msa_sc2901_scm2351-0299 ©Maryland State Archives

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 ones 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.

TO PHYSICIANS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has a gain commenced business, and will give the same satisfaction to his customers that formerly characterised his store.



He keeps a general assortment of Drugs, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes &c., &c.

Paints mixed and put up in small packages for family use.

Window glass cut to any size.

Captains of vessels need not take the trouble to carry or send their jugs or cans from their vessels to the subscribers' store, as he will always send down for these and have them returned with their desired contents.

No charge made for delivering goods in any part of the city.

J. W. W. GORDON.

No. 60, Pratt st., between South and Gay street. Baltimore.

Ap 27, 1850—3m

ESTATE OF JOS. ANTHONY.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, May 7, 1850.

On the application of John T. Hurtt and Lydia A. Anthony, Admrs. of Joseph Anthony, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered. That they 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 Chestertown.

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 [Seal] of my office, affixed this 7th day of May, 1850.

Test, EBEN. WELCH.
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice that the subscribers of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Md., letters of administration on the personal estate of Joseph Anthony, late of Kent county, dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th of November, 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under our hands this 7th day of May, 1850.

JOHN T. HURTT, &
LYDIA A. ANTHONY,
Admrs. Joseph Anthony, dec'd.

May 11, 1850—3w

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN ANTHONY

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, May 11, 1850.

On the application of John T. Hurtt and Lydia A. Anthony, Admrs. De Bonis Non of Benjamin Anthony, late of Kent county, dec'd

Ordered, that they give 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 (Seal) hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 7th day of May, 1850.

Test, E. WELCH,
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 Benjamin Anthony, 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 28th day of November 1850, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 7th day of May, 1850.

JOHN T. HURTT, and
LYDIA A. ANTHONY,
Admrs. De Bonis Non Benjamin Anthony, dec'd.
May 11, 1850.—3w

STATE OF FRANCES JERVIS.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, May 7, 1850.

On the application of John T. Hurtt and Lydia A. Anthony, Adm'rs. of Frances Jervis, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered. That they 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 Chestertown.

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 seal of my office, [Seal] affixed this 7th day of May, 1850.

Test, EBEN. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice that the subscribers of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Md., letters of Administration on the personal estate of Frances Jervis, late of Kent county dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th November, 1850 they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under our hand this 7th day of May, 1850.

JOHN T. HURTT,
LYDIA A. ANTHONY,
Adm'rs. Frances Jervis, dec'd.

May 11, 1850.—3w

ATTENTION!

THE question has been frequently asked me, WHETHER I COULD MAKE GOOD FLOUR OR NOT? I can answer it by saying, *I can make as good as can be made in Kent county!* I would solicit a share of public patronage. I will be found at Shaw's Mill, Kent county Maryland.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

April 13.

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. II. CHESTER TOWN, MD., MAY 25, 1850. NO. 4.



POETRY.

THOUGHTS,

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO WAS DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

BY THE LATE MILFORD BARD.

How beautiful is Nature, with her green and golden robe,
How brilliant are the stars of Heav'n and flow'rs that grace the globe;
Oh! how sublime are yonder skies, by awful thunders riven,
When lurid lightnings leap along the mighty dome of Heaven!

Yet tho' thy charming cheek is fair, as is the blushing rose,
And when the heart's warm feelings gush, with many a transport glows,
And tho' thy lip is lovely as the lotus in its bloom
Yet thy young soul's a prisoner a tenant of a tomb.

Shut out from all that's beautiful, and brilliant, grand and gay,
'Tis one eternal night to thee, with no returning day;
The seasons change, the morning breaks, and sun-rays round thee steal,
Yet thou art unconscious of the ecstasy I feel.

In Nature's mighty church the birds are singing hymns of praise,
Thou see'st them not, nor dost thou on the golden woodland gaze;
The music of the happy hills, alas! comes not to thee,
For thou art deaf to all the charms of melting melody.

The touching tones now falling from thy mother's tender tongue,
Have never waked thy soul to joy, nor on thine ear have rung;
Oh! wretched were my fate, if I beside my mother's knee,
Were to kneel down and never hear her voice or visage see!

