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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. SEPTEMBER 20, 1845. NO. 21.

Philadel. Advertisements.

MR. EDITOR:

Yourself and neighbors are particularly requested to reflect upon the best mode of saving money in the purchase of your Wearing Apparel, and to do it effectually, you are hereby informed that you can achieve the object by calling at Mr. McNeille's Clothing Store, No. 105, Chesnut street, on the first floor of Sanderson's Hotel, where you may at all times and a large stock of fashionably cut and well made garments, comprising in part, Cloaks at from $8 to $35, over Coats and sack Coats, from $6 to $25, dress and frock Coats, from $8 to $25, Pants from $2 to $8, and Vests from $1 to $6.

PERRY R. MCNEILLE,
105 Chesnut street Philadelphia.
August 23, 1845. 3m

Hats and Caps,
AT WHOLESALE.
GARDEN & BROWN,
No. 196 *Market St,* 2 *doors from Sixth*
PHILADELPHIA,

Respectfully invite Merchants and others to call and examine their extensive assortments of

HATS and CAPS,

comprising every variety, style and shape, *at unheard of low prices!*

WANTED—Muskrat, Mink, Beaver, Otter, Raccoon, and all kinds of shipping furs, for which the highest prices will be given in cash or trade.

August 2, 1845. 2m

LAMBERT DUY,
IMPORTER AND JOBBER IN FRENCH AND WERT OF ENGLAND
Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.
No. 108 *Market St., South side, between Third and Fourth, sts. Philadelphia, Pa*

WOULD respectfully call the attention of Western and Southern Merchants visiting Philadelphia, to his large, fresh and well selected stock of WOOLEN GOODS, among which will be found a full assortment of French and Wert of England Cloths and Cassimeres, of the finest qualities and most celebrated makes, imported by himself expressly for those dealing in superior goods. Persons visiting the city with the intention of buying the above goods would do well to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere, as I flatter myself that my goods cannot be surpassed in point of quality in this or any other city.

Philadelphia, July 12, 1845. 3m

Fever and Ague!!!
1000's! and 10,000's!!

Are now suffering under that *Bane of Life, Fever and Ague,* or Billious Intermittent Fever!—"*Rowand's Improved Tonic Mixture,*" is universally acknowledged, by the disinterested to be the *Great National Remedy*—the only *warranted, safe, sure* and *radical cure*—that never has failed, when properly used, to eradicate the disease, and also its *immediate causes*—restoring the natural feelings and elasticity of the constitution in a manner that nothing else will.

Therefore procure at once this long-tried, old, favourite, and sterling remedy, now called Rowand's Improved Tonic mixture—protected against counterfeiters, by the written signature of the original inventor, John R. Rowand, over the mouth of every bottle—and which may, for a certainty, be obtained genuine of nearly every respectable Storekeeper, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

JOHN R. ROWAND, M. D. Proprietor,
No. 28 N. 2d st., Philad'a.
August 23, 1845. 3m

SECURITY TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, the only authorised agent for the sale of Dr. B. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, in Chester Town, the Dr. having but one agent in any one place,) would caution the public against purchasing any Pills as Brandreth's, without seeing the Doctor's certificate of agency.

He would also call their attention to an extract from the Doctor's bill of general directions. JNO. RUSSELL.

I have never authorized any *Doctor, Druggist, Apothecary* or *Pedlar* in the United States, to sell my pills. These persons universally sell *counterfeits. All* persons who are made agents, have each them copper plate certificates of agency, signed in writing with a pen by me, and such certificate requires renewal every twelve months, it being no guarantee for more than one year from date. Observe the date is not written, it is engraved.

(Signed,) B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
June 28th, 1845. 3m

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.

A Valuable Farm for Sale.

The subscriber wishing to change his residence in Quaker Neck, will dispose of at private sale, if early application be made, his FARM on which he resides, containing about

140 Acres;

lying beautifully on Chester river, and about 7 miles by land 9 by water from Chester Town. The location of this Farm is not surpassed by any on the river. It is healthy and the neighborhood good.

