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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. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 16, 1847. NO. 38.

"SUGAR COATED" PILLS.
Beware! Caution!!

The increasing popularity of Dr. G. Benj. Smith's improved Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills, has induced a number of persons to make something they call Pills and coat them with sugar, in order to sell them for the genuine, while they do not possess a particle of the goodness, nor even assimilate in appearance to the original, Dr. Smith's Pills. In short, they are an intended fraud upon the community.—A minister who at first had an interest in an imitation Sugar Coated Pill, manufactured in Albany N. Y., has given them up, as he says, on account of the miserable dishonest parties concerned in manufacturing them. The same party are now industriously circulating reports calculated to injure Dr. Smith and to affect the reputation of his valuable pills; but rather than notice them in public, Dr. Smith s about to institute legal proceeding against them for their slanders, as he has in another case against a similar party, in which he recovered a large amount of damages. These miserable imitators have to resort to the most abominably means to palm off ther counterfeit pills, as the public know that Dr. Smith's are the original and genuine. Several instances have come to public notice in which life has been endangered by the unfortunate use of the counterfeits. It is *Dr Smith's* Pills that are doing so much good in the country—as the following plainly show,

More Ministers

Use and Recommend Dr. Smith's Pills than all others.

This is to certify that I have used the Sugar Coated Pills, manufactured by G. Benjamin Smith, of New York, for some time, and believe them to be a good medicine; and also, from inquiry in that city, I am persuaded that he is the original inventor, and therefore is entitled to the benefit of the invention.

S. WILLIAMS,
Pastor 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh.

From the Blue Hen's Chicken, (Del.)

We call the attention of our readers to the certificate of Rev. S. Williams, Pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, in relation to Dr. Smith's Pills. We can ourselves bear testimony to the excellence of these Pills, one of us having used them and experienced great relief from them.

The above is the best paper in the State of Delaware.

The "Improved Indian Vegetable Pills," (Sugar Coated,) are certainly doing much good in the whole country, and are highly esteemed, if one half is true that people write and say about them. They are so easy in their operation that all like them. The editor of the Northern State Journal, (one of the largest and best papers in the Stat of N. Y.,) writes as follows:

Watertown, May 31, 1846.

Dr G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: I was laid up with a bad cold some time since my return from from N. Y, and during my my illness I made trial of your pills and I must say I found them excellent. They are the best medicine for the purposes they are intended, that I have yet seen, I seldom take pills, but I found yours entirely free from the objections to which other pills are liable. I hope they will continue to be a source of profit to you as I doubt not they will be a means of relief to be afflicted on a lage scale.

Yours truly,
J. GREEN.

Tonawanda, Pa, Sept. 18, 1846.

Dr. G. Benj. Smith—

Dear Sir: Your agent left with me a lot of your Sugar Coated Pills, and I have but a few boxes left. Every box I have sold has given entire satisfaction. I have taken them myself and I consider them the best pills I have ever used; and I am not afraid to recommend them to the public. I wish a further supply at once.

Yours respectfully,
JACOB KIBLER, P. M.

Huntington, Ind., June 21, 1846.

Dr Smith—

Dear sir: I am most out of your "Indian Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills," and find them selling so fast that I think you had better send me two gross immediately—they give such general satisfaction that people come at least twenty miles for them and as it is generally known I am agent for them, I would be very sorry to get out.

Yours respectfully,
SAML. MOORE & CO.

BEWARE!!!

If G. Benj. Smith, be not written with a pen on the bottom of the box, all "Sugar Coated" Pills are Counterfeit!

Principal Office 179 Greenwich Street, large brick block, N. Y. Price 25 cents a box.

For sale in Chester Town, by John L. Wilson.

Carriage and Harness MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,
Fashionable COACH MAKERS,

Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description style and patern, all of which they will sell cheap and on accommodating terms.—Persons in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages taken in exchange.

N. B. Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

HEMSLEY'S WORM DESTROYING SYRUP,

Prepared by R. F. Hemsley, Pharmaceutist, Easton, Md. and by Hemsley & Bros. 47 Ann street, New York.

Various remedial agents have been resorted to from time immemorial for the expulsion of worms. Among the most popular of the present era, and one we may add, without ostentation, destined to stand unrivalled in the class of anthelmintic remedies, is that offered to the public under the title of "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup.*" Its qualities have already stood the test of years, and innumerable evidences of the most striking success in its administration have been from time to time furnished. The ingredients are at once safe and efficient, and the composition prepared upon strict chemical principles. The united testimony of eminent medical gentlemen, to whom it has been submitted, is a strong proof of its claim upon general patronage. But a stronger proof of its merits is the fact, that it has never, in a single instance, when properly administered, failed to produce a cure; and whenever it has been introduced, it has become with Physicians, as well as with all others, the only medicine prescribed for worms.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We, the undersigned, having prescribed "*Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" frequently in our practice, and witnessed its uniform success, can confidently recommend it to be a safe and certain remedy for worms, and believe it to be superior to any thing ever used in such cases.