The tears of sorrow that thy friends full often for thee shed,
Affect thy gentle bosom not—thou art as is the dead;
The smile of love can never greet thy dim and darken'd eye,
And witching words and songs of bliss pass thee unheeded by.

Thy silent tongue can never ten the feelings of thy heart,
Thou can'st look on wondrous works of science and of art;
The thund'ring tones of eloquence, so sweet and so sublime,
Can never pierce thy pent up ear until the end of time.

The planets may around the sun in brilliant beauty roll,
And yonder moon may shed her light, but thy benighted soul,
Can never gaze upon their beams, or listen to the wind,
Or speak the raptures thou hast felt within thy musing mind.

But oh! thou hast a hope still left, a happy hope of Heaven,
That when the voyage of life is o'er, thy senses shall be given;
Ah! yes, when yonder golden gates shall open, thou shalt hear
The harps of Heav'n, by angels swept, fall on thy raptured ear.

The grand and glorious palaces of Paradise above,
Shall open to thy dazz ed sight a scene of light and love;
And thy unfetter'd tongue shall tell the glory of thy God,
When thou shalt burst the gloomy grave and rise above the sod.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS.—1. Refusing to take a newspaper.

2 Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.

3 Not advertising.

4. Getting married without sending in the wedding cake.

5 Making a printing office a loafing place.

6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.

7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.

For the first and second offences no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable. For the balance, dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from from the aggrieved party.

THE DIFFERENCE between a lady's beau and a lady's bustle:

Before his lady's face the beau
Is specious as a quack!
The bustle makes the greatest show
Behind the lady's back!

A GOOD ONE.—"Thomas, there is too much bustle here." "Where, Pa?" "I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it." "Is noise a bustle, Pa?" "Yes, child." "Golly gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest *noise* you ever saw, Pa."

☞A man can't help what is done *behind his back*, as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.

From the Model American Courier.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Mr. Benjamin McArthur had been dead two years. Mrs. Benjamin McArthur had put off her mowrning, and was once more in the market. Mrs. Benjamin McArthur had undoubtedly loved her late husband as it becomes good and faithful wives to love their lords, but like a sensible woman she had not allowed grief to kill her, nor to destroy her beauty, nor to embitter her life with melancholy. On the other hand, she consoled herself with the pleasant reflection that there were single men left, as handsome, manly, and devoted, as the late Mr. McArthur—and two years time dating from his death, she appeared as fair, buxom, and bewitching, as at the period when she was first made a bride.

Mrs. McArthur, then, was once more in the market. She had a snug little property—just enough for comfort—and not being blessed with childr n, it was quite natural that she should cherish the very benevolent wish that some kind soul might enjoy her competency with her. But no body seemed disposed to take upon himself the responsibility of filing the place lately occupied by the lamented Mr. McArthur, and Mrs. McArthur, in consequence, still remained a widow.

It's a little strange, said Mrs. McArthur to herself one day, resting her elbows on the table and her chin on her palms—it's a little strange that nothing turns up—and it's now going on three years since Mr. McArthur departed this life. I could get married now with propriety in the world, if anybody would propose. I wish I could think of some way to bring the men out!

After a long and serious deliberation, the wife of the late lamented Mr. McArthur thought of a wise expedient. She resolved to advertise! Do not imagine that it was her intention to give notice to all men in general, and to single ones in particular, that she wanted a husband, for she was too shrewd and modest to commit such an indescretion. She resolved to have recourse to an innocent bit of stratagem to entrap a husband, and on the following morning this announcement appeared in one of the morning papers:

☞A SINGLE GENTLEMAN, in want of a home, may hear of a desirable situation in a small family, where there are no boarders, by applying at 18 Dedham Place.

The first unconscious candidate for the place formerly occupied by the lamented Mr. McArthur, was a dapper fellow, at least ten years younger than the widow, and altogether too gay to suit the fancy of so sober and quiet a lady. Therefore, when the youthful candidate demanded the price of rent and board, our shrewd heroine mentioned an exhorbitant sum which the dapper young man would not be foolish enough to pay.

Whew! whistled the young man contemptuously; I can't go any such nonsense as that. Twelve dollars a week! I didn't suppose you would ask more than six at the most.

Very well, said the widow of the late lamented Mr. McArthur, you are not obliged to take the room.