The land is of excellent quality, having large quantities of shell, and mould intermixed, and is highly productive. There is now on the farm, a quantity of shell, easy of access, which will furnish an abundance of lime to cover the entire plantation. There is also a quantity of shell mould ready for hauling and more than sufficient to spread over the whole Farm

. The Dwelling which cost $1700 to erect, it may be put in a good comfortable order, at a reasonable expense.

This land is so situated that a few hundred pannels of fencing will inclose it.—Oysters, Fish and Fowl may be generally had in great abundance in season.

THE TERMS will be made accommodating. George Vickers, Esq. of Ches-Town, will give any further information that may be desired, or application can be made on the premises to

JOHN CURREY.
Quaker Neck, Sept. 13, '45. 4w

The undersigned has determined to make a deduction of 50 per cent, from all accounts for medicine, and 25 per cent from all accounts for every other professional service from this date, from the present established rate of Physicians, provided such accounts shall be punctually paid, on or before the first of February, in each year; at the same time he wishes it understood that, if his accounts are not annually paid, he will consider himself bound by the above offer, but will charge interest on all accounts which have been standing more than one year. And further to avoid all misunderstanding to such as are unacquainted with the present rates of charges, and to all who wish it, the subscriber will give a written list of rates.

And whereas the subscriber has heretofore agreed to take 20 per cent off of all accounts paid within 12 months, he hereby oblige himself to make a deduction of 20 per cent from all his present unsettled accounts, to all who will come forward within 60 days, and settle the same to his satisfaction.

R. T. ALLEN.
September 13, 1845. 3w

Orphans' Court of Kent county.

ORDERED, this ninth day of September eighteen hundred and forty five, that the report of James F. Browne, Executor and trustee of the last will and testament of James P. Gale, of the sale of the real estate, directed to be sold by the said testator be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the third day of November next, provided a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county before the sixth day of October next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $250,00.

GEO. S. HOLLYDAY,
WILLIAM F. SMYTH.
True copy,
Test,
JAMES F. BROWNE,
Reg. of Wills.
Sept. 13, '45. 4w

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.
J. NESBITT,
No. 239 *Balt. st.* 6 *doors west of Charles.*

Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, is now receiving from the manufacturers a general assortment of the above goods, which he is enable to sell as low as any house in the city for CASH, or to punctual customers—such as men's, boys' and youth's thick Boots and Brogans, Kid and grained Monroes; women's and misses' Kid and grained lace Boots and fine leather Shoes and Morocco & Kid Slips, city made.

Men's and boys' Cloth, Fur, Hair, Seal, Seallette, and all other kinds of CAPS.—Russia, Nutria, Cooney and wool hats.

The above goods will be sold at prices to suit the times. Call and see.

September 13, 1845. 3w

A Final Dividend.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county a final dividend on the personal estate of William Gilleland, late of Kent county deceased, will be struck before the Orphans' Court, on Tuesday, the 30th of September, 1845. All creditors holding claims or judgments against the said deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the Register of Wills, duly proved and passed, on or before that day, as they will otherwise be debarred from any portion of the estate.

GEORGE H. WILLSON,
Admr. William Gilleland, dec'd
Sept. 6, 1845. tdm

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.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair!
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
It home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
White robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

DEAL KINDLY WITH THE STRANGER.

Deal gently with the stranger's heart,
Thou knowest not how a look or tone
May joy or grief to him impart,
Who wanders weary and alone:
Thy smile may be the sunny ray
That pierces through the clouds of care;
Thy frown may bring the murky day;
Sad usher of the night's despair.

Tread gently o'er the stranger's grave;
Thou know'st not who may slumber there;
Whether the true heart, bold and brave,
Or one borne down by heavy fear;
Life's passion like earth's rivers flow,
Only the upper tide appears,
The looker-on can never know
What floods the inner current bears.

Speak gently of the stranger's fate;
Thou knowest not what his doom may be;
The view that opes beyond death's gate,
Is barr'd alike to thee and me:
Keep thine own steps in life's straight way,
Guide thine own heart from error's ban,
Thine own impetuous passions stay,
But "gently scan thy fellow-man."

