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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. SEPTEMBER 11, 1847. NO. 20.

HATS, CAPS, LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, &C.

To Merchants, Hatters and Others.

GARDEN & BROWN,

Hat and Cap Warehouse and Manufactory,

No. 196 MARKET STREET,

Second door below Sixth, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY solicit attention to their large and complete stock of Hats and Caps, manufactured under their own immediate direction and superintendence, with all the advantages of modern improvements to enable them to combine the important qualities of durability, taste and beauty of finish with extreme cheapness of price.

An immense and beautiful assortment of all varieties and prices of Beaver, Brush, Silk, Moleskin, Russia, Cassimere, Wool, Sporting and Ashland Hats. Also, a general assortment of every variety of Caps, Otter, Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Muskrat, Plain and Fancy Cloth every style. Red, Black and Brown Mohair, Sealette, Glazed, Oiled Silk and Fur Caps.

Ladies' Muffs, *Boas*, &c., at the very lowest prices.

Buyers by the dozen or less, are invited to call and see if it is not to their interest to deal with us.

Particular attention paid to the packing of Hats, &c.

Cash paid for Muskrat and Shipping Furs

GARDEN & BROWN,

No. 196 Market Street, below Sixth st.,

Philadelphia, July 24, 1847. 3m

State of Maryland, Cecil County, Sct:

UPON application made to me, the subscriber, one of the Judges of the Orphans Court of Cecil county by Thomas Burnside of said county imprisoned for debts he is unable to pay, by his petition praying the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, a schedule of his property, and of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can at present ascertain the same being annexed to his petition; and the said petitioner having satisfied me that he has resided for two years last past in the State of Maryland, and he having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805, chap. 110, and given bond with security sufficient for his appearance before the Judges of Cecil county court, on the first Tuesday in the next October term of said court, and at such other time or times as the said court may direct, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him relative to his application, and having complied with the requisitions of the Act of assembly, passed at December Session 1825, entitled an act relative to insolvent debtors chapter 205 and the several supplements thereto, by executing a Deed of all his property, real, personal and mixed, to John Conard appointed by me Trustee to the said Thomas Burnside, and the said Trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust, and certified in writing to me, that he was in possession of all the Estate of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule. I do therefore order that the said Thomas Burnside be discharged from imprisonment, and that he give notice to his creditors of his application for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of the State of Maryland, and that the first Tuesday next after the third Monday in October next is the day appointed for his appearance before the Judges of Cecil county court to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be propounded to him relative to his said application, that the said notice be given by advertisement in some newspaper printed on the Eastern shore of Md. once a week for at least three months before said first Tuesday in the next October term of Cecil county court.

Given under my hand this fourth day of May, Eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ABRAHAM CHANDLER,

True copy, Test,

GEORGE McCULLOUGH,

Cl'k Cecil County Court.

July 10, 1847. 3m.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold or

O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Wanted.

A situation wanted by a man as an overseer who can bring the best recommendation as an experienced and well qualified farmer who is calculated to conduct a farm with industry and economy.—Apply at this office.

July 31, 1847.

TO R sale by Wilmer and Nicols a good assortment of hats, of different kind from 1 to $4. 2½

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.



POETRY.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be barred;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim:
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last;
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call the wizard and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair:
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread the down,
And a tyrant work thee woe:
But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there *now* such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

UNWRITTEN POLITICS.

BY G. W. BRADBURY.

The political history of this country is divided into two parts, the written and the unwritten. Perhaps there is as much interest legitimately attached to the latter as to the former. In sober truth there is much in the unwritten that would shed more light upon the course of political affairs and upon the secret of party positions than has been placed on record in the State Department, published in the official reports of the Congressional proceedings, or disseminated by that piece of machinery called the press. I propose to rescue from unmerited oblivion an item of unwritten history, and the fact that I give with actual names, dates and all, will satisfy the most incredulous of its perfect authenticity.

Along about July, 1839, it became evident to cool and calculating politicians, that Mr. Clay must inevitably receive the Whig nomination for the Presidency, and that, to use a phrase more expressive than classic, General Harrison's "cake was all dough." It was clear enough that a very large majority of the delegates elected to the National Convention were not favorable to Gen. Harrison, and his immediate friends were unwillingly forced to the conclusion that the Farmer of Ashland must receive the nomination. This too was the opinion of the old General himself, for he could calculate chances as well as the best of them, and sometimes a little better.

