The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1867. NO. 29.

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.

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.

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced Workmen.

Chapman & Lambert

Take this method of informing their friends and patrons and the public generally, that they have completed their large and commodious Shop on Cross street on the site of the former Shop. Expressing thanks to the public for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same, we think our past work a sufficient reference for our ability in doing business.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Chestertown, August 24, 1867.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county, SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts, Kisses, Raisins, Currants, Dates, Figs, Prunes, Citron, Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES, FRESH EVERY DAY.

Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.

N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', Jr., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

MACHINE OIL of superior quality, just opened by
Aug. 3, 1867. THOMAS S. WICKES.

A LARGE lot of Country Hams in store and for sale by
Oct. 12, 1867. W. A. VICKERS.

IRON and Brass-bound Piggons, Corn Baskets, Willow Baskets, Demijons and other goods too numerous to mention. Call and see my stock of New Goods. J. K. A.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. J. A. PERKINS, having removed to Chestertown for the active relief of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Forks, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee Mills, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Oil Cans, at the Tin and Stove Store
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SASH CORD—For sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
January 19, 1867—y

OWNERS
OF
WATER POWER
SHOULD USE
THE CELEBRATED
LEFFEL TURBINE
WATER WHEEL,
Manufactured by
POOLE & HUNT,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Send for a circular.
September 28, 1867—6m.

NEW STOVE
AND
TIN SHOP.

THE undersigned would inform the citizens of Kent county, that they have opened a NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP in the store room recently occupied by Mr. Washington Hudgins next door to the corner where the Post Office was kept. They are prepared to furnish

New Stoves of Various Patterns,

and will exchange and repair Stoves. They are also prepared to put on tin and sheet iron Roofing and tin Spouting and all kinds of tin and sheet iron work with promptness and at a fair price. Latrobe and other stoves put up to please.

A. A. BISCOE, Proprietor.
BENJ. ELLIOTT, Foreman.
Oct. 12-3m

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN W. COLLINS

HAS just returned from the City with a *Large and very Superior Assortment* of

GAITERS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

MADE TO HIS ORDER, OF THE BEST MATERIALS, BY FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And for sale very low! His Stock embraces Gentlemen's Fine Calf Sewed Gaiters; Ladies Side-Lace, Front-Lace, Button, and Congress Gaiters, of different sizes, quality and prices; Children's Shoes and Gaiters, of various sizes, and prices. A nice Lot of Fine Calf Long Boots, together with Shoes, Slippers, &c., selected with great care and bought on the best terms. Call and examine.

Chestertown, May 18, 1867.

S. V. L.

IN offering to the public a new remedy, which has cost time and various experiments, I deem it but justice to state, my Liniment contains more curative powers, and yet is more simple and harmless than any such medicine known which is used for similar purposes.

The price is placed within the reach of all, convinced as I am the present diseased condition of mankind makes its extensive circulation a paramount necessity. It is indeed a remedy every one should possess and which no family can do without. Besides being invaluable for Bruises, Cuts, Strains, Galls, Stiffness of the Joints, Swellings, &c., in horses, it is a household medicine, as will be seen by reference to my Show Cards, for Sore Throat, Toothache, Bee Stings, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatic Pains, Pains in the Face, Back, Joints, Limbs, Bowels, &c. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask for Sylvan's Veterinary Liniment. It is for sale at WM. J. VANNORT's Store, Chestertown, A. L. VANNORT's, Hanesville, and nearly all the Stores in the country. Also, at the

SYLVAN MEDICAL DEPOT,
Yardville, Mercer County, New Jersey.
July 27, 1867—6m.

VERY INTERESTING, INDEED, TO THE POOR IN POCKET.

IF they will not forget the fact herein stated. You can go to the "*Popular People's Store*" and Purchase Dry Goods of every description, pretty much at your own price. You will find shoddy and our best makes to make your selections. We have just opened a fine stock. purchased after the last decline which gives us and the purchaser a decided advantage. Remember the People's Popular Store. W. A. VICKERS.

P. S. We will not publish prices, as we don't care to post the trade, only those in want. Go to the People's Popular Store to get Bargains. W. A. VICKERS.

Oct. 19, 1867.

SUPERIOR OLD RYE WHISKEY, at the Trappe Corner.
STEVENSON CONSTABLE,

The Poet.

From "The Laws of Love."

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT.

To breakfast one morning the Devil came down,
By demons and vassals attended,
A headache had darkened his brow with a frown,
From his orgy last night, or the weight of his crown,
But his presence infernal was splendid.

