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" " " "	2.00, "	1.50
" " " "	1.50, "	1.25

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Dress Goods, Hats, Etc.
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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1 00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 27, 1896. VOL. XXXV—NO. 42.

WASHINGTON ON THE HUDSON.

Incidents of His Life Upon the Shores of This Historic River—Magnificent Scenes Then and Now.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.]

The day is rapidly nearing when we, as a nation, will lay aside our implements of labor, cease from our toil and take a holiday, in order that we may appropriately celebrate the birthday of the great Washington. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to have recalled to their minds a few of the scenes and incidents in the life of this great man during his stay on the shores of the Hudson river.

The magnificent mountains, hills, valleys and river so familiar to him, are unchanged and unchanging, and the same beautiful cloud and sky effects in which he gloried gladden the eye. The Song of Liberty and Freedom as sung by the breezes sweeping over the landscape, must have found an echo in Washington's own noble nature, and no doubt as he drank great draughts of the beauty and grandeur about him, he became more and more convinced of the impossibility of a people living amid such surroundings, being anything but free and independent.

From our position, near Hook Mountain, we can look up and down the river for a distance of over thirty miles. Dobbs Ferry and Hastings are the most distant points south, and next Irvington, beautifully situated on a slope extending to the river. Just outside the town is Sunny Side, the lovely home of Washington Irving, that pen artist of Sleepy Hollow. The home is not a large one, but is beautifully located. At Irvington there is an old and very interesting cemetery, and not far above it is Jay Gould's white marble mansion, or poem in stone, now owned by his daughter, Helen. Tarrytown is next in line. It was so named because the Dutch dames complained that their husbands used to tarry so long at the Inn. A little way out of Tarrytown is an old stone church, nearly covered with ivy. In the graveyard Washington Irving lies buried. A simple stone marks his resting place. Sleepy Hollow is here, and as we recall the legend of the headless rider, we wonder if there are any such devoted lovers in these days, (but of course they are legion).

Near here Andre was captured. He was well born, talented and accomplished; was Aid-de-Camp to General Clinton when he was induced by Clinton to enter into negotiations with Arnold under the nom-de-guere of John Anderson. Clinton never forgave himself for Andre's sad fate. It was thought by many that Mrs. Arnold knew of the treason her husband was planning and aided him, but facts prove the contrary to have been the case. Andre had known Mrs. Arnold in Philadelphia, before her marriage and after, and he induced her to convey sealed letters to her husband, but of their contents she knew nothing.

Mr. Cyrus Field has bought a number of acres at Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, and has erected a fine monument at the place where Andre was executed, to show that all unkind feeling had long since passed away between England and the United States. There are some, however, who do not approve of the generous sentiment as expressed by this monument, and it has been destroyed several times, but rebuilt by Mr. Field. Washington had his headquarters at Tappan for quite a while. The old stone house in which he was located still stands, but is in a very dilapidated condition. Messrs. John and William Rockfeller, of standard oil fame, have fine homes not far above Tarrytown.

Sing Sing has many points of interest, the most prominent being the now celebrated prison. It is built directly on the river shore. The large red brick buildings look like a great dark spot on the beautiful landscape. A detailed description of the prison and the politeness of Warden Sage would take too much space, so I must pass on with this simple reference. Crossing over to the west side of the river to Newburgh, we find an old, old town. Many of the streets are very hilly and steep, (almost at an angle of forty-five degrees) down which the small boy delights to roll every ash-can and barrel he can surreptitious lay his hands on, regardless of the weary pedestrian trudging up the steep incline. The story-and-a-half stone house where Washington had his headquarters here, is in the hands of an historical society, and is kept in splendid repair. Many objects of interest are kept here.

At West Point, just south of Newburgh, the nation has its military school. This point was commanded by Arnold at the time he was plotting his arch act of treason against his country.

Stony Point recalls the daring deeds of Mad Anthony Wayne and his Aid-de-Camp, Wild Kit Stuart. The British captured Stuart and he was kept a prisoner for a long time on the ship Newark, in the New York harbor. He was a warm personal friend of General Washington's, and was held by him in high esteem. Every effort was made to induce the British to exchange. A general was offered, while Stuart was only a colonel, but the offer was refused. A monument has been erected in Trinity Church yard, New York city, in honor of those who died on the ship Newark. Colonel Stuart did not die on the ship, but contracted a disease of which he died shortly after his release.

