The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 46

Farmers', Builders'

—AND—

MECHANICS' HARDWARE

Our Stock is complete in every department and the public are invited to call and examine our goods and prices.

For the Farmer we have Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Corn Crushers, Corn Shellers, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Hoes, Axes, Wagon Hames, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing Knives, &c., which we are selling at very moderate rates.

Joel R. Clements.

For Builders we have everything in the way of Hinges, Locks, Bolts. Catches, Sash Locks, Cord and Weights, &c., &c.

For Mechanics we have all kinds of Tools, such as Planes, Saws, Chisels, Hatchets, Braces, Bitts of almost any quality; Saw Files, Spirit Levels, Plumbobs, &c., which we are selling as cheap as can be had in the city. Call and see us.

JOEL R. CLEMENTS,
adjoining Kent Nat'l Bank,
Jan. 31, 1884.

New Goods!

For Fall and Winter Trade.

—AT—

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S,

DRYGOODS of all kinds, such as Dress Goods from 10c. to 75c., Black and Colored Velveteens, Red, White and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints, &c.

GLOVES, large variety, from 12c. to $1 50. Kid Gloves a specialty.

Men and Boys UNDERSHIRTS and Drawers, Ladies' Vests, Bal. Skirts, Nubias, Children's Knit Sacks, Hoods and Muffs to match, Ladies' JERSEYS in all colors.

Large assortment of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Collars and Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's SHOES, Men and Boy's Winter Boots, all grades. Gum Shoes.

HATS AND CAPS.
Latest Styles

in Stiff Hats, SoftHats in Fur and Wool, from 50c. to $3 00.

Ingrain CARPETS from 35c. to 75c., also, a full line of Samples always on hand in higher price Carpets.

Floor and Table OIL CLOTHS in all widths.

GROCERIES—Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Tobacco and Cigars.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.
Nov. 22, 1883.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES,

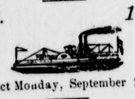
LARGE STOCK.

COLIN F. STAM.
Nov. 15, 1883.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,

1883. *1884.*



To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1883.

The Steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., making all the above landings.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier 7, Light street wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at midnight for Centreville via Corsica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. Returning, will leave Chestertown every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., making all the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

COAL AND WOOD.

HAVING now laid in a Full Supply of Coal and Wood for the winter, we wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared to supply you with Coal and Wood of the best quality of White Ash and Lykens Valley Coal, and of Hickory, Oak and Pine Wood, at prices as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and see if we cannot please you.

Yours respectfully,
T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE, AGENT.

P. S.—My employer is pushing me to make a full settlement for all outstanding bills, therefore all indebted must pay at once Pay now we must have the money.

Yours respectfully,
J. B. McINTIRE,
Nov. 15, 1883. AGENT.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATE REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms or all above Parlor floor.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass it doors.

Electric Light recently introduced.

F. W. COLEMAN,
March 30, 1883—y. MANAGER.

Writing Paper

In Beautiful Boxes, the Nicest Assortment in town—at

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Christmas Cards!

The Largest assortment in town at the CORNER DRUG STORE.

C. F. STAM.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE GAMES

From 10 cts. up.

great variety at C. F. STAM'S.

VERY BEAUTIFUL line of Window Shades, very low at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

CHAIRS—very large lot of many kinds cheap, LOUIS K. STAM.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT



1884. 1884.

On and after Monday, Feb'y 11, 1884, steamer

Enterprise

will make tri-weekly trips between Baltimore and Crumpton, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3 P. M., stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 5 P. M., stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Hooper's Wharf at 7 P. M., stopping at Corsica, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 11.30 p. m.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light Sreet wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 1 o'clock, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers.

The steam barge, A. J. WHITNEY, will leave Baltimore, piers 12 and 13 Light street wharf, for Ben's Point, every Friday at 10 o'clock A. M. Freight received Thursdays, and until 7 A. M. on Fridays.

We are also prepared to deliver freight at any point on Chester river and tributaries, per steamer A. J. Whitney and schooners Hattie Stark and Wm. S. Copes. Freight reasonable.

Address all communications to
CHAS. F. HARLEY, Sec'y,
Piers 12 and 13 Light street wharf, Balt.
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
Feb. 14, 1884. President.