After his departure several applicants called, none of whom suited the widow's idea of what the man ought to be who was to fill the place of the late lamented Mr. McArthur. Some were too old, some were too young, some were too shabby, some too genteel, some too handsome, some too plain, some she felt she could never love, and others, she was equally certain, could never love her.

The last applicant was one of the best natured looking men the widow had ever seen, and she knew at a glance that he would make a kind husband. He was about forty years of age, quite copulent, and not exceedingly bad looking, in spite of a sandy beard which was the first thing to attract the widow's notice. He had a full highly colored face, eyes of a mild and benign expression, and teeth which bore no marks of tobacco! The stranger was plainly dressed in black, and carried a formidable cane, which the widow thought was just the thing for so heavy a man, and fancied to be a great source of terror to all the dogs in the neighborhood where it was most seen.

You have apartments for a single gentleman, I believe, said the new comer.

The widow replied in the affirmative, accompanying her words with one of her sweetest smiles, and invited the stranger to look at the apartments. As she glanced at his portly form, and observed his dignified carriage as he proceeded up the stairs, she thought how worthy a successor he would make to the late lamented Mr. McArthur, and inwardly resolved that he should not depart from her house without first engaging board and lodgings under her hospitable roof.

I like the appearance of things, said he. Now then the terms.

Eight dollars a week, sir.

Eight dollars! hem—eight! muttered the candidate, with an ominous shake of head. Rather hight that, seems to me.

If I find fuel and lights, and serve your dinners in your own room, suggested the widow.

Oh, there's something in that, I know.—But eight, ma'am, I must confess, appears to me as rather too much after all. I do not think I could afford to pay so much, although you may find twenty others who could pay it easily.

Perhaps, said the widow—but I want a permanent lodger, and one I can depend upon. If you will take the room for any length of time, sir, I would'nt mind about putting it to you as low as seven dollars a week. Them that pay the highest ain't always the surest, you know—and a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush. I'd rather be sure of seven than have the promise of fourteen.

Just so, said the last candidate looking benignly at the widow—just so. Now I shall probably remain with you a year or two at least—if we both like—as we shall of course—

Of course, repeated the widow.

And if you think you could afford to take me on trial at six dollars a week, why I'll have my trunk sent up here immediately.

So the bargain was made, and on the following day Major Shipley—such was the candidates name—arrived with bag and baggage at the house occupied by the buxom widow.

It was a cold day in autumn, and the comfort-loving Major was delighted at finding a cheerful fire blazing in his apartment, and everything put in order for his reception. The widow herself was there to wait on him, and she pulled the rocking-chair to the fire for him, and took his hat and cane, talking and smiling all the time in her most captivating style. Oh the happy Major! he had just then every reason to consider himself the luckiest dog alive.

In half an hour the Major felt himself pefectly at home. Sitting down before a cheerful fire, with his slippered feet upon the warm, soft rug, and with his newspaper in hand, he could not help repeating to himself with unbounded satisfaction.—

Most desirable accommodations—comforts in abundance—an agreeable and kind hearted widow—and all for six dollars a week.

It was not for a day only that these comforts lasted—but every afternoon, as the Mayor came home from his place of business, he found some new manifestation of the widow's astonishing and unaccountable kindness, and of his unexpected and unmerited good luck. His dinners were made up of choice bits which no man could help but relish, and plum puddings, of which the Major was perfectly fond, smoking every day upon his table. His coffee in the morning was always palateable, and he never needed good sugar and pure milk to season it withall. In short, he lived like a retired nabob. But the luxuries he enjoyed. Every day he found that some kind soul—(who could it be?)—had kindly placed a dish of apples and choice nuts upon his table, and prepared a sort of surprise for him by covering them with a napkin. One day he perceived that the paper of pins he had fastened upon the wall had been taken down and all the pins had been stuck into a beautiful pink pin cushion, which he saw for the first time as it lay upon his dressing-table. If ever he happened to drop a handkerchief anywhere in his room, he was sure to find it on his return home, washed, ironed; and neatly done up, lying on the bureau. More than once the lucky Major observed that his shirts had found buttons in a most mysterious manner, and that divers old garments he had stowed away in his wardrobe had been mended nicely and secretly, as if by fairy hands. His clothes were always brushed during his absence, and often the Major found his boots and shoes highly polished. Pictures were hung about his room gratuitously, and any quantity of natural curiosities and ornaments of art decorated the mantlepiece. Moreover, the bed clothes, the room, and the furniture in it, were kept scrupulously clean, and not a speck of dust could the lucky fellow rub off of articles even in the most obscure corners. His tooth brush and nail brush the Major found one day hung into loop holes manufactured out of pink ribbon, and erected directly over the wash-stand. He never came home after dark, without finding a lamp burning in his room, and he never returned at any hour without being greeted with the bright blaze of a cheerful fire.