He is buried in a little church yard at Norristown, Pa. Judge Edward Patterson, of the Supreme Court of New York, a great-grandson of Colonel Stuart, has erected a beautiful monument to his memory. The writer has the pleasure of knowing very well a number of the descendants of Colonel Stuart.

Hares Stran is not far from Stony Point, and has probably the largest brick yards in the country. West Point, Stony Point, Harristown, Nyach and Piermont are all on the west shore of the river. The Palisades extend along the west shore of the Hudson for about thirty miles above New York city; then the hills take a northwesterly course, leaving the river between them, and the river is a beautiful slope about five miles in length and perhaps a mile wide. Here is where the pretty town of Piermont and Nyach are built, and here the river widens into a bay over three miles across. The Duch named this beautiful sheet of water "The Tappan Ice." Nyack is a particularly beautiful town. The natural beauties have attracted many wealthy men, and they have here built elegant residences.

There are about ten thousand inhabitants. Several large shoe factories and three ship yards give employment to a number of workmen. There is an old stone house, where Washington is said to have stayed over night, but it is not positive. The original part of the town is very quaint, consisting of one narrow street along the river. Here stands the old stone Methodist church, the first one built in the country. The walls we judged to be about eighteen inches thick. The little windows are about five feet from the floor; a high box pulpit where the preacher went up the steps and closed the door of his box behind him, as if fearful of being attacked.

Up on the side of the mountain, Rev. Ross Taylor, son of the well-known Bishop William Taylor, of Africa, has a home where he entertains tired missionaries. Not many months ago Mr. Taylor's house was burned, and four of his children perished in the flames. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are exceptionally fine characters, and have borne their terrible loss with true Christian fortitude. They have a sympathy and tenderness with suffering humanity that only those can feel who have known deep sorrow.

The writer had the pleasure of shaking hands with dear old Bishop Taylor just before he sailed for Africa in December last. He is getting old, and his health is not so robust as it was, but the grand old man is not willing to stay away from the needy Christless multitudes in Africa. His wife is no longer able to accompany him, having received an injury in a long forced march in Central Africa. It is helpful to come in touch with such noble, unselfish characters. There is inspiration, and a desire is kindled to get out of one's marrow, selfish life and into a life of unselfish helpfulness to others.

Nearly all the towns mentioned above have electric lights, trolley cars, city water, and all other modern improvements. The railroad train service on both the eastern and western shore of the Hudson is fine, enabling business men to have homes thirty, forty and even fifty miles from the city of New York, and yet do business in the city every day. Conductor Blanvelt is noted among railroad men on the Western Shore. He is the oldest conductor on his line, runs the heaviest train that goes into the Jersey City Station from any of the Erie lines. He also runs a private train at his own expense every evening, and three trains on Sunday, the train consisting of a fine horse and very comfortable carriage. He takes any passengers who will go with him to assist in revival services in the churches for miles around. We have had the pleasure of several delightful rides in Mr. Blanvelt's private train, and assisted in services when many souls have been saved. His private train and his religious services are run on schedule time, and with the same precision as his railroad train. No long, tiresome speeches and longer prayers. On the east side of the Hudson, beginning in the lower part of New York city (a few blocks below our friend, Mr. George W. Harper's office), and running up to Albany, is a broad avenue over three hundred miles in length, called Broadway.

For miles and miles above New York city, along this avenue, are built magnificent residences overlooking the Hudson river.

When the river is frozen hundreds of skaters in their brilliant costumes make an animated and beautiful picture. The ice boat is in great favor on the Hudson. It is a triangular frame of three boards with seats across, runners and a sail. One of the angles is at the stern, where the steering is done. This is said to be the most exciting sport of its kind known. Even to imagine one's self flying along the ice in the open air at the rate of sixty miles an hour fairly makes the hair stand on end. We are sure the reality would be exciting in the extreme.
F. J. R.

DISCONTENTED WOMEN.

As a Rule, They Are Dull Creatures.