Blooded Stock.

For sale by E.J. Plummer, Worton Md., as agent for the well-known importers and breeders, N. P. Boyer & Co., of Chester county Penn.

Seventy-five head of Jersey Heifers in calf, for Sale Cheap.

To make room for new importations we will sell seventy-five head of pure blood Jersey Heifers in calf, at $85 to $125 each, as to age, style and earliness in calving. They are all very large and handsome, good colors and finely developed in all points that go to make up a first-class dairy cow, for butter or milk. Are all from first-class thoroughbred Jersey cows, making 14 to 17½ pounds of butter per week, and are served by solid colored Herd Registered Jersey bulls. Due to calve in March, April, May and June.

These heifers are all sired by the celebrated Herd Registered Jersey Bulls, Lord Daraley No. 3730 Lowrie No. 2484, and Earl of Willow Glen No. 2843; all solid color, full black points. They have been served by Imported Devon bull No. 7910 (of the celebrated Cocmassie strain), one of the best young Jersey Bulls that ever left the Island. Rapier No. 3743, Winsome Boy No. 5496, Maurus No. 4639, and Hercy Douglas No. 3769. These bulls are all from the very deepest milking strains, and from the very best butter families. Solid colors, full black points. They cannot fail to produce very fine calves.

Carefully boxed, delivered on board the cars, free, with feed, &c., for their trip, warranted to reach purchasers safe. Also, for sale, thoroughbred and imported sheep; thoroughbred and imported hogs; improved breeds of poultry. Full information as to prices may be had upon inquiry of

E. J. PLUMMER,
Worton, Md.

The following certificate is held:

COATSVILLE, PA., Dec, 12, 1883.

This is to certify that E. J. Plummer is our duly authorized agent in Kent county, Maryland, for the sale of blooded stock, seeds, &c.

N. P. BOYER & CO.

Dec. 20, 1883—y.

AGENTS WANTED.

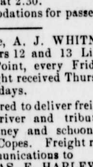
THE JOHNSON REVOLVING BOOK CASE.

WITH INDEPENDENT SHELVES ADJUSTABLE TO BOOKS OF ANY HEIGHT.

AN ELEGANT PRESENT.

INVALUABLE TO

LAWYERS, CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, EDITORS, BANKERS,



TEACHERS, MERCHANTS, STUDENTS, AND ALL WHO READ BOOKS.

CHEAPEST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Made of iron, beautifully ornamented. Cannot warp nor shrink. Durable and convenient. A novel and handsome article of furniture. Shelves 16 inches square, each will hold a set of Appletons' Cyclopædia. Two sizes for table, three sizes for floor.

Holds more books in less space than any other device—rotates at a finger's touch. Send for descriptive price list.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

Address, BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
School Furnishers, and dealers in everything in the Book and Stationery line.
19 Bond St., New York.

Send 25 cents for our New Illustrated Catalogue, with over 300 Illustrations of educational and useful articles.

March 13, 1884—20w.

A FEW Chamber China Sets, very low in price at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Special Notice.

ANOTHER LOT

of those Beautiful Polished Brass

LIBRARY LAMPS!

which I sold so many of during Christmas holidays.

I buy these goods direct from factory, and

SELL THEM VERY LOW.

LOUIS K. STAM.

HANDSOME LINE

—OF—

LATEST PATTERNS OF WALL PAPER.

CITY PRICES

—AT—

LOUIS K. STAM'S.

RAMBO'S

Schuylkill Valley

Lime.

ROBERT McCOY offers to farmers this high grade of Lime which, by a century's use, has obtained the highest reputation for its fertilizing qualities.

