The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1867. NO. 6.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

—x—

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR

STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by

BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

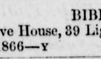
They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired on shorter, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 13, 1865—y.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by
Sept. 15. C. W. WARREN

TO THE LADIES!
And all others in want of
Rich Jewelry
FINE SILVER WARE!
Watches, Clocks,
Cutlery, Notions.

A NEW STOCK JUST OPENED AT
E. T. WILLIS',
ADJOINING T. W. ELIASON & SON'S.

THESE Goods have just been purchased from City Wholesale Dealers, at the lowest prices for Cash, and *can* and *will* be sold at very low figures. They are of the LATEST STYLES and most BEAUTIFUL AND FASHIONABLE DESIGNS. We name in part:

JEWELRY.

Genuine Gold Breast Pins,
Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs,
Heavy 18k. Rings, Scarf Pins, Pens,
Pencils, &c.; Silver Thimbles, Rings,
Pens, Pencils, Bogwood Jewelry, &c.

We have also a variety of common Jewelry, the character of which is always make known to purchasers.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHS;

Among them a very fine Ladies' Gold Enameled Watch and Chain, a number of heavy-cased Silver Watches, manufactured by the best American makers, and warranted good time keepers.

CLOCKS,

In great variety of style and finish, made by the most celebrated manufacturers in the country, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Silver Plated Ware.

Dinner and Tea Castors, Butter Dishes, Salt Cellars, Napkin Rings, Table and Tea Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c.

NOTIONS.—A fine assortment of CUTLERY, Table Knives, Pen Knives, Pocket Books, Ladies Satchels, Purses, Cabas, &c.

☞ An examination is invited.

REPAIRING.—Watches, Clocks & Jewelry repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

E. T. WILLIS,
Nearly opposite the Court House.
Chestertown, March 23, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN—
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

SOMETHING NEW
IN
Chestertown

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

CALL and examine J. K. ALDRIDGE'S Stock of HARDWARE, as follows:

Spades, Shovels, Scoops, Manure and Hay Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Gate Hooks and Hinges, Fast and Loose Buts, Table Hinges, Brass Hinges, Strap Hinges, Door Latches, Barrel and Shutter Bolts, Turn Buckels, Rim Locks, Plate Locks, Pad Locks, Dead Locks, Chest Locks, Cupboard Locks, Screws, Tacks, Finishing Nails, Chain Halters and Traces, Hat and Wardrobe Hooks, Files, Horse Rasps, Augurs, Braces, Bits, Gimlets, Wrenches, Pincers, Hatchets, Hammers, Firmer and Framing Chisels, Sheep Shears, Carriage Bolts, Rules, Iron and Steel Squares, Try Squares, Guages, Nippers, Screwdrivers, Compasses, Cross Cut, Rip, Back, Compass and Wood Saws; Garden Tools, Knives and Forks, Butcher and Shoe Knives, Pruning Knives and Saws, Planes, Draw Knives, Curry Combs, Cards, Sad Irons and Stands, Coffee Mills, Coffee Roasters, for stove or fire place; Grind Stones and rollers, Oil Stones, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Copper Rivets and Rings, Brass, Enameled and Porcelain Preserving Kettles; Tinned, Enameled and Porcelain Stew Pans and Piggins.

Wooden Ware.

Tubs, Wash Boards, Churns, Buckets, Bowls, Butter Prints, Paddles, Spoons, Rolling Pins, Potato Mashers, Sugar and Coffee Boxes, Towel Rollers, Lemon Squeezers; Augur, Chisel, Saw, Plane, Awl, Shovel, Spade and Fork Handles; Round and Square Mallets, Half Peck, Peck and Half Bushel Measures.

Brushes, Ropes, &c.

Horse, Dust, Whitewash, Shoe and Scrubbing Brushes; Brooms, Wisps, Cotton and Hemp Ropes, Plow Traces, &c.

A splendid assortment of Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, and Extra Tops, for sale low.

Stone, Earthen and Rockingham Ware, Jugs, Jars, Pitchers, Pans, Covered Dishes, Spittoons, Bowls, Pie Dishes, Tea Pots, Flower Pots and Pipe Crocks, all sizes.

A large assortment of Waiters, Japanese, Tin and Stamped Ware, on hand; Tin Safes, Soap Stone Griddles, &c.

My friends and the Public are invited to call and examine the above Goods.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
April 20, 1867.

$300 NEW MARYLAND $300
BOUNTY.

