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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. JANUARY 24, 1846. NO. 30.

TO THE PUBLIC.
New and Cheap Wholesale and Retail Dry Good Store.

J. OSBORN DUGAN, respectfully informs the public that he has opened a dry good store, at No. 115, North Gay street, (old town) Baltimore, where he has for sale a very superior stock of dry goods, &c. such as laces, ribbons, embroidery, swiss and book muslins, jaconett., cambric and other muslins, dress caps, capes, collars, flowers, feathers, blond mitts and netts, polka laces, illusions, mode de Paris, calicoes, domestics tickings, checks, plades, flannels, silk and cotton hosiery, handk'fs, scarfs, shawls, &c.—and in fact every kind of dry goods, for prices and quality are not to be equalled in the city.

The subscriber can only say that he will be happy to see his friends and customers when they may rely upon getting cheap and handsome goods; in fact lower than they can be purchased at any wholesale store in New York.

All orders thankfully received and promptly attend to.

October 4. 1845 1y

Lime! Lime!!

The subscriber is prepared to contract for the delivery upon the Chester and adjacent rivers, any quantity of STONE LIME, upon favorable terms. Letters addressed to him at Baltimore will receive prompt attention. Capt. Graves and Capt. Brevoster, are authorized to make contracts for the delivery of lime, and purchasers may rely upon the fulfilment of any arrangements they may make.

E. J. COOPER,
City Block, Baltimore

August 2. 1845 1y

Constable Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued by the State of Maryland, of Kent county, at the suit of Thomas Cuff, issued by Thomas Price, a Justice of the peace, in and for Kent county, state of Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Alexander Scott, jun. to me directed. I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, of the said Alexander Scott jun. in and to one house and lot of land, in the first election district of Kent county, adjoining Cork's field, and I hereby give notice that on Saturday the 24th day of January 1846, at the tavern porch of Capt. Carl L. Strandberg, Chester town, I will offer for sale the property so seized and taken into execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN W. CARROLL, Const.

Jan 3 1846 tds

MARYLAND,
Kent county Orphans' Court,
January 13th 1846.

On the application of Edward H. Boyer, adm'r of Maria Boyer, 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 aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand, and the seal of my office affixed, this 13th day of January, 1846.

(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 Maria Boyer, 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 21st of July, 1846, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of January, 1846.

EDWARD H. BOYER,
Adm'r. of Maria Boyer, dec'd.

January 17th, 1846 3w

MARYLAND,
Kent county, Orphans' Court,
January 13th, 1846.

On the application of Macall M. Rasin, administrator of Joseph Rasin, 3d, 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 aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 13th day of January, 1846.

(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, Maryland, has obtained from the Orphan's Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Joseph Rasin, 3d, late of Kent co., 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 21st of July, 1846, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 17th day of January, 1846.

MACALL M. RASIN,
adm'r. Jos. Rasin, 3d, dec'd.

January 17th, 1846. 3w

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.

MAXIMS FOR MARRIED GENT'L MEN.

BY WILLIAM FINALDY.

Whoe'er thou art who'd wish to make
Thy home a happy field,
Govern it not by brutal force.—
The rod with mildness wield,
The first will cause a man's own house
Against his rule to rise;
The latter make him lov'd in life,
And wept for when he dies.

You must not contradict your wife,
And that for reasons strong.—
You'll never gain the argument
By using strength of lung.
To all she said before you wed
Ye did with deference bow,
'Twould show you were dissembling then,
To contradict her now.

Be courteous and kind as on
The day when first ye met,
And this will plainly prove to her
Your choice you don't regret.
'Twill show her that she still retains
Her place within your breast,
And that possession has not cloy'd
The love you once professed.

And if you want a confidant
On whom you may depend,
Where will you find a better
Than your wife, your bosom friend?—
No one with whom you may consult,
Whether he may aver,
Your comfort or your interest
Can have at heart like her.

Be also strictly moral,
Ne'er a-broad for pleasure roam;
For pleasure, if 'tis found at all,
It must be found at home.
How can a man his children guard
Or guide parents to be
Whose face, except when indispos'd,
They scarcely ever see?

And if you may exhorted be
To cherish aught like pride,
Do it on y for those qualities
Which make men dignified;
And give your wife all credit due
For those she may possess;
Your understanding may be good,
That makes not hers the less.