Mr. Wakely recently stated, in the British parliament, that the paupers in Hampshire, (England,) were employed in crushing bones, and that, while so employed, they quarrelled with each other for the bits of marrow they might chance to contain, and gnawed off the meat from the extremity of the bones. The London Times well remarks that "this is more like the picture of a dog kennel, and of fighting dogs, than of English men." Yet, the Times is among the sympathizers with American slaves, who whatever may be their political and social disabilities, never suffer from the want of food or of physical comforts. We should not be surprised, indeed, if the same number of the Times that contains this paragraph, had uttered in some other connection, the boasting declaration that, "in touching the soil of England the shackles of the slave fall off, and he stands forth redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled." The poor houses, to say nothing of the crowded cellars of its populous towns, furnish fine specimens truly of this "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled" race—quarrelling over the marrow from dirty bones, and greedily devouring the little remnants of putrid meat, left perhaps by the dogs of some patrician, upon their ends!

EXTENT OF TEXAS.

An important document from the land office at Austin has been laid before the Texas Convention. From it we learn that the superficial extent of Texas, as comprised within the limits defined by statute of the 1st Texas Congress, comprises in round numbers, 397,000 square miles, or 254,284,166 acres; that the total amount of land issued by the various boards of land commissioners, is 43,543,970 acres; that the total amount of the above, recommended as good and lawful claims is 19,212,206 acres; issued by the department of war, as bounty and donation claims, 6,300,000 acres; land scrip sold by the Texan government, 368,787 acres; amount of legal claims to lands issued by Texas, 25,680,993 acres; amount issued, and supposed to be fraudulent, 24,331,764 acres, issued by the authorities of Mexico, a portion of which is supposed to be invalid, 22,080,000 acres; and that the total amount of the public domain subject to location and unsurveyed, is 181,991,403 acres.

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

A correspondent writing from the Brazils, gives the following interesting particulars of the process of tapping the India-rubber or caoutchouc tree, and of manufacturing the gum into shoes and other things:

"The caouchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches, then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long; thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots, or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that like a cow, when most tapped, they give most milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise we were at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest armed with a quantity of soft clay, and a small pickaxe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly; a tree gives daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way tapping perhaps fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So by seven o'clock, the blacks came in with their jars ready for working. The sap at this state resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drank with perfect safety. If now left standing, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke the operator having his last or form, held on a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with soft clay, (in order to slip off the shoe when finished) holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking, and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats. When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp pointed stick they will produce finely lined leaves, and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together and slung on poles, ready for the market. The pedlars and Jews trade for them with the country people, and in lots of one thousand or more they are again sold to the merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the United States. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured. Thus toys are made over clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c.] in the same way. According as the gum] grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests of them exist, and they are frequently cut down for fire wood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into the United States from these places. The reason, I suppose, must be the want of that prolificness found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally in the wet season they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods and the milk being watery, requires more to manufacture the same article than in the dry season."

TAKING THE CENSUS.

NUMBER ONE.

Marshal—How many male persons are there in this family?

Old Lady—Oh, then there ain't none, cause my children is all gals, 'cept John, and he ain't my child; dy'e count John?

Marshal—Who's John?

Old Lady—Oh, la! don't you know John? Why, he's lived with me these ten years. He's our hired man.

Marshal—Well, that's one male. How many females are there in the family?

Old Lady—La! yes. Wall dy'e count them?

Marshal—Certainly I do: I count all who make it their home in your family—old and young—men, women and children.

Old Lady—Sakes alive. Then you want to take down the old gentleman, I spose, don't you?

Marshal—What old gentleman?

Old Lady—My old man, to be sure.

Marshal—To be sure I do. I thought you said "John" was the only male in the family.

Old Lady—So I did, but I didn't spose "males" meant descripit old men, like my husband. Poor dear! he's been all but dead with the palsy these six years next hoeing.

Marshal—Now for the females.

Old Lady—Well, there's Biddy, and Prudence, and Grace, and Jemima: that's all—four of 'em.

Marshal—But you haven't included yourself.

Old Lady—Gracious! dy'e put down old woman too? 'Peers to me the State's mighty curious this year.

NUMBER TWO.

Marshal—How many neat cattle are owned by this family?

Female—All we own is a couple of hogs, and they ain't the *neat-est* critters that ever was.—*Albany Citizen.*

A VINDICATION AND DISCLOSURE.