ATTENTION

of those desiring Lime is especially called to my products, and reference desired to the following gentlemen, all of whom have made practical use of our Lime and expressed their full satisfaction with it:

S. Dobbs, N. J.	B. F. H. Caulk, Md.,
Geo. Lippincott, N.J.,	J. L. Reeves, N. J.,
G. A. Vorheis, "	S. F. Evans, "
J. C. Hutchinson, Del.,	J. M. Jennings, N. J.,
Sam'l Matlack, N. J.,	Thos. Bittal "
I. McGorgow, Md.,	W. C Dudley, Md.,
A. W. Webster, Del.,	Thos. Dubois, N. J.,
Isaac Thuax, Del.,	Chas. H. Misler, "
Wm. Mathis, N. J.,	S. Thompson, Del.,
Wm. Francis, Del.,	John Wright, "
John Pratt, "	Thos. Pratt "
Jos. Roberts, "	Henry Davis "
G. W. Lockwood, Md.,	Wm. R. Cochran, Del.,
Manlove Davis, Del.,	N. Williams, Del.,
R. W. Cochran, Del.	

Prices and any further information will be furnished on application.

ROBERT McCOY,
Feb. 14—3m. Bridgeport, Pa.

EXTENSION TABLES—new lot just received, very low.
Feb. 14. LOUIS K. STAM.

LOT OF BRACKETS, WALL POCKETS, &c., Will be closed out about cost.
Jan. 24. LOUIS K. STAM.

STAIR RODS—CHEAP! at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes!—that was the reason (as men all know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Poe.*

INDIANS AT HOME.

HOW THE DESCENDANTS OF THE SENECAS LIVE ON THEIR RESERVATION.

From Phila. Times.

PITTSBURGH, March 2.—A few hours' ride through the pine forests of the Alleghany Valley, from this city to the headwaters of the dashing river, will bring the traveler to the home of the Cornplanter Indians. It is a locality full of interest. The dusky descendants of the powerful Senecas own a large reservation there. It is distinctively an Indian territory, embracing five Indian villages, which are quaint in style, and where the old customs of the race are still retained to a large extent. These settlements are peopled by about 2,500 inhabitants. Besides their own towns they have leased from the white people ground upon which four other towns and villages are situated. The largest of these is the western half of Salamanca, N. Y., an important railroad centre.

THE CORNPLANTER INDIANS.

The Cornplanter Indians are a direct branch of the Seneca Nation. They derive their name from their famous leader, Chief Cornplanter. This man's real name was Captain John O'Bail, or Abeel. Half white by blood, but thoroughly Indian by nature, he had been one of the bravest and most successful of Senecas during the early border wars. He established his regal wigwam at the headwaters of the Allegany river, not far from where the city of Warren, Pa., now stands. In the latter years of his life he became noted throughout the civilized East as an enthusiastic advocate for the cause of temperance. His death occurred in the year 1832. By appropriation the State Legislature erected a fine monument at his grave, on the top of a rising knoll, about two and a half miles from Corydon, Warren county, Pa. The shaft cost $10,000. It is appropriately inscribed and the principal panel bears the legend:

Sacred to the Memory of
CAPTAIN JOHN O'BAIL
(Chief Cornplanter).

TAKING AWAY THEIR LAND.

After the white man's encroachments had begun to force the aborigines little by little westward, the States of Pennsylvania and New York apportioned off a reservation within their limits for Cornplanter and his followers. Since then a considerable amount of this land has been taken from them by what they claim to have been fraudulent legislation. Under this belief they still lay claim to all the ground on which Oil City, Pa., now stands. They insist that it was a part of their original reservation and every few years they threaten to enter a big suit in ejectment for the same. It was in the neighborhood of 1792 that the reservation was laid out by the State authorities. Its present limits extend over the State line into both New York and Pennsylvania. It was at one time larger in the latter State, but this has been reversed and the greater part of the land lies across in New York. In that State it embraces forty square miles, lying in Cattaraugus county. In Pennsylvania it takes in five square miles in Warren and McKean counties, bordering on the State line.

THE INDIAN VILLAGES.

Red House is the principal Indian village on the reservation. The other native settlements are Cold Spring, Quaker Bridge, Ononville and State Line Town. The latter two are in Pennsylvania and the other three in New York. The white towns on the reservation are West Salamanca, Carrolton, Great Valley and Vandalia, all in New York. These towns are given leases running for eight years only, but with the privilege of renewal. The rental each year amounts to quite a snug sum, $20.000 perhaps.