ALL persons drafted or enlisted, and all persons who furnished substitutes between April 1st, 1864, and December 18th, 1864, are entitled to THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY. The Widows and Heirs of deceased soldiers are entitled. For full information and prompt collection, apply to

J. K. HINES,
April 13—3m. Chestertown, Md.

PLOW CASTINGS,
BRIDLES, COLLARS, TRACES AND PLOW LINES, just received at the
TRAPPE CORNER.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

MY LILY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Beautiful lily, all pure and white,
Given to me by a child,
Thou, like the giver, art fair and bright,
Odorous, delicate, undefiled.

Yet thou art making me strangely sad
While I am drinking thy fragrant breath;
What hath it cost thee to make me glad!
Lo! thou already art near to death.

Born on the waters, amid the reeds,
Wooed by the zephyrs and kissed by the sun,
Ravished away from thy lowland meads,
Child of the waters, thou art undone.

Heavily droopeth thy lovely head,
Tenderly closed thy fragrant leaves,
Silent reproaches by thee are said—
Thy plaint, thy sorrow, my heart receives.

Emblem of innocence, holy and frail,
Would thou wert still on thy native mere,
Joyously spreading thy petals pale,
Rather than closing them finally here.

Emblem of coolness wasted, forlorn,
Selfishly taken, and cruelly left;
Lured from its kindred, and broken and torn,
Many a lily of all is bereft.

Happy, fair lily, whose hope is past,
Happy to know that thy night draws nigh;
'Tis even thus that I would, at last,
Folding my mantle about me, die.

Helper's Expending Crisis.

[From the Cecil Democrat.]

Almost everybody has heard of Hinton Rowan Helper, the author of "The Impending Crisis," a wicked and silly book, aimed at the overthrow of the institution of slavery, and which attained a fortuitous prominence so marked as to have made it one of the most effective coadjutors in the recent abolition crusade. The book probably would never have been known beyond the circle of a restless fanaticism, but that one Clark of Missouri, in his effort several years since to destroy Mr. Sherman's chance for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, offered a resolution that no one in that body who subscribed for "The Impending Crisis" was fit for the office of Speaker. However little Mr. Clark may have desired such an end, this was Helper's lucky advertisement. After that everybody bought his book, and all whose patience was equal to the occasion, read it. Many were disgusted with it, none admired, but the shrewd Yankee discovered in its universal circulation a trump card, and immediately it became the text-book of Republicanism. Its writer was rewarded with a Consulship in one of the South American provinces, and there subsided. It is a striking instance of the revenge which the whirligig of time brings round, that this same Helper, the pet in Radical circles and the special ward of the negro-loving phalanx, should now turn his blows on his patrons, and deal his most restless kicks at the party that gave him whatever of prominence or prestige he has attained. Yet so it is. Having, as he says, "previously made a thorough exposition of the political follies and corruptions of the negro owners," he now vouchsafes "an exposure of the utter unworthiness and worthlessness of the negroes themselves." To this end he deals the negroes blows, right and left. He does not care for elegance of expression, or gentleness of mien. The bitterest thing he can say about the poor negro best suits his purpose. Every where in the book, "the negro is a thing of ugliness, disease and death; servile baseness and beggary are his distinguishing characteristics; he is a nobody and a nothing, and he literally stinks in the nostrils of all with whom he is brought in contact. "Truly and admirably in the main," adds Helper, "did the *New York Tribune*, not a great while since, say:"

"'Nine-tenths of the free blacks have no idea of setting themselves to work except as the hirelings and survitors of white men; no idea of building a church or accomplishing any other serious enterprise, except through beggary of the whites. As a class, the blacks are indolent, improvident, servile, and licentious: and their inveterate habit of appealing to white benevolence or compassion whenever they realize a want or encounter a difficulty is eminently baneful and enervating. If they could never more obtain a dollar until they shall have earned it, many of them would suffer, and some perhaps starve.'"

And further continues this former apostle of negroism:

"Certain it is that we owe it to ourselves—and we ought to be able—to get rid of the negroes soon; but if they are to be retained much longer in the United States, (which may God, in his great mercy, forbid) we may as well build immediately, for their relief and correction, in alternate adaptation, a row of hospitals and prisons, all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, upon the same plan, a range or series of almshouses and penitentiaries the entire distance from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico!"