About this time, J. Washington Tyson, a politician of some note in Pennsylvania, then a member of the Legislature from Philadelphia, and subsequently second Assistant Post Master General under Tyler, came to Cincinnati on asort of an intrigue, at the head of which were Thaddeus Stevens, Charles B. Penrose, and other leading Harrisonians in Pennsylvania. Be it remembered that Pennsylvania had held two State Conventions—one Clay, the other Harrison—and that each had appointed a set of Delegates to the National Convention. In anticipation of a squabble consequent upon this fact, Tyson, an ardent, shrewd and accomplished political schemer, came to Cincinnati for the expe s purpose of making things straight. How far he succeeded will be seen in the sequel.

Tyson had remained in the city two or three days waiting for General Harrison, but the latter happened to be too busy on his farm. The politician became impatient, and finally proposed to me—I was editing the old Republican, the Harrison organ at the time, where I made a large fortune—to pay a visit to the old veteran at his residence. Accordingly we started, one comfortably warm afternoon, for North Bend, where we arrived about 5 o'clock. We found the General in his shirt sleeves, superintending some farm business, were welcomed with his usual simple straightforwardness to the hospitality of his log cabin, were immediately regaled with a glass of genuine Monongahela, and commanded in peremptory terms to remain for the night We consented. After supper, we seated ourselves under the China grove in front of the house, where a desultory conversation ensued until we retired for the night. Tyson had not been able to touch the object of his mission. We slept in a large room with two beds—in the right wing of the mansion, the identical log cabin of North Bend, and a log cabin it is to this day. Said Tyson to me as we crawled beneath the sheets:

"I couldn't bring that thing round right, and so said nothing about it—suppose you mention the matter to the old General in the morning—just broaching the subject pon know—and I'll then make the distinct proposition."

Being very young and very inexperienced nd very modest, I declined.

"Nonsense, Tyson, it's your own business. I've no right to meddle with it; General Harrison is frank and honest, treat him in accordance with his character—tell him boldly what you want, and you'll get a prompt and conclusive reply."

"I believe that is the best way," said Tyson, and so we went to sleep.

We were awakened in the morning by an awful tumult among hens, roosters, chickens, geese, ganders and other fowl, and on looking fram the window—it was not yet sunrise—there stood the General surrounded by an immense progeny of the domestib feathered race. His benevolent old features were lit up by a fresh and beaming smile, while he liberally distributed the dough that filled the capacious dish, containing the breakfast for his favorite proteges. It was a picture that never will be erased from my memory. That honest-hearted old man derived more happiness from feeding that flock than he ever enjoyed afterwards—it was quite a different flock tsom that which surrounded him a few months later.

Well—we took a nice comfortable sort breakfast, and seated ourselves under the China tree again. After some slight conversation, the Pennsylvania negotiator opened the ball:

"General, it is well understood among your friends, I believe, that you cannot receive the nomination for the Presidency.

"Such seems to be the opinion," said General Harrison.

"You are aware, then, of course, that the friends of Mr. Clay have so managed matters as to give you no sort of a chance."

"Well, I can only say that I think my chance rather a smim one."

"Now, in plain terms, General, let me tell you what your friends in our State have determined to do. The Harrison delegation will go to the Convention—if admitted, all very well; but if the Convention receive the Clay delegation from Pennsylvania, then we propose to withdraw and form another National Convention, in the confident expectation that we shall be joined by the delegates from Ohio, Indiana, and all other States favorable to you; and then we shall make a separate, distinct and independent nomination. Now, sir, the question is this—*should we make a nomination under such circumstances, would you allow yourself to be run as an independent candidate?*"

The veteran laid back in his chair thoughtfully for a moment, and at last burst into a hearty, good natured laugh.

"Mr. Tyson," said he, "let me tell you a little bit of a story, which you will find, if I mistake not, in Plutarch's Lives. I may not give you the exact words, but very near it. Pompey the Great visited Marc Antony, at Misenum. After settling some business affairs they mutually invited each other to supper but it fell to the lot of Pompey to give the first entertainment, when Antony asked him where they should sup? "There," said Pompey, pointing to the galley of six oars, "that is all the patrimonial house that is left to Pompey." However, he entertained his guests very politely, after conducting them over a bridge from the promontory to the vessel that rode at anchor. During the entertainment, while the raillery ran briskly on with Antony, and Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey and told him secretly, that if he would permit him to cut the cable, he would not only make him master of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Roman Empire. Pompey, after a moment's deliberation, answered, "fool, why did'nt you do the deed and consult me afterwards?"

