The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1877. NO. 44.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The quiet snow is falling,
The winter winds are calling,
And the hopeless, bitter day is drawing slowly to an end.
Beside my lonely fire,
My thoughts to thee aspire,
And my spirit in the silence clasps thy spirit-hand, my friend.

In the pleasant summer weather
We wandered on together,
By the silver-singing river and low-lying meadow-land,
When our love had newly thrilled us,
And its rapture newly filled us,
And we questioned not, nor doubted, two children hand in hand.

For us the birds were singing,
For us the winds were bringing
Sweet scents from wraith-like lilies that blossomed in the pond;
And the blue sky seemed to love us,
And the roses bent above us,
Laying fresh, red lips together, like lovers overfond.

Dost remember at the trysting
How I lingered by thee, listing
To the little Spanish ballad that such mournful burden bore?
Here in my life of sorrow,
Toil and struggle for to-morrow,
That plaintive burden haunts me, and pains me evermore.

Sometimes, when twilight lingers,
And the rain, with phantom fingers,
Comes softly tapping at my window, where I sit alone,
I put off my outward seeming,
And in happy boyish dreaming,
I seem again to clasp thee, and again thou seem'st mine own.

I feel thy dear arms twining,
I see thy fond eyes shining,
And I press again the smiling of thy tender rose-red mouth;
And the star of Love is o'er us
All the happy years before us,
And there is naught but melody and breezes from the South.

But ah! the bitter waking,
The hopeless, weary aching
For the love that unforgotten can never more be mine,
It vanished like a shadow
Of a bird's wing on the meadow,
And I linger still, awaiting God's good appointed time.

O love so lightly spoken!
O vows so lightly broken!
You cling around my manhood's heart with passionate despair,
And fill with bitter sorrow
Each newly-dawning morrow,
Until the heavy burden seems more than I can bear.

Thy love was like a blossom
On the river's shining bosom,
And it floated lightly, lightly, with the sunlight smiling o'er.
My love is like the river
That, rolling on forever,
Will hold that summer blossom in its depths forever more.

A GOOD REPLY.

A particularly witty reply was once made by a well-known English architect, who had been giving an important opinion, and whose professional status Mr. Serjeant Garrow, the opposing counsel, was anxious to depreciate.

"You are a builder, I believe?" began the serjeant.

"No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect."

"Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder, they are pretty much the same, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I can't admit that; I consider them to be totally different."

"Oh, indeed; perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists."

"An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plans, draws the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; a very ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

"There was no architect, sir," replied the witness, "and hence the confusion there."

☞ It is proposed to cut a broad canal from Manchester, in England, to the river Mersey. Manchester hopes shortly to be a port of entry, accommodating vessels of 4000 tons. A ship canal is also projected between the North Sea and the Baltic.

☞ The new Domesday Book of Great Britain and Ireland gives the population of the United Kingdom at [illegible]. The number of inhabited [illegible]

Mr. Dalrymple's Mother-In-Law.

Samuel Dalrymple, Esquire, was healthy, wealthy, and handsome.

He had a large income, a brown stone house on the avenue, a country residence at Newport, any number carriages and thoroughbred horses, a coachman, footman, porter and butler, besides the rest of the domestics, friends by the score, a young and pretty wife, to whom he had been about six months married, and yet he was not happy. He had two mothers-in-law.

It was a sad and melancholy fact.

Volumes had been written on the amount of fiendish perverseness supposed to animate the heartless bosom of one full-fledged, properly-developed and well regulated maternal progenitor of the legal order; multiply that by two, and then you will have the sum total of the inflictions which poor Sammy had to endure.

And, of course, both of them resided with him, made part and parcel of his houshold.

When he was paying his addresses to Evaline Nasby, now Mrs. Samuel Dalrymple, disinterested friends had called his attention to the fact that though the fair Eveline was young, being scarcely seventeen years old, pretty, well-educated and witty, she had a mother, and relict of the late Nathan Nasby, Esq., who was fair, fat and forty, and who in turn also had a mother, Mrs. Aramints, the still sorrowing widow of Benjamin Bumpton Esq., a lady who bore her fifty-six summers with remarkable vigor and juvinility, and that, figuratively speaking, he would be obliged to marry not only the pratty daughter, but also the full-proportioned mother and the frisky grandmother.

But what man in love has ever yet listened to the dictates of reason? Paraphrasing Hamlet, Sammy had dramatically declared that he would marry Evaline, even if she had forty thousand mothers of the very first and second degree; and thus we find him now suffering a martrydom of entirely his own seeking.

