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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 6. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JUNE 21, 1845. NO. 8.

Personal Discharge.

KENT COUNTY, SCT.

On the application of Samuel B. Wheat, of Kent county, by petition in writing to me, William F. Smith, one of the Justices of the Orphan's Court, staung that he was in confinement for debts which he was unable to pay, and praying me to grant to him the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State; a schedule of his property, estate and effects, and a list of his Creditors and Debtors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Samuel B. Wheat, having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceding the time of his application within the State of Maryland, and I having appointed Veazey Sutton, a Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said Samuel B. Wheat, and the said Trustee having given bond with security approved by me for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said Trustee being in possession of all the property, estate and effect of the said Insolvent Debtor, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted) for the benefit of his creditors, I, Wm. F. Smith, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said Samuel B. Wheat, and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September, Term of Kent county Court for the said Samuel B. Wheat, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded by any of his creditors, and do also appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said Samuel B. Wheat, by causing a copy of this Notice and Order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, once a week for three successive months before the first Wednesday in the next September Term of Kent county Court, give notice to his creditors to appear before the said Kent county Court, on the first Wednesday in the next September Term of said Court to shew cause if any they have why the said Samuel B. Wheat, should not have the benefit of the Insolvent Laws as prayed.

WILLIAM F. SMITH.

True copy; Test,

JOS. N. GORDON, cl'k.

June 7, 1845. 3m

Personal Discharge.

Kent County, Set.

On the application of John W. Grant, of Kent county, by petition in writing to me William F. Smyth, aJustice of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, stating that he was in confinement for debts which he was unable to pay, and praying me to grant to him the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, a schedule of his property, estate and effects, and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said John W. Grant, having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceeding the time of his application within the State of Maryland, and I having appointed James U. Coleman, a Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said John W. Grant, and the said Trustee having given bond with security approved by me for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said Trustee being in possession of all the property, estate and effects of the said Insolvent Debtor, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted) for the benefit of his creditors, I William F. Smyth, a Justice of the Orphans' Court of Kent connty, do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said John W. Grant, and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of Kent county Court for the appearance of the said John W. Grant, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded by any of his creditors, and do also appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said John W. Grant, by causing a copy of this notice and order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, once a week for three successive months before the first Wednesday in the next September term of Kent county Court, give notice to his creditors to appear before the said Kent county Court, on the first Wednesday in the next September term of said Court, to shew cause if any they have why the said John W. Grant, should not have the benefit of the Insolvent Laws as prayed.

WILLIAM F. SMYTH.

True copy; Test,

JOS. N. GORDON, c'lk.

June 7, 1845. 3m

MARYLAND, KENT COUNTY TO WIT:

I hereby certify that Edward Ringgold, this day gave information to me the subscriber a Justice of the Peace in and for Kent county aforesaid, that he had taken up as astray trespassing on his enclosures a small red horned cow, supposed to be about 6 years old, marked on the left ear by a crop off the end of the ear, with one bit taken out of the upper side and three bits taken out of the lower side of the ear and with a crop taken from the end of the right ear, and with a slit in the end of the same ear.

Given under my hand and seal this twelfth day of June eighteen hundred and forty five.

WM. S. LASSELL, {SEAL.}

NOTICE.

The owner of the above described cow is hereby warned to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

EDW'D RINGGOLD.

June 12, 1845.

Personal Discharge.

Kent County, Set.

On the application of John D. Ashley, of Kent county, by petition in writing to me, William F. Smyth, one of the Justices' of the Orphans' Court, stating that he was in confinement for debts which he was unable to pay, and praying me to grant to him the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, a schedule of his property estate and effect's, and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said John D. Ashley, having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceding the time of his application within the State of Maryland, and I having appointed James U. Coleman a Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said John D. Ashley, and the said Trustee having given bond with security approved by me for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said Trustee being in possession of all the property, estate and effects of the said insolvent debtor, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted) for the benefit of his creditors, I William F. Smyth, Justice of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said John D. Ashley, and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September term of Kent county Court for the appearance of the said John D. Ashley to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded by any of his creditors, and do also appoint and fix the first Wednesday, in the next September term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said John D. Ashley, by causing a copy of this notice and order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, once a week for three successive months, before the first Wednesday in the next September term of Kent county Court, give notice to his credtors to appear before the said Kent county Court, on the first Wednesday in the next September term of said Kent county Court to shew cause if any they have why the said John D. Ashley, should not have the benefit of the Insolvent Laws as prayed.