"Come, gentlemen," said the old General, as he finished his story, "it is rather early, to be sure, but let us go in and take a little of that old Monongahela."

We were on our way up the road that skirts the banks of the beautiful Ohio, in about an hour afterwards. According to the best of my recollection there was no further conversation about politics, after the General had told his story. Tyson had not a word to say, until we reached "Old Joe Harrison's," where we stopped o get up steam.

"Well," said he, drawing a long breath, did you ever see a politician more perfectly, distinctly, unequivocally, essentially, and outrageously used up?"

My answer, mentally, may well be imagined,

Alarm of a Clergyman.

A clergyman in Scotland in a recent letter to a friend says: "The secent *death* of a member of my congregation, the *victim of strong drink*, whose mortal remains, a few days ago, I followed to the grave, is another circumstance which has deeply enlisted all my sympathies in this cause. The person of whose cause I speak, was a man of liberal education, considerable information, generous affections, and industrious habits. A more regular attendant at the sanctuary, or a more attentive hearer of the Gospel when free from the influence of alcohol, never sat within the walls of the place where I minister in holy things. Poor fellow! many were his attempts at reformation, many were the resolutions which he formed, many were the prayers he requested to be presented on his behalf, many were the tears which he shed over his infatuated conduct. But, alas! he was the slave of his imperious lust. The appetite for strong drink ruled the man. In the hour of temptation he always fell, and he has fallen at last to rise no more. And do you think Sir, that I could quietly stand and see this infernal enemy of man enter within the precincts of God's house and take away its victim from before my very eyes, and not let a voice of warning be heard by those young men who are under my spiritual oversight, and who, it may be, are *beginning* to drink of the drunkard's cup! No, Sir, I would have considered myself unworthy of the name of a minister of Christ, and unfaithful to the souls committed to my care as a watchman of the morals of those over whom I preside, had I not, with all the tenderness and earnestness I could command, warned them against the *first beginnings* of that *fatal course* which has brought the well known Mr. ——— to a premature death and an early grave. It is high time that ministers of the Gospel should speak out on this subject. It is high time that every pulpit in the land gave forth a clear, distinct, and certain sound on this subject. It is high time that the professors of the faith of Jesus should take a decided stand on this subject. It is high time that the *Churches* of Christ, which are the light of the world, beacons of warning to guard men off from every danger, should co-operate with their pastors in promoting the blessed cause of temperance; for O, Sir, it is a melancholy fact verified by experience, that in almost every congregation incipient drunkards are to be found; men who, by their drinking habits, are evidently fast sinking in the scale of morals, self-respect and self-control. It is a very common idea I fear even among ministers, that the subject of temperance is not a proper subject for the pulpit on the Sabbath day. This I must confess was my own idea till but lately. But I asked myself the question is intemperance a vice into which some of my hearers are in danger of falling? Then it ought to be exposed in its nature, insidious tendency, and fatal consequences, even on the Sabbath. Is total abstinence commendable as the the best security against this evil? Then it ought to be recommended and impressed upon the people even on the Lord's day. There is another reason why ministers should bring this subject into the pulpit on the Sabbath, and it is this: it is extremely difficult sometimes, particularly in the country, to get a meeting on a week day evening. People, unless they are deeply interested in a cause will not come, except you promise them that Mr. so-and-do, distinguished for eloquence, will be present.

How true is all this of our own country! —*Am Temp. Union.*

A NONDESCRIPT.

"Mr. B., I've got to be pretty old, and I want sumthin' to move about in. Hain't you got no old chaise, that folks won't use, that you'll sell cheap?"

"Yes, ma'am, just the thing; s'pose you come and look at it. There ma'am, there's a good strong shay, if you like it."

(After a long pause,) "I'll tell you what, Squire B., you might bow down and worship that, and 'twouldn't be no sin!"

"Why not, ma'am?" *(in surprise.)*

"Why, kase *'taint the likeness of nothin' in Heaven above, nor the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.*"

COL. Yell's remains were consigned to the tomb in Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the 2d inst. The ceremonies were attended by four thousand persons.

