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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 24.—No. 44. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864. WHOLE No. 1230.

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 inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for ten lines.

Job-Printing.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

J. J. PEARCE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

SHOP AT MY RESIDENCE BELOW MR. J. T. DODD'S.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS received every season. CUTTING done at short notice. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.

Chestertown, jan17y.

Dr. J. T. TWILLEY,

DENTIST,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent Co., that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found (except on Thursdays,) at his office on the corner of Main and Water Streets, in the dwelling recently occupied by Capt. J. F. Taylor.

☞His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.

jan4-y.

BLACK-SMITHING,

CARRIAGE SMITHING,

AND COUNTRY SMITHING.

THE undersigned, under the firm of *CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,* having taken the Shop and premises recently occupied by David A. Benjamin, are prepared to carry on the above business in all its branches. One of the firm has long experience in

CARRIAGE WORK,

and is well known in this community. The other member of the firm is a practical SMITH, and HORSE SHOER, to which particular attention will be given.

Special attention given to repairing AGRICULTURAL MACHINES, and all country work. Blacksmithing in all its branches.

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,
JAMES W. LAMBERT.

Chestertown, jan16 6m.

Plain Statement.

MY Father's age and health have made it necessary for him to retire from business, and I have rented and refitted the old stand formerly occupied by J. Frank Morgan, and more recently by R. Smith, opposite the M. E. Church.

I have just returned from Philadelphia, with a large and well selected stock of

Clocks, Watches,

AND JEWELRY,

(my Father having removed his entire stock with him.) I have Jewelry of all grades, and WARRANT all that I sell to be as represented when sold. Ask and you shall know exactly what you are buying. I have all kinds of materials, of the very best, for REPAIRING.

I am thankful for the encouragement I have received since I settled in your midst, having repaired a large number of the best watches in the county, and, I believe, with general satisfaction.

☞CALL AND EXAMINE for yourselves. I believe my stock the largest ever offered in Chestertown.

J. V. SMITH.

Feb. 6, 1864.

MARYLAND:

Kent County Orphans' Court,

FEBRUARY 16, 1864.

On the application of Robert M. Smyth and John T. Smyth, Executors of William F. Smyth, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 16th day of February, 1864. Test: JOS. P. IRELAND, (SEAL)

Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William F. Smyth, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 30th day of August, 1864; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of February, 1864.

ROBERT M. SMYTH,
JOHN T. SMYTH,
Ex'rs of Wm. F. Smyth, dec'd.

fe20-4t.

Woodleave for Sale.

A WOODLEAVE of at least 350 Acres, a part of the Tract of Land called "Colchester," situate in the lower part of Kent county, Maryland, about a mile and a half from a good landing, may be purchased at private sale, at a fair price, and on advantageous terms. This land is generally well wooded, and has a good deal of valuable TIMBER on it.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned, or to R. HYNSON, Esq., Chestertown.

jan9-tf A. J. REES.

MANURE FORKS, long and short handled Shovels, and superior English SPADES, on hand and for sale by

Jan. 40, 1864. WICKES & BRO.

Select Poetry.

How Pleasant is the Farmer's Life.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

How pleasant is the farmer's life! away from smoky towns
He breathes the pleasant country air of meadows, hills and downs,
And with a hale, old hearty age, a healthy life he crowns;
And it's O I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

No prison'd life the farmer lives, bent over desk and book,
Or cribb'd within a shop all day, till white and wan's his look,
Till less like to a man he grows, and weaker than our Suke;
And it's O I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

As to your white-faced tradesman who fawns, and smirks, and smiles,
Who cannot whirl a flail, boys, or walk a score of miles,
What is his life to ours, we who leap the gates and stiles?
And it's O I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Our arms are strong with labor, our cheeks are red with health,
We never gain a penny'sworth by lying, trick or stealth;
Yet cowhouse, sty, and stackyard, show we have our share of wealth;
And it's O I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Poetic Gem.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blest one heart with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth!

HOURS WITH THOSE WE LOVE.