He becomes philanthropic, and wishes them deported or fossilized. He recurs to the condition of the negro when he came to this country:

"He was hatless, and coatless, and trouserless, and shoeless, and shirtless—in brief, he was utterly resourceless, naked and filthy. He came as the basest of criminals—he came as a slave; bringing with himself nothing but his own black and bastard body, denuded and begrimed, he came like a brute; he was a brute then; he had always been a brute; he is a brute now; and there is no more reason for believing that he will ever cease to be a brute, than there is for supposing that the hound will ever cease to be a dog—only that the black biped, the baser of the two, will be the sooner exterminated."

Then visions of negro suffrage rise before his mind, and Helper absolutely howls at the thought of the evil he has done. He is indignant at everybody and everything. He gives the negro another cuff, thus:

"Yet this is the fatuous and filthy fellow whom, by certain degraded and very contemptible white persons, we are advised to recognize as an equal and as a brother!"

He wants them fossilized—deported—anything.

"No permanent lodgment, no enduring part nor lot, must the black and baneful negroes be permitted to acquire in our country. Already have they outlived the period of their usefulness—if, indeed, they were ever useful at all; and the solidifying and concealing subsoil is now urgently claiming as overdue to itself, those osseous parts of their frames which, for so long a time, have been fated and fitted for fossilization."

This is the most ungrateful stab of all. Yea, the negro has outrun his usefulness to the Radicals. While as a theme of agitation, he gave them food for strfe in the name of humanity, he was all right, and so thought Helper. But devotion to him has led his professed friends into unknown perils, and they can see no escape except by destruction of the race. He is now the elephant on their hands—the incubus on their body politic, and a dangerous rival for a share in their successes. This it is plain, they did not contemplate, but the wheel of progress turned too fast for them. They lost their reckoning. In the name of their sacred philanthropy they threw the negro to a dizzy height, and they are afraid of the stench that will mark his return to their embrace. It is evident that they must be rid of him, and must have some pretext. Who so fit to furnish it as Helper? He gave the argument for negro elevation—who so competent to furnish one for his destruction? Why may not the little David who attacked and overcome the strongest and subtlest of mankind, (the slave-owners) now advance to wage vigorous and effective warfare against the meanest and weakest (the ex-slaves)? Obviously Helper sees no reason why, and he does advance. He finds them "fatuous and filthy fellows," "incorrigible and grovelling ignoramuses," execrable wretches, rank-smelling and hideous arch-criminals, "base-born and ill-bred blackamoors," "skunk-scented idiots," "devil-begotten imps of darkness," "ghastly types of effeteness and retrogression," &c. Of course it is evident that such a shower of expletives as this will "do it" for the negro. A stronger race must perish under such an attack, and the puzzled philanthropists who have used him while he is useful, will be able henceforth to recognize him as not only useless, but dead, and will be thus enabled to rid themselves of their elephant. It is due to the negro to add one word more. If the Radicals had not discovered that the negro as a voter, must prove a failure, Mr. Helper, their pioneer, would not have published his "No Joque."

We close this notice with the reproduction of Helper's warning to the black Congress, now as aforetime the tame submissionists to his theories, in which he tells them that they must do, or die, and trust our readers will not fail to appreciate his rapt vision of the "most popular and peerless promises of the painters, poets, and prophets," that shall be a thing of life when the negro ceases to be, Hear him ye Congressmen, and give ear, oh, philanthrophists:

"Let there be a full and settled determination on the part of the American people, on the part of the people of each State, respectively, that with a few honorable exceptions, no member of the Senate, no member of the House of Representatives, who voted for the Negro Bureau bill, or for any one of the thousand-and-one other black abominations of the Black Congress, shall ever again be elevated to any office of honor or trust under the government of the United States. On the contrary, let those guileful and nefarious framers of black statutes be made to feel that treason in themselves, just the same as treason in others, is a thing to be specifically detested and punished; and further, that so much greater is the enormity of their own treason than the treason of the traitor Jeff. Davis, that, whereas his perfidious purposes were practised only against the Circassian-blooded inhabitants of a single commonwealth (and a few negroes, whether few or many, not worth the mention) their wicked designs have been levelled against the general and peculiar welfare of the whites of the whole world.

