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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

☞ Advertisements published quarterly, semi-annually, or yearly, at moderate rates.

CARDS not exceeding five lines will be published three months for $2 50; six months $4; one year $7. Six to ten lines—three months $3; six months $6; one year $10.

Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Dr. J. T. TWILLEY, DENTIST,

FROM CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent Co. that he proposes visiting Chestertown on each and EVERY THURSDAY. He may, during business hours, be found at his rooms in the Dwelling of Mr. H. H. Simms, near McDaniel's Hotel. [mh9tf]

TO FARMERS!

Machine and Blacksmith Shop

IN CHESTERTOWN!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the Farmers of Kent and Queen Ann's counties that he has just opened in Chestertown, next to Ringgold & Cadder's, a MACHINE and Blacksmith Shop, where he is prepared to make to order, or repair every description of

Agricultural Machinery,

embracing both the WOOD and IRON WORK.

Having been for several years in the employ of R. Sinclair & Co., Agricultural Machinists, Baltimore, and having acquired a practical knowledge of the business in all its departments he feels assured that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. JAMES A. BURTON.

Chestertown, feb2y.

J. Frank Morgan

IS HOME AGAIN

WITH another new stock of WATCHES, *CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,* which the undersigned thinks the LARGEST and BEST ever offered to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties.

Of WATCHES, he has the famed American movements in both gold and silver cases, which for durability and accuracy of keeping time stands unequalled, also Gold and Silver Watches of various other makes, both Hunting cases and open face, among which is the Nickel movement, on which atmosphere has no effect.

Of JEWELRY, he has Ladies and Gent's Gold Chains and Lockets, Ladies' Breast Pins, and Ear-Rings of coral, garnet, Etruscan Lava Mosaic, plain gold, &c. Finger Rings, a large assortment; Gents' Breast Pins, Sleeve Buttons and Studs (of the latter he has a kind impossible to loose.) Gold Pens, Pencils, Silver Thimbles, Shields, &c.

SILVER PLATED WARE, silver and steel Spectacles. Of CLOCKS a large assortment. Call and examine for yourselves; no trouble to show goods.

J. FRANK MORGAN.

N.B.—Watches, Clocks and Jewelry cleaned and repaired in a workmanlike manner, and at the shortest notice. [Apr 2.]

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE!

JAMES E. JOURNEY,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has resumed his old business of BOOT & SHOE MAKING in all its various branches; Gentlemen's

Fine Boots and Gaiters,

and COARSE BOOTS, as may be wanted to order. Ladies' right and left Gaiters and Morocco Boots of the best quality; the best Goat and Leather such as may be wanted to order. Also, all the various kinds for Misses and children, all of which we shall keep constantly on hand, to supply the demand of those who deem us worthy of their patronage. Work made to order at the shortest notice, which will be sold at lowest prices. 10 per cent off for cash.

We hope our friends and the public generally will give us a call and avail themselves of this favorable opportunity of saving in hard times. ☞ We may be found at the store room adjoining Mr. W. T. Pearson's store, fronting the Masonic Hall. [mh2.]

BOOTS, SHOES, & GROCERIES!

LEVI FIDDIS,

HAS just returned from the city with a large stock of Leather of the best quality, and is now prepared to manufacture

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.,

in the most substantial and durable manner. He has now on hand a large stock of heavy

Boots and Shoes, for Winter wear,

to which he invites the early attention of purchasers. Fine Boots and Shoes of every description for sale low. A large stock of

City Made Boots & Shoes

of the best quality, for sale cheap.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

A fresh assortment of Groceries of every variety, on hand and for sale as low as they can be purchased elsewhere. Call and examine.

Chestertown, d8. LEVI FIDDIS.

BENJAMIN H. GARDNER,

BRICKLAYER,

CHESTERTOWN, MD

☞ All orders left at his Tobacco Store will be promptly attended to. mar10

MEN'S and Boys' Straw Hats for sale cheap by (apr6.) W. T. PEARSON

Select Poetry.

TRIM THE LAMP.

Thou that hast the beaten oil,
Earth is darkly lying;
Over all its weary moil,
Light by light is dying.
Hear the weeping of the Bride,
"Trim the lamp at eventide."

O'er the moaning wild we chase
Voices thin and yellow;
Darkness cometh down apace,
Shadowy forms we follow;
Faith by fainting hope is tried—
"Trim the lamp at eventide."

Fades the day o'er ocean's breast,
Distant isles are dimmer;
Round us broods a strange unrest,
O'er us fitful glimmer.
Thou, of Israel's ark the guide,
"Trim the lamp at eventide."