Once upon a time, however there was a great change. The Major was startled. He came home and found no fire in his room. It was dark, cold and dreary as a barn. The rocking chair was not drawn near the hearth as usual and his slippers had not been placed upon the rug. There was not an apple, nor a nut, or anything of the sort on the table—but everything was dusty disordered and out of place. In short the aspect of his room was so different from what the Major had been accustomed to that he could scarcely believe that he had not entered the wrong apartment.

Ah! ah! muttered the Major rapping the furniture with his cane in a manner which betokened great disappointment and irritation, what can be the meaning of this? Hem!—suppose my kind and intelligen landlady has discovered that keeping such lodgers don't pay.—P-i-o—Its just as I expected. I knew such a delightful state of things could not last—all for six dollars a week! I thought I couldn't be such a lucky dog long!

But the Major was mistaken. He discovered how wrongly he had judged of the kind hearted widow when a servant girl came to appologize to him for the disorder of his room saying that her mistress had gone away and she herself didn't know anything about making his apartment comfortable. The Major was delighted to find that was all and calling the widow an inestimable jewel, patiently went to work to make his own fire. But the the fuel would not burn. Everything seemed to go wrong. Then it was he thought of the widow, and thought how he should miss her, and thought how hard it would be even to give away from her again. He even wondered as he recalled to mind her many acts of kindness to him how he had been blind to her inestimable worth so long.

Then what a wife she'd make, thought the Major.

Soon the widow returned—and then it was astonishing to see how soon the Major's apartments assumed a different aspect. The fire seemed bright and warm, and comfort smiled on all.

Oh! sighed the Major, what a lucky fellow the late McArthur must have been!—Such a wife's a jewel to any man.

From that day an intimacy of the most encouraging and satisfactory nature grew up between the Major and the widow.—She dined with him in his room every day, at his request, and everything passed off as smoothly and comfortably as one could desire.

One day, however, a startling circumstance occurred. A middle-aged lady called at Mrs. McArthur's house for the Major. She was a sharp-featured, uncomfortable looking woman, and her voice struck the widow as being indicative of anything rather than an amiable disposition. This lady demanded the Major in such an imperative manner, that Mrs. McArthur, although she knew he was in, thought fit to state the fact as doubtful, and went herself to inquire of him whether it was his desire to see his visitor.

What could ail the Major! He turned pale and seemed agitated on hearing the intelligence the widow imparted. He stammered, got up sat down again, and writhed in his easy chair in a most unaccountable manner. But at length his speech came to him, and he requested the widow to show the lady to his room.—My washerwoman! he said, observing the widow's consternation—a little debt I've neglected to pay till I'm almost ashamed to see her.

From that time forward a great change observed in the appearance of the Major. He seemed troubled with melancholy reflections, and he did not smile so sweetly upon the widow as was his wont. Mrs. McArthur thought there was good reason for this, for the strange woman haunted the Major continually, repeating her visits nearly every day. Of course the widow was much concerned, for the Major did not appear to appreciate her efforts to please him as he once did, and the many efforts she showered upon him seemed now untasted.

What could be the matter with him?

One afternoon the Major intimated that he wished to have a little business conversation with the widow, and she accordingly called on him in his room. He was very serious, but he pressed the widow's hand more tenderly than was his wont, and regarded her with a peculiar look of kindness.

I've thinking, said the Major, about—hem—you comprehend me, Mrs. McArthur—about domestic felicity.

Indeed!

Yes ma'am—I've been thinking seriously on the subject. I think I could live full as happy—hem—with a—with a wife—hem—as without one—perhaps happier.