In order, also, that the pure purposes of God and good men may no longer be thwarted upon the earth, (now that slavery and the champions of slavery have received their quietus,) let the Black Congress be assisted or urged to fritter itself away as quickly as possible; then, without delay, let a White Congress, and thenceforward and forever, none but White Congresses, be elected to enact laws for the salutary guidance of the great Republic; let the negroes, and all the other swarthy races of mankind, be at once and completely fossilized, and let all the whites, who are blessed with sane minds and right reason, raise together their voices upon the key of a universal pæan: for all the lands and waters and pleasant places beneath the sun shall soon be theirs, to use and to occupy at discretion: and then, for the first time in the long history of the world, will be more than realized the most popular and peerless promises of the painters, the poets and the prophets. All will be well; unexampled peace, plenty, and prosperity shall everywhere be the established order of things; and, in a single word, the long talked of and superlatively good time will have come at last!"

There can be but little doubt of the correctness of the N. Y. *World's* assertion that such a book from such a man as Helper

"Affords fresh proof of the truth of the oft-repeated statement that the interest evinced in the welfare of the freedmen by the Radicals is all a sham, and simply a means for securing and maintaining political supremacy. Helper, it will be remembered, furnished the brains for the Republican party in the campaign of 1860, and by means of his "Impending Crisis" injected into that organization the negrophilism for which it was distinguished. Now that the abolition of slavery is an accomplished fact, he hastens to abuse the negro and the "negro-kissers" in the foulest terms. It is but fair to assume that he represents the sentiment of the majority of the Radical party, hence we may expect to read in the *Tribune, Herald*, and other Radical sheets, ere long, complete indorsements of his views. Perhaps then the negroes of the South will perceive, what their colored compatriots of the North have already perceived, that the true friend of the negroes in this country, as it is of all races and classes of men, is the Democratic party."

United States Internal Revenue.

The following is an official statement of the assessment of 1867 in each county of the first district of Maryland, as returned by the assistant assessors:

Worcester county,	$4,218 55
Somerset county,	7,334 20
Dorchester county,	5,080 98
Talbot county,	9,684 80
Caroline county,	2,687 45
Queen Anne's county,	5,825 65
Kent county,	15,438 85
Cecil county,	19,570 31
Total,	$89,840 79

It will be seen that Kent, though the smallest county in the district, ranks second in point of income, while that of Caroline is but little more than sufficient to pay the assistant assessor's salary and the collector's fees.—*Kent News.*

Breach of Promise and Seduction.

We learn that Miss Esther Payne has entered suit, through her counsel, Messrs. Goldsborough & Griswold, against Mr. John L. Wrightson for breach of promise and seduction, laying her damages at $25,000. The case will be tried at the Fall Term of the Circuit Court. The counsel for Mr. Wrightson are Wallace & Milbourne. The victim is a very pretty young girl, said to be quite intelligent, and of as good family as there is in the county. The author of her ruin is a man about fifty years of age, quite handsome for one who has seen so many winters, and possessed of sufficient wealth to pay the full amount of damages claimed, and then have some to spare.—*Cambridge (Md.) Intelligencer.*

☞ Baker tells us where Booth's body was buried, but he does not tell what became of the diamond pin which Colonel Conger says was found on Booth when he was shot, but which has not been seen since the body and Booth's effects came into the possession of Baker.

☞ It is much easier to think aright than to do right. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For when the heart is pure and straight there is hardly anything which can mislead: the understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.

☞ A story is told of an old Virginia planter who was missing corn from his crib. One night he told a colored boy to set a trap in the crib; the next morning the boy came running to the house exclaiming, "Bress God, massa, if dare isn't a white fellah out there at de corn crib, shaking hands wid dat steel trap!"

☞ What will take place when women vote? And also in that day the man who hath beautiful whiskers shall beat the homely man of wisdom for governor, and the youth who waltzes with exquisite grace shall be chief of police in preference to the man of practiced sagacity and determined energy.

The Wrong Room.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, in his 'Ten Years of a Preacher's Life,' relates the following anecdote of Rev. Peter Cartwright, who had been deputed to attend a conference at New York. A room had been reserved for him at the Irving House; but arriving late at night, the sleepy hotel clerk did not recognize his name in the somewhat illegible characters which the backwoodsman inscribed in the register book, nor Cartwright himself in the farmer-like looking man before him. The great preacher was therefore lodged very high up, and immediately below the tiles.

The patronizing servant explained to the traveler the use of the various articles in the room, and said, on leaving, (pointing to the bell-rope,) "If you want anything, you can just pull that, and somebody will come up."

The old gentleman waited until the servant had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two or three steps at a time, and was amazed at his reply in answer to his "What will you have sir?"

"How are you all coming on down below. It is such a ways from there to here that a body can have no notion even of the weather where you are."

The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed; but he had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying with confused noises along the street.

What's wanting, sir?" said the irritated servant.