A curious system of government is carried out. The affairs of the old reservation are managed by a council of sixteen Indians, over whom a chief presides. The members of this body are representative men. They are chosen once every two years by a crude sort of an election, and they in turn elect a chief, who becomes the highest official in the community. The will of this Council is absolute. It owns all the land as the representative of the Seneca Nation, collects the rent of all the lease holds, directs the personal matters of the subjects and regulates all business questions that may arise from time to time. No one of the 2,500 inhabitants can hold property in his or her own name. A family is simply alloted a piece of land—loaned—by the ruling Council. Whenever that family displeases the Council or misuses its trust the lot may be forfeited. Nor do the individual members of the tribe enjoy any rights of citizenship which the Council has not the power to unstrip them of.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

With this system of equal rights the question naturally arises, "Who gets the money from the leases of white villages and any other emoluments that may accrue to the Reservation Council from business sources?" Presumably, it is equally distributed among all the Indians. Really, its exact disposition is not known to the white man. There are some state secrets with an Indian government as well as at Washington city, and this seems to be one of them. A white gentleman who has spent much of his time among the cornplanters remarked in my hearing:

"I don't know where the money goes, but the Indian has no doubt taken lessons in finances from the white man and the Council gets all the money themselves."

The Indian towns are noticeable for the uniformity of style in all the dwellings. They are small single-story frame houses, little better than shanties. There is a dingy look about all of them. They strongly resemble small and poor mining settlements in the bituminous regions of Pennsylvania. The reason of this is that the occupants of the houses and lots do not make any improvements or even take proper care of the place, because they no not feel that it is theirs and that they can get another site from the Council when that one becomes so dirty as to be untenantable. There are very few stores in these communities and those few are kept by white persons who are permitted to do so by the Council.

OLD TIME INDIAN LIFE.

It is a picture of old time Indian life that the tourist beholds upon entering their cottages. Great open fire places, in which the wood fire blazes cheerfully and where the kettle is hung over the flames, very much as if it were at a camp-fire on the hillside without. On the wall is generally to be found that relic of ancient barbarity, the bow and arrow, side by side with a Springfield rifle or a painted tomahawk. Although these weapons are never used in these days, and the peaceably disposed red man never thinks of using them, still their presence in the houses seems to be indispensable to the denizens as memoirs of the long vanquished past, when they were the glory of his forefathers and the terror of white invaders of Indian domains in Northern Pennsylvania and New York. Aside from these wall adornments the rooms of the cottages contain but little in the way of ornamentation. Perhaps a cheap print of some picture has been pasted here and there by the playful papoose or a red blanket is thrown across a broken pane, but that is all. The furniture is meagre and of a poor quality and carpet is unknown to their floors.

The squaws do all the work. Besides their household chores they have to plant what few potatoes or hills of corn are to be planted; then they have to hoe it afterwards, carry the product home, cook it, and in two instances that I was told about they had to feed it to their brave but lazy warrior husbands. They also chop all the wood and perform much of the other manual labor necessary about the smallest house.

THE SCENE ON MARKET DAYS.

There is no thrift or industry whatever about these Cornplanter Indians. They live on the plainest and most easily obtained food and it therefore costs them but little to get along. Although their possessions include some of the finest farming lands in either of the States, agriculture has been neglected and the wide acres of fertile soil are allowed to lie undeveloped year after year. What little garden truck the women raise over and above the needs of their own family is marketed at Salamanca. It is an interesting spectacle that may be seen in that city on Wednesdays or Saturdays, the market days. The Indians swarm in from all directions, both men and women, carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads and offering them for sale. They form a picturesque class when thus grouped together. The men all dress in civilized style, but they are so striking in their dark complexions, wiry forms and aboriginal cast of countenances that their dress counts but little in disguising them. The women have a weakness for highly-colored apparel. They wrap blood-red shawls about themselves in old Indian fashion and generally appear on the streets without hats or bonnets, their jet black hair drooping down in long twists. They, of course, wear huge ear-rings of odd designs. The males are fine specimens of physical manhood, sometimes even handsome; the children are cute and amusing, but the women are ugly and hideous.

INDIANS AS RAFTSMEN.