The Cost! The Cost!

How is to be paid except by Direct Taxation!

Senator Miller, of New Jersey, stated on the floor of Congress, in February last, in the hearing of all the locofoco Senators, that the public debt, created to carry on this war would be, on the 3d of March last, *one hundred und nineteen millions two hundred thousand dollars*, and not a Senator on the floor denied the assertion!!!

The following is the extract from Mr. Miller's speech:

"No one can anticipate the difficulty of estimate the expenses of such an army.—They can only be realized when we come to settle up the account of this war.

"We may, however, in some degree, anticipate the amount by the expenditures *already made*. From the best information I can get, I am satisfied that one year of this war will cost us about $100,000,000.

At the last session we appropriated for the army alone as follows.	$10,000,000
By the act of the 13th May	12,000,000
By the act of the 20th June	12,000,000
By the act of the 8th August	2,200,000
	$24,200,000
We have raised, by loans made expressly to meet our war expenses, as follows:	
By the act of 28th July	$10,000,000
By act passed this session	23,000,000
We have also consumed the surplus in the treasury when the war commenced.	12,000,000
The necessary appropriation bills now on our table, to be passed at this session, will, I understand, amount to about	50,000,000
Total	$119,200,000

Now *Aaron V. Brown*, the locofoco Governor of Tennessee, who is the right hand man of Mr. Polk, and who was a candidate for re-election, but has been defeated at the recent election, has admitted on every stump in Tennessee, that the expenses of the war are EIGHT MILLIONS per month From the 3d of March, then, to the 3d of August, is *five months*, which multiplied by *eight* gives us FORTY MILLIONS more, and add this sum and Senator Miller's together, and we have to day the enormous public debt of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!!! This debt, *A Johnson*, a locofoco member of Congress from the same State, and who has just been re-elected, says he is for paying off with a DIRECT TAX, and this mode of raising means to carry on the National Government is advocated by Mr. Polk's organ, the "*Union*," at Washington.

Let the people remember the warnings of the Whigs during the last contest, in regard to the war, and let them remember the predictions now making, that if the locofocos are continued in power, Direct Taxation must be resorted to in order to meet the demands of the treasury—the thing is determined on, as the present tariff will not yield in ordinary times, the amount necessary for our regular expenditures, independent of the interest and principal of the public debt now upon the country.—Mark it!—*Rough and Ready.*

P. Francis Thomas and Repudiation.

From the "Rough and Ready."

We have charfied it upon Mr. Thomas, that when he presented his bill in the House of Delegates he was remonstrated with by a member of the highest standing from his own Shore, against his course in urging suah a measure, and that his reply was, in effect, "THAT THE STATE WOULD HAVE TO REPUDIATE HER DEBT, AND THE SOONER IT WAS DONE THE DONE THE BETTER."—We have published this charge from time; it has been re published in most of the papers of the State, and we have no doubt it has come under the notice of Mr. Thomas; still not a word from him in reply! Last week the Cumberland Civilian published the charge, and on Friday, the day before Mr. T. was to address his friends in that town, alluded to it again in the following terms:

AN ANSWER EXPECTED.

For fear they will forget, we again remind his "Democratic" friends, that tomorrow is a good time for Mr. Thomas to answer distinctly, yea or nay, whether he did, as has been charged, admit to a member of the House of Delegates, or to others, that the adoption of his bill, now so much the topic of discussion, would result in the repudiation of a portion of the public debt.

This charge has been made by responsible men, who declare their readiness to meet Mr. Thomas with the proof, if he will undertake to deny it. Let us therefore, hear what he has to say—to stand mute, if he should be so inclined, will only involve more difficulty.

Well, we thought surely we should *now* have some response to the charge so frequently made—but in his speech, a sketch of which is given by our correspondent, not a word was said upon the subject!! Why is this silence, if Mr. Thomas was not confident that the proof was at hand, which would overwhelm him with confusion and disgrace! And how can he, with such a charge staring him in the face, and the proof to substantiate it forthcoming the moment he denies it, if he dares to do so, have the assurance to present himself before any HONEST community, and ask them for their suffrages to a high and *honorable* [illegible]? He cannot escape from the dilemma in which he is placed. We pledge ourselves, if he denies our charge, to present the name, and perhaps the certificate, of a gentleman now in private life, but who was then in the Legislature, to sustain us in the charge—we did not make it at his instigation, but we know that he is prepared, as long as it has been made, to ratify its correctness—and his testimony Mr. Thomas knows will pass current any where in Maryland!

