THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1871. NO. 1.

Agriculture and Labor.

IN pursuance of the "Address to the People of Maryland," issued by order of the Convention, held in the City of Baltimore on the 13th of December last, the Convention will meet again in the City of Baltimore on THURSDAY, JUNE 1st, 10 o'clock, A. M., at Rennè's Hall, corner of Baltimore street and Post Office Avenue. *for the purpose of receiving reports and perfecting organization.* The Delegates from the different counties are earnestly requested to be punctual in attendance. ODEN BOWIE,
May 13, 1871—3t. President.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent county, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the

Opening of a Public Road,

commencing at or near Dr. F. Worrell's gate, and running the line between the lands of Dr. T. H. Whaland and Dr. F. Worrell, and the same line dividing the lands of Messrs. J. T. Dodd, Wm. H. Stewart and Pere Barroll, colored, and intersecting the public road leading from Chestertown to Hanesville, at W. H. Stewart's gate,—hereby give notice, that they will meet

On WEDNESDAY, May 31st, 1871,

at Dr. F. Worrell's gate, at 10 o'clock A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

ROBERT E. WALLIS,
ISAAC PARSONS,
JAS. P. DeCORSE,
May 6, 1871—tm. Examiners.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent county, to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires

The Opening of a Public Road,

from some point at or near the mouth of Quaker Lane, at the corner of Lemuel Skeggs' land, on the road leading from Chestertown to Still Pond, to a point on the road from Chestertown to I. U., at or near the division line between the lands of Henry Porter's heirs and John Duyer,—hereby give notice, that they will meet at the mouth of Quaker Lane, on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st, 1871,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

JOHN T. SKIRVEN,
JOHN KELLY,
WM. B. WILMER,
May 6, 1871—tm. Examiners.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	Q.A.R.R.train
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8.00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.
Feb. 18, 1870— Y.

Bower's COMPLETE MANURE,

AND

HIGGINS & REYBOLD'S Persecator,

For sale on accommodating terms, by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
April 1, 1871.

A LARGE assortment of Tin Ware, Japanned Ware, Toilet Sets, Stamped Ware, &c. J. K. ALDKIDGE.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,

Musical Instruments

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES

and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

No. 221 West Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE, MD.
May 14, 1870—y.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S
PEARL TOOTH POWDER
Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BOOKS.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish any Book at publisher's price. Also, Catalogues furnished when selections are wanted to be made. Orders left at Mr. L. S. Fowler's store will receive prompt attention. WM. S. STAM,
April 8. Chestertown.

Natural Mineral Waters

For the Debilitated.

VICHY,
KISSENGEN,
CONGRESS,
AND OTHER WATERS.
For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

GENUINE EXTRACTS
FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

To Mothers.

LIEBIG'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.—This valuable and popular food for infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Medical Card.

DR. T. S. HOLTON having located in Chestertown, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

He may be found during business hours, (when not professionally engaged,) at Mr. T. S. Wickes' Drug Store.
Chestertown, Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

Selected Poetry.

The Slang of Our Day.

The slang of our day is a puzzle,
Invented by—ah, who can tell?
A drink is a "smile" or a "guzzle,"
A swindle is merely a "sell."
One tells a tale you can't "swaller,"
He tells you "by thunder" 'tis true;
You bet him your last "bottom dollar,"
"By thunder," that's all you can do.

They ask you "how goes it?" on meeting,
"Take care of yourself," is adieu;
They substitute "beating" for cheating,
And sometimes combine both the two.
If foolish, your "head isn't clear;"
Instead of saying "go to the devil;"
They tell you "walk on your ear."

To praise you they say "you are bully,"
For honest they nickname you "square;"
Although please to understand fully,
There's not many that way, "I swear;"
While robbing they call "going through you,"
And "go for him" means an attack,
When financial troubles come to you,
They say, "oh, he's on his back."

"Fusil oil" is the new name for whiskey,
"Spondulix" cognomen for pelf,
"You've been there," when charged as too frisky,
Well, "you know how it is yourself."
And if a reproof you should offer
They tell you "that game is quite played,"
Say, walk off you "big, dirty loafer,"
For a large "mansard roof" will be made.

Then sometimes you're "cornered" or "euchered,"
That is, if you get in a "fix,"
They call you "galoot" if untutored,
In every galoot's knavish tricks.
There are "that's what's the matter with Hannah,"
And "dead beats" on every side,
If the "skunks" will not alter their manners,
I don't care a "cuss," "let 'em slide."

