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No. 7.

scene premises of the industry.
 First of June last, as a stray
DARK RED HUILES
COW
 her ears split.—The owner is
 to come forward with propo-
 sals, and take her away.



ELKTON PRESS.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1887.

THE BAR OF THE E. SHORE COURT OF APPEALS.

There is perhaps no Society of Professional Gentlemen, which for their numbers is more respectable, than those composing the Bar of the Court of Appeals for the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

We will attempt to sketch the portraits of a few of these Gentlemen—and as the Article is intended more particularly for the profession, they will be able to fill up the outlines, and give a more telling picture.

At the head of this Bar, confessedly, stands the Dignified T. J. R., the Chief of the Law, who for correct, gentlemanly deportment, Chronological accuracy, and **BLACK LETTER** familiarity, hath not his superior in this State; and we doubt if he excelled in any other—it is however paying him no more than a just compliment, to call him the Chancellor Kent of Maryland.

The next in point of Respectability, are perhaps the first in point of age, an old gentleman whose habit of Medical arrangement is so minute, that we have heard, he takes his quills.

The next is Sergeant Saunders with his **FOCUS**—A man who for his astute knowledge of the technicalities of special pleading, his powers of Logical Reasoning, and every other power, which a profound Lawyer could wish to possess, except a graceful figure, and polite demeanor; has few equals in the State of Maryland.

Next comes the Harry-Hotspur of the E. Shore Bar. A man noble, generous, and magnanimous—but with a little warm to the vein—one whom at all times we should be proud to write our Friend—and whom if oppressed, or likely to be injured, we should be pleased to name our Advocate.

The next is the gallant, gay, Lothario—the member of Congress elect from Talbot—Lord Coke was about to claim him as his son—but Will Shakespeare came into Court, and told him in his own words, that a Decent cast to'd the crown.

What shall we say of our worthy Senator from Kent? That his speedy and unexampled rise in life, must be at the same time, both the evidence and the guarantor, of his talents as a Lawyer, and his virtues as a man.

At our Congressmen elect from Cecil, we could say many good things, but that they are too near home not to be anticipated—and being true might be mis-contrived into Flattery.

There is a reasonably tall young gentleman from Kent, too, of whom we would say somewhat in commendation, but that he is so lately married, we fear he would blush, when his wife read it.

Of the younger Rossius we will only say, that his Eloquence is flowery his manner polite and persuasive.

Should we have placed any gentleman here in a niche, which he is not well pleased with, he can take down the picture and alter the arrangement for himself.

Should there be found no person so foolish as to find fault with the present sketch, we may possibly hereafter be tempted to give a portrait of the Bench.

THE RELICS OF DENNIE.

FOR THE ELKTON PRESS.

And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide: and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold, the CAMELS WERE COMING.

GENESIS XXIV. 63.

Now there does not appear any thing remarkable in this passage—and yet I have often seen as the fore ground of a picture which I hope will prove both amusing and instructive.

In the patriarchal age, when the tree of genealogy had shot forth, but few collateral branches—when as the Lawyers would say, the chain of regular descent

from Adam the propitius, down to Abraham the tenant in possession, might have been traced by the mouth of a living witness—this old gentleman, who it seems was "well stricken in years," having only one son, his successor and heir apparent, bearing lest upon his demise without issue his plantations might escheat, or become the property of "the first occupant," thought it advisable to send his prime minister, and confidential servant, to the land of his nativity, in order to look out a wife for his son amongst the daughters of his kindred.—It may naturally be concluded that this Ambassador, who seems to have been well versed in the arts of Diplomatic Courtesy, should either have received from his master particular instructions—or supposing his commission to have been a carte blanche—to have determined in his own mind what Cardinal virtues in the damsel should be the polar star of his choice—accordingly we find that "meek-eyed pity" and generous hospitality was to be the *Sine qua non* of negotiation.—After fixing these preliminaries with the old gentleman, and having sworn fidelity in the negotiation, by a most singular oath—and having also warily provided against the possible failure of his embassy, "præventive the woman would not come," this Cardinal Walsley departed upon a no less important mission than the free navigation of the river Mississippi, or the long contested passage of Nootka Sound.

