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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
*Is Published every Saturday.*
Edward Mansfield,
PROPRIETOR.

**Terms:**

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion—a liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

**DR. SWAYNE'S**
CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINES!
CURE FOLLOWS CURE!.
*MORE PROOFS OF THE EFFICACY OF*
**DR. SWAYNE'S**
**Compound Syrup of**
***WILD CHERRY,***
*The Original and Genuine Preparation!*
**Consumption,**
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchits, Liver, Complaint, Spitting Blood, difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side & Breast Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza Croup, broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of Throat, Breast and Lungs, the most effectual & speedy cure known for any of the above diseases is

**DR. SWAYNE'S**
**Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.**

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE!
*Read this extraordinary case!*
December 26th, 1848.

DR. SWAYNE:—Dear Sir, having contracted a severe cold, which settled upon my lungs attended with a violent cough, pain in my side and breast, difficulty of breathing, I was attended by physicians of the first respectability, but my symptoms become very alarming, there was an abscess formed in my lungs and made its way through my side, and discharged large quantities of puss externally, so that my physician thought the power or functions of one of my lungs were totally destroyed—therefore supposed the case entirely hopeless. This mournful state of things continued for a long time, until I was wasted and worn to a skeleton. I had tried a number of remedies but all failed to do any good. But there still being a spark of hope left with me and my anxious parents, and having heard of the great virtues of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and its being approved of by physicians of the first eminence, I concluded to make a trial of it and to my great satisfaction my cough gradually grew better, the hole in my side began to heal and I am now happy to say, from a poor and almost hopeless skeleton, I have become healthy and weigh more than I ever have. All my neighbors can testify to tha above fact.

ABRAHAM HUNSICKER,
Two miles from Skippackville Townsip, Pa.

**Beware of Imposition.**

There is but one genuine preparation of Wild Cherry that is *DR. SWAYNE'S*—all others, by a little inquiry in the quarters where they originate will be found to be fictitious and counterfeit.—The great and increasing demand for the original article has induced a host of unprincipled men to put forth spurious mixtures and to give currency to their nostrums, attach the name of *Wild Cherry* that already established. As you value your lives beware of them. Some are called *'Balsams,' Cherry Pectoral,' 'Wild Cherry and Tar,' 'Wine of Wild Cherry,' 'Wild Cherry Pills,' Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters,'* and a host of others who, in some way attach the name of Wild Cherry. No one ever thought of using this name for an article of their own before it had become established and well known as belonging to be one of the greatest remedies ever discovered for the human family.

That remedy is Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, the original and only genuine. Remember it is put up in square bottles, covered with a beautiful wrapper, (steel engraving) with the portrait of Dr. Swayne thereon, also his signature.

Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE Philadelphia.

## NOTICE

Ju[illegible] by given that the undersigned N[illegible]missioners appointed by Kent county Court, to open a new road from the post-road near Washington College across the lands of Edward Ringgold, Jas. Boon, Joseph Goff and G. W. T. Perkins to Morgan's Creek and from thence in an Easterly or North-easterly direction through the lands of Hugh Wallis, John Bosse and others, to the town of Millington, will meet on the line of said road on the east side of Burchnell's farm near Millington, on the 23d day of July, to execute the duties required of them by said commission.

EBEN. WELCH,
EDW'D WILKINS,
THOS. BAKER,
Commissioners.

June 9, 1849. tdm

*OSNABURGS AND DRILLING.*

W. ELIASON has just recd. a large stock of heavy Osnaburgs, Drillings and Domestic for servants, which he is selling below the usual prices.
Mch. 10, 1849

# THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please ervery ne."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 21, 1849. NO. 12.

## LIVER COMPLAINT.

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

And all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in both Male and Female:

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart Burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Chocking or Sufficating Sensations when in a lying Posture Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and dull pain in the head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushings of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great Depression of Spirits can be effectually cured BY

**Dr. Hoofland's**
***Celebrated German***
**BITTERS!**

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled—if equalled—by any other preparation in the United States as the cures attest, in many cases after skillfull physicians have failed.

*Derangement of the Stomach & Liver* are sources of insanity; and will also produce disease of the Heart Skin, Lungs and Kidneys, and lays the body open to an attack of the Cholera Bilious, or Yellow Fever, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, Consumption.

