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THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

THE subscriber, Assignee of John Stull, of Queen Ann's county, State of Maryland, will sell at public sale, on

THURSDAY

the 13th day of June next, on the premises known as Forrestville, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, the following *REAL ESTATE* of said John Stull, situate in said county of Queen Ann's State of Maryland, viz:

407

OF LAND, upon which there is a large amount of valuable

TIMBER,

suitable for SHIP PLANK of the best quality. There has been recently built on the premises at Forrestville,

STEAM GRIST, AND

SAW-MILLS,

not inferior to any mills in the the United States. The *SAW MILL* is calculated to do a large and extensive business.—There is in it three up and down *SAWS, CIRCULAR SAWS, SHINGLE MACHINES, BORING MACHINES,* &c. together with the *GRIST MILL*, are both new and in first rate running order. There is also on said premises, a large and commodious

STORE-HOUSE

which is a good stand for business.

There is also on the premises *SEVEN DWELLING*

HOUSES

suitable for tenants and workmen.

ALSO, ON

FRIDAY,

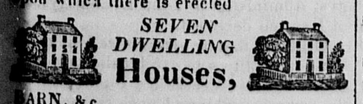
the 14th of June next, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, on the premises at Stull Town, Kent county, Maryland, and is the following Real Estate, viz:

No. 1.

is two tracts of Land, situate near Stull Town, Kent county, Maryland, and is the same tract of Land which Jeremiah Stull conveyed to John Stull, June 25th 1836; which tract of land contains *TWO HUNDRED AND TWO*

ACRES,

upon which there is erected



SEVEN DWELLING Houses,

BARN, &c.

The land is new ground and in a good state of Cultivation, and the *BUILDINGS* are nearly all new and in good order.

No. 2.

is all the right of John Stull in and to a certain tract of Land adjoining the above, containing

144 Acres,

known as

"MOTHER'S CARE."

which was purchased by the said Stull of Thomas D. Hurtt.

No. 3.

is a tract of Land containing *THREE QUARTERS OF AN ACRE*, upon which is erected

A STORE, DWELLING HOUSE, Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shop, and which is known as "Stull Town" and is one of the most thriving villages in Kent county.

The whole of the above property will be sold for cash on the delivery of the deeds, on the day of sale.

JAMES M. NEWELL,
Assignee.

May 25, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JUNE 8, 1850. NO. 6

POETRY.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

SPRING.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

The winter winds and storms are past,
The sunly blasts are blown,
The voice of spring is heard at last,
In blithe and joyous tone;
The little streams, from frost set free,
With gladdening music music sing;
The south wind comes with songs of glee
To welcome in the Spring.

The heart of earth its foliage wide
Unfolds like summer's rose;
Through wood and stream a quickening tide
Of life and beauty flows;
The light of May is on the sky,
Its sunshine on the wing,
While winter's shades and shadows fly
To welcome in the Spring.

The flowers are gently springing up
On hill-side and on lawn,
The daisy and the buttercup,
Breathe in the balm of morn;
The rills and brook soft answers make
To birds on soaring wing,
The mingling strains of nature wake
To welcome in the spring.

I list me to the cheering song
Of robin and the wred,
The mocking bird and jocund throng
Of warblers in the glen,
The winds and zephyrs too, rejoice,
While every living thing
On earth outpours a grateful voice
To welcome in the Spring.

POPULAR TALES

How Sally Hooter got Snake-Bit.

A YAZOO SKETCH.

OUR old acquaintance, Mike Hooter, made another visit to town last week, and being, as he supposed, beyond the hearing of his brethern in the church, (for, be it remembered that Mike is of pious inclining and a ruling elder in the denomination of Methodists, concluded that he would go on a "bust." Having sold his crop of cotton and fobbed the "stin," forth sallied Mike with a "pocket full of rocks," and bent on a bit of a spree. After patronizing all the groceries, and getting rather mellow, he grew garrulous in the extreme, and forthwith began to expatiate on his wonderful exploits. After running through with a number of "Panther" and "Bar" fights, and several "Wolf disputes," he finally subsided into the recital of events more nearly appertaining to members of his family.

