msa_sc2901_scm2355-0159 ©Maryland State Archives


# The Kent News.

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

Vol. 18. CHESTER TOWN, MD., SEPTEMBER 19, 1857. No. 19.



## Frederick Female Seminary.



FREDERICK CITY, MD.

*The Scholastic duties of this Institution will be resumed on Tuesday, the 1st September next.*

The State of Maryland appropriated $50,000 for the founding of this School, with the intention that it should be in all respects a Seminary of the highest order—a School where the daughters of Maryland and other Southern States could receive an education adapted to the advanced refinement and intelligence of her people and the institutions of the States, which should be highly moral and religious in its character, but not sectarian.

It is located in one of the most healthy and beautiful valleys in the State, and is accessable to all parts of the country by railroad and telegraph. The extensive and superb building; the spacious halls, and professors rooms—the commodious lodging rooms elegantly furnished and well ventilated,—baths of the purest mountain water—extensive Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus and all other desirable educational conveniences, a faculty well known at home and abroad for refinement, professional skill and learned ability, are some of the evidences before the public that the Frederick Female Seminary is all that the Legislature contemplated when they made the appropriation, and 12 years of unprecedented prosperity have secured for it a high reputation at home and abroad.

There are ample grounds for exercise in the open air, and the whole of its basement, (which is above ground,) is fitted up for a Gymnasium for the Young Ladies to exercise in during inclement weather. The new edifice just completed will afford accommodations for from 40 to 50 more Boarding Scholars. These improvements make it one of the most extensive and complete establishments in the U. S., and parents from a distance may rest assured that no effort will be spared to sustain the high reputation that the School already enjoys.

*For Board and Tuition*, including furnished Rooms, Lights, Fuel, Washing, etc., $200 per Scholastic year; payable half yearly in advance.

For Circulars and other particulars, address,

H. WINCHESTER, President.

aug 8, '57.

## Baltimore Female College.

THIS SEMINARY of Learning, created a College proper by the Legislature, and enjoying a liberal patronage from the Middle and Southern States, is being improved by an additional story on the main edifice, and a building in the rear 60 feet long and five stories high.—The Ninth Annual Session will open on Monday September 7th, under the following Faculty of able and experienced Teachers:

N. C. Brooks, A. M, Prof. Ancient Languages,
Rev. W. F. Paxton, A. B., Mathematics, &c.
Rev. J. A. Maurer, A. B., " and Astronomy.
Prof. W R Monroe, M D, Chemistry.
Miss R F Kern, English and History.
Miss I Heart, Belles-Lettres and Physiology.
Prof J la Reintrie, French and Spanish.
Prof Henry Risler, German Language.
Prof Emile Kett, Drawing and Painting.
Prof T Schaffer, Instrumental Music.
Miss E C Gobright, Piano and Singing.
Mrs E A Keirle, Guitar, Harp and Singing.

☞ For Catalogues, containing course of study, terms, &c., address at No. 53 St Paul st.

aug 8, '57. N C. BROOKS, President.

*NEW*

## SADDLE AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY.

JOSEPH W. EDWARDS respectfully announces to the public that he has commenced the *Saddle and Harness making business* in Chestertown, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. S Lassell, Esq., as a law office. He is prepared to make to order all kinds of HARNESS of the latest and most approved patterns, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell at low prices, on reasonable terms SADDLES and HARNESS of every description Repaired at short notice.

He is confident that he can give satsifaction, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage

Chestertown, aug 8, 1857.

*Kent County, To Wit:*

I HEREBY certify that Jesse Jerom, farmer, brought before me the subscriber a justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland in and for Kent county this 25th day of August, in the year 1857, as strays trespassing upon his enclosures

*Two WHITE SHEEP*,

apparently Western sheep; ear mark not known; one Ram and one Ewe. Given under my hand,

JAMES GRAVES, [st.]

The owner of the above described Sheep is requested to prove property pay charges and take them away. JESSE JEROM,

On the new road Morgans Creek Neck.

aug 29, 1857—3w. [$2.]

