shook it off, but it wouldn't stay shooked. I asked God to stop, but there was big thunder in the way, and he couldn't hear me, 'ounderspeck: and I 'most know he couldn't see me, 'cause a black cloud got over my head as black as ——anything! Nobody couldn't see little girls through black clouds. I'm going to stay till the sun shines, and then, when I go home, God will look down and say, 'Why there is Mollie! She went to see her auntie right in the middle of the rain,' and I guess he'll be just as much exprised as you was!"

☞ A Texas paper has the following encouraging item:

"We happened into the country the other day, and while there saw a well-known young gentleman of our town going out to pick cotton. He was neatly dressed and wore a pair of buckskin gloves. It has been [illegible] that by close application from [illegible] sun till dewy eve, he can gather [illegible] thirty-six pounds of the fleecy staple."

☞ A meeting [illegible] children being [illegible] in a country [illegible], all were [illegible] except one man, who, on being asked why he did not weep as well as the rest, replied, "Oh! I belong to another parish."

What [illegible] is of no value unless divided [illegible]? A bile.

The reason [illegible] a smoking business [illegible] the trade.

Where [illegible] great failings all of little boys who try to ride on the [illegible] end of a [illegible]

[illegible] with scrupulous 'precision.' [illegible] [illegible] them as misfortune meth-[illegible]

[illegible] is always to be feared that they who [illegible] when they do not love, will not [illegible] when they do marry.

Why are women hard on clothes?—Because when they get a new suit they wear it out on the first day.

Why is a washer-woman the most proud person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

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