With all their idle traits the Cornplanter Indians have developed one industrial trait to a high perfection. That is their ability to handle lumber rafts on the Allegany river. They are notoriously good rafts men. Lumber dealers and woodcutters in the timber regions hire them by the hundreds in rafting seasons to take charge of great fleets of rafts and float them down the river to Pittsburg. In the spring and autumn, during these rafting seasons, their tall figures and swarthy faces are familiar sights on the streets of Pittsburg. They like rafting, principally because it is adventuresome and wild, and then, too, it gives them an opportunity to come down to the "white man's big village," at the mouth of the Alleghany and sequester some of the old Monongahela "fire-water," of which they seem to have pleasant recollections and experienced taste. They get so drunk in Pittsburg that it is not an uncommon thing to see one of the police stations filled with them. The provisions of the two States with Chief Cornplanter prohibited the sale of liquors on the reservation, but considerable is smuggled in by white settlers.

John Halftown, Silver Eels, Noah Two Guns and Harrison Red House are the most intelligent representatives of the people. Education is at a very low ebb among the mass of residenters. They have no schools, but wherever they desire they are privileged to send their children to white schools in neighboring villages. The reservation is reached from Pittsburg by the Allegheny Valley Railroad and the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Line from the East. SUNRISE.

The Most Interesting Collection of Prehistoric Bones Ever Made in America.

From the Athens Banner-Watchman.

J. B. Toomer has received a letter from Mr. Hazleton, who is on a visit to Gartersville. The letter contained several heads made of bone and gave an interesting account of the opening of a large Indian mound near that town by a committee of scientists sent out from the Smithsonian Institution. After removing the dirt for some distance a layer of large flagstones was found, which had evidently been dressed by hand and showed that the men who quarried this rock understood their business. These stones were removed, when in a kind of vault beneath them the skeleton of a giant, that measured seven feet two inches, was found. His hair was coarse and jet black and hung to the waist, the brow being ornamented with a copper crown. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved and taken from the vault intact.

Near this skeleton were found the bodies of several children of various sizes. The remains of the latter were covered with beads, made of bone of some kind. Upon removing these the bodies were found to be enclosed in a net work of straw or reeds and beneath this was a covering of the skin of some animal. In fact, the bodies had been prepared somewhat after the manner of mummies and will doubtless throw new light on the history of a people who reared these mounds. Upon the stones that covered the vault were carved inscriptions, and if deciphered will probably lift the veil that has enshrouded the history of the race of giants that undoubtedly at one time inhabited this continent.

All the relics were carefully packed and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute and are said to be the most interesting collection ever found in America. The explorers are now at work on another mound in Bartow county.

A Place to Go to Make Money.

From the Chicago Times.

"If I were a single man to day," said James H. Hood, late resident engineer in the construction of the Ohio River Railroad, running from Wheeling to Parkersburg, "I would pull up stakes and go to Costa Rica. There is no country like it for making money. Few Americans are there, the country is richness itself, the people honest and ignorant, and I know of no country where a fortune could be made so speedily."

"Then you've been there?"

"Yes, sir; I was one of the assistant engineers that laid out the railroad running from Fort Senior, on the coast, to San Jose, the capital, a distance of seventy-two miles in the interior."

"Where is Costa Rica?"

"It's about ten degrees north of the equator, in Central America, south of Nicaragua and north of Panama. It's a republic, has a population of about 200,000, contains about 20,000 square miles of land, and is just off the Mosquito gulf, as it's called in the geographies."

Working and Thinking.

It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.—*Ruskin.*

THE PICTURESQUE HUDSON.—The Hudson river will soon be as picturesque as the Rhine. Baronial castles, turreted towers, lordly mansions and splendid homes of every style of architectural beauty and magnificence are rapidly studding its banks. It is there that New York millionaires live when they retire from contact with the 'common people,' and pass their leisure in luxurious enjoyment and seclusion. Residences costing $150,000 to $500,000 are numerous, while everywhere one finds beautiful grounds, extensive lawns, conservatories and parks.—*Chicago Herald.*

NEAR CROMER.

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged with flow
Of channeled waters soft as rain or snow,
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the bland
Shines weary like a man's who smiles to know
That now no dream can mock his faith with show,
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.

Is there an end at all of all this waste,
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced,
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls that slide
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown flowers
Glad yet of life, ere yet their hopes subside
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and hours.