ANDERSON & BRO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN




TEAS, WINES, *LIQUORS*,  *GROCERIES*,

N. W. Corner Gay and Forrest Streets,
(Opposite Belair Market,)
*BALTIMORE.*

☞ All kinds of country Produce bought and sold. aug 29, 1857.

## Painting! Painting!

THE undersigned will carry on the above business in all its various branches.

*HOUSE PAINTING*

of every description done in the best manner at low rates. Also all kinds of GRAINING neatly executed. All orders left at Simon Wickes, will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE W. KELLER.

Chestertown, July 4, '57. tf

GAITERS, Boots and Shoes, mens Gaiters, Boots and Lace Boots, womens Gaiters, Slippers and Ties, and boys, misses and childrens Shoes, in large variety for sale by

jy 4 T. W. Eason.

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 religious or charitable nature, will be charged or at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

## STRANDBERG'S CHAMPION STRAWBERRIES.

AFTER four years of careful selection and cultivation, with personal attention, I have produced the finest Strawberries in the country; some of them measuring 5 inches around, in fact they are all very large and of a superior flavor. As an evidence of their superiority over all other Strawberries that was in the Baltimore market, when the best sold for 12½ cents per quart retail, Strandberg's Champion Strawberries sold readily for 50 cents wholesale, throughout the season; nor could he supply half the demands at that price. They were sent to New York and pronounced by Taylor, the best ever sent to N. Y. market. I offer my plants to the public, there is no humbug about them. I refer to gentlemen who have seen my Strawberries, and some of them examined my beds, and are ready to testify the above as correct. I refer to Gen T Tilghman, Col S Hambleton, Col R'd Thomas Col Ed Lloyd, Jr., James Ll Martin, Esq, Dan'l Lloyd, Esq, James N Goldsborough, Dr Bardcastle, Talbot county. Col Rd. France, Dr Owens, Mr Butcher, Baltimore.

The plants are now ready for delivery; they will be packed carefully in boxes, the roots covered with muck and can be sent any distance with perfect safety. Price $5 per hundred. Orders sent by mail will be punctually attended to and sent according to direction.

HENRY J STRANDBERG,
Easton, Talbot Co, Md.

Martin Goldsborough, Agent, Baltimore.

aug 22, 1857.

READ! READ! READ!

*Good News! Good News! Good News!*

RELIEF for suffering humanity; why suffer with Rheumatism, Bruises, sprains, old sores &c., when there is a relief at hand.

Kramer's Dr. Hewes' Nerve and Bone Liniment is the best medicine known for the above complaints, you who have Rheumatism, &c. try it; you who have friends suffering tell them of it and advise them to try it and they will be cured and thank you for your advice. This Liniment has been in use a great many years, and has gained a great reputation, having been used by Dr. Hewes in an extensive practice for many years and always meeting with great success, it can be relied on as a certain remedy for all Rheumatic affections.

☞ Be particular and get Kramer's Dr. Hewes' Nerve and Bone Liniment as there are many spurious articles in the market, ask for it and don't be persuaded to take any other and you will be cured. Price 25 cents per bottle. Prepared and sold by

S. K. KRAMER & CO.,
Druggist Cor. Pratt st, and Bowly's Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.

For sale by *A. M. Russell* Chestertown, and most of the country stores.

aug 1, '57

## 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 cheepest 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,

## 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.

FOR SALE.

A YORK WAGON and Harness and a *FAMILY HORSE* well broke. For terms apply to EMELINE URIE,
LOUISA URIE,
at Mr. James Urie's, near Chestertown.

aug 8, '57—3w.

ENGLISH Wheat Scythes, Grass Scythes, and Sneaths, for sale by

jy4 T. W. Eason.




## POETRY.

### THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest but not bashful,
Free and easy but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old:
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while?

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding will ring out!
She can lure, and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love locks in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall;
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

### My Heart is Sad without Thee, Love

My heart is sad without thee love,
O leave me not, I pray;
But sing that pretty song, my love,
While by thy side I stay.