The Reason Why.

We frequently see complaints that mechanics refuse to take apprentices, and occasionally we notice the query—"Why are there no more apprentices?" The Philadelphia *Day* says the reason is plain enough, and proceeds as follows:

"The correct system of apprenticeship is founded upon obedience. Obedience to superiors is not a virtue of the youth of this country. Parents who say that they want their sons to learn trades and become useful men, almost invariably refuse to conform to the conditions which pertain to a true apprenticeship. Parents almost invariably object to articles of indentures, by which the master mechanic secures himself against the probable loss of pupil so soon as the latter have acquired a smattering of the knowledge pertaining to his trade. Indentures are regarded in the light of a sort of slavery. Yet what are they but a contract between the parent and the mechanic, in which the former agrees to make over the services of the boy to the mechanic for a fixed period, in consideration of certain practical knowledge and skill to be afforded the apprentice by the mechanic? That is the whole story. The relations between master and apprentice are founded upon the principle of so much information for so much service. We shall admit that there are hard and brutal parents. There are, likewise, a great many worthless apprentices; boys who have been falsely educated at home, and regard the preliminaries to a knowledge in any department of industry as an imposition. Under the loose system of apprenticeship in vogue no employer is certain of retaining his apprentice beyond a year and a half. The country is full of bunglers at trades. Young men get a smattering of the trade, conceive that they can get journeymen's wages. Off they go. Their late employer loses the time he gave to instructing the apprentice, and does not care to run more risks. In view of this disability no wonder mechanics refuse to take apprentices. The trades' unions have undoubtedly done the trade a decided service in limiting the number of apprentices; and more than all, in fixing the standard of skill so high that mere bunglers cannot demand more than bunglers' wages. The boy who wants to learn must obey orders. If he wants to learn a trade he must agree to subordinate his personal and puerile inclinations to the will, and judgment of his employers. If he cannot agree to do this he may better keep clear of the trades both for their and and his own good."

THE EASTERN SHORE—*What a Tribune Correspondent Says.*—A rambler in Maryland, writing to the New York Tribune, gives the following Eastern Shore sketch:

"The people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland are quiet, unobtrusive and gentle. To be courteous, generous and hospitable, and to speak the English language in its purity, are habitual with them. They are educated, sweet-mannered and refined, and in social life are as charming as the English. They are not absorbed so intensely in the every-day duties of this practical age as to have passed beyond all the influences of the age of chivalry, for tournaments are still held among them, which are creditable to their horsemanship, their taste, and their knowledge of chivalric lore. In summer and autumn, evening parties are held in Nature's sod-carpeted dancing halls, and along the banks of their beautiful rivers are re-echoed the notes of midnight music, for moonlight dancers gather in poplar groves to enjoy the sweet social pleasures of their isolated life. Their women are a beautiful-haired race, with the luxuriant flaxen tresses of the Saxons, tinged to darker shades and more golden hues by the warmer suns of this Southern shore. To be beautiful is the rule, not the exception, where the women are Grecian-faced and wear such an auburn or golden crown of glory. Climate rather than race accounts for this rare type of personal loveliness. Here as in every Southern State, the women are morally, intellectually and physically superior to the men."

STRAWBERRY WINE.—A correspondent of the Easton *Star* gives the following as an excellent formula: The berries should be thoroughly ripe and soft; to one gallon of juice add three gallons of water; when the juice and water have become thoroughly mixed put in three pounds of sugar. Let it ferment six weeks and bottle for use.

An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hays, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his greatcoat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with More. I shall be in early. Have a light left for me in the library. Good night!" And with a careless air William Hays left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hays, sinking back upon the sofa. "Out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and we've only been married about two years. No man has a more orderly house, I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh, dear! why is it? I wasn't rich; he didn't marry me for money, and he must have loved me then. Why does he treat me with so much neglect?" and, with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hays fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure, and pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back and gathered into a rich knot at the back. Her cheeks were pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper; but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. "What's the use of dressing up, just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then woke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval to be spent alone before bedtime.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the registers, a voice came to the young wife's ears—it was her husband's!