At the Chicago Fair, and at other convocations, it has been proved that the strongest-minded women, though familiar with platforms, and deep in the "dismal science" of political economy, when it came to disputing, were no more philosophical than the simplest housewife. Tears and hysteria came just as naturally to them as if the whole world wagged by impulse only; yet a public meeting in which feeling and tears superseded reason and argument would in no event inspire either confidence or respect. Women may cease to be women, but they can never learn to be men, and feminine softness and grace can never do the work of the virile virtues of men. Very fortunately, this class of discontented women have not yet been able to endanger existing conditions by combinations analogous to trades unions; nor is it likely they ever will, because it is doubtful if women, under any circumstances, could combine at all. Certain qualities are necessary for combination, and these qualities are represented in women by their opposites.

Considering discontented women of all kinds individually, it is evident that they must be dull women. They see only the dull side of things, and naturally fall into a monotonous way of expressing themselves. They have also the habit of complaining, a habit which quickens only the lower intellect. Where is there a more discontented creature than a good watch dog? He is forever looking for some infringement of his rights; and an approaching step, or a distant bark, drives him into a fury of protest. Discontented women are always egotists; they view everything in regard to themselves, and have therefore the defective sympathies that belong to low organizations. They never win confidence, for their discontent breeds distrust and doubt, and, however clever they may naturally be, an obtrusive self, with its train of likings and dislikings, obscures their judgment, and they take false views of people and things. For this reason, it is almost a hopeless effort to show them how little people generally care about their grievances; for they have thought about themselves so long and so much that they cannot conceive of any subject interesting the rest of the world.

ANNIE DENNIS, FARMER.—Annie Dennis, of Farebottom, Ga., has an estate of 1000 acres, upon which she most successfully conducts a dairy, a stock farm, a cannery, a preserving establishment, a vineyard and wine distillery and a piggery. She is only twenty-five years old and single.

A MADRID PAPER is to be printed on linen, so that after the news is read it can be used as a handkerchief. The ink will be of a kind that will wash out easily. Economy is wealth.

STEEL COFFINS, for the bodies of those who die suddenly on shipboard, are being carried in some of the transatlantic liners. The remains are placed in them and hermetically sealed.

CURFEW TIDE.

The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The oxen low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

Sweet sleep, the nighttime's fairest child,
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower beneath her influence mild
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

No more clanging the rookery rings
With voices of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the treetops run,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

—S. Cornish Watkins in Chambers' Journal.

THE UNDERTAKER'S SONG.

The Consumptive Man Failed to Appreciate the Old Melody.

On North Clark street there is an undertaker whose face and bearing are peculiarly adapted to his business—tall, thin, with a countenance habitually thoughtful, almost melancholy, and in addition his shoulders stoop, which aids in giving him the air of a man who is burdened with his own or other people's sorrows. But behind the mournful exterior there lies a quiet humor, a little grewsome perhaps, but humor nevertheless.

This undertaker boards at a hotel just across the street, and not long since as he walked into the office one evening about dinner time he observed leaning against the end of the desk a cadaverous looking man whom his experienced eyes informed him was rapidly approaching the last stages of consumption. As he passed the desk he remarked in an undertone to the clerk, "I'll get that fellow pretty soon."

Having finished his dinner, he returned to the office, and seating himself in one of the chairs where he could watch the door of his establishment he fell into a dreamy mood. Perhaps it was memories of younger days made him sentimental. At all events he began humming some old ballads. The tune of the old song, "I'm Waiting, My Darling, For Thee," came to his mind. He hummed it over again and again, trying to recall the words. A man seated in front of him seemed to be growing restless.

Suddenly the words came to him, and in a louder tone he sang the first measure, "I'm waiting, my darling, for thee." That was as far as he got. The man in front turned round—it was the consumptive—his bright eyes flashing as in husky but angry tones he said, "I can take a joke as well as any man, but when an undertaker sits behind me and sings 'I'm Waiting, My Darling, For Thee,' it's altogether too much." The undertaker arose slowly, and his face resumed its mournful expression as he walked out of the door and toward his place of business.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Blackie's Student Days.

He wandered in the Harz and the Black forest, clad in wagoner's smock, mixing with the people—especially the miners—geologizing as he went, and making intellectual pilgrimages to Weimar and Wurtzburg. At Gottingen Ottfried Muller and Heeren, the historian, seem to have influenced him most. At Berlin, whither he next went, he studied under Schleiermacher and Neander, to the latter of whom he was much attracted, and whose teaching appears to have had much to do with broadening views that were of themselves already stretching far beyond their originally restricted confines.

