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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JULY 18, 1857. No. 10.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, General News
EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of time marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

Summer Resort!

"EAST ROOM" AT THE

"RISING SUN."

THE subscriber is now prepared to serve any number of Gentlemen and Ladies with all the choice articles of CONFECTIONARY, and CAKE, and

Ice-Cream,

prepared after the most approved manner.

LEMONADE in the French style, *Mineral Water* from celebrated fountains. OYSTERS pickled *secundum artem*. Diamond-back TERRAPINS from the best waters. Soft Crabs, Hard Crabs, and deviled Crabs, prepared in a style not to be beaten, and all other delicious edibles and refreshments of the season neatly served up.

His "East Room" is fitted up in handsome style exclusively for the reception of LADIES, and no gentlemen will be served in that room except in company with Ladies. Gentlemen handsomely served as usual in the "Oyster Saloon.

His best efforts will be exerted, with untiring assiduity to give pleasure and satisfaction.

From his former patronage he flatters himself that he will receive a liberal and generous support. WILLIAM PERKINS.

Chestertown, May 30, 1857.

P. S.—Gentlemen and Ladies don't forget to call up when you have been *"promenading on the Bridge."*

Notice.

LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER!

FOR SALE LOW to close out a job lot. The subscriber has at his landing a parcel of good 4-4 white pine Cullings; which were driven ashore during the late storm and which having purchased from the owners at reduced rates he is willing to dispose of at a moderate advance for Cash, if taken away at once—thus saving him hauling and piling. Those in want of the article or likely to be shortly, will find it to their interest to call. On hand his usual assortment of Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Rails, Hardware for Building. Flour, Salt, &c. which he has renewed this spring and is willing to sell as low as can be bought in a regular way. He is also running his vessels as usual to Phila. and Baltimore, receiving grain for shipment or buying,—and respectfully solicits consignments from the public generally, and *particularly* from such as are interested both pecuniarily and socially in Betterton,—pecuniarily in the increased value of their lands—and socially by the additional cheerfulness and facilities afforded thereby. R. T. TURNER.

Betterton, May 30, 1857.

Wool! Wool! Wanted!

Farmers and Merchants Attention.

THE subscribers are still manufacturing, at *UNICORN MILLS*, Queen Ann's county, one mile south of Millington, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Cotton Kerseys, Blankets, Servants' Blanlets, Flannels, Stocking Yarns, &c., &c, of all their different varieties.

Particular attention paid to roll carding.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for Kerseys and the highest prices allowed.

Their machinery, to which they have recently made additions, is in perfect order, and they flatter themselves from their long experience in the business, to give entire satisfaction to all. They take this occasion to return thanks to their old customers for the liberal patronage received and hope by strict attention to business to merit and receive a continuance of the same.

MALLALIEU & BRO.

Agents for Kent County:
A. J. Rees—Rees' Corner.
Daniel Collins & Son.,—Chestertown.
W. Watts, } Still Pond.
Geo. W. Price, }
John L. Bowers—Kennards' Corner.
may 30, 1857,—6m.

1857. *FARMERS & TRADERS, ATTENTION.*

WE would respectfully call the attention Farmers and Traders to our improved

Mix Horse Power,

which are unrivalled for strength and working light. Also our improved combined

Threshing and Cleaning Machines,

we are manufacturing and have for sale. We have sold a number of each last year, which have given every satisfaction that could be desired, and can produce numerous certificates recommending them to the public. Those wanting machines may rely upon being supplied after the 15th of May. We invite all to call and examine for themselves.

BOWMAN & ELLIOTT,
Machinists, Commerce st. Smyrna, Del.
May 2, '57.

Read and Believe,

CALL AND BE CONVINCED!

THAT A. M. RUSSELL has in store a large assortment of Goods, which he will sell at small profits—the following comprise such articles as are usually kept on hand and for sale.

No 1—*A* general assortment of *GROCERIES.*

No 2—*A* large assortment of *CONFECTIONARY.*

No 3—*A* good assortment of *SEGARS AND TOBACCO.*

No 4—*A* variety of Saddles, Bridles, carriage wagon, cart and plough Harness.

No 5—Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.

No 6—And can't be beat—a fine and varied assortment of *READY-MADE CLOTHING,* Coats, pants, vests, shirts, collars, neck and pocket handkerchiefs.

No 7—Brooms, Buckets, Tubs, Chairs, Baskets, Matches.

No 8—Clocks, looking glasses, horse-shoe blacking, paint brushes, knives and forks, razors, scissors, pen knives, combs, lamps, watch christles and keys, carriage and riding whips, girths, sursingles, hitch reins, collars, stirrup leathers.