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, could have changed to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining, all the evening, about her troublesome servants, and her headache, and all sorts of bother? She's got the knack of that drawling whine so bad that, 'pon my life, I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked into the glass. If not dowdy, her costume was certainly not fit for an evening at home, with none but William to admire. She arose and went softly to her own room, with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart—and then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came to his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with a pretty collar and a sleeve of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her, while the blush her husband's admiring glances called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing round, he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery and pleasant voice.

"It must be cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side—and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tones and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint fell upon William's ear during the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace during that hour, lay untouched as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of—warming by his gratified interest and cordial manner.

"You will be home to dinner?" she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie, I have business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, as I don't expect to dine. Good bye." And the smiling look, warm kiss, and lively whistle wore a marked contrast to his careless, lounging gait of the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a whisper. "Oh! what a fool I have been for the last two years! A 'fretful dowdy!' William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with a real wifely devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of her husband's confidence to his friend Moore; but, like a brave little woman, she stifled back the bitter feelings and trippled off to perfect her plans. The grand piano was opened, and the linen covers were taken from the furniture; Lizzie thinking, "He shan't find any parlors more attractive than his own, I am determined."

Tea-time came and William came with it. A little figure, in a tasty, bright silk dress, with smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome William as he came in, and tea-time passed as the morning meal had done.

After tea, there was no movement as usual toward the hat rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering and chatting, till Lizzie also arose. She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow and tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting over again, as he watched her fingers, busy with some fancy needle-work, and listened to the cheerful voice he loved so well only two years before.

"What are you making Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?"

"I remember—black velvet, with flowers on them. I used to put my feet, on the fender, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music in my own house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment as she thought of the past two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance, and then she said:

"I wonder if you like music as well as you did then?"

"Of course I do! I often go in at Miss Smith's, for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith!" said Lizzie, half pouting.

"But you always say you are out of practice, when I ask you!"

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will see how it will sound."

William obeyed joyfully; and, tossing her sewing aside, Lizzie took the stool. She had a sweet voice—not powerful, but most musical—and she was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie?"

"Oh, yes! I know you dislike opera music in the parlor!"

One song after another, with a nocturne or lovely instrumental piece occasionally between them, filled up another hour quite pleasantly.

The little mantel clock struck eleven.

"Eleven? I thought it was about nine! I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs, but, glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in a moment.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh, William! I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore, last evening, how I disappointed you; but I will try and make your home pleasant—indeed I will—if you will only forgive and love me.

"Love you? Oh, Lizzie!—you cannot guess how dearly I love you!"

As the little wife lay down that night, she thought, "I have won him back again! Bet ill than that, I have learned the way eep him!"

Couldn't Spell It.

A e from the Green Mountains, visited the city of London. While passing through one of the thoroughfares, his attention was arrested by some specimens of writing paper, exposed for sale in a shop window. Seeing the proprietor of the establishment standing at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired what he did with them "nice bits of paper."

"We keep them to tie up gape seed in," said the cockney, snappishly.

"Oh, ye du—du ye?" said the Jonathan. Passing down the street a few steps, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant.

"I say, Mister, can you tell me what that feller does for a livin' what keeps all them there nice bits of paper at the winder?'

"Yes, sir. He is a small dealer in paper and a sort of scribe. He writes letters for persons."

"I reckon it is a very small dealer and that he is a pharisee as well as a scribe. Do you think he will write a letter for me if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly."

The Yankee thrust his hands into his pockets almost up to his elbows and walked back.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell and write letters for folks what can't write. What will you ax to write me a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings."

"Will you write just what I tell you, and spell the words right as we do in Vermont?"

"To be sure I will."

"Well, then I guess you may write to Sally."

The Londoner procured a pen, ink and paper, and the Yankee commenced dictating after the usual style—

"Dear Sister Sally,"

"Rived in town last week."

"Have ye got that down?"

"Yes, go on."

"Thought I'd go into the country and take a ride.'

'Well, the old mare balked. She would not go, so I licked her.'

'Well, go on.'

'Licked her—licked her—licked her.'

'What is the use of saying that so many times?'

'None of your business. I pay you five shillings—licked her—licked her—licked her.'

'This page is full of licked her.'

'Turn over then. Licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her. She would not go then, so I got out and kicked her, kicked her, kicked her.'

'You are not intending to say that as many times as you said licked?'

'None of your business; I pay you. Kicked her, kicked her, kicked her, and she wouldn't go then, so I sharpened the end of a whip handle, and I picked her, picked her, picked her.'