*Opinions of the Philadelphia Press:*

The 'DISPATCH', of December 31st says:—

An Invaluable Medicine.—We have frequently heerd the celebrated German Bitters manufactured by Dr. Hoofland spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice in certain quarters, to puff all manner of worthless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living wittness of their great moral and physical worth. As a medicine for the Liver Complaidt, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debiliated but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances, to the most delicate stomach.—Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most pertect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nevous system to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide have united in recommending the Gerffian Bitters and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

The 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,' of June 24th says:

Do our good citizens who are invalids, know the many astonishing cures that have been performed by Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters?—If they do not, we recommend them to the German Medicine Store, all who are afflicted with Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, or Nervous Debility; the doctor has cured many of our citizens after the best physicians had failed. We have used them and they have proved to be a medicine that every one should know of, and we cannot refrain giving our testimony in their favor and that which givrs them greater claim upon our humble effort they are entirely Vegetable.

'The DAILY NEWS,' of July 4th says:

We speak knowingly of Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters, when we say it is a blessing of this age, and in diseases of the billiary, digestive and nerveus systems, it has not we think an equal. It is a vegetable preparation and made without Alcohol, and to all invalids we would recommend it as worthy their confidence.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

It is from one of our first druggists, a gentleman favorably known throughout the United States—the proprietor of the 'Medicated Worm Syrup.'

Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir:—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and dobility of the Nervous System. I can conscientiously say that they are the best article of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above disease before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction and brought fourth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market abounds.

With much respect, I remain yours,
J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

JAUNDICE AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.
*Cured after Physicians had failed.*

Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1848.

Dear Sir:—It is with feelings of pleasure I communicate to you the sanative effects (and in a short time) of your invaluable Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters, upon my system while laboring under the Jaundice.—About two years ago I had an attack of the Jaundice and was confined to the house six weeks under medical treatment of the Family Physician and for sometime after when I went out I had to be very careful of myself, since that time I have had several attacks of the same disease, and your bitters have entirely relieved and cured me in two or three days. My next door neighbor, Mr John Diehl, last spring, hld a long and serious spell of Jaundice, he had it sometime before I knew it, he was confined to his bed. As soon as I heard of his condition I called to see him and told him of the effect your bitters had upon me in the same disease. He immediately sent for a bottle and in a few days he was cured. I have in several instances recommended the Bitters in other cases, always prodgeing the same happy effect. My wife has been considerably afflicted with Liver Complaint and Neuralgia, by the use of the Bitters she is well, now enjoying good health. We believe from the many cures we know of these Bitters effecting, that they possess in a remarkable and extraordinary degree great curative properties, and that which enhances their value with us is, they are entirely vegetable We always keep the Bitters on hand and would not be willing to be without them.

Very respectfully, yours,
C. PEIRCE, 370 South Front St.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Prepaiation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances, and can be administered with perfect safety to delicate infants—they are free from Alcohol, Syrup, Acids, Calomel, and all mineral and injurious ingredients.

They can be taken at all times and under all circumstances, no ordinary exposure will prevent them having a salutary effect, and no bad result can accrue from an over dose.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the principal Depot, German Medicine Store, No. 278 Race st. Philadelphia.

For sale by Peter Broes, Still Pond—and by respectable dealers generally throughout the State.

July 21, '49—1y

## List of Letters,

REMAINING in the Post Office in Chestertown, July 1st., 1849:

| | |
|---|---|
| Armstrong Ed. | Massey Cassander |
| Applebury John W. | Medary Margaret |
| Bowers James L. | Meginniss S O |
| Bacon C. F. | Meginniss Daniel B |
| Broes Peter, 2 | Miller William |
| Barkley Joseph | Moore E A |
| Brown Elizabeth | Neal Sarah R |
| Bullin Jacob | Newgent Samuel |
| Camp Wm., Esq. | McNamee R |
| Cohee Henry | Perry Francis |
| Clayton Sarah A. | Parks W W |
| Crew Cordelia | Pratt Christopher |
| Crouy H. B. | Russell John 2 |
| Cosden Comegys | Rosebury James A |
| De Courcy W H Dr. | Rich James H |
| DeFord John O | Rich James |
| Dublin Joseph | Reckenweg Charles |
| Forman Wm L 10 | Roberts Sarah A |
| Gooding Edward | Reason Rachael |
| Gibbons F A | Reason Mary R |
| Gamble R A | Riley James |
| Goodwin H M | Rollerson John |
| Glenn James | Selby James P |
| Howard Philina C | Smith Harriet M |
| Hynson Martha | Sparks R R |
| Harper Mary M | Summers David |
| Hinkley George 2 | Scutchens D |
| Humphreys Martha | Skinner Philo. |
| Humphreys Emily | Stier F Rev |
| Hurt James 2 | Sappington Asbury |
| Howard Susannah K | Sutton Virginia |
| Harriss Mary | Smith John A |
| Hurly Samuel | Talbot John 2 |
| Hopkins Julia | Townsend James |
| Jessup Charles | Vickers Margaret |
| Jump Henry T. | White John |
| Killingsworth O P 3 | Wilson Thomas S |
| Kelly Henry 2 | Wilson John, Pery Neck |
| Kelly James H. | Wilson John, Still Pond |
| Keldin D W Mc | |
| Lynch James | Wilson Elizabeth |
| Weeks Margaret | Young Wm B Dr |
| Money Joseph | |