—*A. C. Swinburne, in Home Chimes.*

AMERICAN AND BRITISH RAILWAYS.

A STRIKING CONTRAST PRESENTED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF A SCOTCH TRAVELER.

(*From the Scotsman, Edinburgh, Jan. 7.*)

SIR—Circumsances of friendship called me suddenly in October last to the Northwest of America. The summons came by telegram on a Thursday. On Friday I secured, by the same means, a berth in the celebrated steamer Alaska, which left Liverpool next forenoon; and in seven days one hour from Queenstown I landed at New Yotk. It was a fine Sunday morning, and having, like all the rest of the passengers, 'checked' my baggage to the hotel I intended to go to, a friend and myself walked up town. After booking our names and reading some letters and having a look at the papers, we proceeded to our apartments, where we found the baggage awaiting us. The cost of 'checking'—which in my case amounted to fifty cents (or 2s.) for three pieces—was afterwards included in the hotel bill.

Two days later I left for the West by the limited express of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. My ticket, which I had secured the day before at one of the railway offices in Broadway, not far from the hotel, cost $20 to Chicago, with $10 extra for the use of sleeping and dining cars; and my baggage, it need scarcely be said, was checked from hotel in New York to Chicago, and charged for in the bill as usual. The distance by this road is a little under 1000 miles, which was done in twenty five hours and 30 minutes, and the cost was less than for a corresponding distance at home. But in the manner of traveling the difference is overwhelmingly in favor of America. The car by which I journeyed was built of mahogany, inlaid with graceful floral decorations, and furnished in the most sumptuous manner. Heated by concealed steam pipes, a comfortable temperature was maintained night and day, although snow streaked the Alleghanies, and smaller streams were covered with ice, nobody among the passengers seemed to think rugs, &c., a necessary portion of their traveling impediments. Our hideous lead foot warmers were conspicuous by their absence. At either end of the car were capacious lavatories and relative conveniences—one for ladies, the other for gentlemen, equipped with soap, clean towels, brushes, combs, &c., and a filter with fresh drinking water. From the time of leaving New York till arrival at Chicago, no passenger need leave the cars. Attached to the sleeping car is a dining car, equally sumptuously fitted, and also a smoking car, both of which are specially reserved for those who pay the extra $10, and which, therefore, in reality constitute first-class accomodation. In the dining car, at $1, each one can have three meals daily, from a bill of fare that erred only in its profuse abundance and variety of well cooked food. The use of stimulants seem to be falling into discredit among the better class of Americans, for neither on this occasion nor afterward did any wine, beer, or spirits appear on the tables, nor did I ever hear them asked for. Afterwards, those who felt disposed that way retired to the smoking car; but the sleeping car contained a small, neatly-fitted up cabinet, where such as sought private conversation over a cigar might resort.

In short, the new first-class American cars exceed by far in elegance, convenience, and comfort the rare Pullmans seen on this line, and I venture to say no European monarch travels by rails so sumptuously as our republican cousins.

At dawn I saw from my comfortable bed, in which everything was scrupulously fresh and clean, that we were gliding, with scarce any vibration, over the prairies of Illinois; and on nearing Chicago I checked my baggage to the Grand Pacific, whither I was carried by one of the hotel omnibuses, and where I found it shortly afterwards. Subsequently, in traveling through the States of Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, for considerable distance by team, I had frequent occasions to 'check' my heavy baggage by rail to various points in advance on my route, and never in a single instance did I experience any difficulty in procuring delivery of it on the production of my 'checks.'

On my return at the end of November, and having no use for rugs, &c., and in the comfortable cars, I checked all my baggage, save a dressing bag, from a station not far from the Manitoba frontier, straight through to New York. On my arrival there three days afterwards, instead of 'checking' my baggage to the hotel where I intended to put up, I 'checked' it to the dock of the steamer by which I was to sail the following morning; and there, on driving from the hotel, I found it awaiting me at the shore end of the gangway as I was about to embark—never having once seen or troubled myself about it since I left Litchfield, 2000 miles away, and having changed cars and lines of road twice—at St. Paul and Chicago.