"That Yazoo," said Mike "is the durndest hole that ever come along. If it aint the next place to no whar you can take my old head for er drinkin gourd—*you* can, an as for that ar devil's camp ground, what they calls Satartia, if this world was a kitchen, it would be the stop hole, an er mighty sinkin one at that! I pledge you my word, it comes closer bein the jumpin off place than I ever hearn tell on. Talk about texas! It aint nothin to them Yazoo hills. The earnalest out-of-the-way place for bar, an panters, an wolfs, an possums, an coons, an skeeters, an gnats, an hoss flies, an cheegurs, an lizzards, an frogs, an mean fellers, an drinkin whiskey, an stealin one another's hogsan gittin corned, an swappin hosses, and plavin h—ll generally, that ever you see! I pledge you my word, nuff to sink it! An as for snakes! whew! don't talk! I've hearn tell of the Constructor; an the Annygander, an all that kind er ruptile what swollers er he goat whole, an don't care er switch uv his tail for his horns; an I see the preacher tell 'bout Aaron's walkin stick what turned itself into er sarpent, an swollowed up ever-so-many other sticks an rods, an bean poles, an chunks o' wood, and was hungry yet—an all that kinder hellerbelloo, but that all moonshine. Jist wait er minit till you've hearn 'bout the snakes what flourishes up 'bout my stompin groun, an how one uv um come precious nigh chawin up my cater Sal, an if you don't forgit everything you ever know'd, then Mike Hooter's the durndest liar that ever straddled er fence rail. Jeeminny, crimminy! Jest to see one uv them ar great big, rusty rattlesnakes an hear him shake that ar tale uv hizzen! I tell you what, if you didn't think all the peas in my cornfield was er spillin on the floor, thar ain't no 'simmons! Talk about the clouds bustin an the hail rattlin down in er tin pan! Why 'taint er patchin to it!—Cracky! its worse nor er young earthquake—beats h—ll!

"Now, I don't valley er snake no more nor er she Bar in suckin time—'specially er rattlesnake, cause you see its er vurmin what always rattles his tail 'fore he strikes an gives you time to scoot out'n the way, but the wimmin folks an my gal Sally is always, in general, the skeerdest in the world uv 'em. I never seed but one woman what wouldn't cut up when er snake was boun in that was ole Misses Le May, an she didn't care er dog on but for all the sarpints that ever cum er 'long. That ole gal was er hoss! Pledge you my word I b'leeve she was pisen! couldn't be no other way. Didn't you never hear how that ole petticoats bit the snake? Well I'll tell you.

"She went out one day, and was er squattin down, pickin up chips, an the first thing she knew she got onto the whappinest, bigest, rustiest yallow moccasin that ever you shuck er stick at, an bein as how she was kinder deaf, she didn't hear him when he 'gin to puff an blow, an hiss like. The fust thing she know'd he bit her, *stop*—the all-firedest, bigest kinder lick!—You orter seen that old gal; how she tell down, an wallor'd, an tumbled 'bout, and holler'd nuff, an screamed, and prayed, an tried to sing er sum and played hell generally! You'd er thought the very yearth was cummin to an eend! Then she begin hollerin for help. Sez she, Misses Hooter, cum here an kill this here snake! Well, my wife run out and fetch the old 'oman in the house an gin her some whiskey, an she tuk it like milk. Torecly she came to herself, and sez my wife to her—sez she to Misses Le Mary; sez she—Misses Le Mary, what hurts you?"

"Snake-bit!" sez she.

Whar 'bouts!" sez I.

"Never mind," sez she—"shake-bit!"

"But Misses Le Mary," sez I, "tell me whar he bit you, so as we may put some thin to it."

Sez she, lookin kinder glum, and turnin red in the face—she she to me, "it don't want nuthin to it; I'm snake-bit, an 'taint none er you bizziness whar!"

With that I smelt er mice, and commence larfin. You orter hearn me holler! If I didn't think I'd a bust my biler, I wish I may never see Christmas! I aint larted so much since the time John Potter got on the bar's back without no knife, an rode him round, like er hoss, and was skeered to git off! I give you my word I fairly relied!