Neander once startled his disciple by remarking, "You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to the observance of the Lord's day." Blackie, who still considered that "Scottish theology and Christianity were convertible terms," was staggered by the assertion "that one of the most significant observances of Scottish religiousness was not Christian, but Jewish." But the fourth commandment was too deeply imbedded in Blackie for him to be swayed by such reasoning. He continued to spend his Sundays after the Scotch fashion, and, says he, "I never had cause to regret my conscientiousness —'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"
—Blackwood's Magazine.

Falling From the Sun to the Earth.

The philosophers have figured out some queer problems since the time of Horatio, but none of them is more curious than that relating to the amount of time it would take for an object to fall from the sun or moon to our earth. It has been decided, after an immense amount of figuring, that if a bowlder weighing a ton should fall from the sun it would take it 99 years, 9 months, 7 days and 2 hours to reach the earth. The same bowlder could make the trip from the moon to the earth in 4½ days.
—St. Louis Republic.

Henry Clay's Escape.

Fatalities resulting from "blowing out the gas" are generally considered as due to rusticity and ignorance, but the Philadelphia Record is responsible for the statement that Henry Clay was once in danger of his life from the same cause.

Mayor Swift of Philadelphia and Henry Clay were very intimate friends, and several times during the mayor's administration the eminent Kentuckian came to visit him. On one of these occasions Mr. Clay nearly lost his life.

During the first night of Mr. Clay's visit the mayor noticed an unusual odor of gas in the house, and on investigation it was found that Mr. Clay had retired without having turned off the gas.

The new illuminating agent had been lately introduced, and it is not improbable that Mr. Clay blew out the light in ignorance of the proper method of extinguishing it. Certain it is that had Mayor Swift not made his timely discovery, Mr. Clay's brilliant career would have been prematurely cut off.

The Little Thing That Amused.

A noted man passed up Chestnut street, and everybody smiled when they glanced at him and made laughing remarks to each other.

The reason for their mirth lay in the fact that he carried in full view of everybody—stuck in the front pocket of his overcoat—a legal document bearing the word "Mortgage" in large and conspicuous letters.—Philadelphia Call.

A Painful Dilemma.

Senior Partner—What are you looking so glum over?

Junior Partner—Got a note from my wife that the pug is lost. Now, if I don't sympathize for her a whole lot, she will say I am a cold blooded brute, and if I do sympathize she will suspect that I hired some one to steal the dog and am just condoling with her for a bluff.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

According to oriental tradition the tomb of "Noah, the ark builder," is in the small town of Nakhtchevan, near the foot of Mount Ararat. It is said to be a niche in the wall of an abandoned fortress.

A CAR'S ESCAPADE.

IT STARTED A NEW BREED OF CATTLE IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY.

Coe Little's Bills and His Train Failed to Agree When He Reached Port Jervis. The Explanation Offered For the Car's Strange Freak.

"It isn't likely that there is any of the Coe Little breed of cattle left in the upper Delaware valley," said a veteran railroad man, "because, by this time, their identity must have been destroyed though mixture with other breeds. It doesn't matter, for there was nothing of particular note about that breed of cattle, except the way they happened to be introduced into that locality.

"In those days live stock transportation was one of the Erie's big items of traffic. Trains half a mile long, loaded with horned cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, used to pass over the road two or three times a day. Such a thing is almost a curiosity nowadays. Coe Little was conductor of one of these stock trains between Susquehanna and Port Jervis. He left Susquehanna one night, in those good old days of railroading, with a long train of cattle cars. These trains were next to passenger trains in class, and were run over the road a-humming. Conductor Little delivered his train at Port Jervis on time, and handed over his way bills, which he had received at Susquehanna, and on which the number, character and contents of every car in his train were recorded. When the agent at Port Jervis compared Little's train on this voucher, one car was missing. The car was entered on the way bill as having left Susquehanna all right, but it wasn't in the train. Its place, according to the bill, was about in the middle of the train.

"Well, here was a situation. Coe Little declared that every car was in the train when he left Susquehanna, for he had checked the number of each one on the way bill himself. He certainly hadn't delivered the missing car to any one on the way, and he couldn't see how any one could have sneaked in and stolen it, especially as the train had been on the move pretty much all the time between Susquehanna and Port Jervis. A telegram was sent to the agent at Susquehanna, asking for information about the missing car. The reply was that nothing was known there that could throw any light on the subject; quite the contrary, for the agent corroborated Little's report. The car was in the train when it left Susquehanna.