"What's all this hulla-balloo?" asked the stranger.

"Only a fire, sir."

"A fire, sir!" shouted Cartwright.—"Do you want us all to be burned up?" knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.

The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again descended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.

"Bring me a hatchet," said the traveler, in a peremptory tone.

"A hatchet, sir," said the astonished waiter.

"Yes, a hatchet,"

"What for, sir?"

"That's none of your business; go and fetch me a hatchet."

The servant descended, and informed the clerk that, in his private opinion the old chap was crazy, and that he meant to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for he wanted a hatchet.

The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blandest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"

"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.

"A hatchet, sir, really! but for what?" said the clerk.

"What for! Why look here, stanger. You see I am not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are that I thought I might get lost. Now it is my custom, when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way. We cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and then we can always find our way back again. So I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place, and then I would be able to find my way back."

"I beg your pardon," said the mystified clerk, "but what's your name, sir? I could not read it very well on the book."

"My name;" replied the other—"certainly; my debts are paid, and my will is made—my name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," responded the other, "I beg you ten thousand pardons. We have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best in the house. This way, sir, please."

"That's right," said the old gentleman; "that's all I wanted."

A CALIFORNIA story tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and approved; the party held up his hand, and murmured the usual "s'elp me." It was properly sealed and delivered.—"What's to pay?" asked the pledger. "To pay—to pay," exclaimed the party; "nothing, of course—this is a labor of love." "Nothing to pay?" returned the grateful but very forgetful affiant. "You're a brick. Lets's take a drink!" The smile died from off the pleasant face of the notary, and he pointed with a look of awful meaning to the lately affixed signature of his inviter. The forgetful individual appeared conscience stricken, humbly apologized and left the office.

Atlantic Cable.

It is stated that the American Atlantic Cable Telegraph Company of New York, which was incorporated about a year ago, is making vigorous efforts to perfect its arrangements for a new line between Europe and America, by way of Bermuda and the Azores, having its western terminus at some point on the coast of the United States, and its eastern at Lisbon. The present cables have not custom enough to keep their operators busy more than a few hours a day; but, with the reduction of rates which would follow the completion of this enterprise, it is believed that there would be business enough for all, and a great increase of profits.

☞ A Russian who has lived long in our late purchase, asserts that he has never seen it so cold in Sitka as to form ice thick enough to enable the residents to indulge in the amusement of ska[illegible]

New Way of Paying Subscriptions.

The following is an amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take a paper. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course.—Well, I will send you my paper for one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season, and the products. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen would pay a subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B, "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness of the whole affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with his conquest. The editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, the world revolved on its axis, and the sun on its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September I happened to be up again in the office, when who should enter but our friend farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B?" said the editor, extending his hand, his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine, indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely; starting up quickly, he said addressing the editor, "I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the product amounting to eighteen pullets, worth twelve and a half cents each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making, in the aggregate, at the least calculation, one dollar and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it, too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir, there's no man but what can take a newspaper—its charity, you know commenced at home."

"But," said the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription. I did not intend this as as means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay—."

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."—*Agricultural Review.*

The Crocodile Syllogism.

Amongst other famous ancient dialetic. problems is the following dilemma, which is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being probably unsurpassed. It is called Syllogismus Crocodilus, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it back to her if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted:

"*You will not give it back.*"

The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely."

The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back."

History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

A "Rebel" Horse.

The Danville *Times* states that Dr. Lee, of Halifax, Va., has a horse which exhibits the greatest and most astonishing aversion to *blue* colors. This horse served in the army, and seems to have acquired his distaste for this color while in military service, as he showed no such disposition anterior to the war. He will not allow any one to approach him in a blue coat or jacket—gets frantic, and wants to tear it off. On one occasion, while crossing a ferry, a negro, with a blue jacket on, happened to get near him, and he jumped at him with tiger-like ferocity, and seizing the garment in his teeth, tore it clean off. It is no less remarkable, that he is as gentle as a lamb if you approach him in grey or any other color than blue.

A horse with such unharomizing principles and unreconstructed proclivities, is a disloyal horse, and deserves to be disfranchised; but don't confiscate the brute's oats!

It is said that Dr. Emmons being once asked what he considered a proof of a great mind, replied that it was the power to look at the point of a camebric needle six minutes without winking.

☞ The American soda water fountains at the Paris Exposition, it is said, are new things to the French, but they are highly popular. The French like cool and pleasing drinks as well as the Americans.

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