As in this land of the parched soil, and burning Sun, the most frequented roads were those leading from the City to the Well, and rightly judging that at that public resort where the damsels in those days, both rich and poor, comely and ill favored, were wont to resort at a certain hour in the evening to draw water and fill their pitchers for the night's supply; would be the most likely place whereat to be indulged with the choice of variety, and development of Temper; this crafty politician stopped his Caravan at the well of Nahor, a City in Mesopotamia; there to wait the coming of the evening concourse of fair-armed waterbearers. Whilst he was meditating a plan how to draw forth an exhibition of those virtues which his master had given him in charge to secure in the future wife of his son, the "fair haired" Rebekah came amongst others to labour at the well—and as soon as she filled her pitcher and was about to depart than he accosted her and begs of her to let him drink—this was the critical moment; a way-worn and thirsty traveller, faint with journeying, and sick with heat, a stranger who had traversed the sandy valleys of Padsharam, appeals to her generosity and solicits her hospitality.—What was the reply?—Coquetry had not taken root in those days—disimulation was not cultivated as an accomplishment—Paris was not then builded—Stanhope had not been written—the answer might therefore well be expected to express the honest sentiments of the heart.—And she said drink, my lord; and I will draw water for thy Camels also.

And after he had drank—"she hastened, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all her Camels."—And the Ambassador, wondering at her, held his peace.—No marvel indeed that he was astonished, and well pleased, to see that his journey had been prosperous, his mission well sped, and that the object of his waylaying was likely so soon to be accomplished to the satisfaction of his master who had sent him. So when the Camels had done drinking "he took a golden ear-ring of half a Shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten Shekles weight of gold; and said, unto Daughter art thou? Tell me I pray thee: Is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?" There was no hesitation or fastidiousness in her reply—"She said unto him, I am the Daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor—we have both room to lodge in."

Here then was the object of his mission accomplished—he had not only found a comely and well favored virgin, possessing the requisite qualifications for the wife of his young Prince; but she was of the very Stock and Family, from which all others his master was desirous that his son should choose a companion for life—she was of the race of Nahor, and first cousin to Isaac. The only doubt remaining on his mind was, whether the parents of the young girl would part with their so amiable daughter—and if the maiden would go with him to be the wife of his master.

Short and few were the preliminaries necessary, at that day, to settle an union for life. The damsel ran to her mother's house, and told her relations of those things; both her mother Laban went out to the well, and he said to the man come in, wherefore standest thou without? I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." He went into the house; and after Laban had taken care of his cattle, and provided for him and his followers, water to wash their feet; there was meat set before him to eat; but he said, I will not eat until I have told mine errand, when he was told to speak on. He then told them, from whom he had come, and the object of his visit; that his master had given him, and powerful, in the land whither he had journeyed; and being well stricken in years, Heaven had blessed him with an only son, who was his help and

look, smile and tear of the old world, the golden lock! Never did the first Adam nurture a plant of Paradise with more fondness than this father cherished his only son.

The British channel is always a dangerous one to vessels, especially in the winter season; and it was that time of the year Mr. Albert and his fair-haired boy left Albion's Isle. But, the ship bravely rode the waves, and "walked the waters like a thing of life." The captain had the pleasure of safely passing Cape Clear, (the most southern point of Ireland), and was soon enabled to get off that a seaman, possessed of a good vessel, requires—plenty of sea-room.

Mr. Albert did not leave the side of his little child during the period of sickness; but, with all the intense anxiety, so beautifully displayed in a mother's love, the father was not the less fondly, and intimately attached to every little form, and infused into every little fancy, the love was naturally strong, and he soon shook off this universal troublemaker of all persons unused to the sea. And then did he display all those beautiful wild flights and innocent joys which a father's sight enjoys, and with which every kind of disposition is gratified. The little merry fellow became a favorite with the captain, officers, and even the very crew.

It was upon a bright day, when the ship was sailing a southerly direction, that the child stole from the cabin. His father was occupied at the time in listening to an account of the perils encountered by the captain upon a former voyage. The boy climbed up the side of the ship, and looked aloft upon the billows for the purpose of looking aglow upon the broad waves. A frightful situation!

"Your bright-haired boy has gone up the cabin stairs," said the captain to the father. Mr. Albert immediately ascended to the deck; and all the blood of his cheek shrunk to his heart when he saw the situation of his son. But the boy gave him no time to think; for, partly turning round his neck, and taking his small hands from their resting place, he attempted to wave his father towards him. At that moment, a sea struck the opposite side of the vessel—the boy lost his balance—he fell into the black water, and a huge billow displayed him upon its swelling back!

The wretched father uttered a dreadful shriek, and sprang over the bulwark into the sea.

The man at the helm was the only person at that time upon deck. He instantly left the wheel, ran down the cabin stairs, and with a trembling lip told the master of the accident.

"Out with the boat in an instant!" roared the captain, and, at the same time, running wildly about the deck, "calling the fresh water!" and about ship immediately! Mate, up the shrouds directly; keep a sharp eye upon the poor gentleman and his boy, and let your arm be directed to where the waves carry them."

The captain and his crew eagerly followed to the boat, and never did a true American sailor wait for a second order, when his aid was required. Bravely and kindly of heart are often synonymous.