On the morning of the day on which we write, he had broached the subject of taking a carriage ride through the park with his wife. She had at first consented, then like a dutiful daughter relegated the question to her mamma, who had insinuated that if the family vehicle would be taken, instead of the buggy with seats only for two, and then seeing Sammy frown, had finally left the matter to be decided by her mother, who quashed the whole proceeding by dogmatically declaring that it was going to rain, and that her grand-daughter was not going to get wet to the skin, not if she, Mrs. Bumpton, knew herself.

Thereat Sammy had gone off in a hurry, and returning for dinner in the afternoon, had been deprived of his wife's society, by the fact that she was taking a two hours' lesson in the higher branches of vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Professor Von Boyle, and by the express command of her two mammas.

The prospects for the evening were then rather gloomy; embracing either an attack of the gout on the part of Mrs. Nasby, or of nervous headache on the part of Mrs. Bumpton, or, at the best, a rubber of whist with the grandmother for a partner.

We have given the day's programme in full, because it is typical of its kind, and its constant repetition was fretting poor Sammy's life out; not that he had quietly submitted from the first, but his mother-in-law had, step by step, conquered his spirits, and his wife's tendency to fall into hysterics at the slightest scene between him and the she-dragons, as he affectionately, though secretly termed them, had served to make their victory over him complete.

With the evening, however, came Colonel Bob Benson.

The colonel was a character.

A man of forty and a bachelor. Tall and lean in appearance, with an irongray military mustache, giving his countenance a ferocious cast, sharp, gray, twinkling eyes, an everlasting talker, and since he had concluded his short, if not inglorious, martial career, a dramatic critic for half a dozen papers, and inveterate free lunch fiend, general sponger on his wealthy friends, and uncomplimentary holder of deadhead tickets to all the local theatres.

The family were as usual, assembled in the parlor and with a hop, skip and jump, the colonel bounced in upon them like an animated whirlwind.

'Good evening, Mrs. Bumpton,' cried he, saluting her first, as in duty bound. 'I declare you grow younger every day; servant, Mrs. Nasby, lovely mother of a lovelier daughter, meaning Mrs. Dalrymple. And you, Sammy, my boy, how are you? Why don't you show yourself at the club. The fellows—'

The frisky grandmother couched and looked at the full-proportioned mother, who in turn hemmed and cast her glance at her pretty daughter. The latter repeated the warning signal with her eye on Sammy, who at once was seized with such a violent fit of coughing that the colonel paused abruptly in his speech and sprang towards him in alarm.

'My dear boy,' ejaculated he, 'why, what is the matter with you?'

'Nothing, colonel, nothing,' sighed [illegible]. 'You were on the point of com[illegible] remembrance, and—'

'Excuse him, madam,' replied the colonel, with perfect gravity. 'Love makes the boldest of us timid, and the fear that you would treat the fervid outpourings of his love stricken heart with scorn and contempt, keeps him silent. He is not a giddy young man, and the wisdom which age brings bids him rather to sink into a hopeless grave your despairing, but ever faithful adorer, than to lay bare his bosom lacerated by the cruel glances of your beautiful orbs.'

'Oh, let not my heart burst with joy,' murmured she, while a deep blush finding no room to spread itself on her angular countenance, concentrated itself on the tip of her nose. 'You surely mean Von Boyle.'

'You have guessed rightly,' exclaimed the colonel, not a little surprised. 'Can it be possible that you—'

'Oh, colonel,' interrupted she, with a simper, 'can you not guess my heart secret?'

'You love the professor.'

'Passionately. What do such chits as my granddaughter, or such madcaps as my daughter know of love? It is only we, who have reached the full prime of life, that feel Cupid's sharpest pangs. I have loved the professor from the day I first beheld him, but buried my secret deep into my breast, for he was always so cold and formal to me.'

'Only appearances, my dear madam, I assure you,' cried the colonel, eagerly.—'You know the professor's retiring nature; it was with the greatest difficulty that I drew the sweet confession from his lips, and obtain his permission to become the bearer of these glad tidings. You understand that I am perfectly disinterested in this matter, my only desire being not to let such love as yours and his waste its sweetness on the desert air. If I may be permitted to suggest that the first advances should come from your part, he would then declare himself, and then the happiness of you both would be forever assured.'

'Ah blissful anticipation,' sighed she; 'if I could only hope it.'

'I will send the professor to you, madam. Nay, do not tremble so. Be bold. Consider his bashfulness, timid ways; declare yourself openly, and the dearest object of your life will be obtained.'