Soon as the ole 'oman 'gin to open her eyes, an I see thar warnt nuthin much the matter with her, my wife she grabbed up the tongs and went out to kill the snake, an I follered. When I see the people, sez I to my wife, jest wait er minit, sez I.—Taint no use killin him—he's past prayin for! I pledge you my word he was as dead as Bitley be d—d! What made him die, sez my wife to me? Don't know, sez I—spose he couldn't stand it. Torcely Mat Read he cum up, an when he hearn what had been goin on, he was so full er larf his face turned wrong side outards, an sez he—"prisoned, by golly!"

That ole 'oman aint been skeered uv er snake sense, an goes out huntin them reg'lar. I told her one day, sez I, Misses Le May, sez I, I'll give you the best bunch uv hog's bristles I've got to brush your teeth with, er you'll tell me now not to be skeered uv er snake! She didn't sey nare a word, but she turned round an took me ker*bim* right tween the eyes! I tell you what, it made me see stars! I aint sed snake to her since.

However, that aint tellin you how the sarpin kinder chawed up my darter Sal.—I'll tell you how it 'twas. You see thar was gwine to be er mighty big camp meetin down and stay er week, an my wife, she cooked up everything 'bout the house, and made all sorts er good things—bacon an greens, an possum fat, an ash cake, an a great big saussenger, 'bout as big as your arm, an long enuff to eat er week—'cause she said, Parson Dilly loved saussenger the best in the world. Well when we got thar I went to the basket what had the vitals in it, to git somethin to eat, but the sausenger wasn't thar, an sez I to my dartar, sez I Sally, gall, what's 'come er that saussenger? Then she turned red in the face, an sez she, never mind—it's all right. I smelt thar was somethin gwine on wrong—for you see the wimmin folks 'bout whar I lives, is hell fur new fashions, an one day one uv them ar all fired Yankee pedlers cumerlong with er outlanding kind uv jigamaree to make the wimmin's coats sorter stick out in the t'other eend, an the shes, they all put on one, case they 'sposed the hes would love to see it. Well, my Sal, she got monsos stuck up 'bout it an axed me to giv her one; but I told her she had no more use for one nor er settin hen had for a midwife, an I wouldn't do no sich er thing, case how she was big er nuff thar at fust.

Well, as I was er sayin camp meetin day it come, an we was all thar, an the she folks they was fixed up in er inch uv their lives, an my Sal she was dressed fit to kill, an thar she was er fijitin, an er wriglin about with er new calico coat on all stuck at the 'hind eend, an as proud as er hee-lizard with two tails! Tell you what—she made more fuss nor er suckin hen with one chicken! I was 'stonished what to make uv that whoppin big hump on her behind. Howsever, it was 'simmon time and sh'd bin eating er powerful sight uv um, an I sposed she was gittin fat, so I shut my fly trap, an lay low an kep dark! Torecly the preachin it begin, an Parson James, he was up on er log er preachin, an er goin it hark from the tomb! I tell you what, Brother James was foud that day! Thar he was with the Bible on er board—stickin 'tween two saplins, an he was er cummin down on it with his two fists worse nor maulin rails, an er stompin his feet, an er slobberin at the mouth, an er cuttin up shines worse nor er bob-tail bull in fly time! I tell you what ef he didn't go it boots that time, *I* don't know. Torecly I spy the heathens they commence taking on, and the sperit it begin to move um for true—for brother Sturtevant's ole niger Cain an all uv um they 'gin to kinder groan an whine, and reel about like er cornstalk in er storm, an brother Gridle, he begin er rubbin his hands an slapping um together, an scramblin about on his nees, a er cuttin up like mad! In about er minit, I hearn the allfiredest to do, down 'mongst the wimmin that ever cum along, an when I kinder cast my eye over that way, I spy my Sal er pichin, er ripplin an er shoutin like flinders! When brother James see that, he though she'd done got good, an he cum down off the log, an sez he, pray on sister!—an the shes they all got round her, an cotch hold uv her, an tried to make her hold still. But 'twarn't no use. The more they they told her "to don't don't" the more she hollered. Torecly I diskiver she'd done got 'ligions, an I was so glad it kinder lift me off'n the ground—an sez I, go it, Sal!—them's the licks!—bleased am them what seeks, for them's um what shall find! Then the wimmin they all cotch holt of her by the hair, an commence wollerin her about in the straw, an sez I, that's right sisters—beat the devil out'n her. And they *did* too! I tell you what—the way they did hustle her about 'mongst the straw and shucks was forked! In about er minit I gin to git tired and disgustified, an tried to make her shet up, but she wouldn't but kep a hollerin worser, an kinder keeled up like a possum when he makes 'ten' he's dead! Torecly she sorter cum to herself, so she could talk an sez I, Sal, what ails you, gal? The fust word she said, she, snake!