Sweet are the hours spent with those we love—they are the honey drops which fall into the cup of our lives like gifts from heaven. From childhood to silvery age we all of us have those golden hours, and the thrill we had when young vibrates through us, despite the snows and frosts that surround us in our remotest after time, even in the day when accumulated years and experience bow us to the earth from whence we sprang. There are moments in all our lives in which the fates of all of us are born; and how frequently does this occur during the hours we have with those we loved in our spring time! A word, a look, at once a thought garnished with the flowers of poesy, or a fancy bright as a ray of sunshine from the eastern sky, breaks through the tangled web of our ideas, and up bubbles a clear spring, which, forming for itself a channel, carries us along with it and gives motive power to every one of our future actions. The immortality within us then shakes its plumes, and, like an eagle, soars into the empyrean of which it shall be the future lord. The transition from the boy to the man, after this glow and enthusiasm, rapidly goes on, and ere the mantle of youth has been cast aside, new wants and wishes create new friends and ties, and ere long a pilgrim is found at the shrine of human bliss—love. The reign of courtship commences, and the coming man

"With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
Lie at her feet, and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair."

Hope, fed by fond desire, enthrals his senses, and the sweetest hours of his varied life are spent in the society of the gentle girl he clasps in his pure, warm embrace, to whom he gives the kiss which makes the blood bubble to the temples from every vein and artery of the body. The first love hours of a verity are joyous ones—for if there is one pleasure in this wide world greater than another, it is that of having a lovely head nestling in your bosom while you look down upon the face turned up to yours and smile as only fond lovers can. In such moments a man feels himself to be superior to his ordinary, everyday tone of life, and unreservedly commits himself to the most generous impulses. His selfishness becomes active for good, and the poetry of his nature withdrawing him from his sensual tendencies, renders him susceptible to the finest and loftiest of human emotions, and with his manly avowal of preference comes those "touches of sweet harmony," which lend sweetness and dignity to young hopes, and keep them unstained until the bridal hour comes in all its bewildering intensity.—Then

"Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters; there to be a light
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

BERANGER was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing; it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are awaiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

"I NEVER complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sardi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and was contented with my lot."

O TAR! THE PRINTER'S CHRISTMAS.

"Is the editor within?"

"Your servant, sir."

"A package. Charges, thirty cents."

Happened to have just that amount.—Paid Expressman, and then, with a nervous hand, proceeded to examine the mysterious box. The cover is removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine, fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne; and the next and last, a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar." What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar, but what in world induced any one to send us either old or new Tar! We haven't got any wagon, and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it. We'll sell it to the Livery man. Called on him, and he said he did not use Tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought it back to the office in not very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell that it wasn't Tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again—knew it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and then drew up a resolution, declaring in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make sure that it wasn't Tar. Tasted again, and began to feel happy. Tasted again, and felt *very* happy. Tasted again and soon became very rich, and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate our office to Jabe, and buy out the New York Ledger.

Gave the 'devil' a $20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round hundred for New Years. Bought a $5,000 pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned with scarlet velvet, and decorated with gold and pearls. Went over to the "Union," and told Fred. to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julian Mills Flour and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in market and ordered it sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars—adopted fourteen orphan girls, and fifteen orphan boys—run around and paid all our debts (what printer ever done that?)—kissed (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas (*somebody* looked unpleasant when this happened)—settled the matter by ordering a thousand dollar shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount—put on slippers (imagining that we heard music)—did hear *music,* for *somebody* came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been dreaming!

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun has risen; they rejoice also when the sun goes down; while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of one season is the decay of man. Fragments of driftwood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on a road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, "I will follow you;" why then should a person grieve when journeying the same road which has been assuredly traveled by all our forefathers. Life resembles a cataract running down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

BE NOT AFRAID.—A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman; a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, some years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. ——— in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and, with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text.—They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid!"

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement; the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors.—Many, in the general uproar, left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced:

"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and, stepping back, lost his elevated footing, and disappeared from all his hearers. The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

THE COMING DRAFT.