From Love's Token Flowers.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

They tell me that I must not love,
That thou will spurn the free
And unbought tenderness that gives
Its hidden wealth to thee;

It may be so: I heed it not,
Nor would I change my blissful lot,
When thus I am allowed to make
My heart a bankrupt for thy sake.

They tell me when the fleeting charm
Of novelty is o'er,
Thou'lt turn away with careless brow,
And think of me no more;

It may be so: enough for me
If sunny skies still smile o'er thee,
Or I can trace, when thou art far,
Thy pathway like a distant star.

THE GOITRE OF SWITZERLAND.

There exists in all this mountain country the well known disorder certainly called the goitre, whether hereditary or indigenuous, or, as some say, produced by the practice which prevails among the peasantry of carrying every thing upon the head. It appears however, to be so general that we observed but one or two persons above the age of five-and-twenty that did not exhibit symptoms of its commencement; while such was every where the condition of the aged, that it was at first painful to look upon the passengers as we passed by them. The effect of the disorder itself consists of frightful excrescence hanging from the neck, which could not be better described, whether it only fell under our great author's observation in his passage across the Alps, or is to be found in the higher countries of Britain, than was done by Gonzalo in the *Tempest*, who, to calm the terror of his companion Alonzo, at the wonders with which they were surrounded in the enchanted island, reminds him of the incredulity of the age at the time of their boyhood in Italy.

"Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them wallets of flesh?"

The frightful excrescence is usually of greater or less dimensions in proportion to the age of the women; and the deformity increased by the protuberance being left to hang loose, and its offensiveness exaggerated by its being exposed, generally, perfectly uncovered. In some cases that we saw in the women, the excrescence could not have been less than eighteen inches in length and nearly as much in circumference.

A TAR'S IDEA.

When Dr. Lipscombe, the late Bishop of Jamaica, went on board her Majesty's ship the *Magnificent*, to dine with the Admiral. On making his appearance on deck in his cannonicals, which of course included the significant apron, a tar sagaciously inquired of his brother Neptune,

"I say, Jack, do you know who that 'ere is?"

"No, I don't," said he, "except it is the master blacksmith, who is come to take the measure of our new funnel."

A GREAT SPORTSMAN.

ANECDOTES OF AN ELEPHANT HUNTER.

In the last number of the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, we have found an article of the highest interest, which our readers, we make no doubt, will thank us for transferring to these columns. It is an obituary notice of the late Maj. Rogers, of the Ceylon Rifles, who was killed by lightning a short time since while elephant hunting. No one will read without astonishment the statement of his frend that in the course of his career, Maj. R. killed no less than *Twelve hundred Elephants!* We only regret that his friend has not given more of the thrilling incidents and "hair breadth' scapes" which the Major must have encountered.

THE LATE MAJ ROGERS OF THE CEYLON RIFLES.

If ever mortal deserved one niche in a Sportsman's memory, one page in Sporting History, one tribute of a Sportsman's regret, it is the subject of the present unworthy memoir.

Possessed of every noble attribute that constitutes a man, a soldier, and a sportsman, Major Rogers shone first and foremost in everything he undertook. What these undertakings were every tree in the Ceylon Jungle bears credible witness to; for before he was smitten by the "fire of Heaven," not fewer than *twelve hundred elephants* had fallen in single combat against himself!

It fell to my peculiar good fortune to be stationed at the same quarter in the Ceylon Jungle as Major R. was, and under his command, in short, we were the only two "European" inhabitants of the place; and numberless adventures and escapes he experienced, in the pursuit of elephants particularly, that I was both a hearer and witness of, would fill a volume much larger than the periodical in which I write.

It has never been my lot to meet with a person as devoted heart and soul to the Sports of the Field as Major Rogers was, and if he cannot be rightly denominated the *greatest* Sportsman that ever lived, he was certainly the most extraordinary one.

Tired of the pursuit of more ignoble game, Rogers devoted his time and energies when off duty to the destruction of elephants, with which Ceylon is known to abound, and with what success he carried on this war may be guessed from the fact that he had *alone*, in little more than twelve years, killed one thousand two hundred of these monster denizens of creation! Now to slay 1200 elephants, many of which were *rogues* (or vicious ones,) is no very easy task, nor to be accomplished without many hair-breadth escapes of life and limb; indeed, it was the excitement of danger that endeared the sport to the subject of my theme; and to give the reader some idea of the *excitement*, I will simply relate the last anecdote that happened to my regretted brother Officer immediately before I left his command.