We have also charged it upon Mr. Thomas, that when the bill he presented to the Legislature was placed before the members, one of the Delegates from Prince George's, a gentleman whose high standing is not surpassed by that of any other man in the State, told Mr. Thomas, that as he had fathered that bill, (for there was a doubt in his mind, in consequence of some features of it in regard to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Co. whether *Old Frank* was not entitled to its paternity,) he intended to preserve a copy of it, and as he (Mr. T.) would some time or other be before the people for some of the honors of the State, he would have it at hand to confront him with his Repudiating principles. Mr. T. did not attempt to deny the charge, and as soon as his nomination was announced, the gentleman alluded to brought the bill with him to the city and placed it in our hands. —*Rough and Ready 4th Sept.*

NIGGERISM.—"I say, Jim, does you know de difference 'tween Jineral Scott and Jinral Taylor, eh?"

"Yes, I doesn't know any ting about it."

"Well, you see Jineral Scott is a disciplinaryman."

"A what?"

"A disciplinaryman, you ignorant nigger yah! yah!"

Guess you doesn't know what dat means yourself; if you does, explain yourself."

"Well, when Jinral Scott is gying any whar or gying to do any ting, he gets his self ready firs, and Jinral Taylor, he is always ready and ruff too! yah! yah!"

But just look you heah! Why am you an me just like some ob de volunteers in Mexicum?"

"Well, dat am a poser; I gives dat up."

"Nigger, it's kase we sarves under de Wool!"

Yah! yah! so it is.

"Just git along will ye! It ain't no use to talk conundraphums to dis child."

WATERMELON EXTRAORDINARY.

"How much do you ask for that melon?" said a cute, dapper looking chap, of a sturdy darky who was mounted on a cart before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, a day or two since.

"For dis big un? why, massa, I reckons he's wuf tree levies, I does."

"Is he ripe?"

"O, yes, massa, he ripe, shu. I dun plugs um dough, if you sas so."

With that the darky out with his old Jack and was making the first incision in the melon when it gave a long, deep, piercing, oh!

"What do you stop for?" said the gentleman.

"Bress God? I tot him hollor, I did."

"Come, cut away and see if it is ripe."

He gave another poke with his knife, and this time the melon shrieked out, "Och murder! you kill me!"

Before the last word was out, the melon went tumbling to the ground on one side of the cart and the darky on the other, bellowing, "O, de Lord! O, de Lord ob Hebens!"

Picking himself up, he half crambled, half ran a few paces from the cart, and turning to behold the fragments of the melon, continued, "Whew, dis nigger nebber stans dat. Clar to God, it holler murder!" while Wyman, the celebrated ventriloquist, walked quietly away amid the shouts and roars of the bystanders.—*Trenton News.*

A TENANT WANTED.

We learn (says the New York Mirror,) that an Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city on Thursday, with the words, "A tenant wanted," painted in large letters on pasteboard, and suspended around his neck. Patrick was asked, "Who wanted the tenant, and where?"

"And it's me, meself," he replied, "that wan s a tenant."

"Well, for what house?"

"House!" he said. "And do I care what house, so long as it be a decint and respectable place and sure wages!"

"You're a fool, Paddy, or somebody has been making a fool of you—for if you have a house to rent, then you want a tenant; but if you want a situation, why don't you say on your showbill, 'A situation wanted.'

"Aha, my darlint," replied the Irishman, 'and is it there ye are? And perhaps I ain't a fool! Sure I want to be occupied unless I have a tenant?"

A GREAT COAT.—The editor of the Vicksburg Whig saw a coat lately, that measured five feet around the waist. It was made for a gentleman from Kentucky, whose weight is about four hundred pounds is 28 years old, and has not yet got his full growth. He is about six feet six inches in height, measures fifty four inches over the breast, sixty around the waist, and twenty two inches across the back.

☞"Pray sir" said a gentleman to a wag upon one of our wharves, the other day, "what is wood now?"

"What is wood now?" replied the wag, "why *trees cut down and chopped up.*"