Trist Thomas, MD	Chris. C. Cox, MD
J. A. Muse, MD	Jas. Dawson, MD
W. H. Thomas, MD	H. R. Pitts, MD

I have tried in a desperate case of worms "*Mr. Wm. Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup,*" and it proved immediately efficacious. This case had baffled the skill of a Physician previously, and the disease must have killed the servant. I feel it my duty to give this certificate in favour of this valuable medicine.

SAM'L HAMBLETON, Jr.
Attorney at Law.

Easton, March 30th, '44.

Having freely used "Hemsley's Worm Destroying Syrup" in my family for more than two years past, I unhesitatingly recommend it as a safe and effectual vermifuge, and decidedly prefer it to any other worm medicine I have ever used.

JOHN TILGHMAN.

☞PRICE.—25 cts. per bottle, or $2 00 per dozen

For sale by
SIMON WICKES, Jr. Druggist,
Chester Town.

July 11th, 1846. tf

Dr. H. F. Peery's

Vermifuge, or "Dead Shot," for Worms. A highly concentrated and chemical ly combined preparation, capable, from the promtitude of its action, of clearing the system in a few hours of every worm.

The exceeding small quantity of this medicine required to test the existence of worms or to remove every one from the system, its operating in a few hours, together with its great certainty of effect, constitute it one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age. It seldom needs to be repeated, and never to be followed by any other purge; therefore in urgent cases, as those of fits, spasms or convulsions, caused by worms, its unrivalled superiority is manifest. Few medicines are better calculated to improve the health of children, even where no worms exist; as it removes those masses of crudities that line and closely adhere to the stomach and bowels, giving rise to symptoms that counterfeit every variety of worm-disease. Though prompt and certain in its operation, it is perfectly safe and adapted to the tenderest age. Price 25 cents per vial.

Prepared by Dr. Peery, and sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, agent for Chestertown and wholesale and retail by Chas. Wiseman Druggist, 331 Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r 28, '46 3m

Too important to overlook!!!
Too profitable to neglect!!!

There is not a man living but may, at some time or other, owe his life to the mighty, saving power,

DALLEY'S
Magical Pain Extractor.

This *wonder of the age*, is capable of curing almost every sort of affliction that assails the human body, as well as relieve and restore it from *all kinds* of suffering and pain, even from the excruciating agony of the severest Burn, Pile, Scald, Rheumatism, Tic Doloreaux, &c. It has saved hundreds of lives in *dreadful cases*, where the Physician has stood aghast, by its imparting instant ease and rest to a victim, and arresting, by its magnetic and electric instantaneous fluid, inflammation and mortification.

It will also prevent Poison taking effect on persons bit by venomous reptiles, or rabid animals, bees, hornets, musquitoes, spiders, or from having come in contact with poisonous plants—*and cure every case.*

Will likewise prevent and cure Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, chafe and sores in children, cancers and carbuncles.

Sold by S. Wickes, Apothecary, Chester Town, and Chas. Wiseman, 331, Market street, next the Globe Inn, Baltimore.

nov'r 28, '46. 3m

NEW VESTINGS—a good assortment of vestings for sale cheap by
WILMER & NICOLS.

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.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Written for the Newark Advertiser,

BY A CONVICT IN THE MASSACHUSETTS PRISON.

Together through the flowery fields,
One pleasant summer's day,
With cautious steps two children trod
The smooth, yet tiresome way.

The elder was a lovely boy,
Of meek and heavenly mind;
The little girl was lovely too,
But she, alas! was blind.

He'd tell her how the sun by day,
And little stars by night,
Peeped thro' soft clouds, to gild the earth
With beams of brilliant light.

And then he'd cull wild flowers and weave
A chaplet for her hair,
And strive to make her understand
How beautiful they were.

Soon as her feeble limbs were tired,
He led her from the glade;
And strewed with moss, an easy seat
Beneath the green trees' shade.

Then side by side they sat them down
And happy seemed to be;
And listened to the song bird's strain
Of joyous melody.

Tell me, dear brother! tell me if
Yon happy bird that sings,
Is beautiful;—say, is he plumed
With gold or azure wings?

Yes, dearest, he seems beautiful,
And plumed with hues most rare;
And proudly perch'd upon yon bough,
He's swinging in the air.