No 9—Etherial, train, linseed, cod-liver Oil; spts Turpentine, copel varnish, lamp black.

No 10—Fresh and corned Beef, mutton, veal and lamb.

april 11 '57

ESTATE OF W. C. LOCKERMAN.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, May 26, 1857.

On the application of Francis Waters, Executor of Washington C. Lockerman, late of Kent county, deceased—

ORDERED, That he 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 four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county, and the American published in Baltimore city.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 26th day of May, 1857. {SEAL}

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. 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 Washington C. Lockerman 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 22nd day of December, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of May, 1857.

FRANCIS WATERS,
Ex'r Washington C. Lockerman, dec'd.
may 30, 1857 —4t

Archer, vs. Walker & others. } In the Superior Court of Baltimore city —In Equity.

ORDERED, this 4th day of June, 1857, that the sale made and reported by Henry W. Archer, trustee, in the above entitled case, in his 5th report of sale, be ratified and confirmed; unless cause be shewn to the contrary one or before the 1st day of September next; Provided a copy of this order be published once in each of three successive weeks before the said first day of September, in some newspaper printed in Kent county.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,000.

EDW'D DOWLING, Cl'k.
True copy, Test. EDW'D DOWLING, Cl'k.
June 13, 1857—3w

Richard L. Rasin, vs Jos. O. Rasin & others } In the Circuit Court for Kent county —in Equity.

ORDERED, That the sale made and reported by Richard Hynson, trustee, for the sale of the real estate herein reported, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the first day of August next, Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 15th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3000.

P. B. HOPPER.
True copy, Test,
J. F. GORDON, cl'k.
June 13, 1857.—3w

Farmers, Read!

THE undersigned having been appointed by Gilbert & Rittenhouse, as agent, to sell their

Railway Horse Power & Thresher,

in this county, made at Norristown, Penn., and is the strongest and cheapest machine ever offered in this market. The great saving of labor, in using the Railway, is quite an item, at present. Four hands and two horses can thresh and put away a hundred and twenty to thirty bushels of wheat in a day—we have done it.—I have been working one for two years and never expect to use any other kind.

Price of a two horse Power and Thresher, Shaker and Bands, all complete, $150—one horse Power, all complete, $120.

Persons wanting one will let me know one month before they wish it delivered.

JOSHUA CLARK,
May 2, 57—4m *Still Pond X Roads.*

Carriages and Harness.

J. M. COX & BROTHER,

(SUCCESSORS TO GARRETT COX & SON,)

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public in general that they have now on hand and manufacture to order *CARRIAGES* and *HARNESS* of every description and of the most modern style and finish. All work warranted twelve months.

J. M. COX,
A. G. COX.

Middletown, May 30, 1857.

N. B.—Repairing neatly attended to.

NEGRO MAN FOR SALE.

A negro man about twenty five years old, a good farm hand. For terms enquire of the editor of Kent News.

may 9, 1857.

POETRY.

THE KEY TO GREATNESS

BY HARRIETT E. FRANCIS.

Onward, upward, ever striving,
Never halting by the way—
This alone's the key to greatness—
Strength of all that win the day.

Breasting firm the toil and turmoil,
That blocks up the path of life:
Pressing with an eye undanted,
To the goal, amid the strife.

Shunning every fair delusion,
Which would woo the soul to ease,
Blinding eyes to syren pleasures
Careless mortals gladly sieze.

Closing ears to envy's whispers,
That would crush the spirit down;
Hoping, working, never fainting,
Till success each effort crown.

—*Ohio Farmer.*

MISCELLANY.

THE HUSBAND AND FATHER.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend, some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me?"

And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they proceeded. The horses were prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. But his love for his wife and babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in the bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time for departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man would break into snatches of song, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Millie, I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream, which they had to ford.

After some hesitation, she resigned her first born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket to his arms.—Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever.

What a spectacle! the idol of his heart gone—gone forever! and that, too, by his own intemperence. The anguish of the mother, and the remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

CURIOUS AEROLITE.—Some years ago there was much speculation over a shower of "squid" which fell in a rain storm on Tremont road in Roxbury. Scientific men were active in investigating the phenomena, but whether they succeeded in satisfying themselves or not we are unable to say. We have now another topic for their investigation no less singular.