Now, mark the contrast. I arrive at Liverpool, give up my baggage to the Northwest Railway Company, without an voucher or check being interchanged, and proceed to Lime street by a suburban railway from the dock gates in evil smelling carriages which my American fellow travelers scornfully stigmatised as 'bunks,' and into which we were locked like criminals. It was a wet, gloomy day, and after my pleasant American experiences I felt like one who had 'come down in the world.' On afterwards applying for my baggage at Lime street station, I was not only obliged to produce my card as evivence of identity, but I had to go down into a deep dark cellar to point out the packages; and after all this unnecessary bother I had to pay more than at New York, where baggage was carried double the distance. But the charge is a mere secondary consideration. It is the restless anxiety and worry our system—or rather entire want of system—needlessly impose on you from starting till arriving at your destination that is so provoking.

And it may not be inappropriate here to remark on the gratuitous farce presented at the examination of passengers' baggage by the Custom House officers. Seeing that cigars are dearer and infinitely worse in America than at home, and that no sane person would think of smuggling a bottle of "old Bourbon," what can be the object of exposing passengers to the humiliating ordeal of opening and turning over the contents of their portmanteaus in a windy dock warehouse, unless it be from sheerly stupid traditional custom, and to furnish employment to a set of seedy persons whose appearance and manners are not calculated to predispose the stranger in favor of the country that welcomes him in this fashion. Of course nothing contraband was discovered on this occasion; and never is, as I was told by one of the dock officials, who evidently regarded the searchers as a questionable lot. In a free-trade country, such as ours, this rigorous examination of baggage is a relic of barbarism; and the saving of the State from the abolition of these Custom House myrmidons would, I am sure, far more than compensate for any possible loss to the revenue from the act of an occasional ill conditioned passenger. Nothing would more effectually serve to hasten the conversion of our American cousins to the doctrine and practice of free trade than to welcome them to British soil without having to undergo the forbidding ordeal they have at present to encounter on landing on their own shores.

I respectfully submit the suggestion to the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But the most remarkable contrast was reserved for my return to Scotland. Traveling down by a night train, I was half frozen with cold till arrival at Carlisle, where we were detained an hour and a half for the London train, and where the fire in the waiting room merely served to remind one how cold and comfortless the place was. Sleep was out of the question, and I landed at the Princes' street station stiff and almost numb with cold. At the hotel close by I repaired my reduced "morale" with a hot bath and a good Scotch breakfast. But why should one be thus tortured with cold and rendered miserable in deference to an ancient "use and wont" that is now becoming obsolete among all civilized people? In America, if detained, you do not warm your toes at the fire, but sit in a comfortably warmed room, and you finish a journey of a thousand miles as fresh and comfortable as when you started.

The climax of my home experience was reached at the Waverly station, to which I drove from the hotel, directing the cabman to drive as near the Fife train platform as possible; and the porter who came up to take charge of my baggage was told to take it to the Fife train. Having no loose change in my pocket, I asked the cabman to wait till I got my ticket. On my return, about five minutes afterward, neither cab nor porter were visible anywhere; and failing to find the latter on the platform or any sign of my baggage, one of the officials and myself explored the station, as far as time would permit, but without success. Having written that I would be home by that train, and leaving the cab fare with the official already referred to, I came away without my baggage, which only reached me two days afterwards. Had this *contretemps* occurred when on my way to embark at Liverpool for America, it would not only have occasioned serious inconvenience and delay, but possibly the forfeiture of my passage money.

It is quite unnecessary to describe the American check system, with which all the traveling world is now familiar. I first became acquainted with it as a boy thirty-five years ago, since when I have been three times in the country, and have had on each occasion the more to admire this simple and admirable system, which saves one from the worst worries of traveling here.

Americans cannot understand how we quietly submit to travel in carriages in which we are half frozen in winter, which are very, very stuffy in summer, and in which murder and other outrages may be committed with impunity, while our baggage system they regard as simply barbaric.

It is because I agree with my American friends that I have noted down these reflections, in the hope that they may contribute, in however small degree, to rouse our railway directors to a recognition of the disgracefully uncomfortable and inconvenient accommodations afforded by them to the traveling public. I am, &c. SCOTUS.

GREAT things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient toil.

MR. PETER MALLEN, 212 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no relief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

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