But, as he spake, her bosom heav'd;
He marked the deep drawn sigh,—
And saw the tear-drop on the cheek,
Fall from the sightless eye.

The truth with all its glaring force,
Had crossed her troubled mind,
And words came trembling from her lips,
"Shall I be always blind?

I know that I can feel and hear,
As you ane mother say,
And many things enjoy,—but shall
I ne'er behold the day?

You tell me of the little birds,
And green leaves on the tree;
And skies serene and beautiful,
But, shall I never see?"

She clasped her arms around his neck,
And kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
And said, "could I but see thy face,
I would not sorrow more."

He tried to sooth with loving words,
And bade her never mind,
That he and mother loved as well,
As if she were not blind.

He told her of a brighter world,
Up in the soft blue air;
And mother said, if they were good,
They'd see each other there.

Soon after this, the little girl
Grew sick, and pale and weak;
Her brother still kept by her side,
Still kissed her tender cheek.

He'd kneel beside her little bed,
And earnest pray to heaven,
That if so pure a soul had sins,
That she might be forgiven.

She whispered these last loving words,
"Oh! do not weep for me;
I'm going to that brighter world,
I soon, I soon shall see."

Let all the world know that Sellers' Vermifuge is the best in use! Here is the proof.

LICKING STATION, Ky. Dec 17th, 1846.

Mr. R. E. Sellers:—I have the pleasure to inform you that I have used in my practice your celebrated Vermifuge with the most happy results I have formerly used Fahnestock's but being persuaded to try yours, I have found it far superior in every respect, and can say without the fear of contradiction, that your Vermifuge possesses more virtue than any I ever used, and most cordially recommend it to the attention of the public. I will state a case where I gave one vial of your Vermifuge: My brother's child was *pining and wasting to a mere skeleton;* in 30 hours after I gave the Vermifuge, the enormous quantity of *upwards of six hundred worms* were passed. The child that was given up as lost, is now well and as hearty as any in the neighborhood

AMBROSE ARNETT, M D

Those who wish, can see Dr. Arnett's letter

Prepared and sold by R E SELLERS, No 57 Wood st Pittsburg.

E M DAWSON & BROTHER, Druggists, Easton, Md. General agents, for E Shore.

☞For sale in Chester Town by Simon Wickes, Jr. Druggist.

CASSIMERES—a lot of cassimeres for sale cheap by WILMER & NICOLS.

Pressed into the Service.

"Mr. Tar!" said the Recorder, yesterday morning, as if he was anxious to ascertain whether there was any individual of that name present, and if so that he would like to take a small observation of the person bearing such an odoriferous name. No one rose to the summons, but the Recorder seeing a police officer telegraphing a red-faced, weather-beaten tar, in one end of the box, with hair enough around his face for at least a baker's dozen of stage boat-swains, inquired what that man's name was.

"John Hull, your honor," said the sailor, rising and slapping his tarpaulin down on the railings. "John Hull, your honor; and may I be introduced for the first time in my life to the bosin's cat, if Jack Hull was ever ashamed of his name in whatever port he was brought to an anchor. Hull's a name, sir, as'll do to stand by in the roughest sort of a gale, or the greatest calm as ever put old Bor'as asleep."

"He told us his name was John Tar, last night, sir."

"Did your honor ever see such a spoony of a land lubber as that? Why he wouldn't know the difference 'twixt the figure-head of a seventy-four and the captain's clerk.—Jack Tar! you land lubber, you. An' so I am a Jack Tar, and doesn't ever mean to sail under any other colors as long as there's a vessel in the Navy with the old stars and stripes streamin' over her."

"You're in the Navy, then?" inquired the Recorder.

"No, your honor, I'm out on it, although I keeps on the togs of old Uncle Sam, coz, as soon as ever I get out o' this ere snap I'm goin' to make straight wake and list for another cruise, an maybe yet you'll hear of old Jack Hull as one of the chaps as fell in the attack on some of them ere Mexican ports in the Gulf. Thats what I'm after.—I've been a workin' all my life, and now I want's to have a little amusement in the way o' batterin' down that ere castle, or somethin' o' that sort."

"You've been at sea sometime, have you?" said the Recorder.

"I should say I had, your honor. The first thing I ever seed was the flash of a big gun in 1812, for I was born on the old Constitution in the midst of the action with the Guerrier. My father used to be called 'old John'—Lord bless him! He was sent to Davy Jones by a grape shot, an' I was christened 'John Hull,' for the captain that was—the old commodore now—Lord bless his old soul!"

"But how came you here, John? you shouldn't be seen in such a place," said the Recorder.