He had just had capital sport with a herd of these animals—his four guns had all been discharged—when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the Jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for *one hundred yards* Major Rogers kept just a-head, feeling at every step the animal's trunk, trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion.) *One foot higher!* and he would have been out of the elephants reach; but before he could get time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis.—Still Rogers pulled against him thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than fall bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. *Heaven save us from such a boot jack!*—The dilemma, however did not end here; for the elephant finding himself balked of his prey after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his expected victim in the tree for *twenty-four hours*, when the *tappal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and upon this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the Jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have starved to death in the tree!

Having given the reader *one escape out of hundreds*, perhaps I may be allowed to mention one anecdote to prove the perfect confidence in himself against his forest giant. At a dinner enjoyed by a party of Sporsmen at Wilson Bungalow (among whom was the Governor of the Island, the late Sir Robert Horton,) the conversation turned on elephant shooting; when, to the astonishment of the company, Rogers backed himself at odds *to kill two elephants with one ball at one discharge!* This being deemed impossible, was taken up all round the table, but the bet was gallantly won on the following day in this manner. Rogers, knowing that an elephant invariably fell *towards* the side it was shot at (instead of away from the ball, as a person would naturally suppose,) got information of the locality of several female elephants with their calves, or young ones, who keep by the sides of their mothers in the same manner as we see foals at home; and placing himself in such a manner as to get the calf between himself and the elephant, he discharged the gun that under his steady eye and hand never failed to do its duty when the old lady fell like a house upon its progeny, crushing it to death under its own already lifeless mass of flesh! and every man who bet against the event saw it accomplished.

I could go on for ever enumerating anecdotes that fell under my especial notice; but enough perhaps has been said by me already to give the Sporting reader an idea of the daring of the Sportsman that is lost to us.

A few months ago, at the age of 40 (or about that,) Major Rogers was struck by lightning in the Jungles of Ceylon; and the next moment his handsome features, which a frown was never seen to overcast, all untouched (for one little black spot on his foot alone told the tale,) was picked up a corpse. How well the world could have better spared a better man every one who was at all acquainted with the deceased can too truly testify; but thus do we ever see it; year after year, month after month, day after day, those higher spirits, which we fain would keep and cherish among us, are swept untimely past the goal of life, whilst the dross is too often suffered to remain behind!—Light be the turf on thy grave, poor Tom! and may a long and worthy monument to thy excellent qualities survive thy existence in the hearts of thy fellows, who knew and loved thee!

J. W. GRYLLS, in the London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November, 1845.

ANOTHER HUMBUG—MORE DELUSION.

A fresh plate digger, translatorant prophet, has arisen in the West. Whether he is of the Smith family, the accounts say not. The case is this:—A quantity of brass plates, bearing marks of antiquity, have recently been brought to light in Burlington, Wisconsin. It appears that a certain man, who has for some time past believed himself inspired, had it revealed to him, that by digging under a certain tree he would find a vessel containing plates with inscriptions relating to the aborigines of the country. He accordingly selected three of his neighbors to dig in the appointed place, who, (as they affirm,) after carefully examining the ground, to be sure that it had not been disturbed, dug to the depth of several feet, and found at last the said vessel, which, after being exposed to the air, crumbled to pieces, exposing three plates of brass, covered with characters, of the meaning of which they were entirely ignorant, but which the prophet has since translated.—The language, from the translation, purports to be that of a King, or Chief, describing the destruction of his whole people, and the places where they perished.—Several persons have been to see the prophet, and many of them, after seeing the plates, believe them genuine. Whether this will resolve itself into Mormonism, or become the basis of a new sect, is a matter of speculation. In either case it will find adherents. The world is full of dupes, and as it purports to be the work of Divine revelation, and is backed by the testimony of three honest men, it stands a good chance of being successful.

GOT.

A late writer says that the use of the word "got," when not absolutely needed, is a vulgarism, which ought to be strictly avoided, and he illustrates the folly of frequently using it, by the following paragraphs in justaposition:

I rose early, and, after dressing as speedily as possible, I breakfasted, and proceeded in the omnibus in time to see my friend. I induced him to listen to the particulars, and obtained his assent to the measure proposed, on condition that I succeeded with the other parties, which, indeed, I had already done.	I got up early, and got myself dressed as quickly as I could; I then got my breakfast in all haste, and got into an omnibus, that I might get to my friend's house before he got away to business. I soon got him into a yielding humor, and got his consent to the plan, provided I could get that of the other parties, which, indeed, I had got already.