Highly delighted with the success of his scheme thus far, the colonel left the agitated, blushing widow, and, repairing to the parlor, whispered to the professor that Mrs. Bumpton desired to see him in the sitting room.

The good man, utterly unconscious of the net being woven about him, and never dreaming of entering the state of matrimony at his age in life, entered the room.

'Dear professor,' murmured the frisky old lady, motioning to a seat beside her on the lounge, the colonel has sent you to me?'

'Yah, madam,' replied the German instructor, stolidly.

'And—and,' stammered she, gazing languishly into his face, 'you wished to say something to me?'

Nein, madam. Der colonel tell me dot you vish to speak mit me.'

'How bashful, how delicate,' sighed she to herself. 'He leaves it to me to reveal the state of my poor heart. 'Ah professor,' murmured she, aloud, 'why need two loving souls like ours stand on ceremony? You love me, the colonel has told me so: I adore you. Take me, I am thine.'

She sank gracefully on his bosom and twined her arms around his neck.

'Here, madam, grasped he, struggling to release himself from her embrace, hol' on shust one bit.

Hello, hello, these are pretty going's on in my house,' exclaimed Sammy, entering the room at this interesting juncture, and followed by his wife, his mother-in-law, number one, and the irrepressible colonel.

Why, grandmother, I declare! ejaculated Evaline.

Why, professor,' cried Mrs. Nasby, hastily.

Oh it's all right, explained the colonel not giving the bewildered German time to utter a word. You see before you a loving couple who have just mutually declared their passion. Professor, I congratulate you, you will gain a jewel of a wife.'

But say, dot vas all—'

I know, I know, interrupted the colonel. There's no need of being bashful about it. We'er all in the family now. Mrs. Nasby has promised to be my wife; and, by Jove! we will have a double wedding.

Ah, yes, good professor, murmured Mrs. Bumpton, say yes? Let me be made happy at the same time that my daughter is.

Vell, yah, den, groaned Von Boyle, in despair. I vill marry you; but I shtill say it was all—

We understand, again interrupted the colonel. Your happiness needs no words to make it complete. And when shall the blissful event take place?

To-morrow, suggested Sammy for obvious reasons.

Next year, moaned the profess[illegible]

Next Sunday, said Evaline.

Yes, next [illegible] be, [illegible] the two mo[illegible]

And thi[illegible]ssed.

The profes[illegible] himself to the inevitable, and [illegible] bid farewell to the colonel and the [illegible] gone get [illegible]

'Indeed,' murmured Mr.

From the New York Observer.

COAL IN THE HANDS OF A CHEMIST.

It may be a difficult matter to make a chemical process interesting and intelligible to a large class of readers, yet any one can easily understand that the conversion of a lump of that black, pitchy-looking substance, which we call coal, into a liquid as thin and as clear as water, must be the result of several operations. To coal, in the hands of a chemist, assisted by heat, and a little manipulation, we are indebted for some very strange compounds, singular in their production, and more singular in their effects. We do not affirm that this is true of all kinds of coal, as anthracite would not answer the purpose; but for dry distillation (the heating of anything in close vessels where atmospheric air is excluded) a soft coal is employed. The products of our gas works were not always convertible, through a lack of chemical knowledge, and although we had the material on hand, we imported it from a distance. Take as an illustration, the simple article of sal ammoniac which was formerly imported from Egypt, being distilled near the temple of Jupiter Ammon, whence its name, but now it is calculated that in England alone, about 4,000 tons of this salt is annually obtained from the ammoniacal liquor produced in the manufacture of gas. Some of the "lost arts" appear to have been found. "Lydia, the seller of purple of the city of Thyatira," is no longer with us, but we have the purple from coal tar, easily obtained; it may be quite as bright, but we are forced to admit not so durable, or permanent, as the celebrated Tyrian dye.

