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# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 3, 1898. VOL. XXXVII—NO. 39.

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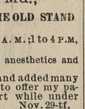
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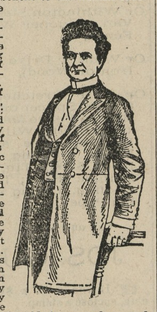
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J. D. BACCHUS,
April 22, 1897. Chestertown, Md.

## EARLY FOX HUNTING.

### The First Chase for Reynard in America Was in Queen Anne.

EVERY HOMESTEAD HAD ITS HOUNDS.

The October number of *Outing* contains an article on "The Beginnings of Fox Hunting in America," written by Hanson Hiss, a Baltimore newspaper man. It is especially interesting, as the sport originated in this State, and that it has been continued by lovers of the chase in the several clubs now in Maryland.

The first fox hunt in America, of which any record has come down to us, took place in Queen Anne county about 1650. From that time on, no Maryland homestead was complete without its pack of hounds and its race course. There was always a slave whose sole duty it was to "tend hounds," and woe be unto him if any injury befell a favorite hound. Summary and severe punishment was always the penalty of his carelessness or neglect. Writers of the day tell us that the dogs were allowed far more freedom than the slaves, and that the planter's porch was always crowded with yelping hounds, awaiting the master's horn sound "Mount and away," or watching an opportunity to see the quarterer's door open that they might steal something.

The hounds of those days were very unlike the carefully bred and carefully groomed and fed hunters of the mother country, or of the Maryland of to-day. At that time the foxhound needed great toughness and endurance, and these requisites were obtained by crossing the English foxhound with the Irish staghound (Scharf, History of Maryland). The result looked like a mongrel, but he suited the country far better than a blooded animal.

The only fox hunted in those days was the gray one, an animal very different in many respects from his red brother of England. As the State was settled almost entirely by the English, it was more like a great English shire than a colony in the New World, and but for the general roughness of the country, it might easily have been mistaken for one. As the settlers arrived here they brought with them many local attachments, and not the least of these was their fondness for hunting the red fox. They could not become accustomed to his gray brother. It is to this fact that we owe fox hunting as it is to-day and has always been in England.

As tradition has it, one afternoon in the hot month of August, in the year of grace 1738, eight sleek and prosperous tobacco planters in the county of Talbot sat in the cool shade of a rambling veranda, which supported as it was by massive pillars and shaded by giant oaks of many generations in age, afforded a comfortable spot to discuss the sad difference between hunting the red fox in Merrie England, where four of them were born, and hunting the gray one in the land of their adoption.

The Englishmen, with many a round oath and between sips of such fragrant mint juleps as an "Eastern Sho" darkey alone knows how to concoct, were declaring that there was as much difference between hunting the two species as there was between a canvasback and a barnyard duck. The upshot of it was, according to an old tale printed not many years afterward, that the captain of the good ship Monocacy, a tobacco schooner owned by one of the party, was instructed to bring back with him on his next trip to Liverpool eight pair of red foxes.

In due course of time the animals arrived, and were liberated along the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. The occasion was one of much merriment, entertainment and sport. The daughter of the country gentry rode on a pillion behind her brother or cavalier to the great ball which was given at Chestertown in honor of the occasion. They fastened their scarlet cloth riding-habits over their white silk ball dresses, and tied their hair, done in an amazing fashion with a lace kerchief, while their skirts were arranged in such a manner that they would not come in contact with the horses' flanks.

Everyone witnessed the festivities from the ignorant country bumpkin, in homespun jeans and white cotton shirt, to the landed proprietor, with his gouty foot done up in bandages. There were races between the horses of Maryland and Virginia, and it is stated that the horses from the latter colony came off victorious. The hour these eight pair of red foxes were set loose on the barnyards of the Maryland farmers may safely be reckoned the birth of genuine fox hunting in this country. The way these foxes multiplied was marvelous, but they did not emigrate into Virginia until the hard winter of 1779-80, when all the waters of the State were a sheet of ice. So intense was the cold that many native birds were frozen to death.