HONEY-TAKING IN INDIA.

A swarm of bees had fixed their abode on the ceiling of a verandah, and in due time, when their honey was deposited, we wished to collect it, but were for some time at a loss for means. Hearing, however, that there was a gardiner who possessed a peculiar art of doing it, unhurt, he was sent for, and desired to bring down the honey. He took some of the plant called toolsey (black ocymum) and rubbed it over his body, face, arms, and hands. He then chewed a little, and held a sprig of it in his mouth. With no other than this apparently slight defence he mounted a ladder, a large dish in one hand and a sharp knife in the other; and, though as thinly clad as his class usually are, with thousands of bees swarming about his naked body, he, with the greatest *sang froid*, cut immediately through the upper part of the comb, where it was suspended to the roof, and, receiving the whole of it in the dish, brought it down without having suffered from a single sting.—*Madras Athenæum.*

APPLES AND PRINTERS' TYPES.—"Say, Sam Jonsing, you're a litterarian nigga; answered me dis:

"Why am apples like printers' types?"

"I gibs dat up."

"Ah, you nemcomplightened brack man; it's cause they're often in *pie*. Yah, yah, yah!"

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

Professor Wines, in a late lecture in New York, adverted to the prevailing false opinion which estimates Commerce as comparatively more important than Agriculture. The principle cause of this he supposes to be, that the gains of Commerce, lying nearer to the surface, are more open to the scrutiny of the mass of men, while the gains of Agriculture seldom obtrude themselves on the public attention. To prove this he stated "that Great Britain is decidedly the most commercial nation on the globe—Her trade with the United States is nearly two-fold that which she carries on with any other country. And yet what think you the entire annual movement of this commerce both ways amounts to? About as much as the value of the annual crop of oats and beans in the former country. The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in pursuit of which she overshadows the ocean with her fleets, and plants her colonies in the most distant islands, is actually less in value than the annual grass crop in the British Islands. The bread stuffs annually extracted from our soil amount to more than 800,000,000 bushels, and their value is almost triple that of the aggregate exports and imports of the whole country. Our grass crop is worth $150,000,000, which is just twice the value of all the exports to foreign countries. The annual Indian corn crop of Tennessee and Kentucky alone amounts to more than 25,000,000 bushels, and fully equals in worth our exports to G. Britain and France, which constitute the bulk of all we part with to foreign countries. And what is not a little remarkable, the corn crop of these two States is precisely equal in value to the entire cotton crop grown in all the States and Territories of the Union. Yet there are not wanting, in certain quarters, writers and orators who style themselves statesmen and political economists, in whose estimation cotton is the one great interest of the country, and who imagine that now, as erewhile at New Orleans, cotton bags constitute the chief defence of the entire public prosperity and welfare. How false and deceptive are all such ideas? Why, the agricultural productions of the single commonwealth of New York exceed by several millions the whole cotton crop of the United States."

NEW TRADE-DEALING IN ALL SORTS OF LADIES.

A few weeks ago, the inhabitants of a certain village out West, were filled with conjecture and consternation at the following notice, painted in large capitals, on the front of a house decently fitted up—Mrs. M., from New York, deals in all sorts of ladies'. All was consternation. Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. M. might be. No one could tell—she was a stranger from New York, about to establish a new concern. Great anxiety prevailed as to this unequivocal proclamation of the new establishment. For two whole days all was surmise and consultation. On the third morning, behold the mystery was unravelled. The painter—who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked by a severe fit of cramp, returned to finish his work, and in ten minutes, concluded it by adding—"and gentlemens' wearing apparel."

BURNING A TAX COLLECTOR IN EFFIGY.

In the proceedings of an anti-tax meeting, held in the 4th election district of Carroll county, Md. a few days ago, we find it stated, after the passage of sundry revolutionary resolutions, that an EFFIGY of the State Tax Collector was prepared, hung up on the gallows! shot down!! and kicked about!!! The meeting was addressed by Jacob Powder and John Malehorn, Esq.—We have room for only one of the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting that any man who would undertake to collect the State tax for the benefit of European or American stock gamblers, brokers, and speculators, would *bottle the sun-shine, and hunter out the dews of heaven.*

"SHORT AND SWEET."