The widow felt the critical hour had come, and fearing to break the spell, and ruin her hopes of a successor to her lamented husband, wisely kept silence while the Major went on

I don't see why I should enjoy all these comforts here by myself—indeed, dear Mrs. McArthur, it isn't right. I'm sure should be a happier man if I had a wife sitting where you sit now, while I sit here—don't you think so?

Oh don't ask me, Major exclaimed the blushing widow.

But what do you think, though?

Well, if you want my opinion—hem—I should say—a wife is a good thing some times. I know Mr. McArthur used to think so.

Mr. McArthur was probably right, said the Major. Well now, to come to the point, my dear madam, it would be better for me—and perhaps for you—

Oh Major!

You comprehend—you would still take care of my apartment as well—

Oh better, Major, better! exclaimed the enthusiastic relict of Mr. McArthur.

I don't doubt it, said the Major. You are a true woman—a prize, Mrs. McArthur. But as I was saying—if I can only get your consent, which I flatter myself, I am sure of—and you will correct me, my dear, if I am wrong—

Oh Major! you are so insinuating! murmured the widow. How could I say no.

Ah! I'm delighted! cried the Major. I have your consent?

You have! you have!

And the widow sank unconsciously into his arms! The Major seemed a little surprised, but continued:

I was afraid you would not consent—Oh! how could I refuse?

But since you are willing—I'll bring my wife here to-morrow!

YOUR WIFE! screamed the widow, and she sprang from his arms with a frantic gesture—YOUR WIFE!

I married five years ago—have parted from my wife five times—Thought I'd escaped her at last—but she found me here—and now my peace is broken.

This time the Major was not mistaken. That very evening the widow sent in his bill to quit!

Portrait of a Hard Case.

BY DOW JR., OF THE N. Y. MERCURY.

Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case:—For what end did you burst open the world's door, and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for anything good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps can be got "on tick," but you don't know where the useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you dont know a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp waisted, catfish mouthed, babboon-shouldered, calliper-legged, goose eyed, sheep faced, bewhiskered drone in the worlds be-hive! What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lisp by rote a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimently talk love, eat oysters and act the fool shamefully. I say does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had!

You ate of no more use in this world than a time-piece in a beaver dam, or a dam, or a mattress in a hog-pen. You fill no larger space in this worlds eye then the toe nail of a muzquito would in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea room as a tad-pole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one, (and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep,) that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent envy your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm! You are a decidedly hard case!

☞Runaway, or stolen, or strayed, mine pig black Horse, about fourteen or fifteen hands and six inches high. He has got four plack legs, two pehint, and two before, and is plack all over his body except his face, and that is plack too. He, trods, and gantere, and baces, and vawks his feet and legs all go one after anoder. He has two ears upon his head, both alike, but von is placker dan todder. He has two eyes, von is put out, and todder is pon deside of his head, and ven you go pon todder side he won't see you. Ven he eats much he has a pig belly, and he has a long dale vot hangs down behint, but cut it short tudder day and now it is not so long as it was before. He is shod all round, but his behint shoes comed off, and now how he has only got shoes before. He holds up his head and looks gaily, and ven he scairs he jumps about like everything in the world—he vill rite mit a sattle, or chaze or cart, or vill go py himself mitout nobody put a bag on his pack mit a poy on it—he is not very old, and ven he vaws or runs, his head comes before and his tails pehint, only ven he durns round and gits mad and den his dale comes first. Who ever will pring him pack, shall pay five tollars reward, and if he bring pack de teif dat stold him he shall pay twenty tollars and ax no questions.

A STUMPER.—"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go up to Heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?"

The mother did not answer.

LIES.—"Tom, now tell the biggest lie that ever you told, and I'll give you a glass of cider."

"A lie! I never told a lie in my life."

"Draw the cider, boy."

A EDITOR down south says—"The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass toward a peck of oats!"

SAUSAGES.—A lady having purchased some sausages of a couple of boys, overheard them disputing about the money.

"Give me half on't," says one

"Now I wont," says the other.

"Now that ain't fair, you know 'taint, Joe, for half the pup was mine."

☞An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy, on his account, as *he is not married* to her.

ZEKE THINKS the beds in a certain tavern in Snooksville, must have been filled with LIVE geese feathers, because he felt "a sort o' crawlin' about him." We think Zeke was hum-bugged!

☞"A new broom sweeps clean," as the widow said when her new husband ran off with all her money.