Deep within the western sky
Fires of wrath are streaming;
Round the cloud-rim, leaping high,
Lights of doom are gleaming,
From the arch of glory glide;
"Trim thy lamps at eventide."

Foe in garb of friend appears,
Trusted in our sorrow;
Come, dispeller of our fears,
Bring the promised morrow;
Or, if still the night we bide,
"Trim the lamp at eventide."

Startled from her sleep, the Queen,
Babel's Queen, is shrieking;
Hark! from Alp to Appenine
Terror's voice is speaking;
Come from Bethel's stady side—
"Trim the lamp at eventide."

An Unexpected Friend.

"It must be, my child," said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks.—"There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot surely see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and, perhaps, by the time that is gone I may be better.—Go, Henry, my dear, I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done."

The boy, a noble-looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent, as the door closed behind him; and it was ready to burst without it. It was in a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him; and the longer he waited the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster courage to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or, if they did, nobody seemed to care; for, although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

Everybody seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a face that was mild as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him, he felt all fear vanish at once. His tears had been flowing so long that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low faltering voice begged for a little charity the gentleman stopped and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg for his bread," said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortune of my father, and the sickness of my mother, has driven me to the necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city, but he became a bondsman for a friend who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live long after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any of our trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do.—But night before last mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse"—here the tears flowed faster than ever—"that I do fear she will die. I have not had any work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. Oh, sir, do pity my poor mother."

The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he, in a husky voice.

"She lives in the last house on this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay either for a physician or for medicine."

"Here, said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars, take them, and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished.

The benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table and an old bureau and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and exhausted—and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at the sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow with a deep sigh added, "Oh, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged, it—"

Here emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the stranger, "think only of recovering, and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat on the bed with her, and tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and departed. Scarcely was he gone when the eldest son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself now, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may he watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a compassion and kindness that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table, see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonderful astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the widow, trembling with an apprehension of she knew not what.

"Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hands of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than, "My God!" she exclaimed, "Washington," and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation—for it was indeed he—by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars from his own private property, to be doubled if necessary.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from the fainting fit The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse, which the physician provided her, and plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow, friends furnished her with constant employment, and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable situations, where they were able to support and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of proverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

☞ "It is a very solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes, but it is a great deal more solemn not to be," said her neice.

Fanny Fern on Lovers and Marriageable Daughters.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters passes me. That it is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen or seventeen or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair or washing her face for—"him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean on her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason, that after you have worried her thro' the measles and scarlet fever and whooping cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to "him" not the least in the world, except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blackberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came to you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question.—But she gets around you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like; and with a—"well if I must, I must" you just order her wedding clothes muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist 'will' that child make at the head of the house; how will she 'ever' know what to do in this, that, and the other emergency; she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day to settle every trifling question.

What folly for her to set up a house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding clothes; and yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish fear had not been kissed away by lips that alas! may be dust when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

OUR TURN MUST COME.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attraction for our offspring unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stifled and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and in darkness for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names."

GARLIC IN MILK.—A correspondent of the American Farmer says:

If cows are kept up long enough after feeding upon garlic, before milked, the milk will not taste. Acting upon this, i. my cows have calves I let the calves run with the cows during the day and separate them at night and use only the morning's milk; if they are without calves, bring them from the pastures early in the afternoon, and give them hay or other provender that they will eat, and milk late in the evening. It is better to give the cows that are separated from their calves at night some hay or fodder. By the way, the most successful plan I have ever tried with calves is, to let them run with the cow during the day *for three months*, parting them at night, and wean at the expiration of three months. By this plan the milk maids can't starve them, and will ensure a calf that will go through the winter well, with tolerable care.

COMING HOME.—One may be very happy while away from home, but he is very glad to return to it. The plainest old familiar dish is better than the daintiest epicurean bill of fair abroad. One's own little room, with its handy, compact belonging, is preferable to all the marble halls swept through by silkclad dames. 'Home!' one is more than ever impressed by the insignificance of that word when in the roughest hamlet and most desolate looking hut, but it may mean much to those who were born in it. It is a beautiful trait, this clinging to the very soil of one's own birth place, sterile and unattractive as it may be to those who have no such associations.

A MILITARY PIG.

During the last war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada. A company of Kentucky volunteers destined for Shelby's army had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrodsburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the contest, was observed to follow them.

At night when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also.—The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferry boat, the pig on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in and swam across and then waited on the other side till the whole cortege crossed over, and then renewed its post upon one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the State of Ohio and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared as scantily as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in his own line as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the Lake she embarked with the troops, and went as far as Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a militia pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the Lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out, however, to reach Maysville, where the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence.