WILLIAM F. SMYTH.

True copy; Test,

JOS. N. GORDON, cl'k.

June 7, 1845. 3m

Maryland,

Kent County, Orphans' Court, June 3, 1845.

On the application of Wm W. Parks, Administrator of William Barnett, late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, that he 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 three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county afore said, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 3rd day of June, 1845. {SEAL.}

Test J. F. BROWNE,

Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration, on the personal estate of Wm. Barnett, 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 subscriber, on or before the 7th of December next, they may otherwise be excluded from a benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 3rd day of June, 1845.

WM. W. PARKS, Admr.

Wm. Barnett, dec'd.

June 7, 1845. 3w

Clocks Cleaned and Repaired.

The subscriber is thankful for past favors and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. From his long experience in the business, he flatters himself that he will give general satisfaction. His object is to do their work in the best manner, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

L. GRISWOLD.

Those wishing their Clocks repaired can have it immediately attended to by leaving their names at the following places, viz:

Chester Town—Capt. Strandberg.
Urie Ville—Charles T. Lusby.
Chesterville—T. H. Boyer, F. Foreman, L. S. Vansant.
Millington—John McDaniel, Reese J. Bell.
Massey's X Roads—Charles R. Hacket.
Head of Sassafras—Benedict T. Nowland.
Georgetown X Roads—James T. Dunbar, E. E. Miller, T. E. Gooding.
Hepbrontown—John Wilson.
Still Pond X Roads—Daniel Haines, Jr.
Worton Heights—Benj. Geers.
Belle Air—Thomas Bordley.
Quaker Neck—Mr. Gregory.
Rock Hall—Dr. Brevett, Henry Blackiston.

The subscriber is an authorised agent of Mr. F. Munson for the sale of the Patent Endless Bee Hives, in Kent and Cecil counties. L. G.

May 17, 1845.

For Chester Town, via Corsica Landing.

The Steam Boat *MARYLAND.*

CAPT. TAYLOR, leaves Baltimore every Monday morning at 6 o'clock, touches at Corsica going and returning, and Chester Town, at 12 o'clock, for Baltimore.

Passage, $1 00

May 17, 1845.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

RAIN DROPS.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Faint and thirsty on its bed,
The fragrant violet leans its head,
While every prouder, richer flow'r,
Is languid in her gorgeous bow'r,
Every living thing is still;
Even the little mountain rill
Has forgot its joyous song,
And softly whispering steals along.

Every songster of the grove
Has forgot his note of love,
And with drooping listlessness,
Pants within the green recess.
Fitfully the breezes sigh
As they close their wings to die,
While each lately sportive leaf
Droops in its forsaken grief.

Hark! A sound of coming rain!
Nearer now 'tis heard again;
Heaven's blue depth is calm and clear,
Nature holds her breath to hear.
Rising o'er yon crested hill,
Whose verdant wreaths, and plumes are still,
In the etherial sea behold
A barge of ivory and gold.

Lo! its sails are glittering white,
Its streamers fram'd of purple light,
And spirit forms that flash and glow,
Are dancing on its deck of snow.
Now a deep and glorious shout
From the phantom ship peals out;
Waking up the low voic'd breeze
From amongst the dark old trees.

Earth awakes, and to the skies
Lifts at once her myriad eyes,
Every plant, and every flower,
Looks toward the coming shower.
Dark wing'd squadrons now appear
In their bright precursors' rear;
As Heaven's choicest blessings come
Oft in masks of threat'ning gloom.

Now the rain begins to fall,
Drops of blessings unto all;
Bright'ning flower, and leaf, and fruit,
Strength'ning branch, and trunk, and root;
These, and every living thing
That creeps, or walks, or spreads the wing,
Bless the sweet refreshing power
Of the soft and timely shower.