The postage of Newspapers is required to be paid in advance at the commencement of each quarter. No papers will be delivered until it is so paid, this rule is *positive*.

JOHN L. STAM, P. M.
Chester Town, July 7, 1949

TO
**FARMERS & DAIRY MEN.**

ANTHONY S EMERSON'S PATENT DOUBLE ACTING ROTARY CHURN, peculiarly adapted to warm climates, as it produces butter as easily from sweet milk as from cream. In bringing this effectual and simple Churn into use, the proprietors feeling confidence in its capabilities do not hesitate to pronounce it the best churn ever offered to the public. This Churn is on exhibition at 67 Calvert street, and 274 Baltimore st.

And in order to convince the incredulous and satisfy the curious, at 12 o'clock daily *a churning will be made.*

The public are invited to call and examine the machine and see its utility tested. It combines the following valuable qualities.

1st. It produces butter in less time than any other Churn, making and gathering it from sweet milk in from 5 to 12 minutes and from cream in much less time.

2d. It produces more butter from the same amount of milk or cream than the ordinary method as it does its work in a more thorough and scientific manner.

3d. It is the cheapest and most convenient Churn ever invented, involving the true philosophical principles of butter making.

4th. New milk after being churned is sweet and suitable for family use.

5th. Instead of feeding the calf with milk direct from the cow—churned sweet milk will answer every purpose. By this means the butter is all profit.

We offer it upon the following terms: If the Churn does not prove as recommended it may be returned and the money will be refunded.

We have constantly on hand and for sale five different sizes, $3, $4, $5, $6, and $9, capable of churning at one time 1 3-4, 3 1-2, 5 1-2 10 and 15 gallons o milk or cream.

Exclusive country rights to manufacture and sell in the State of Maryland, and also in middle and western Virginia, for sale on reasonable terms.

A discount of 25 per cent for cash is allowed to the trade.

All orders for Churns, (postage paid) enclosing the money, addressed to the subscribers will be promptly attended to.

S. & D. ROWE,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Brooms, Brushes, Wooden and Willow Ware, &c. No. 67 Calvert, (near Pratt street Wharf,) and No. 274 Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.

June 23, 1849.

**Discontinued.**
THE STEAMBOAT

**MARYLAND.**

THE steamboat Maryland will soon undergo a thorough repair, and her trips to this place are discontinued until further notice.

L. G. TAYLOR.
Chester Town, June 7th, 1849.

## POETRY.

### GEM.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling on the sea,
And when she saw the wide spread main,
Shame veiled her modestly.

"What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity?"

But while her self abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to his breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!

## MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Newspaper.

### A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY FANNY DALE.

Clara B**** was known as a kind neighbor and an affectionate mother throughout the little village of M****, and such was the wife of Charles B****. They resided in a cottage; though not handsomely furnished with the most costly furniture, was neatly; and Clara's exquisite taste in arranging their plain furniture made up for all other deficiencies.

Henry their only son, a fine youth of seventeen summers, possessed much the disposition of his excellent mother. Days she would watch if the seed she had planted in his bosom would take root and bring forth fruit in the season. None, I say, appeared more lovely to her. With what delight did not she see him pluck the fair lilies from their little garden—and in all his childish amusement's!

Years rolled by, and Henry was now a fine lad of fourteen, when his parents concluded to send him far from home to complete his education. How painful did it now appear to his parents to part for the first time! They spent years in cultivating the mind of their only son—but now must part and mingle with the gay votaries of fashion; and then perhaps forget a mothers tender love and a father's guardian care; then that soul be lost forever.—Such thoughts passed through the minds of Clara and Charles B****, the day before Henry's departure. That long but dreaded day at last arrived. Clara with trembling hands, placed his cloths in his trunk—perhaps for the last time. When she had finished, the coach drove up to the door—and now she must part. She then addressed him:

"My beloved son, you are about to leave me—perhaps forever. I say, then, will my instructions be erased from your mind, when no mother's smile will meet you after the weary toils of days you spent, until you again meet me in your father's own house?"