In a robe of red flame was Diavolo drest,
Without smutch of a cinder to soil it;
Blue blazes enveloped his throat and his chest,
While the tail tied with ribbons as blue as the vest,
Completed his majesty's toilet.

No masquerade devil of earth could beg in,
With his counterfeits horns and his mock tail,
To look like his model Original Sin,
As of lava and lightning and bitters and gin,
He sat and compounded a cocktail.

But to give, in all conscience, the Devil his due,
He seemed sorrowful rather than irate;
And his majesty moped all the *dejeuner* thro'
With a twitch, now and then, of the ribbons blue.
And the look of a penitent pirate;

Then a smile, such as follows some capital joke
Of a Dickens, a Hood, or a Jerrold,
Sweet, playful and tender, all suddenly broke
O'er the face of Sathanas, as turning he spoke,
"Go, imp! bring the file of the *Herald*."

The paper was brought, and old Nick ran his eye
(In default of debates in the Senate,)
Over crimes, there were plenty, of terrible dye,
Over letter and telegram, slander and lie,
And the blatherskite leaders of Bennett.

There were frauds in high places, official deceit;
There were sins, we'll not name them, of ladies;
There were Mexican murders, and murders in Crete,
By the thousand, all manner of villanies sweet
To the *Herald's* subscribers in Hades.

But the numberless horrors of every degree
Did not wholly dispel his dejection;
"The *Herald's* a bore, I'm aweary," says he,
Then upraising, he added, "what's this? Tennessee!
By jingo! here's Brownlow's election!"

"Ho, varlet! fill up till the beaker runs s'er!"
Cried the Devil, growing joyous and frisky;
A white-hot ferruginous goblet he bore,
And the liquor was vitriol "straight," which he swore,
Was less hurtful than tanglefoot whiskey.

"Fill up! let us drink!" said the Father of Lies,
"To the mortal whose claims are most weighty!"
And a light diabolical shone out of his eyes
That made the thermometer instantly rise
To fully five thousand and eighty.

"I have knights of the garter and knights of the lance,
Who shall surely hereafter for sin burn;
I have writers of history, ethics, romance,
In England, America, Germany, France,
And a gay little poet in Swinburne:

"Reformers, who go in for infinite smash;
The widows' and orphans' oppressor;
D. D.'s by the dozen, whose titles are trash
To be written with two little d's and a dash;
And many a Father Confessor:

"And besides all the hypocrites," chuckled the De'il,
"Who serve me with *Ave* and *Credo*,
I have tyrants that murder, commanders that steal,
Dahomey, Mouravieff, Butler, McNeill,
Thad. Stevens, Joe Holt, Escobedo.

"But the man of all others the most to my mind,
The dearest terrestial creature,
Is the blaspheming priest and the tyrant combined,
Who mocks at his Maker and curses his kind,
In the garb of a Methodist preacher:

"And as long as of Darkness I'm absolute [redacted]

[redacted] present style of bonnets are better calculated for a kiss than a blow.

A JUG OF RUM.

Here, by only a cork controlled,
And slender walls of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death, repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The first for fighting, nothing loth;
The passion which no word [illegible];
That burst like sulphur into flame;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red;
The bloated eye the broken head;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit;
Of murder, maiming, and dispute,
Assaults that innocence assails;
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent;
The midnight hour in riot spent;
All these within this jug appear.
And Jack, the hangman in the rear.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

In the spring of '48, I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed, he had been with a party of dissipated companions over to Topham, and that on returning, they met the mail carrier on horseback, coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier, and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but that he tried to dissuade his companions, but they would not listen to him One of them slipped up behind the carrier and knocked him from the horse. Then they bound and blindfolded him, and having tied him to a tree they took the mail bag, and made off to a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some five hundred dollars in money in various letters. He went with them but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did it fled, and as the carrier had recognized him in the party, he had been arrested.

The mail bag had been found, as well as the letters. Those letters from which money had been taken, were kept, by order of officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons to whom they were directed. These letters had been given to me for examination, and I had returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before the next day, I went into the court to see what was going on. The first case which came up was for theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, for her bosom was wet, but as she found so many eyes upon her she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from Mrs. Naseby, and as the case went on, I found that Mrs. Naseby was her mistress, a wealthy widow, living in town. The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, and called on God to witness that she would rather die than steal. But circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, while the mistress was upon the witness-stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking fellow, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer?" he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered.

"Then—Oh! save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent."

"Is she your sister?"

The youth hesitated and colored. "No sir," he said. "But—but—" Here he hesitated again.