Precious drops, so freely given
From the pure and bounteous heaven!
Who can estimate the worth
Of the rain drops to the earth?
When her children all opprest,
Languish on her burning breast;
When each tongue is swol'n and dry,
Faint and dim each pleading eye.

When each plant and breathing thing
Is hueless, bent, and perishing!
When hidious famine, born of dearth,
Desolates the hungry earth;
And pestilence with fiery breath
Fills the shrieking towns with death,
Oh! what blessing can be given
Like the rain drop, fresh from heaven!

Oh! how vain in such an hour
Wealth, and pageant pomp and power!
Tho' a shower of diamonds bright
Glitter in the sun's fierce light,
Who could prize the precious things
Sparkling o'er death's heavy wings?
Rain drops! Oh the blessed rain!
Pledge of Mercy—lent again.

REST IN HEAVEN.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in the early Spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Rise thou thine eye above—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O! if always flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly pass the hours,
Undimm'd by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Not always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die—
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
"Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken—
There's rest for thee in Heaven!"

A REMEDY FOR THE NIGHTMARE.—The Boston Cultivator tells a good story on this subject. It was that one of his subscribers was much troubled with the nightmare, and applied several remedies to no effect, till his good lady asked him if he had paid for his newspaper! On going to see he found that he was in arrears two years. He at once paid up and returned and slept soundly for three or four nights, but fearing the trouble would come on again, he went back to the office and paid one year in advance. This has proved an effectual cure!

An Irish bar keeper in one of our taverns, says the Pittsburg American, in which is now the burnt district was told by his emyloyer when the danger from the fire became imminent, to take care of the books. The next day he was asked what he had done with them? "O, I looked them up safe in the drawer," said he, 'here is the *kay.*"

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has ventured to insinuate that Mrs. C. better not run abroad so much. Mrs. Caudle "flares up."

Mr. Caudle, it would try the patience of a saint. "Go abroad too much;" you might wall say that, if I stayed out with the skylarks, or other precious fellows, till midnight, spending more than I earned. But it is just so, always with poor woman.—She must be a slave, and found fault with besides. When I am dead, Mr. Caudle, and I shan't live long—when I am dead, you unfeeling man, then you will have this to reflect upon. Don't tell me "you'd be sorry to have me die!" I don't believe it. You would be glad, you know you would. Then you could marry some flirt of a girl who would not bear with your errors as I have. Don't tell me, "I'm a good girl, and you love me." You act as though you do Once you did. Then I was your dear Margaret, your honey, your sweet love; now you tumble into bed at any time of night, and if I just venture to say that I don't like it, you go to sleep before I finish the sentence, you do. Caudle, you're a wretch; and if ever I cacth you marrying any of these flaunty things about town to be mother to my children! I'l haunt the house till she leaves it. What, "you don't mean to marry a second time!"—Don't tell me that, you unfeeling man. It is just as much as to say I lead you such a life that you dare not. Don't say to me "you won't marry again." Have you no regard for your family; for my tender children, that will be motherless and almost fatherless—for I'm sure it's seldom the sweet things will see you. Caudle, if you don't marry again when I'm dead—if you don't provide a mother for my darlings, I'll hant you till you die—I will as I'm a prudent Christian.

What! do you say you'll "marry again before I die, if it will please me!" You wicked man. I should'nt wonder if you were to fall out of bed. I am afraid to sleep with you for fear we shall be swallowed up. What are you doing. Mr. Caudle? getting out of bed! Don't tell me "it's to relieve my fears!" It's no such thing. It's to go and swill with that Prettyman. Don't be a dunce, sir. Get into bed again or I won't live with you another day. I'll go home to mother's, and pine in solitude, and die a victim to your treatment. Once it was not so. You used to say, "my dear Mrs. Caudle, I fear you shut yourself up too much at home; you will bring on a decline and early death, and then what will your devoted Caudle do! He will pine and die too."—"Go abroad," my dear, you would say, "and let the healthful breezes kiss that lovely cheek." Now, because I venture out only four or five days in a week, you call me a gadder about." Precious good care you take never to go with me.