Henry replied:

"My dearest mother, your instructions will never forsake my memory. They will appear as fresh as the day they fell from your holy lips. No, never can they be erased. Other eyes may be more bright—other cheeks more fair; but still my heart will always cling to you. And though I may often roam, and may be tossed o'er the tempestuous sea of trouble, yet you and your kind instructions, my dear mother, can never be erased from my memory."

After that sweet word—Farewell!—was said, he took his seat in the stage—and did not this kind parents watch till the last glimpse of the slage disappeared!—Words are inadequate to express the grief that dwell in their bosoms. Time could only expel it.

After a few months, they received a letter from Henry, also one from his instructor, in which he praised his excellent character, and above all, his tendency to learning. Henry's letter as you may justly conclude, was love to his parents—for their safety and wellare; and some day hoped to meet around their cheerful fireside. This letter thrilled the hearts of his parents—to be separated from their only child! But hope cheered their hearts, and they looked forward for brighter days.

Six weary years had passed away, the time in which Henry was to finish his education. They daily looked for him home. When the war with Mexico broke out, he so dearly loved his country, "America, land of the free and the home of the brave," as he would often say, that he wrote home to his parents, to give their consent to let him go to war. Grief took possession of their hearts, but, with reluctance, they finally consented.

Henry's next letter was from Monterey. From his excellent deportment, &c., he was promoted captain. This so excited the feelings of his father that he determined to go to war and share his fate with a child so dear to him. He accordingly set out in a few months, after first informing his son of his intentions.

Clara endured all this with calmness.—Hope was the only thing that kept her from giving up in despair. She waited patiently for a letter from her husband. A few months brought with it a letter from her husband. He arrived safely, but had not heard of his son as yet—but expected to meet him in a few weeks.

Time passed on—and the war was over. Peace and tranquility began to cheer the mother's heart—to think of seeing again all those that were so dear to her!

It was a clear and beautiful evening in May, as Clara B**** sat in her parlor singing some merry tune, when suddenly a young man entered and exclaimed—

"My mother!—Oh my mother!"

And clasped her in his arms. Clara replied,

"My dear Henry, my beloved son! how can I express my feelings at meeting you once more! How you have grown!—almost out of my knowledge, yet I can still perceive it's my own beloved Henry.—But your father, my son—where is he?—He is on his way, I suppose."

Henry answered:

"My father I have not seen or heard of although I've tried my utmost exertions to ascertain where he was—but all in vain. I therefore concluded he was on his way home."

Clara replied:

"I have no doubt he is, my dear son; we may hope."

The rest of their conversation during the evening was, as you may readily understand, that of a mother meeting her son after an absence of eight years. In the course of the evening Henry said—

"Mother, I never was so much affected as in the battle of Sacramento. After the battle was over, on returning to our camp, we saw an elderly man lying by the side of the road, expiring. We hastened to him, but, could do nothing, as he insisted on remaining where he was. I can say never did sympathize with any one in all the battles as much as I did with this elderly man. He possessed one of the most pleasing countenances I ever did behold on any human being. He appeared to realize my feelings, and asked me to pull off his glove. I did so, and put it in my pocket, but thought no more of it."

He handed the glove to his mother.—Upon receiving it she turned pale, and fell to the floor. He took the glove instantly from her, and inside of it was written Charles B****.

The mother survived. But a few hours afterwards her last words were—

"Henry, IT WAS YOUR FATHER!"

### TAKEN A-BACK.

A vain young minister, observing a woman weeping while he was preaching, called upon her after the sermon.

"I perceived, my dear friend," said he, "that you seemed to feel very much under my discourse this morning; will you give us some account of the exercise of your mind?"

"Ah," said the woman, "I did indeed feel very much as you say. You must know, sir, that I am a poor lone widow. I had a good husband, and every week he and I would take the old ass and go to the market with our little raisings from the garden, and by our sales could raise enough to keep us comfortable. But three years ago my old man died, and then I had to go alone and do the best I could, with the help of the good old beast. But a year ago my dear old ass died, too, (here she burst into tears,) and here I have been alone ever since, and this mornin (she continued sobbing) when I went to church and heard your voice, it sounded so much like the dear old ass, I couldn't help crying, indeed I couldn't! Boo-hoo!"