Provisions of the New Enrollment Law.

The 10th of March is the day designated for the next draft to take place in the several States. It will, of course, be made in accordance with the amended enrollment bill, which passed both houses of Congress last week. The following are the main provisions of the bill as it passed:

It provides that the President of the United States shall be authorized, whenever he shall deem it necessary, during the present war, to call for such number of men for the military service as the public exigencies may require.

Section 2d says that the quota of each ward of a city, town, township, precinct or election district, shall be, as nearly as possible, in proportion to the number of men resident therein, subject to draft, taking into account, as far as practicable, the number which has been previously furnished therefrom.

The sixth section, as amended, is as follows:—"And if any drafted person shall hereafter pay money for the procuration of a substitute, under the provisions of the act to which this is an amendment, such payment of money shall operate only to relieve such person from draft in filling that quota, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas; but in no instance shall the exemption of any person, on account of his payment of commutation money for the procuration of a substitute, extend beyond one year; but at the end of one year, in every such case, the name of any person so exempted shall be again enrolled, if not before returned to the enrollment list under the provisions of that section."

Section 4th enacts that any person enrolled under this act may furnish, at any time previous to the draft, an acceptable substitute, who is not liable to draft, nor at the time in the military or naval service of the United States, and such person so furnishing a substitute shall be exempt from draft during the time for which such substitute shall be exempt; not, however, exceeding the time for which such substitute shall have been accepted.

By Section 5th, the following persons are made liable to the draft under this act:—All persons who shall arrive at the age of twenty years before the draft; all aliens who shall declare their intention to become citizens; and all persons discharged from the military or naval service of the United States who have not been in such service two years during the war; and all persons who have been exempted under the provisions of the second section of the act to which this is an amendment, but who are not exempted by the provisions of this act.

Section 13 makes the following exemptions: Such as are rejected as physically or mentally unfit for the service; all persons actually in the military or naval service of the United States at the time of the draft, and all persons who have served in the military or naval service two years, and been honorably discharged therefrom. The following are further exemptions, under this section, as amended: the Vice President, the Judges of the various Courts of the United States, and the heads of the various Executive Departments of the Government, and the Governors of the several States.

Section 14 consolidates the two classes in the act of March, 1863, as follows: "It shall be the duty of the Board of Enrollment of each district to consolidate the two classes mentioned in the third section of said act." This makes all persons between the ages of 20 and 45, except those specially exempted, liable to the draft.

Section 26 enacts that all able-bodied male persons of African descent, between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, whether citizens or not, resident in the United States, shall be enrolled and form part of the national forces; and when a slave shall be drafted and mustered into the service his master shall have a certificate thereof; and the bounty of one hundred dollars, now payable by law for each drafted man, shall be paid to the person to whom such drafted person owes service or labor at the time of his muster into the service of the United States, on freeing the person. A separate vote was taking on this latter section, which was adopted by a vote of eighty-two to sixty-seven.—The bill makes some important arrangements with regard to counting the quotas.

The Secretary of War shall appoint a commission in each of the States represented in Congress, charged to award to each loyal person to whom the colored volunteer may owe service a just compensation, not exceeding three hundred dollars, to each such colored volunteer, payable out of the fund derived from commutations; and every such colored volunteer on being mustered into the service shall be free. And in all cases where men of color have been heretofore enlisted who have volunteered in the military service, all the provisions of this act, so far as the payment of bounty and compensation are provided, shall be equally applicable te those who may hereafter be recruited.

ADJUTANT GENERAL OF MARYLAND.—The Senate, in executive session, has confirmed the appointment by the Governor of J. Sommerfield Berry, Esq., of Baltimore county, as Adjutant General of the State, in place of the late Nicholas Brewer of John. The salary is $1,000 per year, and the appointment for six years.

YOUNG LADIES OF TO-DAY.