When thou art far away, my love,
My heart grows sad and drear;
It is the gayest, happiest love,
When only thou art near.

When moon and stars are shining love,
The happy, happy hours
That I have spent with thee, my love,
Like sunshine with the flowers.

## MISCELLNAY.

### Dow, Jr, on Love.

"D'Orville" sends me the following text. I will expatiate a little upon it this morning:—

What is Love?—'Tis a fool's blind dream
Of something that ne'er existence had;
It vanishes 'neath the daylight's gleam—
And when it's gone, the fool goes mad!

My Hearers:—If you think that your lonely preacher, through practical experience, is more capable of giving a perfect analysis of Love than anybody else, you are sitting there under a heavy mistake. True, in my more susceptible days—and before I took to chewing thbacco—I often felt a slight, mysterious jerking at the heart-strings, but only once the real, magnetic, spasmodic, convulsive, soothing painful, delightful sensation of genuine Love.

I handled the article thoroughly,—examined it, tasted it, rubbed it and smelt of it,—and yet for the soul of me, I cant now tell what it is, nor even what its like. Enough to say it's some sort of a nervous affection taking roof in the heart, and branching out and blossoming in the brain; and when they come to nervous diseases, doctors of medicine, doctors of divinity and horse doctors are alike equally in the dark. But there is something in it, as the unbeliever said when he took the laughing gas. Brother Burns who used to plough up a good deal of love poetry, never told us what Love actually was; albeit he has given us to understand what it is like. He says—

"Love is like a dizziness—
It will nae let a poor body
Gang about his business."

That is so, my frieuds, Love unfits a body for any useful pursuit on the face of the earth, and annihilates his appreciation of anything that is really valuable. I suppose that when the fit is on, even miners can't dig with the energy of a woodchuck in the last stage of consumption, and when they come across a nugget they probably look upon it as being worthless, as did Æsop's old rooster upon the jewel he chanced to dig out of a dung heap. Love is a lazy, dreaming, high-hoing state of existence, in which one either looks on the world as a garden full of roses, without a single thorn, or an immense field of Canada thistles, and not a single one in blossom. When your preacher first experienced a severe touch of the tender, everything, from the woodpile to the hen house, was crowned with roses bigger than flap jacks, and turkey-buzzards hovering over the carcass of a dead mule seemed like so many cupids poising their pinion, over the bosom of my sleeping Beauty! Unhappy Goldsmith, my brethren once poetically exclaimed in something like these heart piercing words:—

"Oh what is friendship but a name—
A charm that lulls to sleep!
And Love is but a brushwood flame,
That leaves the wretch—a sheep!"

or "to weep," I forget which—very likely "a sheep,"—it's more natural. But what says our text? "'Tis a fool's wild dream of something that ne'er existence had." Now, my friends, you know very well that the wool of all dreams is composed of threads spun by Fancy, and more brittle than the beams of a dilapidated moon; the whole fabric is flimsy trash at the best. Then, if Love be nothing more than an idiot's dream—guilding everything and converting airy nothing into a seemingly solid something, and yet nothing after all—then I say, Love won't pay for candle light—much less for either its laudanum or its brandy cock tails. My lamented friend Moore says, most pathetically:

"New days may come with milder light,
Or shed a brighter beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!"

"Love was once a little boy," and full of mischief; and then all his dreams, tho' very sweet, were notwithstanding, very foolish; and he doubtless found them so when he came to grow up and know the difference in the value of a kiss and a five dollar gold piece, or that of a leg of mutton and a pretty ankle. My text, brethren, seems to give us to understand, that when Loves silly dream vanishes before the broad daylight of Reason, the dreaming fool is very likely to go mad as a March hare. I tell you, my friends, that in a majority of cases it will apply as tenaciously as hot glue in a nigger's wool. Here the same poet rave in his crazy second thought:

Oh! the days are gone when Beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove
When all my dream, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!"