"Well sir," said Hull, looking down I "do fell just about as small as a middy that has been mastheaded; but what's done can't be helped. You see I'd taken a stiff allowance of grog aboard, and was beating and tacking about larboard and starboard, when I gin a lee lurch, an' I fetched up again a chap with a tarpaulin on his nob. 'Why didn't you put your helm hard a-port?' said I; 'do you think a firstrate's going to look out for all such small craft as you?' 'None of your slang,' says he. 'Who the blue blazes are you?' says I, for I warn't altogether steady, your honor, on my pins—hadn't got my land legs on egzactly. 'I'm a watchman,' said he. 'You are, are you?' says I. 'Well, if it's your watch you ought to be triced up and have a round dozen for not keepin' out of the way.' Well, you see one word fotched on another, an' I hauled off an' gin him a broadside, but on account o' the grog my guns wasn't heavy shotted an' they didn't cripple the enemy; but he boarded me with a bit of a handspike he had in his hand, and brought me a lick that made me see more lights than were ever hoistered at the peaks of the craft aloft in the sky; an' that's all as I recollects till I found myself uy yonder there, hard and fast among this set of scurvy craft alongside here in this ere chicken coop."

"You intend to go to sea again," inquired the Recorder.

"Aye, aye, your honor; an' I'm only sorry as I ever left the old Raritan an' Captain Jack, for I expect when the Commodore wakes up in the Gulf he'll make up for the lost time, an' as Guverment's give 'em a touch of the old Perry blood, I want to let them have a small chance of old Hull."

"Well," said the Recorder, "I suspect you have been punished enough for your frolic and I shall let you go this time upon your paying your jail fees."

"Thank your honor," said the sailor, joyfully, "I shan't forget it; and if you ever hear John Hull has been cut in two by a Mexican shot just think that my last words will be a blessing on your head for letting me die in defence of my ship and country." The sailor paid his fees, and wanted every body to go out and take a horn; but as nobody accepted his generous offer, he threw down a quarter eagle, saying, "give these poor miserable chaps something to drink there," pointing to the prisoners in the box, "and let me advise you, comrades, to leave off drinking and join the temperance society.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

FEDERAL RELATIONS.—A member of the Iowa legislature was highly indignant at the Speaker of the House, when he announced him a member of the committee on "federal relations." He considered it a rank, biting insult. "Look here, Mr. Speaker," said he, "none of your tricks upon travellers. You need'nt think that, because I am a new member, you can run your rig upon me. I am not as green as you suppose. Go to thunder with your *federal relations!* I hav'nt one of them in the world—and would'nt own him if I had."

Effect of Perpetual Day.

The effect of perpetual day is thus described in the narrative of Buchan's Expedition to the North Pole:

Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses, as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the article circle—Where the ground but little trodden, even trifles are interesting, and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alterations above alluded to, but the reluctance we felt to leave the deck where the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and retire to our cabin to sleep, deprived us of many hours necessary rest and when we returned to the deck to keep our night watch, it may be so called, and sull, found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, first promised to be so gratifying soon threatened to become extremely irksome; and would in deed, have been a serious inconvenience had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, whom we daily observed winging their way to roost; with a clock work regularity; and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required! At first it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and satisfy a reflecting mind that we cannot overrate the blessings we derive from the wholesome alternations of labor and rest which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time, the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that allwise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.

Intemperance.

A large proportion of the money spent for intoxicating drink comes from the pockets of the laboring poor. The late Catholic Bishop of New York, Bishop Dubois, declared: "I have found that the laboring classes, under my charge, in the city of New York, pay for drams alone, at the grogshops, *nine hundred thousand dollars* annually." It appears almost incredible that this immense sum should be extracted from the hard earnings of a part only of the laboring population of New York, and they mostly foreigners. No wonder that city has to pay *eight hundred thousand dollars* annually to support her poor and defray the expenses of her police! No wonder that upwards of six hundred sudden deaths require the expense of a Coroner's Inquest in a single year! No wonder that *fifty drunkards* are arrested every day, and a thousand dollars paid in a year for carting helpless drunkards to prison!

It has been said, that in this land of comparative equality and freedom, every man either makes or mars his fortune.

And yet this beautiful picture of a model nation is marred by poverty. In the youth and vigor of Republican America, she is clothed in the tattered garments of beggary. Starvation and nakedness stalk through the thoroughfares of our large cities. In Broadway and in Chesnut street, from early morning almost till midnight, are to be found little children begging cold scraps and crying for want. The face of the country is deformed with poor-houses, crowded with the victims of disease and destitution, and no longer able to earn their food.