What are you tossing about in that way for, Mr. Caudle? I don't wonder you are in pain. If your conscience isn't made of alabaster it must burn you. Don't tell me "you wan't to go to sleep! Don't you suppose I want to go to sleep too! But I can't sleep; such treatment takes away my appetite. It makes me wish I was an Arabian savage, on the deserts of America, wandering about in the tropical climates of the north, rather than be the wife of so unfeeling a man!

And so "you won't marry again to please me!" You shall marry again! My children shall have a mother as long as they live—and she shall be a good mother to them! None of your foolish chits, who think they know more than their parents. I'll tell you who you shall marry. A prudent, respectable aged woman, that will have a bright eye to your fooleries—and not be so weak and forgiving and kind as I have been. You shall marry, Mr. Candle—and these may be may last words. You shall m-a-r-r-y the w-i-d-o-w—

[Here, says Caudle's manuscript, my wife dropped off, and I was spared the pain of hearing the name of some antiquated lady as my selected second wife. Never was I more unfeignedly thankful for any sleep, than I was for this.

REOVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE

A venerable American Judge relates the following revolutionary anecdote:

The morning following the battle at Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded; and among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As is usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer—"now doctor what would you be at?" "My lad, I am going to take off your leg; and it is necessary you should be lashed down." "I'll consent to no such thing; you may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you don't confine me. Is there a fiddle in the tent? if so bring it to me." A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said, "now begin;" and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes was completed without missing a note, or moving a muscle.

We have been told by one of the passengers, that the steamer Hiqernia, in her recent passage across the Atlantic, was *three several times on fire!* Now this is a thing which could not have happened, we think, without the most culpable carelessness.

N. Y. Evangelist.

We have been told of instances of even more dangerous carelessness than this.

Eve. Gaz.

A TRUE HEARTED JACK TAR.

"When I was a poor girl," said the British Dutchess of St. Albums, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a piece something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres, and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the said heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope—I have not a friend, in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asked the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But, just as I was uttering these words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sun-burnt countenance, 'I will go bail for you any moment. And as for *you*, (turning to the frightened actor) if you don't bear a hand and shift your mooring, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable, peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scarpings of violins in the orchestry, and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive to rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank notes,"

Among the papers recently read before the Academy of Science at Paris, was one embodying an elaborate essay by M. *Persoz*, on the best method of *fattening geese.* The subject derives its importance from the great number of methods which have been devised by epicures to effect the object. It has always hitherto been contended that the food should contain the elements of fat, to be eliminated by the goose in the process of digestion. M. Persoz is of a different opinion. He centends that it is of no consequence whether the food be of the kind alluded to or not, as the goose, he says, forms in the process of digestion fat from any food, if it contans a certain proportioin of azote. The Bulletin in which these essays are sketched, says of this one:—

"We hope M. Persoz will also show that it is not necessary in the fattening of geese to expose them to the tortures practised by many of the feeders, such as nailing them by the feet and confining them in a narrow space to prevent motion. We have no objection to partake of a good fat goose, if the feeding be merely the result of abundance of wholesome food, but we confess that we never see a fat goose, and, above all, a large goose liver, without thinking of the atrocious inhumanity that is frequently resorted to in order to make the feeding of these poor animals a successful speculation.

THE UNLOVED.

To be solitary—to be alone—to hear no sigh—to see no tear in our last hour! Why does this thought appear so terrible, so appalling to most people? The lonely are afraid of themselves:

"To be alone! Had we never inwardly loved—never given our hearts to another—then, methinks, with the thoughts directed to the wonders and mysteries of creation, it would not be hard to pass lonely and alone through the world; adoring only the Eternal and Alone One, who dwells above the stars; who is the origin of all existence; then methinks, it would not be hard to pass lonely and alone through the world. But from the moment in which one person loves another exclusively, he needs mutual love—or he feels life to be barren and empty?"

WHAT NEXT?

An ingenious musical composer of this city has invented a machine, for which he is about to take out a patent, by which a composer can discover, after he has played off an original composition, that it is all written for him on paper—notes, bars, rest, time, expression and all, so that any musician can play the piece from the machine made MS. It is simple in construction, easily attached to a piano, and can be got up cheap.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A RACER DEAD.