As the hunting element of Virginia and her sister colonies believed with the Englishmen on the porch in Talbot county that the red fox, as a subject of sport, was far superior to the gray, they would cross the Potomac, prior to the Revolution, and make the welkin ring with the clear, crisp notes of the bugle and the musical baying of their hounds. The young men and women would come over on their blooded steeds, and, together with as many more from the old Terrapin State, would form a merry party on a hunt which would last sometimes as long as a week.

When night would overtake them, they were sure of a simple but hearty welcome at the nearest manor house, where, no matter how many guests there might be already, there was always room for more. Stabling was always to be had, and there would be plenty of jone for the tired hounds. In the evening, there would be an abundance of old-fashioned punch for the men; and dancing to the music of Uncle Billy's ever-ready fiddle. The next morning the bugle would sound "Mount and away," and, refreshed, invigorated and full of pleasant anticipations, this gay party of happy young fox hunters would start out again to repeat the performance. In those early days the young folks knew no restraint, and, consequently, no false modesty, and all led a life of pure and untrammeled freedom.

In pre-Revolutionary days every kind of sport was good form. Chicken-fighting was considered one of the rarest and most interesting of amusements, and was indulged in by young and old alike. Early planters, with sporting proclivities, had separate inclosures for their choice black-breasted games, and a man whose duty it was to care for them, and when a main was arranged between the country gentry, to walk them and get them in condition for the contest. As much attention was paid to their breeding and propagation as the fancy poultry-farmer of to-day gives his choice Bramahs, Cochins or Leghorns, or the stock-raiser his trotters. Washington was interested in the sport, and raised many plucky fighters on his Mount Vernon plantation. Indeed, it is feared that polite society would have looked askance at our national progenitor had he lived in these time; and it is possible that he would have been a proper subject for the S. P. C. A., as he not only fought chickens, but attended bear and bull baitings, and tells us in his diary that he lost 40 shillings at the races at Annapolis.

Even many of the clergy in those early days rode to hounds, and some kept a pack which they would regularly hunt. There is a good story told of one of the early Bishops who was passionately fond of hunting, and who, it is averred, as a young churchman, would cut a service short at the sound of the bugle or the bay of the hounds, in order to join in the chase. He kept one of the best selected packs in the county, and would hunt them every other day during the season. After he was elevated to the episcopacy he felt it incumbent upon him to put away such worldly amusements as hounds and hunting, and, accordingly, gave his pack to a neighbor near Easton, one of the Calverts. One morning, while on a journey toward Annapolis on business connected with the diocese, his old pack came by in full cry, but, near him, lost the scent. Before his lordship of Maryland realized what he was about, the palm of his hand was at his clerical mouth, and he had given in stentorian tones the "View-halloo," and was hot on the heels of the reassured hounds. When among the first in at the death, and glancing at his blown and foundered horse, he exclaimed, in highest anger:

"Out upon this great carcass of mine! No horse that was ever foaled can live under it. 'Tis good for naught but to feed upon the good things of Maryland." That was his lordship's last fox-hunt.

The popular idea of George Washington to the young American mind is a staid and dignified figure, far removed from the frivolities of life. What would these reverential and awe-inspired youths have thought had they seen the immortal George, early one pleasant September morning, over 100 years ago, attired in a brilliant sky-blue coat, with great shining brass buttons, a vivid scarlet vest, and his august limbs encased in a pair of buckskin trousers, as close-fitting as Sir Toby's famous tights! At the end of these limbs was a pair of natty boots, with bright yellow tops, and armed with jingling silver spurs. On his head a green velvet cap with a blue visor.

Astride of a magnificent gray gelding rejoicing in the name of Blueskin, this splendid figure was galloping at a breakneck speed over the dew-laden Maryland downs, close on the heels of a pack of well-kept foxhounds, and with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes was cheering them on the scent.

"Hi, there, Vulcan! At him, Speedaway!! To the scent, Dash!! Hi! Hi!! Hi!!!"

And away off in the distance, just disappearing over a grassy knoll, was a poor little red fox, the cause of all the excitement, his tail pointed derisively at the Father of His Country, and making good his escape.