It were folly to deny that intemperance is the principle cause of this want and wretchedness. Statistics, carefully collected, have shown that nine tenths of the pauperism which draws upon the public purse, is directly traceable to intoxicating drink. We have the data before us to establish the fact. But as we are not aware that it has ever been seriously called in question, it is not deemed necessary to present them in detail.

Payment of Direct Taxes.

The following shows the amount of direct taxes paid into the State Treasury during the past year, by each county in the State:

Alleghany,	10,585 09
Anne Arundel,	12,600 38
Howard District,	7,015 34
Baltimore city,	133,281 10
Baltimore county,	22,749 90
Calvett,	15,331 25
Carroll,	6,275 99
Caroline,	1,876 71
Charles,	6,617 91
Cecil,	14,054 54
Dorchester,	8,533 04
Frederick,	41,766 72
Harford,	13,900 74
Kent,	9,630 92
Montgomery,	8,638 86
Prince George's,	18,467 22
Queen Ann's,	15 758 27
Somerset,	13,505 62
St. Mary's,	3,723 51
Talbot,	24,197 90
Washington,	57,893 96
Worcester,	11,075 07
	$456,420 04

Punch Again.

Punch says that Tom Thumb lately visited Queen Victoria, and gave her an invitation to visit the U. States. The following is the general's account of the matter, with his speech on the occasion:

"Gracious Majesty, if you'd like to eat the real Hominy Cake in airnest, I allow that you had better eat it at Uncle Sam's fireside. You've a nice little steamer, and in the summer go paddlin about the sea, to blow away the cares of state, and take out the marks that eternally wearin that heavy crown must bring upon your tender forehead." And here, I thought to myself, crowns ought to be well lined with bank notes to make'em fit at all easy. "Yes, Gracious Majesty, you and your husband—and I will say this to his face, a very fine young man he is, and I doubt not, a tarnation good shot with a rifle—you go to France, and eat frog pies with Louis Philippe, and it's only my hope that the cunning critter (for he'd skin a weazel without wakin him) won't some day eat up all the molasses, and give you nothing but the basin"—(If I'd said Spanish liquorish instead of molasses, could I ha' been a grain nearer the truth?)—"You go and visit the King of the French, and the Duke of Coubongers, and the King of the Prushys, and sich like, why not some summer get up the steam, and just run over to take a bite of Hominy Cake with the Yankees."

Well, Gracious Majesty looked for all the world as if I'd hit at one blow the very nail her mind had long been hammerin' on.—So, I follows it up.

"We've plenty of room in the States," says I, "for your husband and all the dear children at Astor House. And there, I guess, the dear critters won't be cramped up, as I learn they are here, but may grow and expand like corn cobs. Bless you," said I, for I got sudden familliar, "dear critters!—There's somethin like air! Send their royal highnesses to bed to night, and they'd grow so, you'd disown them in the morning."

"And, Gen'ral," said Gracious Majesty, "you think they'd make me welcome in the States?"

"Welcome! cried I, they'd make you up a bed of Pennsylvania bonds—and for a counterpane, kiver you with the star spangled banner."

Brother Jonathan.

The origin of the term applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the Norwich Courier. The editor says it was communicated by an intelligent gentleman, now upwards of eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolution, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great destitution of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such a condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, who was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties after arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, 'we must consult Brother Jonathan.' The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but Brother Jonathan has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England."

A LEGITIMATE CURSE.—Mr. Burleigh, the editor of the Hartford "Charter Oak," in a recent account of a "trip to the Bay State," makes the following statement in reference to Blandford:—

"There have been in Blandford, since the incorporation of the town, thirty-eight taverners. Of these, three died of delirium trements—seven became intemperate—one died in the poor-house—eighteen lost all their property—seventeen did not improve their their pecuniary condition by the business—three only acqired property—four were cursed with intemperate wives—twenty-five sons and four daughters became intemperate!

WAKING SLEEPERS.—It appears from Lewis History of Lynn, that in the early times of Massachusetts, it was the custom for a person to go about the meeting houses during divine servive, and wake the sleepers. "He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball, and on the other a fox tail. When he observed the men asleep, he rapped them on the head with the knob; and roused the slumbering sensibility of the ladies by drawing the brush lightly across their faces."

THE editor of one of our exchange papers wilfully perpetrated the following outrageous and abominable rhyme:

"Hail beauteous maid of grace divine,
Why do you wear a bump behind?"

The audacious scamp! He ought to be choked to death with a ladies bustle.—Wonder if that editor cultivates hair! If he does he must swallow the following retort from a bustle ing little maid:

"Hail dandies with your broad tailed coats,
Why do you wear your hair like goats?"