If we could follow one ton of Newcastle coal into the gas works we should find that this quantity, weighing 2,240 pounds, will usually yield 9,000 to 10,000 cubic feet of gas, besides, 1,401 pounds of coke, about 10 gallons of ammoniacal liquor, and about 12 gallons of tar. Here we have four products from coal, viz.: gas, coke, ammoniacal liquor and tar. This tar from the gas-works finds its way to the tar distillers, and from the still we obtain four products, viz: naptha, light oil, dead oil, and pitch. The naptha, after another distillation and subsequent purification, is as clear as water, and was for a long time used only as a solvent for India rubber, till the chemist came along and said it contained benzole (not benzine). Two gallons of naptha furnishing about one pint of benzole, and from this substance, treated with nitric acid, we obtain the wonderful aniline dyes, which have created such a revolution in the art of dyeing and printing. The process, simplified, is to take benzole and mix a certain amount of nitric acid with it; this is converted into nitro-benzole, which is reduced to aniline. After aniline is formed, the various colors are produced from it chiefly by treating it with nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, and other substances. The odor of nitro benzole is like the oil of bitter almonds, and is much used to scent soaps, also to flavor confectionary. It is estimated that three tons of coal will yield 18 pounds of naptha, 6 pounds of benzole, 5 pounds of aniline, 1 pound of magenta, which will dye 600 pounds of silk or 900 pounds of wool.

Magenta in solution is a beautiful purple, but in the solid crystal a bright bronze green. Another approximate amount by Mr. Perkins gives, for 100 pounds of coal, 12 ounces of tar, 8½ ounces of naptha, 2¾ ounces of benzole, 4¼ ounces of nitro-benzole, 2¼ ounces of aniline, ¼ ounce of mauve. Only ¼ quarter ounce of mauve from 100 pounds of coal seems to be a very small amount, but there is one thing we should remember, viz., the intensity of the coloring matter, illustrated by this fact: Take a large carboy holding nine gallons of water, and add to this a solution containing one grain of mauve, and this single grain will color this large bulk of water. A gallon of water contains 70,000 grains, 9 gallons 630,000 grains. This solution then requires only one part of mauve to color 630,000 parts of water. Respecting the dead oil previously mentioned, it was a drug in the market till it was found to contain creosote or carbolic acid. The creosote is now used for the purpose of preserving timber, and the carbolic acid is rendered so pure as to be fit for medicinal purposes, and is taken in England and America as a cure for intermittent fever.

Space forbids our stating how many different substances are found which, if they could speak, would trace their ancestry to a lump of coal; but what would our grandmothers say if they could be told that now they could light their houses with an invisible gas, lighten their pastry, flavor their cakes, dye their dress[illegible] cure a fev[illegible] burnt [illegible] coal? There is, however, one [illegible] picture left [illegible] painted, for we are [illegible] a large amount [illegible]

ings, soaps, hair oils or candies: "There is death in the pot." There are respectable makers of aniline dyes who do not use arsenic; patronize them, and insist that you be supplied with what can be depended upon, in every respect cleanly and conducive to health, although it be dyed with the essence of coal.

CORN CULTURE.

B. F. Johnson, of Champaign, Illinois, furnishes thirteen pages to the published "Transactions of the State Board of Agriculture," on the varieties, culture and most profitable uses of Indian corn. The best variety in any region is stated to be that which fifty years of cultivation have shown to be the best for that locality, always giving the preference, if any, for procuring seed, to a more southern latitude. The cultivation recommended is in accordance with the practice of the best farmers; the enriching, instead of looking to yard manure or artificial fertilizers, is to be the turning under of green crops—clover, timothy or blue grass sod. To fortify this position, Mr. J. gives two or three experiments of his own and their results. He planted five or six acres on old prairie, after manuring heavily the vious autumn and winter with cow, pig and horse manure; planted nearly four feet each way, cultivated as usual, and in September good judges estimated the coming crop equal to eighty-five or ninety bushels per acre, the ears being large and numerous, seven or eight feet above the ground, on stalks averaging eleven or twelve feet high. But after husking, the scales corrected the estimate, and cut it down to less than fifty bushels per acre. Another field, which had been underdrained, and heavily manured previous years, was planted nearly in the same way the year before, which was accompanied by a severe drouth, and it brought less than 40 bushels per acre. In the third experiment, the field was lightly manured, and planted, not in equal rows, but in drills four feet apart. The stalks were nine inches in the row. When a few inches high, each stalk had a small handful of ashes—over a ton for the whole field. It was cultivated repeatedly through the season. A storm in September prostrated a third or so of the stalks. The growth was about 9 feet high, the ears numerous and heavy. After husking, weighing the ears, and estimating 80 pounds to the shelled bushel, the field was found to have yielded over 84 bushels per acre. Mr. J. ascribes this heavy product to the application of the ashes. This may have been correct in part; but we have found invariably, when the measure experiment has been made, that 25 per cent. more is obtained from well managed drills than from what are termed hills at equal distances each way. Very frequent cultivating will often add ten or fifteen bushels to the acre.—*Country Gentleman.*

ACTION OF COLD UPON MILK.