Whar'bouts?" sez I.

"Snake," sez she agin—"sarpent! take him off, or he'll chaw me up be g—d!"

"Hush!" sez my wife, "that's cussin!"

"Whar's eny snake!" sez I.

Snake!" sez she; "snake! snake!" an then she put her hand on the outside of her coat, and cotch hold ov somethin, an squeezed it tight as er vice!

When I see'd that, I know'd it was er snake sure nuff, what had crawled up under her coat; an' I see she'd put her hand on it on the outside uv her clothes, an cotch it by the head. Soon as I see'd that, I know'd he couldn't bite her, for she holt onto him like grim death to er dead nigger; an I'cluded 'twan't no use bein too big er hurry; so I told Jon Potter not to be skeered, an to go an grab the sarpent by the tail an sling h—llwards! Well, Potter he went an sorter felt uv him on theu toside of her coats, an I pledge you my word, he was the whoppenest, bigest reptile that ever scooted across er road! I tell you, of he warnt as big not my arm, Mike Hooter is as big er liar as old Dave Le May—an you know he's er few in that line! Well, when Potter diskiver that she helt the snake fast, he begin feeling up for the reptile's tail—sorter like he didn't to do it, at fust, an then sorter like he did. When it cum to that, Sal she kinder turned red in the face an squirmed er bit, but 'twarn't no time for puttin on quality airs then, an she stood it like er hoss! Well, Potter kep er feelin up, an erlfeelin up sorter easy liks, an torrecly he felt somethin in his han. I've got him, sez Potter—well I have, by jingo! Hole on to him, Sal, sez I, an don't you do nothin, Mr. Potter, till I give the word, an when I say "go!" then Sal, you let go uv the varmint's head, an Potter,—you give the allfiredest kind uv er jerk, and sling him to h—ll an gone!

I tell you what, them was squally times! an, I 'vise you, the next time you go up to Yazoo, jest enny body, an if they don't say the snakes up in them parts beats creation, then Mike Hooter'll knock under.

At this point of the naration, we ventured to ask Mike what become of the snake.

Well, as I was er sayin, continued he, thar was my Sal, er holein the sarpent by the head, an John Potter he had him by the tail, an Sall she was er hollerin an er screamin, and the wimmin they was all starin roun skeered into er fit, and the durndest row you ever hearn! Hole on to him, Sal, sez I; and you, John Potter, dont you move er peg, tell I give the word and when I say jerk! then you sling him into middle uv next week. I tell you what, we had the erfullest, time that ever I see! Let's liquor!

That's the best red eye I've swallared in er ction's age, said Mike, after dolting a caulker. But, Uncle Mike, how did you manage at last! asked a listener.

"Well, you see," said he, "thar was my Sal, an thar was all the folks, and thar was the snake, an John Potter holein him by the tail, skered out'n his senses, an h—ll to play! I was gittin sorter weak in the knees, I tell you, and brother James eyes look like they'd pop ut'n his head, an sez I to him, sez I, "John Potter, sez I to him, sez I, "John Potter, don't you budge tell I say "go!" and when I give the word, then you give him er jerk, and send him kerslap up agin that tree, and perhaps you'll gin him er headache. Now, Mr. Potter," sez I, "is you ready," sez I.

"Is," sez he.

Then *I* turned round to Misses Lester, an sez I, "Misses Lester, bein as how I haint got no handkercher, s'pose you let me have that koonskin cape uv yourn," sez she, "Uncle Mike, you can have enny thing I is got."

"Much obliged to yoo," sez I, "and now Mr. Potter," sez I, "when I drops this coonskin cape, then you pull."

"Yes," sez he."