'I cannot see any sense in all this.'

'Never mind, I pay you. Licked her, kicked her, picked her, licked her, kicked her, pricked her, licked her, kicked her, pricked her.'

'She wouldn't go then, so I got out and I'—(here the Yankee made a chirruping noise with his tongue and lips which bids defiance to orthography.)

'I cannot spell that.'

'Oh, you can't spell that, ha? Wal ye needn't write any more for me.'

'Need not write any more?'

'No more,' said the Yankee.

'Not a word to close with?'

'Nary a word.'

'You will pay me, then, for what I have written."

'Not a red. You did not write down all I told you to.'

'Well, sir, what am I to do with all this paper I have spoiled?'

'*Keep it to tie up gape seed.*'

Humors of the Scaffold.

An Irishman had been convicted of a robbery at the Old Bailey sessions, for which he was brought up, with others, to receive judgment of death. The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court in the usual way to declare what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, advanced to the front of the dock, with a vacant stare, and inquired,

"What was the question?"

"You have been convicted of robbery. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith," answered the prisoner, "I have nothing to say, except I do not think I am safe in your hands."

The court laughed, sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court called him back and demanded to know his age.

"Is it my age ye mane?"

"What is your age?"

"I believe I am pretty well as ould as ever I'll be."

Again the whole court was "convulsed with laughter;" but the wretched man, whose mirth-loving powers were quite involuntary, was doomed even at the scaffold to "set the people in a roar." In the press-room his irons were removed, and his arms confined with cords. This being done, he seated himself, and in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the sheriffs to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained sullenly on the bench where he had taken up his position.

"Come," at last urged the hangman, "the time has arrived."

But the Irishman would not move.

"The officers are waiting for you," said the sheriff. "Can any thing be done for you before you quit this world?"

No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew surly.

"If you wont't go, I must carry you," he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, "for I'll not walk."

"Why not?" inquired the sheriff.

"I'll not be instrumental to my own death," answered the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mane?" retorted the hapless man; "I mane that I'll not walk to my own destruction."

And in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off, refusing to do any thing which might be construed into "his being a party to his own death."

The Horses of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* furnishes the following horse notes:

The entire value of horse flesh owned here, including animals of toil, cannot be less than two millions. The showy turnouts in the Central Park keep up a spirited competition, and the Park has done much to create the present rage for fine horses. Every family that is ambitious of distinction must make a show in the dashing array of equipages, and our fast young men can hardly pass a half-hour's chat without introducing the feats of their "ponies." Charles Astor Bristed has said that twenty years ago there were but three really fine teams in the city, but at present you can count them up until the list becomes wearisome. Since 1850, the price (if not the value) of fine horses has increased four-fold, or as a merchant would say, 400 per cent. In 1858, "Flora Temple was sold, and such was the popularity of the famous mare that she brought what was then considered the enormous sum of $8,000, but that looks small now. Just see how the figures advance. In 1862, "California Damsel" brought $11,000. In 1864, Bonner astonished the world by paying $13,500 for the Auburn horse. But his subsequent prices were of a still more astonishing character. In 1866, he paid $25,000 for Young Pocahontas," and the next year he was glad to become the owner of "Dexter," even at the round price of $33,000. Mr. Bonner had then over $120,000 invested in six animals, whose uncertain value may be shown by the fact that the Auburn horse died after an illness of a few days, while "Flora Temple" was disabled by an accident. The prices just mentioned have no relation to precise value. When rich men compete for anything, whether it be for a book, a picture, or a horse, the value of money is not reckoned. Possession is their object, and this must be obtained at whatever price may be required. It does not make any difference to Bonner how much he pays for a horse. He simply gives a piece of paper bearing some figures, signed with his name, with the addition of a cancelled revenue stamp.—This is a very easy way to get a horse, and whether the figures are large or small is not of the slightest importance, so long as the animal be secured. Indeed, the owner of "Dexter" made a mistake in not asking a higher price. Commodore Vanderbilt was desirous of making the same purchase, and the figures might have been $50,000 instead of $33,000. Well, it would not have required any more ink after all. From $38,000 to $100,000 may seem a large step, and yet the latter price is demanded for the famous "Hambletonian," whose colts are now among the best trotters in the country.

☞ San Domingo is said to be a place "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

American vs. European Armies.