Prof. Maurice Perkins of Union College translates for the *Country Gentleman*, from the Paris *Comptes Rendus*, some statements on this subject, which are of interest in connection with the discussions now going on here with regard to the Hardin and other systems of setting milk by cream. It is an abstract from a paper by Eug. Tisserand, read, we presume, before the French Academy:

Numerous experiments have been made by exposing milk to different temperatures varying from 32 deg. F. to 100 deg. F., and the following facts have been elicited:

1. The rise of the cream is the more rapid as the temperature to which the milk is exposed approaches 32 deg.

2. The volume of the cream is greater when the milk has been efficiently cooled.

3. The yield of the butter is also greater when the milk has been exposed to a very low temperature.

4. Finally, the skimmed milk, the butter and cheese, are of better quality when prepared under the above circumstances.

While it is impossible to offer a satisfactory explanation as to the [illegible] why artificial cold should produce a [illegible] effect upon the yield and quality [illegible] products derived from milk, it is [illegible] that it may tend to arrest that f[illegible] tive decomposition which [illegible] set in with organic fl[illegible] preventing incipient alte[illegible] to improve the quality of [illegible]

The practice of warm[illegible] winter time, so [illegible] phere at a co[illegible] 60[illegible]

VARIOUS ITEMS.

The Mikado of Japan lately celebrated his 27th birthday.

Clarion county, Pa., produces $30,000 worth of oil daily.

Sir Water Scott's house in Edinburgh was recently sold for $13,500.

A New York studio is graced with the suggestive sign, "Daub & Co."

In East Boston, last year, diphtheria killed more people than consumption.

The Maine Senate has passed a bill to include wine and cider among intoxicants.

Chicago's public schools have 61,128 scholars enrolled, which is 2007 more than last year.

Bucks county, Pa., after settling up the accounts of 1876, has a balance of $31,780 in the treasury.

If you would have a blessing upon your riches, bestow a good portion of them in charity.

In factious times, men often succeed in cancelling private crimes with an affection of public zeal.

Rightly it is said of utter, utter misery that it cannot be remembered; it is swallowed up in its own chaos.

The world is a farce, and its favors are follies; but both farces and follies are very dear to human hearts.

If you marry a widow and her fortune, it is generally easier to get divorced from the latter than the former.

There are faults slight in the sight of love, errors small in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult.

Walk in what direction you please, you will find that a firm footfall and a strong hand have preceded yours.

Dr. Damatta, Commissioner from Brazil, is at present inspecting the schools of Pennsylvania, by order of Dom Pedro.

In Great Britain, during the past ten years, the death rate of small-pox has increased over 86 per cent.

The angelic of our race die early. Precious gums are not for a lasting flame; they but perfume the temple and expire.

Patience is good, but perseverance is better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ri[illegible]

One of the saddest descriptions one can give of a household is that the master of it "generally goes out of an evening."

Many a person would feel less pleased at being crowned with bays than at being able to drive a fast pair of them.

Some people stand stock-still till the moss grows on them, and then, self-admired cry out, how "verdant and how virtuous."

Old books, as we all know, are extravagantly eulogised, but they are books of world's youth, whilst new books are the fruit of its age.

Over $3,000 were paid out last year by Blair county, Pa., for fox scalps, and $441.77 by Cambria county for the same purpose.

The Illinois State Board of Agriculture report an estimated loss for the last year in that State through the hog cholera of $8,200,000.

Eight thousand tons of copper from the Lake Superior mines were sent to Europe last year to be manufactured into cartridges.

A meeting will soon be held in Holland to determine the form which the memorial of S[illegible] shall take, and the time to hold it[illegible]ary celebration.

Ad[illegible], we suppose, were the first to start "turning over new leaves." They did it to keep up with the fashions.

☞ Jake,' said the blushing damsel to a lover that her father had forbidden the house, 'I don't care if your feet are big, I love you just as much.'

'Well, Sally, I don't mind so much about the size [illegible] own feet, but I wish your dad's [illegible] little smaller; I should [illegible] you know, about

[illegible] whose lover has [illegible] her forlorn, like poor [illegible] given vent to her great

[illegible] the sunday sea; he crost [illegible] water!

[illegible] Angelique—Ben Smither's [illegible]

[illegible] York school master told a [illegible] that the word "obligatory" [illegible] ing, whereupon she laid her [illegible] upon her head, and, after a brief [illegible] nation, handed the teacher this [illegible] tence. 'The obligatory of [illegible] is worn out.'

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0273