During the heavy shower last night, a Metropolitan Railroad conductor, just released from duty, was eating his supper, when he heard a noise, as if proceeding from the atic where his children lay sleeping. He, fearing they had fallen out of bed, went up to them, but all was quiet. It was not until this morning that he learned the cause of disturbance. In the yard he found a huge mud turtle with its shell broken, that must have fallen with the shower upon the roof, and thence to the ground. Now let the savants tell how the turtle was drawn up and suspended in the clouds.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ A Brave Veteran Officer, reconnoitering a battery which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers, who were endeavering to dissuade him from the attempt—"Gentlmen you may say and think what you please, all I know is, that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for I have the order in my pocket."

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

I knew in my boyhood an aged soldier—now sleeping with the hero-dead—who was with freedom's heroes at the battle of Saratoga. The story of the seventh day of October is yet fresh in my memory.

At early dawn Horatio Gates, with burly form, long red nose, and night cap upon his head, stands in the open door of his tent, surveying the theatre of the coming strife. Near him waves the banner of the stars and yonder that of the red cross No sound is heard save the measured tread of the sentinel, as he keeps his anxious vigils. At a little distance are the white tents of Gen. Burgoyne, who had boasted but a few months before in the halls of his royal master of his ability to "march thro' the colonies and whip the contihental rebels into submission." Ere the rising sun goes down he shall have ample opportunity to test his generalship and prove his powers. For, although his veteran battalions have stood the brunt of the fight upon the battle fields of the Old World, they are to meet to-day a foe pledged to victory or death. The quick roll of a solitary drum breaks the silence and arouses the wearied soldiers from their heavy slumbers. The continental ranks are quickly formed, and the British legions are in motion; the game of blood begins. Scarcely has the roar of the first cannon rolled over the hills of Stillwater, when along a distant hillside there rides at headlong speed a man clad in uniform of buff and blue, mounted upon a powerful black horse. He aims directly fer the battle, and rushes with unslacken speed into the midst of the fight. He speaks to his noble steed, and calls him by a patriotic name, the name of WARREN. The warrior is nameless today, for he and Gates have quarrelled, and he is without a commission or a command. Yet the soldiers know and instinctively obey him. Wherever the dauntless horseman rides they follow with a shout that rises above the battle roar. Before this terrible onset the legions of St. George stagger, and break and fly. All through the strife does the black horse with his rider break in upon the ranks of the foe, like a huge battle bolt forced upon Vulcan's anvil, and hurled by some resistless power Night approaches, the heights of Bemis must be gained, or the battle is lost. But courage, brave men. The rider of the black horse is there. He shouts to the riflemen of Morgan, to the conquerors of the wilderness and the man of Champlain. They know his voice and follow in the wake of his noble steed, as he dashes up the steep rock, through the forest of bayonets and belching cannon. They gain the summit and Saratoga is won.

It is said that when Gates knew this man was in battle, he sent Major Armstrong to arrest him and take him from the field, giving as his reason, that he might do something rash. Armstrong pursued him in vain until the fight was over, and then found him; aye, he found him amid the cannon of the conquered battery, his face covered with sweat and blood; his right leg shattered by a cannon shot, bleeding and faint, waving in his right hand the banner of the stars!

Oh, that the victorious hero had died here. Oh, that the many balls that laid the black horse dead beneath his rider, had pierced his own heart, and stilled its pulsation forever. For then would the name of BENEDICT ARNOLD, instead of becoming a hissing and a by-word among men, have been enshrined in the Nation's heart, and embalmed in the Nation's memory, among the first and greatest of the patriot-dead.—*Ex.*

THE BASHFUL MAN.—Washington Irving, at a party in England, one day playfully asserted, that the love of annexation which the Anglo Saxon race displayed on every occasion, proceeded probably from its *mauvais honte* rather than its greediness.

As a proof he cited the story of a bashful friend of his who, being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next to the hostess in a great state of excitement, owing to his recluse life. A few glasses of wine mounting to his brain, completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of presence of mind.—Casting his eyes down he saw on his lap some white linen. "My heavens," thought he, "that's my shirt protuding at my wristband."

He immediately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress, but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain. At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash around him, and a scream from the company brought him to his senses. He had been all the time stuffing the table-cloth into his breeches, and the last time had swept everything clean off the table. Thus our bashful friend annexed a table cloth, thinking it the tail of his own shirt.

THE English mile is 1,760 yards the Russian 1,100; the Italian 1,467: the Irish and Scotch 2,200; the Polish 4,400; the Spanish 5,027, the German 5,866; the Swedish and Danish 7,233; and the Hungarian 8,830. The French measure by the mean leagues, which is 3,666 yards. The longest mile ever travelled is at the close of a long day's walk.

TOWN MAKING.