The fine Kentucky race horse Moth, the property of Jas. B. Clay, Esq. of Lexington, died at the Oakland race course, on Saturday afternoon, some hours after the four mile race, in which she was entered, and brilliantly won the first heat.

A clergyman observed to his parishioners that upon the last Sabbath he was much disturbed by a cow, which looked in at the door, and bellowed in his face.—"I suppose, sir," remarked a friend, "it was because she saw a calf in the pulpit."

A YEAR OF SUMMERS.

A voyage of pleasure round the World, is advertised in Hamburg, to leave that city on the 15th August. The route has been so arranged as to secure a continual summer to the voyagers.

VARIETY.

A writer in the English Mark Lane Express recommends sugar as the cheapest and best manure for turnips.

Great Geniuses are seldom long lived—the larger the flame and the more brilliantly it burns, the sooner it finds the socket—the grave.

People who grind knives, scissors and razors, are termed "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks that dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

We object to calling "corn bread" Kentucky confectionary. It is unconstitutional to grant titles of nobility, though the subject be a deserving one.

PROVIDED.—The man that prints the Georgia Pioneer must be a wag. Just hear him:—"Advertisements omitted shall appear in our next ☞*if we get them.*"

"Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth; he don't care what color it is; and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him."

"Jemmy, what is a member of Congress?" "A member of Congress is a common substantive, agreeing with self-interest, and is governed by eight dollars a day, understood."

We saw a man yesterday who is so tall that he cannot see his feet but through a telescope. He is so broad round the body that it takes two tailors to measure him for a coat.

A CURE.—A fellow out west who had a scolding wife, moved into a dismal swamp where the *dumb ague* was prevalent. The experiment was successful and the *patient* was cured.

When a certain worthy laird had his head taken off in the Scotch troubles, his housekeeper in a tone of commiseration remarked "It was na great thing of a head to be sure, but it was a sair loss to him."

AMERICA.—America could support nine hundred and thirty millions of people, without being so densely populated as Europe now is. The population of Europe is about 283 millions; of America, 51 millions.

The Boston Mail speaks of some tobacco, which if a man smoke or chew, "he "will forget he owes a dollar in the world." We are afraid that some of our subscribers *chaw* that kind of tobacco.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

Forensic.—"Take off your hat, man," said Mr. Justice Platt, when at Worcester, England, one day presiding at *nisi prius*, to a lady habited in a riding dress.

"I am not a man, my lord; I am a lady."

"Then," rejoined his lordship, "I am not a judge."

Tom Duncombe being asked by Lord Alvanley what species of attachment the "Æolian Attachment" was, replied—"From its being called Æolian, he imagined it signified making love to rich women, which he considered was an admirable method of raising the wind."

A young poet of Cleveland, Ohio, has fallen in love the second time. It may be true that "true love never did run smooth," but it can't be said of his poetry:

o wunst i luvd a nuther girl,
Hur name it was murrier,
but betsy dear my luv for u
is 45 times more higher.

There is in the heart of man a native sense of beauty, a latent sympathy, a harmony with all that is lovely on the earth, which makes him unconsciously seek outpots of peculiar sweetness, not only for his daily dwelling but also for his temporary resting place, and for the habitation of his long repose.

A FISHING PARTY.

"Vat luck, my Billy, 'ave you had,
Since on your hunks you've sat—
'Ave you kotcht many fish to day,
And am they werry fat?"

"Much fot my luck I cannot say,
But yet I likes the fun—
Here I've sot this hivelong day
Without hextracting non!"

The Yankees have a way of turning everything their sterile soil will produce to good account. A Connecticut man recently felled a large white oak upon his farm. The following articles were manufactured from the tree:—5 cords of wood; 350 wagon spokes, 75 cart spokes, a stick of ship timber weighing half a ton and 3 loads of refuse wood. The latter, we presume; will be sent off to the nearest wooden nutmeg factory.

The following are extracts from the ancient Blue Laws of Connecticut:

The Sabbath shall begin on Saturday at sun-set.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

None shall be a freeman or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

No one shall buy or sell land without the permission of the Select men.

No Gospel Minister shall join in marriage, the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do with less scandal to Christ's Church.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining the consent of the parents; five pounds penalty for the first offence; ten for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court.