The Presbyterian says, the committee on the state of religion in one of the New England Associations, deviating from the usual prolix style of documents on that subject, presented the following—

"That the state of religion in the churches composing the Association is lamentably low, needs no argument to prove; but to prescribe a remedy is a task more difficult—yet your committee make an attempt. Therefore,

Resolved, That the shepherds of the several flocks repent of their lukewarmness, humble themselves at the foot of the cross, seek forgiveness of God, and return wholly to his service.

Resolved, That the flocks follow their shepherds.

The eye has five tunics to guard it against danger. The first is like a spider's web; the second is like a net; the third is like a berry; the fourth is like a horn; the fifth is the cover or lid of the eye. Here is guard upon guard, resembling the various ways Providence hath to secure us from harm.—Hence the five cardinal virtues.

THE PURCHASING OF NAUVOO.

The Warsaw Signal says: "Two Catholic priests passed through this place on Monday last, on their way to Nauvoo.—Their object was to ascertain the particular nature and amount of property which the Mormons wish to dispose of to their church and on what terms it can be bought.

TURKEY.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the Doctor's nose.

Can you spell four score with two letters? Yes,—e, t—(eighty.)

He who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

"My tail is ended," as the tad pole reflected when he turned into a bull-frog.

The Dutch proverb saith, 'Stealing never makes a man rich; alms never make a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business."

The Cincinnati Gazette says, "hogs are coming in very *slowly*." This proves their instinct—they know the horrid fate that awaits them in that city.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

The musquitoes are said to be small insects; but we have seen one move a person that weighed two hundred pounds, and keep him moving a whole night.

Mr. R———, if you'll get my pants done by Saturday night, I shall be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game, they'll not be done, sure," said the tailor.

"The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience, is illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors?"

Where a house is well furnished with books and newspapers, the children are usually intelligent and well informed; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not prodigate.

"Tom, where can I find the poor house? I should like to see it."

"My dear friend continue in your present course a short time longer, and you will not need to ask the question."

Many people imagine that to be dressed gaudily is to be dressed well. A greater mistake never was committed. Brilliant colors and quantities of jewelry are evidences of the very worst possible taste.

One of our upper crust exquisites, a few days since, told his coachman he might have a coat he didn't intend himself to wear any more. "Thank ye, sir," replied John, "I have no desire to own any of your *abandoned habits*."

The *Pik*-tonian thus *Piquantly* discourseth: "Dr. Olds, of Picaway, has introduced a *bill* into the House to repeal the Registry Law. Well done Doctor! *Pick*-a way with your *bill*, until you get that odious law *picked* to pieces!"

A gallant wag was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing else to say, turned to her, and asked her why she was like a tailor?

"I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting beside a goose."

MOTHER WIT.

A stingy husband threw off the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always "gives them her own way."

"Poor things," was her prompt response, "It is all I have to give them!"

"Such is the pressure of times in our town," said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, "that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for fifteen shillings."

"Pooh! that's nothing compared to London," replied his friend; "we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

BLINDNESS VS. SIMPLICITY.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. ———, Jack?"

"Yes, sur."

"And how was he?"

"Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind."

"Blind! what do you mean?"

"Why, while I wor in the room, he axed me where my hat wor, and it wor on my head all the while."

BEGGING OLD CLOTHES.

A Glasgow merchant, an Irishman, was lately accosted in his counting house by a countryman, who needed charity. Money having been given to him, he said:

"You havn't got such a thing as a pair of ould trowsers, have you?"

"No, my man," said the merchant, "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting house."

"Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the *ould pair* you've got on."

A LADY IN A PASSION.

A lady came to Charles Wesley, complaining that she was the chief of sinners—the worst of transgressors—utterly lost and helpless.

"I have no doubt, madam," replied he, "that you are wicked enough."

She instantly flew into a passion, declared she was no worse than her neighbors, scolded the preacher as a slanderer, and it is thought would have boxed his ears if he had not quitted the apartment.

COST OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Hon. Mr. Burnell stated before the Congressional Temperance Society, in 1842 that the aggregate debts of the several States, were $198,337,425, and that the annual consumption of intoxicating drinks in this country in value would pay the annual interest on all the debts of the States, and leave nearly $13,000,000 towards the extinguishment of the debt themselves.