The Public has long suspected that some disclosure, like that foreshadowed below, would be forthcoming, whenever Mr. Clay considered the reasons for his silence, whether a matter of honor and confidence, or merely self-imposed, as at an end.

We have received a specimen sheet of Colton's Life of that greatest statesman of our times; and at its page 150, vol. 1, we find the following passage:—*Nat. Intel.*

"Numerous have been the occasions, as all know, when Mr. Clay might have taken the popular breeze, and been wafted to the highest pinnacle of ambition—when, too, as was thought and argued by his friends, he might have done it without reproach—when, indeed, it was urged upon him as a duty to his country, to his friends, to himself. But, always judging for himself as every man must do in all cases of casuistry, which can be settled only by the feelings of his own heart, his answer has uniformly been, when compelled by the decisions of conscience, to dissent from others, in such debate: "I had rather be right than be President." His magnanimity, has, on more occasions than one, barred the door to his advancement. In the case of the notorious charge of '*bargain*,' for the election of Mr. Adams, in 1825, it has, for nearly a quarter of a century, been in the power of Mr. Clay, at any moment, to prove by positive evidence that *the dishonourable proposals were made by those who brought the charge;* but who, having been spurned, and anticipating an arraignment on the same count, were first in court, with a gross fabrication in their right hand. But magnanimity, and that to a political opponent, who was himself the agent in this transaction, has hitherto kept the key to the secret. In a future page of this work it will be unlocked."

THE JEWS.

The Englishman's fireside is proverbial for domestic happiness, "the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall;" but of all firesides, the Jew's fireside, as far as relates to their affections, is the most abundant in good feeling. I have observed this in all families, from the most opulent to the most indigent. Let Christians, instead of yielding to the spirit of intolerance, seek the fireside of a Jewish family. They will find in many houses two or three generations—the young dutifully waiting upon the old and infirm, with a love and respect never to be excelled, and seldom to be equalled, by the members of any religion. Parent and child, husband and wife, united together in one sweet bond of union. That love which made victory bitter to David while he mourned Absalom, and which smote Jephtha to the dust while he wept for his daughter—that love still warms the heart of his descendants; and the Jew, who is not allowed to have power, or place, or country, has a home which his oppresors may envy, where the Almighty is with him, and his children are about him. Such is the nature of their affection; it is the fruit of their religion, which abounds with love of kindred. * * * It is not, however, only in domestic life that their kind natures appear; they are distinguished for their public and private charities, for their readiness to relieve misery wherever it exists. "The Christians talk much of charity and kindness," said a bankrupt, "the Jews practise it. I have experienced more kindness from the few Jews with whom I have dealt than from all my Christian customers." A friend of mine had the misfortune to lose a beloved wife in child birth; opposite to him lived an opulent Jew. His lady had just recovered from her confinement; she heard of my friend's loss; she immediatrly sent and requested that she might nurse the baby; she reared it. It is not, however, to private life that their kindness is limited; it extends to every form of benevolence.—*Lord Montague.*

It appears that Pennsylvania now produces annually 15,000,000 bushels of wheat and 45,000,000 bushels of other grain, and is capable of increasing the amount fourfold; that she will send to market 2,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, yielding a return to the State of $7,000,000; that she manufactures three-fourths of the iron made in the whole Union, and has the means of supplying the consumption of the world; that she has a bituminous coalfield, through which the main line passes, for 130 miles, containing 1,000 square miles, or 6,400,000 acres, when all Europe contains only 2,000 square miles of bituminous coal land.

MILLER'S PROPHECY.

Miller, the individual who prophesied the world would be destroyed in 1843 or 1844, has come out with a long statement showing upon what he based his prophecy, a portion of which we extract as follows:—

"That I have been mistaken in the time, I freely confess: and I have been actuated by pure motives, and it has resulted to God's glory. My mistakes and and errors, God I trust, will forgive. I cannot, however, reproach myself for having definite time, for as I believe that whatsoever was written was for our learning, the profetic periods are as much a subject of my investigation, as any other portion of the word."

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR.

When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impression of the fingers, and even of the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made with it is very gluey, ductile, and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and which may be elongated, flattened, and drawn in every direction, without breaking.

READING AND REFLECTION.