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay all I've got. I can't pay you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the humble, prayerful entreaty, I read in those large, tearful orbs, resolved me in a moment. In my soul, I knew the girl was innocent, or at least I firmly believed so—and perhaps I could help her. I arose and went to the girl and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case and was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran through the room, quickly told me where the sympathies of the people were

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state to me candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years and that during all that time she never had any trouble before.—About two weeks ago she said her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from the drawer," the girl told me, and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing of it. The next thing I knew Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the keyhole. They went to my trunk, and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, O, sir, I never took it—somebody else put the money there!

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook and I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, about two and twenty with a low forehead, small grey eyes, a pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glance at once as it rested upon the fair young prisoner and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.

"Oh, sir, can you help me?" my client asked me in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther did you say that girl's name was?" "Yes sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?" "No sir." "Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney, and asked him for the letters I had handed to him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag.—He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room and the case went on. Mr. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there but herself. Then she described the missing money, and closed by telling how she had found $25 in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, being two tens and one five dollar bill. "Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed your money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir she answered?"

"Had you ever before detected her in dishonesty?" "No sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?" "No sir."

Mrs Naseby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say, "trap me if you can?" She gave her evidence as follows: She said, that on the night when the money was stolen she saw the prisoner going up stairs and from the manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right. So she followed her up. Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her at her mistress' drawer. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down to pick up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away. Then she told how she had informed her mistress of this, and proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand. "You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered that room if she wished?" "Certainly sir, I meant no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. N, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery. "Could your cook have known by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?

"Yes, sir, for she has often come up to my room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market men, who happened to come along with their wagons." One more question:—"Have you known of the prisoner's having had any money since this was stolen? "No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.—"Miss Luther, I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask you about the lost money?" "Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly. "You say you looked through the key-hole and saw her take the money?"—"Yes, sir," "Where did she put the lamp while she did so? "On the bureau." "In your testimony, you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything only that she had picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?" "Not quite a year, sir." "How much does she pay you a week?" "A dollar and three quarters." "Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"—"Yes, sir," "How much?" "I don't know, sir." "Why don't you know?" How should I? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account." "Now, if you had any wish to harm the prisoner, could'nt you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?" No, sir, she replied, with virtuous indignation. "Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?" "No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me." "Then you did'nt have twenty-five dollars when you came there?" "No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that, if you only remember what you hear."

This was said very sarcastically, and intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely. "Will you tell me if you belong to this State," I asked next.

"I do, sir." "In what town?

She hesitated, and for a momont her bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, "I belong in Somers, Montgommery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby: "Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?" I asked. "Always," she answered. Could you send and get one of them for me?" "She told the truth, sir about my statement." Mrs. Naseby said. "Oh, I don't doubt it."—I replied, but occular proof is the proof for a court room. So if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipts."

She said she would willingly go, if the court would so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off. She soon returned, and handed me four receipts which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court, and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent to your sister, in Somers?" The witness started, as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could see the emotion and repeated the question.

"I—never—sent—any!" she faintly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited.

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury." I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a youth who had been arrested for helping to rob the mail, and in my course of preliminary examination, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money.—When I entered upon the case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther.—The letter was taken out of the mail bag and contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post mark you will observe it was mailed on the very next day after the money was taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please.

The court noodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the post-master's stamp on the outside, I give it here verbatim:

SISTER DORCAS: I send you here sevente-five dolars, which I want yu tu kepe it for me til I cum hum. I cant kepe it here coz ime afraid it will git stole, dont speke wun wurd tu a livin sole bout this coz I dont want nobodi tu know I have got enny money. yu wont will you. I am first rate heer, only that gude for nothin snipe of a liz madwurth is heer yit—but I hope to git rid of her now. you know I rote yu bout her. giv my luv tu all enquiren friends. this is from your sister til deth. NANCY LUTHER.

"Now, your honor," I said, as I handed him the letter, and also the receips, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery county. And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. It is plain, how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five were in that letter and sent away for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of the other parts of the letter, I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen of the jury, I leave my case in your hands, only I thank God, and know you will, also, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth, that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of "not guilty."

The youth who had first asked me to defend the prisoner, caught me by the hand, but he could not speak plainly.—He simply looked at me through his tears for a moment, and then rushed to the fair prisoner. He seemed to forget where he was, for he flung his arms around her, and she laid her head upon his bosom and wept aloud.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been arrested for the theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers; for the excited people would have surely maimed her, if they had done no more. Next morning, I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor, defenceless, but much loved maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars.—Shortly afterwards, the youth came to pay all the money he could raise. I simply showed the note I had received, asked him to keep his hard earning for his wife when he got one. He owned he had intended to make Lizzy Madworth his wife very soon.