It is stated that General Sheridan, since his return from Europe, has expressed in guarded terms, to the New York reporters, his opinions regarding the French and German armies. He is said to have witnessed some of the fiercest engagements in the late struggle abroad, but he does not believe that the operations in European warfare will compare in magnitude with those in the recent contest in the United States. The amount of hard work in a campaign is not so great there, as they have fine rail and other roads and few impediments of any kind, making their operations a striking contrast with the labors of the armies of the Union.—The European armies were better supplied with small arms than those of the United States, but nowhere were they as well clad, nor was the commissariat so good as in the United States. The soldiers of this country were also far more intelligent. He thought that the cause of the Prussian victories was mainly owing to the superior organization of their armies, their better supplies, and finally, the united and patriotic spirit which animated the Germans and sent them forward to victory. Contrasting the French and Prussian soldiers, he said: "It is not an easy thing to say who fights best.—They are all good soldiers. But there is a wonderful difference in their respective peculiarities. The Germans are tremendously stubborn, and stand fire like a wall of stone. The French are more full of dash." The French reverses are not due to a lack of prowess or skilled officers, but political troubles at home. Place both of those nations in the same prosperous state they were five years ago, and the present situation might be very greatly changed. The General said Von Moltke is a man of tremendous inherent will. He moves large bodies of men with rare success, and handles them splendidly. He carries out his plans as a man recites something thoroughly committed to memory. The King, too, has a superb judgment. The beauty of the Prussian military mind is its great carefulness. It is never hasty nor ill advised. But General Sheridan is of opinion that place either the German or French armies here, they would be nonplussed at the typographical difficulties American soldiers overcome. This agrees with what was lately said by an intelligent Englishman in Washington, who was an eye-witness of the military operations in this country during our late civil war, and who was in Europe during all the late marches and advances. His belief is that Gen. Lee's army of 70,000 men could have gone all over France, and 100,000 federals, perhaps, have done the same thing. It was his opinion that the fighting and marching qualities and enterprise of our American armies, North and South, far surpassed those of the Germans or French.

ANOTHER FAST TROTTER.—Bonner and his world-renowned horse, Dexter, must look to their laurels. They have discovered a horse in Sacramento, California, that has trotted a half mile in 1:7. Not many months ago he did service in a butcher's cart in that city, and was sold for the paltry sum of $150. Stanford paid $3,900 for him, and could probably get $80,000 now for his bargain. The pedigree of the horse is in dispute, but those who have the best reason to know, state that he is a St. Clair.

Bonner has written a letter about his horses, in which he says: "I have two in my stable that have trotted half a mile in one minute and six seconds; and one horse, Dexter, that has trotted half a mile in public in one minute and five seconds. Dexter has trotted half a mile to a road wagon in one minute six and a half seconds. So you see that, if the California 'wonder' is to throw dust in my eyes (a suggestion from California) it can only be, from present appearances, when the wind blows from behind. I not only expect, but hope some day to see Dexter's time beaten. I have two or three horses myself which, if they do anything near what has been prophesied of them, ought to beat his time—and I paid more for one of them than I paid for Dexter; but I have been looking so long to see his time beaten—and the public has been so often assured that it was about to be beaten—that I confess I have got almost tired of waiting; and I do not think the prospect is particularly encouraging when it is not even pretended that the last 'wonder' brought forward to beat him can trot as fast to a light sulkly as he had trotted to a road wagon."

Cod Liver Oil vs. Cream.

An exchange says: "Some years ago physicians had a habit of recommending every consumptive patient to take cod-liver oil. The incredible nastiness of the dose must have constituted its peculiar merit; for, as a matter of fact, any result established by cod-liver oil would have been attained by the patient had cream instead of oil been prescribed. Suddenly this idea seems to have dawned upon the medical faculty. As a consequence, we now have a milk cure, announced as a specific for consumption. Patients who formerly put their trust in cod-livers, are now told that the cow is their only hope. They are made to drink vast quantities of pure milk, instead of frequent doses of the unspeakably vile cod-liver oil. The effect is all that can be desired. The patient who tries the milk-cure finds himself rapidly growing fat, and it is also said that he be comes childlike and bland in his demeanor."

☞ A Chicago journal has discovered "a new indication of the President's wisdom." It is a little singular that a new indication of his wisdom should have been found before his most intimate friends suspected the existence of the old one.

☞ "Are these pure canaries?" asked a young gentleman who was negotiating for a gift for his fair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from canary seed."

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