The mind of the man of extensive reading without reflection, resembles a vast army of barbarians. The materials to form a commanding power possessed by both, but are inefficient for the want of order. The numbers of the one, and the acquisitions of the other, instead of furthering, frequently retard their operations, and neither are under the control of their nominal masters. Both attempt to carry their point by the display rather than the disposition of their forces, and are thus often foiled by a much inferior but better regulated antagonist. A skillful general is to such an army what thought is to such a mind. Arranging its resources, concentrating its strength, substituting discipline for chaotic confusion, and giving energy, point and perseverance to its effort—teaching to delve the secret mine—to aim its artillery, and wield its weapons; in fine, to conquer its foes by conquering itself, to command by being commanded.

There was a famous eating match at a village in Yorkshire, between two men, named Gubbins and Muggins, which caused a great deal of interest in the neighbourhood; and a countryman, leaving the place before the match was decided, was stopped by almost every one on the road with "Who beats? how does the match get on?" &c: to which he answered. 'Why, I doan't exactly know—they say Gubbins 'ill get it; but I thinks Muggins 'ill bet 'an yet, for when I left he was oanly two geese and a turkey behind him!"

CURE FOR RINGWORM.

A correspondent, whose children have been subject to this troublesome complaint, informs us, (says an English paper,) that after trying various modes of treatment without success, he at length washed the parts affected with vinegar, in which onions had been pickled, which effected a speedy cure. It has also been tried by his neighbors with the same beneficial results.

BIGAMY—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

An aged person, named Robert Carpenter, who has numbered some 60 years, is charged in New York with bigamy, in having on the 6th of April been married to a girl only 19 years of age, and also intermarrying on the 7th of this month with another, his former wife still living and whom he had abandoned. He had been previously married and his first wife died as recently as February last.

VARIETY.

What is money? D'ye give it up. It is *dew* in the morning and *mist* at night.

A Keepsake.—"What can I give you for a keepsake, my dearest John?" sobbed out a sentimental English girl to her scape-grace lover, about to join his ship in warlike times.

"Give, my dearest angel!" cried Jack, in some confusion, "ehem—why, why, you haven't such a thing as a five pound note about you, I suppose?"

Poetical, very—I sat by the open window on a fine dewy morning. The stars shone out, and the moon flung her mild beams over the rocks that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest—the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire-flies bespangled the darkness. I looked out on the charming scene—I raised my eyes to the milky way, and recollected that I had *not a clean shirt for Sunday.*

A Cheap Luncheon.—"Why don't you walk about and enjoy yourself like other people?" said Charles Sapling to his friend Harry Bye, as they sat in the lodgings of the latter at the sea side.

"Because I can't afford it," said Harry, "it makes me so hungry!"

"Not afford it!" replied Charles, "Why, surely, you can afford it here, for you would not have to pay a farthing if you were to eat all the *sand which is* (sandwhiches) before you!"—[*Punch.*

A Temperance Anecdote.—A few days since, an Irishman, (one of Father Mathew's people) landed at the wharf in New York, when he was accosted by an old friend:

"Arrah, Pat, I am glad to see you in this free country; come up here a bit, and take a drink, for old acquaintance, and ould Ireland's sake."

"No," say Pat; "I've signed Father Mathew's pledge."

"But," says his friend, "this is not Ireland—it's a free country."

"Ah!" replied Pat, "do you think I've brought my body here, and left my soul in Ireland?"

Politeness Reciprocated.—A criminal was in the county jail awaiting his trial for murder, with a reasonable prospect of conviction.

The candidate for the sheriffalty called one day to see him, when the prisoner, wishing to compliment his visitor, said to him,

"If I should be condemned to be hanged, I know of no one by whom I would rather be hung than by you."

The visitor, acknowledging the compliment, with one of his blandest smiles, replied:

"And should I be elected sheriff, I know of no one *I* would rather hang than you!"

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

"Can't you steer?" said a captain of a vessel to a son of Erin.

"The deuce a bether hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barney, braggingly.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain: "And you know the points of the compass, I suppose?"

"A compass! By my soul, it's not alone a compass, but a *pair* o'compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he went a broad; but indeed, as for the *points* o'thim I can't say much, for the childer spylt thim intirely, boring holes in the flurs."