Next day I succeeded in clearing my other client from conviction of robbing the mail; and made considerable of a handle of the letter which had saved an innocent girl on the day before in my appeal to the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, it was because I sincerely believe the young man was innocent of all crime, and I am sure they thought so too.

Subjugating an Elephant.

Recently, a Cincinnati paper says, a circus elephant, thirty-six years old, 10-000 pounds weight, and named Tippoo Saib, while at Connorsville, Indiana, became unruly on account of a change of his keeper, and went to war against all mankind He would allow no one in his quarters, and struck at every one who approached him with his trunk and tusks most violently. His keeper determined to subdue him, and the process and result are thus described: The new keeper, with nine assistants, had fully equipped himself with chains and cables for tying, and spears and pitchforks for subduing Tippoo. The first thing done was to fasten a brickbat to the end of a rope and throw it over the end of the tusk-chain, which latter is fasten to one leg and one tusk. By means of this rope a 20-ton cable chain, (formerly used to subdue the famous Hannibal) was slip-noosed around the tusk. Next, an excavation three feet deep was made under the sill of the house, and while the elephant's attention was attracted to the other side of the room by a pail of water poured into his trough, the cable chain was passed through the excavation and fastened to heavy stakes outside. All this time the infuriated monster struck all around him with terrible ferocity, and tugged at his chain with terrible momentum. The next thing accomplished was the snaring of his hind legs. This was consummated by the slinging of fresh ropes around those two stately pillars of elephant flesh, bone and muscle, and finally by the stealthy strategy of the keeper and another man, these ropes were fastened to stumps outside. The elephant was now sufficiently pinioned to allow the order, "Charge pitchforks," to be given. Ten men, armed with these ugly implements of offense, plunged them into the rampaging beast, taking care, of course, to avoid penetrating his eyes or joints. The tenderest spot in an elephant is just behind the fore legs, and that locality was prodded unmercifully. By means of a hooked spear sunk in his back, Tippoo was brought to his knees, but he surged up again with such awful strength that he swept his tormentors off their feet and made his chains whistle like fiddle-strings. After an hour's fighting he was brought down on his side, but for two hours longer he tugged at his chains with frenzied obstinacy. He pulled so hard at times that his hind legs were straight out behind him, and three feet off the ground. At the end of three hours the giant gave in by trumpeting, which is the elephant's way of crying enough. The moment this peculiar cry was heard the battle ceased. The keeper made Tippoo get up and lie down a number of times, and he was as obedient to the word of command as a gentle pony. The animal was then groomed and rubbed off with whiskey. He allowed all manner of liberties without so much as flapping an ear. He was a subjugated elephant.

A Word to Boys.

A writer in an educational journal makes the following pertinent and truthful remarks to boys, which we deem worthy a prominent place in our columns.—Boys, listen:

"The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force there is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards to relation of man If I were going to give you a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say: Turn them upon their own resources with moral and religious truths when they are boys and teach them to 'depend on self, and not on father.' If a boy is thrown on his own resources at fifteen, with the world before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life self-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to 'plow, and sow, and reap, and mow,' but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be better than either of these. Wipe out from your vocabulary every such word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hands to the plow, or whatever tool you may take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see that it is straight; 'don't be consistent, but be simply true.' If you go out to 'see a reed shaken by the wind,' it is pretty likely you will never anything of more consequence."'

A Sharp Boy.

The Watertown, (N. Y.,) Reformer tells this story:

"A few days since a small, fine-looking bright boy came into the cars and took a seat. Shortly after a minister came in and took a seat before and facing him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, my little lad, what is your name?" asked the minister.

"My name is James Foot. What is your name?"

"William Hand," was the answer.—"Where are you going?" asked the minister.

"To Rome sir; and where are you going?" was the response of the boy.

The minister could do no less than answer, "Camden."

"How old are you?" was the next question of the minister.

"Eight years," replied the boy. "How old are you sir?"

The minister hesitated, but gave no answer.

"Are you alone?" was the next question of the minister.

"O, no sir," replied the boy, pointing to the passengers, "I have plenty of company."

"But have you no friends on board to look after you?" asked the minister.

"No sir," said the boy. "Have you?" This was not answered, but was followed by a little history.

"When I was a boy," said the minister, "my parents would not allow me to go off the farm alone."

At this the boy, with an indescribable look, said, "It is different now."

"I say, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?"

"You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the *Gazette of Fashion*, and I dress according to my ledger."

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0431