There are many in Kentucky who can attest the truth of this remarkable story.

TERRIBLE FAMINE IN INDIA.—The latest arrivals from India bring the intelligence that the crops planted in June last, and which should have ripened in October, have failed entirely, owing to a protracted drought, and that over an immense extent of territory, inhabited by over forty millions of people, there is no rice or grain, and a million of people have already perished, or are in the last gasp of starvation. The deaths are said to be at the rate of 400 or 500 a day, and the streets of Delhi are packed with gaunt despairing wretches, many of them too far gone to swallow the food which pity offers them. Twelve millions of people, says the Bombay *Times*, are actually starving now, and as the season wears on the number must greatly increase. Government is doing all in its power to relieve this immense misery, and the rich natives and residents are adding to the sum; but all the relief extended is but a drop in the bucket to the terrible magnitude of the calamity.

A NICE LITTLE CHURCH INCIDENT.—In one of the Washington churches last Sunday, a pretty occurrence took place. After service a young man who carried a collecting plate, as usual put his hand in his vest pocket to place upon it a piece of money before starting to collect. He dropped, as he supposed, a quarter on the plate, and without looking at it, passed around among the congregation. Instead of silver, however, he had inadvertently placed a conversation lozenger in the centre of the plate, and all were astonished at seeing the lozenge with the words staring them in the face, "Will you marry me?" The young ladies probably thought this was an unusual mode of "proposing" but no doubt it was the sight of them that caused the mistake.

RESIGNATIONS.—It is stated that of the eleven hundred and ten officers whose names are on the Army register, the number of resignations to this date since the secession movement commenced is eighty-six; and that of eight hundred and six commissioned officers of the navy, thirty-three have resigned from all causes since the 1st of January, to which should be added four lieutenants who resigned in December from their sympathy with secession. Of the seventy six commissioned officers of the navy from the seceded States on the 1st of January, fifty remain in the service. We notice a few resignations in the army since the above investigation was made.

NO SABBATH.

In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following passage:

"Yoke-fellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever playing, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming! Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the earth present if we had no Sabbath."

Turning Stock on Grass in the Spring.

An experienced farmer gives the following hints, founded on his own observations upon this subject:

As the time is now approaching when this question will be of practical importance, I will give a brief chapter of my own experience, confining my remarks to clover pasture. And, first, as to the interest of the clover itself, stock ought never to be turned on a clover field until the clover begins to bloom, which in ordinary seasons is from the 5th to the 10th of May. If clover is pastured sooner than this, it prevents it making a luxuriant growth, and it is so soft and watery, it does stock but little good—on the contrary, it is liable to give them the scours, and if you take them off for a few hours, they will look as flat-sided as shad; showing that there is but little real substance in it at this stage of its growth. It is much better every way to feed stock a few days later in the spring than to turn them on clover before it begins to bloom. It is not necessary to wait till it blooms out fully or even generally, but only till it *begins to bloom.*

Now as regards the safety of the stock, every farmer knows that *many* cattle are lost every spring by improper management in turning them on clover. They ought not to be turned on with an entirely empty stomach, or if they are, it should be but for a very short time at first, say 15 or 20 minutes, if the clover is rank, and then they ought to have plenty of salt.

Cattle ought never to be turned on clover at first, in the morning, while the dew is on. The dew combined with the sap of the clover, form a gas in the stomach of the animal, that swells it to such a degree as to cause its death very soon. In former years I lost one or more every year or two, and they invariably died in the forenoon. I never had one to die from this cause after 12 o'clock; they were always dead by 9 or 10 A.M., and swelled almost to the bursting point. My plan of management is this: I turn on the first time in the evening, and let them get a moderate mess. After a day or two I turn in twice a day, but not till the dew is off, and each time let them stay a little longer, and at night I turn into the barn yard and give them some hay or straw, or something of the kind. This, I find, is of great benefit to them at this time. This plan of turning on for a short time should be kept up from four to eight days, according to circumstances.

NEXT THING TO AN ANGEL UPON EARTH.—A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge on Sunday, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country.

Woman—Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserel, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I'm born, I wish myself dead again.

Man—Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?

Woman—Why, don't I tell yer I'm as miserable as a rat?

Man—Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blest if you havn't had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer, I don't know what it is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth.—*English paper*

TO DESTROY ROSE BUGS.—A very effectual and simple method of getting rid of these pests, is to smoke them throughly with the smoke of burning leather. It is very offensive to them, and will cause them to vamose at once