"Well, now," sez he, "keep your eye skinned, and look me right plum in the face, and when you see me drap this, then you wallop the serpent out. "Is you ready?" sez I.

"Good," sez I, "jerk!" "an when I said "jerk!" he gin the whoppinest pull, an sent him kerwhop! about er mile an er feet! I pledge you my word, I thought he'd er pulled the tail uv the varmint clean off!"

Here Mike took a quid of tobacco, and proceeded—"I've bin in er heap of scrapes, an seen some uv the allfiredest kantankerous snakes that ever cum er long, but that time beats all!"

"What kind of a snake was it?" asked a listener.

"Why, I'll tell you," said he—"'twarn't nuthin mor'n I 'spected—Sal thought she'd look big like, an when she was shoutin an dancin erbout, that saussenger what she'd put on for er bustle, got loose round her ancle, an she thought 'twas er snake crawlin up her clothes!"

THE BABY-JUMPER BEAT.

Some cute Yankee in Boston has invented and brought out a grand concern for nursing infants.

You put your squaller into the machine, and by a series of straps, cogs, and screws, agitated by the spasmodic splurges of the infant's arms and legs, the machine rolls gently over the floor, while a species of handorgan music is emitted, equalling ten pennp whistles and a dozen baby's rattles. If this fails to amuse the little 'sugar lump' you may turn a screw and set in a motion a manipulator, something like a human hand which 'by bys' the 'mudder's box of diamonds,' tickles and pats it until it roars with laughter or goes to sleep! We believe the inventor intends to make sundry additions to his baby-nurser, whereby it may dress and undress the youngeter, feed it, wash it &c. If these Yankees keep on a spell longer, the men may shut up shop and go a fishing, while the woman lie back in white kids and play overtures on the accordeon or piano. This equals the patent 'clicquer,' and knocks the telescope, for seeing through a brick, clean into the Fourth of July.

LICE ON CATTLE.

Before the cattle are turned away to grass they ought to be examined to see if they have any vermin on them. Snuff is an infalliable remedy, and as snuff is cheap and never injurious to cattle of any age, we again repeat our advice to make use of snuff in preferance to any of the numerous articles that are recommended in the Journals.

Snuff is more easily applied than any article that we have tried. Other substances will kill the vermin and sometimes go still farther and injure the cattle. Tobacco juice often proves injurious Sand sifted on the backs of cattle will drive off the lice, but it causes an itching that is annoying for a long time afterwards. Poisonous ointments, as unguentum, are unsafe, for cattle often lick them off and take them into their stomachs. Try snuff if you would be safe.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

MANURE FOR PEACH TREES.

When land is rich enough for corn no manure from the stable will be needed in a peach orchard provided the land is kept in tillage. All else that is wanted is to guard the trunk of the tree from the pitch worm. This worm it should be remembered usually works *in the roots* of the tree, the fly laying her eggs there in the summer.

Now if you can inclose the trunk so close that the fly cannot deposit her eggs there, you are safe. Various modes have been resored to in order to guard the trunk and roots—as paving the ground, or winding canvass around the tree. But all this is unnecessary if you place arround the trunk wood ashes in such quantities as to adhere close and not leave room for the fly. Leached ashes will do.—*Ibid.*

THREE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.—An awful occurrence recently happened at Sheeshequin township, Bradford county, Pa. About midnight on the 20th instant a young man, named Hurley, with his wife and child, four months old, retired to rest. In a short, another family residing in the house, were awakened by smoke, and found the house in flames. An attempt was made to awaken the Hurleys, but the rapid progress of the fire prevented it—and the three perished in the flames! When the fire was extinguished, the mother was found lying directly under the spot where the bed stood, the blackened remains of the infant yet upon her arm. The body of Mr. Hurley was found in a spot indicating that he had probably left his bed and searched for the door, but was overcome by the heat and smoke, and perished.

The Madison Courier, in remarking upon the rage of the public for newspapers containing an extra quantity of matter says:—"If reading matter alone be the object, they will find enough that is new to many of them in the Bible, and it is good reading too."

Agricultural.

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

CHAPTER ON GUANO.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You invite from practical farmers, short accounts of their experiments in farming, crops, &c. Being in this category I wish to give you an account of some unsuccessful experiments with Guano.