Whether or not Washington knew that the red fox was imported from England in the early part of the 18th century, and on that account made it interesting for the fox, history does not tell us. Certain it is, however, that few men of his day, whether great or small, were more ardent devotees of the "noble sport of fox-hunting," or followed the chase with more distinguished success. During the season he would hunt regularly every other day, arising at the first peep of early dawn and not returning until nine or ten o'clock, with a most ravenous appetite for a bounteous Virginia breakfast. Lafayette, knowing his love for the sport, sent him from France a splendid pack of French foxhounds, and these were sources of much attention from him. The kennels were situated about 100 yards south of the stables, and he visited first his horses and then his hounds, regularly every morning and evening.

For a great many years his beautiful home at Mount Vernon was headquarters for the cross-country hunters of Northern Virginia and Southern Maryland, and from the 1st of September until the 1st of January was full to overflowing with the sporting planters and their wives from these two sections. Needless to say they were entertained in the most splendid style of the South's ancient hospitality. Could the portraits speak or the bricks become loquacious in that historic pile, now so dear to the heart of every American what stories they could tell of bygone sporting days, when it sheltered at one time as many as fifty of the most manly men and beautiful women of the Twin Sister States, so truly termed Rachel and Rebecca by John Esten Cooke.

Perchance some of the thrilling stories of the chase, issued from those revered lips, would be in not altogether perfect accord with the cherry-tree legend. It was ever Washington's proud boast that so close did his pack stick to the scent a blanket could cover them; and as we know he always hunted his full pack of fifty-two dogs, we must, of course, assume, is in the light of the aforesaid fable in which little George and the hatchet figured so prominently, that the blanket was either of immense proportions or that the hounds ran four or five deep. But why not the latter? Maryland soldiers died for him four deep, at Cowpens, at Long Island and at Trenton.

Washington had the justly earned reputation of being the finest rider of his day. At the head of his friends from the neighboring plantations, and accompanied by the best pack of hounds in the country, trained by his famous whipper-in, Will Lee, more commonly known in Revolutionary lore as Billy, and who always rode a great animal called Chinkling, he hunted across the beautiful valleys of the two States with as much vim and ardor as he had hunted the redcoats a few years previously. None rode more gallantly in the chase, nor with voice more cheerily awakened the echoes of the woodland. He would never grant to any one the privilege of being first in at the death. He realized that as the Aneid of Virgil ends with a death, a fox hunt should certainly do the same, and he kept at it until there was one if it took him until sundown.

Washington was not the only distinguished hunter of foxes in Maryland. Charles Calvert, one of the earliest of her Governors, a hearty huntsman who had won his spurs on England's turf, was one of the keenest of sportsmen, and would vent his spleen on the gray fox and call him a vile vermin. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland's Signer, cold, calculating and callous as he was by nature, would unbend and grow warm, enthusiastic, and at time hilarious over the punch bowl at the hunt breakfast, in describing the part he played in the pursuit of Reynard. Sir Alexander Williams, Lord Almhurst and Sir Edmund Andrews hunted over the beautiful hills of Montgomery; Dr. Thomas Bray, General Braddock and Sir William Berkeley made many a gallant and exhilarating dash over the flats and Chief Justice Rogers E. Taney was an enthusiastic cross-country hunter before the legal affairs of a great and growing nation crushed him to an early and honored grave. In fact, Maryland may justly be called the Mother of Sports.

For eight prosperous and happy generations her young men have been noted far and near for their intense love of outdoor sports. Their proficiency in the use of firearms and their valor in the chase, when bravery and daring were most needed and most prized, have long been sources of envy to their brothers in the neighboring colonies. Their fondness for adventure and the thrilling excitement incident to a huntsman's life, may be traced back to the early part of the 17th century, when Leonard Calvert with his band of knightly emigrants landed on the grassy banks of the Potomac, at St. Mary's, and planting the cross under that wide-spreading and aged oak rendered famous in Maryland ballad and Maryland verse, claimed all the country thereabouts in the name of the good Queen Mary, and dedicated the soil to God and England's beautiful sovereign.

They proved themselves as expert with the crossbow and bolt as their hearty, roving ancestors, whose rooftree was seldom other than the leafy bowers of the forests of Sherwood and Ettrick, and whose deeds chronicled in the ballads of Robin Hood have embalmed themselves forever in the hearts of England's youth.