"During the efforts of the puzzled railroad men at Port Jervis to solve the mystery of the lost car, some one discovered that the car that should have been just behind the missing one was coupled to the one that should have been just ahead of it without the aid of a coupling pin, the link being broken in such a way that it had become a hook, which was fast in the pinhole in the coupler of the other car. This didn't help matters a little bit, and rather deepened the mystery.

"They were still deep in efforts to solve the mystery, and a car tracer was about to be sent back over the road to see if he could find the car, when a telegram came from Shohola, a station 16 miles west of Port Jervis. The agent at that station said in effect that somebody's cattle car was astray in a field along the Delaware river just beyond Shohola station, and that somebody had better come and look after it. The wrecking gang was sent up from Port Jervis, and, sure enough, in the middle of a field, 100 feet or more from the railroad, stood the missing cattle car, right as a trivet, except that its doors were open and its cattle gone. To get where it was the car had run down a ten foot embankment, across a wagon road and through a stout rail fence.

"There was only one way to explain the freak of the car in quitting its train so unceremoniously. Going east along that part of the Erie the track is on a heavy down grade. Just before reaching Shohola the coupling pin that held the car to the one ahead of it must have broken. This divided the train in two parts. The head car of the rear part jumped the track, and breaking the link that held it to the car behind it, went on down the bank, getting out of the way of the cars following on the track.

"When the leading section of the divided train got to the foot of the grade, its speed slackened. The hind section caught up with it, and ran into the rear car, but not with force sufficient to do any damage or attract attention. The broken link, then a hook, happened to fall into the pinhole of the coupler ahead of it. The train was thus recoupled and went on to Port Jervis without the loss of a car right out of its very center having been discovered by any one. There is no parallel to this one in the record of mishaps to railroad trains, and it has never ceased to be a wonder to all old time railroad men.

"Well, whether the doors of the fugitive car were broken by the jar and jolt of its trip down the bank, through the fence, and across the lot, or whether the cattle inside kicked them open, I can't say. They were open, and the cattle jumped out. It was winter, and the Delaware river, only a few feet away, was filled with running ice. The cattle must have been in a panic, or must have known that they were in Pike county, Pa., or something of that sort, for they plunged into that icy flood and made their way across the river into Sullivan county, N. Y. Searchers, accompanied by the drover who owned them, found and recovered them all. One cow, a deep red animal with a white star in her forehead, took the fancy of a farmer on whose premises some of the cattle were found, and he bought her. She had twin calves in the spring, each marked exactly like the mother. One was a bull calf, one a heifer. Because of the way in which the stock happened to be there it was called the Coe Little breed, and for some years was a favorite breed among the farmers of that part of the valley."—New York Sun.

Oil and Water.

"I'm very unfortunate," said the young artist.

"You are deficient in one important quality," replied his candid friend.

"What is that?"

"Tact. When Mr. Greesem came to see you about a portrait, you never stopped to think that he made his fortune out of a lucky streak in kerosene."

"Never."

"And you told him he ought to have his picture done in oil, and he didn't leave the order."

"That's so."

"And when Mr. Skimker, who has prospered as a dairyman, called at your studio, you rushed from Scylla to Charybdis and advised him to be done up in water colors. You're a good painter, my boy, but what you need is discretion."—Washington Star.

Willing to Please.

Tourist (in Ireland)—I should like a room with an iron bedstead.

Hotel Proprietor—Sorr, Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place—they're all soft wool. But you'll find the mattress noice and hard, sorr.—Pick Me Up.

The ancient inks closely resembled black paint, and on account of the large quantity of gum employed in their composition the letters stood up in relief on the parchments as though embossed.

In the early days of this century many efforts were made to fasten hard points to pens of softer material. Bits of metal were often fastened as points to pens of glass, tortoise shell or horn.

The Ætolian League.

The Ætolian league was a confederacy of Greek states formed B. C. 323. An annual assembly was held in the autumn at Thermum, and this conference was called the Panætolicon. The league was dissolved on the conquest of the Ætolian states by the Romans, B. C. 189. The original purpose of the league was to free Greece from the rule of the Macedonian kings.

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