A gentleman recently returned from the West relates that, in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road, but some twelve or fifteen miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary woodchopper emerging from the forest, he accosted and inquired how far it was to Vienna. "Vienna!" exclaimed the man; "why you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna." The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night. "Why you are right on that place now," returned the man; "it begins just on the other side of yon ravine, and runs down to a clump of girdled trees which you will see about a mile further on the road." "Are there no houses built?" faltered out the traveller. "Oh, no houses whatsomever," returned the woodsman; "they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but *before they raised it the town lots were all disposed of in the Eastern States;* and every thing has been left just as you now see it ever since."—*Boston Traveller.*

AFRAID OF THE CHINESE WEAPONS.—The London Times alarms itself dreadfully at the idea that the Chinese may resort to poison, as a more efficient weapon than those usually considered legitimate in warfare. It says:

"Is there anybody so foolish as to suppose that the Chinese will not poison every box or chest of tea, preserved ginger, sweetmeats, chow chow, marmalade, or anything else that is exported from China for the use of foreigners? We believe honestly and truly that the destruction of human life in this country and America from the use of poisoned tea, will be the most fearful calamity that has ever visited the two countries in this century. It will kill more people in England than were killed in the Crimea. It will destroy more human life in the United States than our wars, the yellow fever or the cholera. People continue to drink tea, and think there is no danger! It will be a fatal mistake. Wait until the cargoes of tea now on their way to American ports are landed. Those who dream that we shall escape poisoned tea, had better preserve the extracts from the Times.—We have no doubt that our warning articles about tea will save thousands of lives in this country. We wish all would take the warning in time."

An attack upon our persons from an enemy so secretly introduced would not only destroy forever the tea trade, but it would very nearly finish all the tea drinkers.—But we do not see why the Chinese should poison everybody's tea, because he is in a huff with John Bull A Chinaman can certainly be discriminating in his wrath enough to know his friends from his enemies.

NO USE FOR TROWSERS.—On the morning of the meteoric shower in 1833, old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come. He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right in the midst of the falling stars, and there in his efforts to dodge them he commenced a series of ground tumbling, that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife being awakened in the meantime and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard called out to know what in the name of sense he was doin' out thar dancin' round without his clothes. But Peyton heard not—the judgemen and long black account he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behaviour, sprang out of bed and running to the door shrieked out at the top of her lungs—

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean, jumpin' about out thar? Come in and put your trowsers on."

"Trowsers, Peggy, what the h—l's the use of trowsers when the world's a fire?"

A MINISTER in Salem county, N. J., advertises that he will marry any *person* or persons cheaply. And a man in Patterson advertises a card, returning thanks to Almighty God for his preservation from destruction. The latter is about equal to the prayers generally delivered to audiences and not to Him who can respond to them.

A LESSON TO A SCOLDING MOTHER.—A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under severe trials, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even when I'm not in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded me."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathed in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie seeing the effects of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I was to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad; you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and O, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"O Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to suppress the tears that had beed struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom, "said I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"O, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

☞ Col. Sutter, in a race-way of whose mill the California gold was first discovered, has been reduced to poverty. By the last arrival from California we learn that Hock Farm, his residence, has been sold under the sheriff's hammer. This is the last of the magnificent domain which was at one time his property, and the old man whose name is so closely associated with the history of California, whose unbounded hospitality has welcomed and cheered so many travellers to that country, and by whose means so many have been enriched, is now left in his declining years without a home of his own. His generous, unsuspecting nature was not sufficient to cope with the shrewdness of lawyers and speculators when his lands became of value; and so they have all been wrested from him, much by what in the parlance of trade would be called "legitimate transactions," much by barefaced fraud.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

THE WAY TO GET RID OF MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his who had likewise several daughters called upon him. "I should like to know friend," said he, "secret of ready husband making with success." "Pooh," said the other, "no secret at all. I make it a rule, after a man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and simply ask him to choose between death and matrimony. You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two preferred." Very civil question, indeed, and no mittens at all in the case.

☞ "Wasn't that a waste of powder?" said an Irishman to a Kentuckian, who had just brought a coon to the ground with his rifle from a large tree.

"Why so?" asked the huntsman.

"Sure the fall would a kilt him."

☞ Byron is said to have remarked that "the greatest trial to woman's beauty is the ungraceful act of eating eggs." Some Yankee remarks that the poet could never have seen a lady hanging on by the teeth to a blazing hot corn cob.

AN INSINUATION.—A late number of an Indiana paper announced the destruction of an editor's hat; whereupon a neighboring journal expresses the hope that there were not many lives lost.