PROFESSIONAL.—"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted school mistress to an unusually promising scholar, whos quarter was about up—"My dear boy, does your father design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of the professions—the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

THE TRUE RED REPUBLICAN.—The *N. O. Delta* says:

"We saw a Frenchman, the other day, most cordially embracing a Choctaw Indian at the lower market.

"'Be gare!' said he, 'he be one real native American—the true *red republican*!'"

"How," said a Judge in Misouri, to a witness on the stand; "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?"

"Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss trying to pull off his trowsers with a boot jack!"

Verdict for defendant. See Blackstone—page 37, vs Gin and Sugar.

A loafer by the name of *Cain*, being ta ken before a magistrate the other day his asked if he was the man that he; "*I is* brother? "No yer hono[illegible] *the chap vot got sle*[illegible]

### "WAR'S YURE HOSS!"

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name as the State, a substantial farmer, who by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerably pretty pile of castings; owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he did'nt raise much taters and unguns, but rite smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper futher south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his oldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the useful to defray his traveling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day *Jeems* started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returns home.

'Well Jeems,' said the old man, 'how'd du find land in Arkensawr?'

'Tolerable cheep, Dad.'

'Yu didn't buy morve tu hundred acres did yu, Jeems?'

'No, Dad, not *over* tu hundred, *I reckon.*'

'How much money hev yu got left?'

'Nary red, Dad! cleaned rite out.'

'Why, I had no idee travelin was so spensive in them parts, Jeems.'

'Wal! jest yu try it wonst, an yule find out, I reckon.'

'Wal, never mine that, lets heare 'bout the land, and——*but war's yure hoss?*'

'Why, you see, Dad, I was agoin along one day——'

'But, *war's yure hoss?*'

'You hol on, Dad, an I'll tell you all 'bout it. You see, I was agoin along one day, an I met a feller as said he was goin my way——'

'But, *war's yure hoss?*'

'Dod darn my hide, ef you don't shet up, Dad, I'll never git tu the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin the same way, me and this feller jined cumpenny, and 'bout noon, we hitched our critters, and set down aside uv a branch, and went tu eetin a snack.—Arter we'd got thru, this feller sez tu me, 'Try a drap of this ere red eye, stranger!' Wal, I don't mind, sez I——

'But, *war's yure hoss?*'

'Kummin to him bime-by, Dad! So me and this feller sot thar, sorter torkin and drinkin, and then he sez: 'Stranger, let's play a leetle game uv seven up,' ataken out uv his pocket a greasy, roun-cornered deck uv *kerds*. 'Don't keer ef I do,' sez I. So we sot up side uv a stump, an kummenced to bet a quarter up, and I was a *slayin him orful*——'

'But, *war's yure hoss?*'

'Kummin tu him, Dad. Bime-by, luck changed, and he got tu winning, and pretty sune, I hadn't not nary nuther doller.—Then, sez he: 'Stranger, I'll gin yu a chase tu get even, and play yu one more game, I swar,' an we was both six and six, and——'

'*War's yure hoss?*'

'Kummin tu him, Dad. We was six and six, an 'twas his deal——'

'Will yu tell me, *war's yure hoss?*' said the old man, gitten riled.

'Yes, we was six and six, and HE TURNED THE JACK!'

'*War's yure hoss?*'

'The stranger wun him a-turnin *that Jack!*'—*N. O. Delta.*

### A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

*Madam.*—Most worthy of estimation! after a long consideration, and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this determination, I shall make preparation, to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and I can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation, of yours,

SANT DISSIMULATION.

### THE ANSWER.

SIR.—I perused your oration, with much deliberation, and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration, on so slight a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an old enumeration, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination, though of great variation, in in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation, a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation,

Yours, MARY MODERATION.

A COCKNY COLLOQUY.—"I say, Jim, are you going to see that man hung tomorrow?"

"I don't know, Dick; vot's he got to be hung for?

"Vy bless you, for 'orse stealing?"

"For stealing a 'orse? Vot a fool!—Vy didn't he buy von on trust, and never pay for him?"

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—A preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been very plain.

"Ah! Eliza," said he, 'you should not waste your precious time [illegible] hair; if C[illegible] hav[illegible] dif[illegible] wind, cu[illegible] he thinks I am [illegible] myself.'

The lodgings of a dandy were lately robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eye-brows, and a white surtout, in the pocket of which there were three love-letters written to himself in his own hand