Did you ever think what a contrast there is between the young lady of to-day and the one of fifty or even a score of years ago? Then, a lady was one who could take care of herself—could sing in plain musical English, wash, bake and cook all kinds of food, milk a cow if necessary, and make herself generally useful. If she didn't she was called lazy—that was all there was about it. But now, we have no lazy women, they are all delicate. The modern young lady is a strange compound of dress and nerves—by which we mean those "exquisite susceptibilities" which cause her to shudder when she sees a washtub, and scream at the sight of a cow.—She is living in an age made to be waited upon. She sings "divinely" and plays the piano "exquisitely," but neither one of these affects you as much as the "jabbering of a North American Indian," for it is not half as intelligible. She lounges about in the morning, crochets or embroiders a little, then dresses herself up and promenades for the benefit of some "genteel exquisite." Thus passes her days.—Now you needn't tell me that old bachelors are continually harping on women's faults—that we do not find any such ladies—that they are same they always were. It is no such thing, indeed, to find a young lady now-a-days who half pays for the food she eats. She is nothing but a bill of expense to her father, and a larger one to her husband, for he has not only her to support, but one or two hired girls to wait upon her also. My advice to every young man is to beware of a fashionable young lady. Never marry the girl who *sits* in the parlor while her mother *stands* in the kitchen. It won't pay.

Jeff. Davis on the Spring Campaign.

Richmond papers of the 10th inst. contain an address from Jeff. Davis to the Rebel army in relation to the spring campaign. He is extravagant in his eulogiums of the Rebel soldiers who have re-enlisted—in the face of a wholesale Conscription act that would have forced them back into the army—and contrasts their action with what he terms "the halting and reluctant service of the mercenaries who are purchased by the enemy at the price of higher bounties than have hitherto been known in war." He says that the "brave battlecry" of the Southern legions in the coming spring campaign will ring through the land of the enemy and "will silence the vainglorious boasting of their corrupt partisans and their pensioned press, and will do justice to the calumny by which they seek to persuade a deluded people that you are ready to purchase dishonorable safety by degrading submission." These are big words, the like of which we used to hear early in the Rebellion, when the Rebel army was to march to New York and dictate terms of peace. Part of it is merely buncombe, but there is undoubtedly an intention on the part of the Rebel leaders to make their final and desperate struggle in the coming spring. But we think our armies will be fully prepared to meet the crisis, for already the veteran regiments of the Western States are returning to the field with filled ranks, and anxious to participate in the last great struggle which is to give the death-blow to the rebellion, and restore harmony and unity to our distracted country.

FIXED RATES OF MARKETING AT NORFOLK.—A letter from Norfolk, Va., states that Gen. Wild has issued an order regulating the price of marketing and fuel.—Meats, of various kinds, are to be sold at from twelve and a half to fifteen cents per pound. Fish, of all descriptions, are not to be vended at prices exceeding ten cents per pound. Other articles of food are proportionate in price. For pine wood three dollars is to be charged per cord, hard wood, four dollars, and coal ten dollars per ton. The prices will be altered from time to time as the season and state of the markets may require.

TWO MOUTHFULS OF BREAD FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Loaf bread is becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, if we are to judge their size by the one which a blacksmith, named John Dean, purchased for fifty cents, and, on a small wager, ate at two mouthfuls. This feat occurred at a smith's shop at the navy department, and is vouched for by several eye witnesses.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

EUGENE AS A SKATER.—Would our lady skaters like to know how the Empress Eugenie skates? One of our Boston cotemporaries says:

A friend, writing us from Paris says the Emperor and Empress and the Prince skate almost daily on some of the ponds in the Bois de Boulogue. The Empress skates with grace, but never alone; two gentlemen, both fine skaters, take hold of the two ends of a pole about seven feet long, and the Empress takes hold of the center and moves along like a swan.

NOVEL METHOD OF DETECTING A THIEF.—A man living in the southern part of Lafayette, Indiana, conceived the suspicion that his woodpile was unlawfully departing towards some neighbor's tenement. The brilliant idea occurred to him of plugging up a charge of gunpowder in several sticks of wood. These in due time disappeared and their locality was traced by a terrific explosion in a certain neighbor's house.—A shattered stove and terrified family told the story. No one was injured by the explosion.