As soldiers of the Revolution their valor and bravery at the Battle of Long Island, when ninety-eiget per cent. of their number died like heroes in protecting the retreat of the American Army, caused Washington to shed bitter tears and exclaim in anguish, "My God! My God! what brave men I must this day lose." As protectors of Baltimore in the Battle of North Point, during the war of 1812, 6,000 of them, armed with pitchforks, axes and flintlocks, defeated General Ross and his trained army of 15,000 men. In the war with Mexico and during the war between the States, their unshrinking courage and love of State and country won them priceless encomiums from their commanders. The writer has already told (Outing, May and June, 1892,) of the splendid achievements of Maryland's calvery in five hard-fought wars.

It has been proven a dozen times in history that the men who make the best soldiers, and are most daring and brave in the face of real danger, have acquired their steadiness and nerve and physical courage by early training on the field of sport. The young men of the States of Maryland and Virginia are no exceptions to this rule.

### McClure's Magazine For February.

Dr. Nansen discusses in the February McClure's the future of exploration in the direction of the North Pole. His conclusion is that the Pole "can be reached without too great difficulties," either "by a ship drifting with the ice across the Polar sea," or "by the help of dogs and sledges from the Greenland side." He enforces this conclusion with recitals from his own experience in getting 195 miles nearer the pole than any other man has got (except Johansen, who accompanied Nansen), and the article is as interesting as it is valuable. It is illustrated with numerous pictures of people and scenes of the far North drawn or photographed from life, some of them by Dr. Nansen himself.

This number of McClure's is particularly notable in its personal and biographical matter. There is a series of "Great Portraits of Lincoln," showing him at the time he entered Congress, at the time when he was in the full heat of his great debate with Douglas, at the time of his first nomination to the Presidency, and at other historic moments in his life. An interesting article by Miss Tarbell gives the history of the several portraits. Mr. Dana's "Reminiscences" continue, and give his observations of Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield at the time of the battle of Chickamauga. They also give a very interesting view of Burnside at Knoxville. But of especial biographical value is the vivid detail account of Washington's last illness and death, from the manuscript diary of his trusted private secretary and constant attendant, Tobias Lear. It is remarkable that so interesting a document should never have been published in full before, in a way to make it alvilable to the general reading public.

The best story by Stephen Crane that we have seen, not excepting the famous "Red Badge of Courage," appears in this number of McClure's. There is also a charming humorous Irish story by Shan Bullock and an absorbing instalment of the Anthony Hope novel. But none of these, in novel and thrilling incidents, surpasses Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen's record of his own real experience in "Firing a Locomotive."

### See What We Give For Only 10 Cts.

TAKE NOTICE.—You are given a choice of one of the following articles and *The Home 3 months for only 10 cents.* Lord Lisle's Daughter, by Charlotte M. Braeme; Book of 60 pages on Crocheting and Knitting; or a Stamping Outfit of 66 patterns, many new designs, including centerpieces, doilies, etc.
The excellent stories, for which The Home is noted, will be continued; the Fashion and Fancy Work departments will be kept up to a high standard. Kate Sanborn will continue her bright "Off-Hand Talks," and every one of the numerous Departments will be increased and made brighter.
Illustrated Premium List, or outfit for canvassing sent *free.*
THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in the head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we will mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y. City.
A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six week's I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Mr. Breerwood's Disappearance.

Mr. Thomas Breerwood, a young and talented lawyer of Cambridge, has disappeared, and no one, except it be his wife, knows his whereabouts. He left Cambridge last Thursday, stating that he was going to Annapolis on business. His wife accompanied him as far as Baltimore, expecting to return with him to their home on Friday night, but she saw no more of him after parting with him in Baltimore, and returned to Cambridge alone. The *Herald* correspondent has learned that Mrs. Breerwood received a letter from her husband last night in which he told her that he was short in his accounts with his clients, and owed other moneys besides, and, seeing no way out of his difficulties, he concluded to leave Cambridge, and start life afresh elsewhere, with a hope of being able to meet the obligations he leaves behind. It is understood that Mr. Breerwood is now somewhere in the far West, but just where those who know will not divulge. Mr. Breerwood studied law in the office of John R. Pattison, and, after being admitted to the bar, opened an office in the Dixon building.