Experiment 1.—Three tons of Peruvian Guano were purchased at $40 per ton in March 1845 and spread on eighteen acres of ground capable of producing ten barrels of corn to the acre. It was spread after the ground had been ploughed then harrowed and slightly sowed with three bushels of oats to the acre, together with a proper quantity of clover and timothy seed—all harrowed in. The result was a complete failure—not the least benefit was experienced either in the oat or grass crop. It is proper to observe however, that not one drop of rain fell for twenty days after the operation.

Exp. 2.—Four barrels of African Guano were purchased for $18,32 including freight and other charges, in August, 1845 and strewed in September on ploughed ground capable of producing twenty bushells of wheat to the acre—the wheat was sown and harrowed in as in experiment 1. This was spread at the rate of 30 lbs. to the acre. Result—Scarcely a preceptible difference—Wheat by the side of this without Guano, produced twenty bushels to the acre.

Exp. 3—Bought 586 lbs. Peruvian Guano and mixed it with 300 lbs. Gypsum—spread on three acres of wheat, as a top dressing, in April 1846, Clover had been sown on ground in March proceding. Result—Not the least preceptible difference in the wheat or clover; but here again it should be observed that no rain fell for a fortnight after strewing the Guano and plaster.

Exp. 4.—August 10, 1848 applied Peruvian Guano at the rate of 300 lbs. to the acre on turnip ground. Harrowed in with the seed. Result—a large crop.

Exp. 2—August 10, 1849. Turnip ground treated in the same way as above.—Result almost a total failure.

Remarks—A heavy and drenching shower of rain fell the night following and washed, as is supposed all or nearly all the Guano away. Your experimenter was about $160 minus, so far by the use of Guano, either from too much or too little rain from a want of knowledge as to the proper mode of applying the article, or, which is as likely as either from its worthlessness. The knowing one told him that he had used too much lime on his ground and that it was already too rich to be benefitted by Guano—that it shows its influence on the poorest "old fields." Accordingly he has ventured once more.

Exp 6.—October 7 to 13, 1849, applied 300 lbs. Guano, from Patagonia and 100 lbs. plaster of paris (gypsum) to the acre on six acres of wheat ground. The ground was first ploughed and harrowed, the Guano strewed, the wheat sown and the whole ploughed in with light ploughs.

Remarks—April 8th, 1850.—The wheat looks well. Rain fell during the seeding time and several days subsequently in abundance—but not so much as to run off the ground. The Guano was purchased at $50 per ton. From the great quantity of small stones observed in this Patagonia article the experimenter was induced to make a rough analysis of it. Here it is.

A lump weighing 10½ oz. produced—Graval stones, worn smooth by attrition 1¼ oz. silica; sand comminuted, 1½ oz. shells & valves broken down but not decomposed ½ oz. feathers, skin and bones of birds do, with some vegetable matter 1 oz. water driven off by moderate heat 1¼ oz.—Total 6¼ zs.

Here we find that this sample of Patagonia Guano contains more than one half of articles almost wholly inert. Allowing the remainder to be all that is claimed for it—rich in fertilizing salts—yet we are led to the conclusion, as well from the foregoing experiments as from reason and analogy that Guano is too expensive and too uncertain in its operation in this climate to be used by the farmer as a source of profit.

TYRO.

VOICE OF WISDOM AND AGE.—Permit me finally to add, that in any apprehension, the best way to be useful and happy in this life, is to cultivate the domestic affections—to love home, to be temperate and just—to persue lawful business, whatever it may be with diligence, and firmness, and integrity of purpose, and in the perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the discharge of public as private trusts; for when public liberty cannot survive.

If we are aspiring, we ought not loose our diffidence; and if ardent for reforms we ought not loose our discretions. We ought to listen to maxims experience and respect the advice and institutions of our ancestors, and above all, we ought to have a constant and abiding sense of the superintending goodness of that Almighty Being whose wisdom shines equally in His works and in his word whose presence is ever sustaining the universe.—*Chon. Kent.*

SALTY.—"My dear what shall we name our baby?" said Mr. S. to his lady, the other day.

"Why, I've settled on Peter."

"Peter! Mercy! I never new a man with the simple name of Peter who ever [illegible] salt."