Fertility in Stone Coal Ashes.

"I have always recommended the application of coal ashes to lands. I have frequently spread it entirely over stiff soils in the fall after digging them and found them more mellow and with fewer insects the following years; have mixed it with other materials and applied it as a manure, and always got good crops after it. I have put it two or three inches thick on beds, and set my pot plants upon it, to discourage the roots going through the holes of the pots, but found out that it rather divided them; and when they got out, they grew so fast and made so many fibers in the ash, that they soon got matted as a grass sod, and extended beyond the circumference of the pots, and held it so tightly that they could not be parted.—These all told my mind that there was fertility in stone coal ash after it got wet and decomposed, and two years ago my eyes opened to its full virtue. While improving a part of the grounds attached to the famous seminary of the Rev. Mr. Meigs, in Pottstown, a heap of stone coal ash lay in the way and had to be moved. There was about ten cart-loads, or a hundred and sixty bushels. The heap was tidy and thirty inches high, and covered with tomato plants growing upon it, which had sprung up spontaneously. They had the strongest vines and largest fruit I ever saw; yes, much more so than any I ever saw upon good garden soil highly manured. There were also growing among them two plants of Lamb's lettuce and a plant of a wild amaranthus, and each of those were seven feet tall and as bushy, with branches as much extended as a fir tree seven feet tall. They were all wholly growing in the ash. Their roots did not reach the soil beneath the heap, and the heap had been there two years. The ash was partly decomposed, and although the soil was very dry, the ash was moist all through. There was nothing in it but, perhaps, house sweepings as all kitchen offal was put in the swill barrel for the hogs. I am now fully convinced that there is fertility in stone coal ash when decomposed."

MARRYIN' is a good thing, it is a grate thing—as Aunt Jene ses, a grate institushion (how she noes I can't tell, for she never had a chance to try it:) it's good for everybody. Are you old? mary; it will make you young (or you'll die tryin' to 'pear so.) Are you young? it'll make you old. In fact, it is suited to anybody and everybody. It's a brier-rose hedge that society has set up to keep folks inside the bounds of good behavior; and through I've had many ups and downs in it and kno all about it, still I say, hooray for marryin'! It'ts good for everybody.

A POINT OF ORDER.—In the New York Legislature, a member paused in the midst of a remarkably windy speech, to take a drink of water. Another member rose to a point of order. Everybody started, wondering what the point of order was. "What is it? said the Speaker. "I think, sir," continued the member, "it is out of order for a *windmill* to go by water."

LONGEVITY.—The following is extracted from the parish register of Llanmaes, Glamorgan. The entry is evidently original, and of the date given, and the writing is clear;—"Ivan Yorath, buried a Saturdaye the xiiii day of July, 1621, aged about 180. He was a sowdier in the fighte of Bosworthe, and lived at Lantwitt Major, and hee lived much by fishing."

"I DON'T see," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came home from school and threw his books into one chair, and jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal; "I don't see dear, why you didn't get the medal, for a more meddlesome boy I never knew.—But no matter, when the adversary comes around again you will get it."

A "BIG INJIN" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such shortsightedness, continued, "No, Injun not lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) "Injun here!"

A YOUNG LADY once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to see her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A MISAPPLICATION.—"That's a beautiful strain," said one old gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert. "Yes," said a countryman, "but if he strains much more he'll bust."

AN Ohio colonel tells a curious story. A soldier of his regiment, who in consequence of a fever hod lost his voice and had not been able to speak for month, seized the colors from the hands of the fallen color bearer in the attack of Missionary Ridge, and shouted aloud "Come on boys!" From that moment he has been able to talk as usual.

THE question having arisen in Congress, "whether the South is a beligerent power," the New York *Post* modestly suggest that "it is, very." It looks so to a man up a tree.

A YOUNG Englishman was sworn into the United States army, at New Haven, Conn., last week, who was one of the famous "six hundred" immortallized by Tennyson.