"Pull, my lads; for God's sake pull!" said the captain, as he kept turning round, at one time to see the mate on the mast, pointing out the direction the bodies had taken, and then, to steer the boat aright. The men did not utter a word; but pulled at the oars with all their power.

"Tis a drifting sea," said the captain. Not one of the men answered him; but each continued to labor away. "I have my fears!—keep a good look out at the head of the boat, Atkins!"

Here the captain turned around to look again at the head of the boat, Atkins! When he saw the mate raise, as if in alarm, his hands on high!

God of heaven! cried the captain; then they have ended sunk!—I saw it, exclaimed the second officer, who was stationed in the bows of the boat. I saw it shake its jawst And look, Sam, is that the yellow gulph-weed between his teeth? Surely it can't be the poor child's hair!

The dreadful catastrophe was soon partly told. A billow, lightly tinged with blood, rose around the boat, and displayed within its centre a huge shark!

No traces of the poor father were perceivable. The captain grew sick at heart.

Take the helm, Atkins, he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the bottom of the boat. The second mate's cheek had a cold tear upon it, as he, in silence, obeyed his commander's orders.—And a fine expression of still sorrow was perceivable upon the face of every man composing the boat's crew.

Slowly and faintly did the captain ascend again the side of his ship.

Let me not be called during the night, he said, addressing his first officer; and do not show me the log book for some days to come.

He then entered his state-room, fastened the door, and fell upon his bed, sobbing violently.

The night-watch was set; but not a man disturbed the stillness of the deck with a heavy tread. The heavens looked cold and bright, night was heard through the dark hours but the light cry of the wheel, as the man at the helm looked at the binnacle-light, and kept the vessel up to the wind.

G. E. E.

PARTURE.

From Mrs. Colein's Messenger.

A TALE OF HORROR.

From the original German of the poet and novelist, Lemona, was daughter of Hudda the brave.

Whose throne was exalted on high; His gold and his silver fill'd many a cave, His nobles were haughty, but each a slave.

Obed the least dart of his eye. Lemona was tall and Lemona was fair, Her tangles fell over her shoulder, Like the silver-winged dove was the smooth of her hair.

Her fingers were taper, her elbows were bare; Of it made the heart beat to behold her.

Lemona had huntsmen and hounds in her train, And of silver-shod horses a score; Her palfrey was grey, and of silk was his rein.

He champ'd his gold-bit as he pranced on the plain, And seemed proud of the burden he bore.

Lemona was happy; for Bruno the son Of a rich and a mighty great Earl, Had sigh'd and had loved, and her heart he had won.

As she sat on her seat by the rivers that run, Thro' the bridges of Mother of Pearl, Quick throbbings, quick throbbings, swell'd thick in her breast.

She gave her consent with a fault; The priests were assembled in surplices dress'd.

Young Bruno most cheerly the daisied carst, As they walked up the aisle to the altar. The palace was crowded, the chandeliers shone.

The ivory tables were spread; The bride and the bridegroom were placed on a throne, Which entirely was form'd of a large Onyx-stone.

With a canopy over their head. Now the laugh shak'd the hall, and rudely wine flow'd;

Who—who is not merry and gay? Lemona is happy, for little she knows Of the monster so grim that lay hid in repose.

Expecting his evening prey! While the music played sweet and with trippings so light,

Bruno danced thro' the maze of the ball, Lemona retired, and her damsels in white Led her up to her chamber, then wish'd her "good night."

And went down again to the hall. The monster of blood now extended his paws, And from under the bed did he creep;

With blood-clots besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his claws, With blood-clots besmear'd, he now opens his jaws.

To feed on the virgin asleep. He seized on a vein and he gave such a bite, And he gave with his fangs such a tug, She scream'd—Bruno ran up stairs in a fright.

The guests followed after, when brought to the light, "Lord be mercy!" they cried, "what a BCG."

ANON.

BEAUTIES OF THE DEEP.

From the pen of one of our own Poets—

PERUVIAL.

"Deep in the water is a coral grove, Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,

Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue, But never are wet with the falling dew,

But in bright and changeable beauty shine, Far down in the green and glassy brine, The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,

And the pearl shells spangle the stony snow; From coral rocks the sea plants lift

Their boughs where the tide and billows flow, The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and waves are absent there, And the sands are bright as the stars that glow

In the motionless fountains of upper air; There with its waving blade of green, The sea flag streams the silent wave,

And the clamorous of the dulse is seen To blash, like a banner batted in slaughter;

There with a light and easy motion, The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean, Are bending like corn on the upland lea;

Has made the top of the wave his own; And when the ship from his fury flies, Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

When the wrung-god frowns in the murky skies, And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then far below in the peaceful sea, The purple mullet and gold-fish rove, Where the waters murmur tranquilly

Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

G. E. E.

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