Mr. Breerwood was a student of Washington College for several years, and was one of the most brilliant young men of the institution during his stay there. He has many friends in Kent who will regret to learn of his misfortunes.

### Builder of Gratitude Dead.

Jacob G. Neafie, President of the Neafie & Levy Ship and Engine Building Company, died in Philadelphia on Tuesday of last week. The firm of which Mr. Neafie was president, built and at one time owned the steamer Gratitude, of the Chester River Steamboat Company, and which, as the "Capt. Miller," was the first steamer to make daily round trips between Centreville and Baltimore, Capt. M. M. Larrimore being master. As the steamer Capt. Miller, the vessel was burned to the water's edge at Centreville Landing about ten years ago, was rebuilt by the Neafie & Levy Co. and subsequently sold to the Chester River Co.

The Neafie & Levy concern operates a large plant on the Delaware River front in Philadelphia, having established the business in 1844, under the name of the Penn Iron Works. During the Mexican War, the firm built a number of vessels for the government, and while the war of the Rebellion lasted, they constructed engines for one hundred and twenty government ships, some of them being the largest in the service. Mr. Neafie was born December 15th, 1825, in Monmouth county, N. J. In his early life he lived in New York city, receiving his education there. Despite his great age Mr Neafie continued the active direction of his extensive business until within a few days of his death. He is survived by a widow and one daughter. His wealth is generally believed to run into the millions.

### Hicks for February.

The 2d and 3d are centers of reactionary storm disturbances which will bring rain and snow. High barometer and cold will ensue, lasting two or three days. A regular storm period is central on the 7th, and from the 6th to 9th very heavy rains will fall southward and snow northward. Another high barometer and cold wave will come down from northwest about the 8th to 11th. It will turn warmer on and touching the 13th and 14th, ending in low barometer and more storms. Change to colder will follow in regular order. All these forecasts are amplified and reasons given in Rev. Irl R. Hicks' Almanac. From the 18th to 21st falls another storm period, in which thunder and rain may be expected southward, snow northward; and a sharp cold wave coming in from northwest. About the 23d to 25th look for return to storm conditions. Barometer will fall, temperature will rise, and storms of rain, thunder and wind will visit many sections. Ice gorges and overflowing streams will endanger life and property in many places.

### Five Years in Search of a Cow.

Five years ago young Barkley Geary, son of a farmer living near Westmoreland, was sent to bring up the family cow. Nothing was seen or heard of him until last Saturday night, when he drove the cow up to the barn, entered the house, hung up his cap on its accustomed peg, and told his mother that he would milk after supper. He refuses to tell where he spent the five years, beyond declaring that he was out hunting the cow.—*Kansas City Star.*

"As if a brick were lying in my stomach" is the description by a dyspeptic of his feeling after eating.
This is one of the commonest symptoms of indigestion. If you have it, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.
Not only this symtom, but *all* the symptoms of indigestion are cured by Shaker Digestive Cordial.
So many medicines to cure this one disorder. Only one that can be called successful, because only one that acts in a simple, natural, and yet scientific way. Shaker Digestive Cordial.
Purely vegetable, and containing no dangerous ingredients, Shaker Digestive Cordial tones up, strengthens, and restores to health all the digestive organs.
Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1 a bottle.

### Chicago Has a Cat Club.

Chicago women who are lovers of fine cats organized a club on Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. Leland Norton. The objects are to bring together the owners of thoroughbred animals, to work for better breeding and to see that Chicago has a cat show once a year. Mrs. Norton was elected president of the club.

### The Coming Woman

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. For sale by M. A. Toulson druggist.

MR. PEPPER, "I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act."
MRS. PEPPER: "No; but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

A few months ago Mr. Bryan Every, of Woodstock, Mich., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. His right leg was swollen the full length, causing him great suffering. He was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The first bottle of it helped him considerably and the second bottle effected a cure. The 25 and 50 cent sizes are for sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

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