Hare, my brethren, you can easily see the madness protuding an inch or so.—Mark how the fellow sighs, like a furnace with that distressful 'Oh!" how he takes on to think that the days are forever past when he had little else to do, and was fit for nothing else than to crawl under a goosebery bush and dream of "Love, still love," or sit and dose while Beauty was manufacturing a halter for his heart, and perhaps for his neck. That the gifted bard of Hibernia's Green Isle died of a softening of the brain—after he had drank of love and wine to their very lees—is a melancholly fact. That the dream of love 'vanishes 'neath the daylight's gleam' is perhaps more true than poetical. All lovers do but dream during the uncertain moonlight of their courtship. They awake to a true, sober sense of their situations only in the broad glare of matrimony. And if they find the first flame extinguished, and beyond the power of rekindling, it is no wonder they go mad and do something desperate—perchance tear a board of the pig pen. But my friends there should be no necessity for love dying out while being donnubialized. If you don't dream too much in its early stages—but have your eyes, your ears and your better judgment open, to assist you in making a choice selection for life—I'll stake my Bible against a last year's almanac, that you don't find it fizzling out just at the time when the conjugal joys should begin to cluster thicker than hornets and yellow-jackets at the bung hole of a barrell of new cider. Love can be so managed in its acute stage as to become chronic, and run in the family for at least a couple of generations. So mote it be.

Destroying the Romance.—A capital story is told of a young fellow, who one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were riveted upon his face.

After the service, he sow the possesser of the witching orbs leave the church alone, and emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with with rupture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:

"Noble young creature!" thought I—'her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

"I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly; "I thought, when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedler who passed off a peuter half-dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now and he says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I am't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal, after all."

### A CHAPTER ON MATRIMONY.

A young lady out West, in a communication to the Sandusky Register upon the subject of matrimony, says:

"It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men who want to marry, but dare not. Deny this, as some will, it is nevertheless true, as we can very easily show. In this town, for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men well-to do in the way of business and salaries, yet refuse to take, but the strap which they all want to take, but do not. Why? The large majority of them have salaries ranging from them five hundred to seven hundred dollars a year. Now the first question to be asked by any sane man, is can I properly support a wife, if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds to his amazement, that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest modern establishment; and, somewhat maddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hopes of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry, and have a home of his own. And this is the secret of the hard, unending toil of the young men of to day, who are fast approaching thirty years of age this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny or hide it as you may.

"But says some good woman, you do us unjustice, for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure.—But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances, and a pleasant and well-furnished home, to adorn his four little rooms, and to do his house-work, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for, though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstances, that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness from over-exertion, unhappiness from many cares—all of which would render marriage anything else than pleasant. And so the young men very wisely think—preferring a few years of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars per year expense, rather than to place a modestly educated woman into the house of six hundred a year, where she must do her own house work.

"Now, what is the remedy? Plainly that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men must have. Else the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves which it shall be, for the matter is solely in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, put on that calico gown; go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of this household, and fit yourself to become a wife and mother. Let the young woman cheerfully consent to such service; and instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hands to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes. Then there will be no longer complaint that young men 'can't afford to marry,' and we shall have beautiful, modest houses all around us, women will have loving husbands, and all life, once more, have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children."

There's some good sense for you, girls.

### A CHAPTER ON FIRST THINGS.

The oldest book known to be extant, which has the name of the place where it was printed, and that of the printer, together with the date of the year when it was executed, is a beautiful edition of the Psalms in Latin. It was issued at Mentz by Faust & Schoeffer in 1457, just four hundred years ago. The most perfect copy known is that in the Imperial library of Vienna. It is printed in folio on vellum, and is a superb specimen of printing. A second edition of the work was issued in 1459, under the patronage of the St. Albans and Benedictine Monks, which contained, probably, the first printed text of the Anathanasian creed.

The earliest printed book, containing text and engravings, is called the Histories of Joseph Pfister at Bamberg, in 1462. It is among the rarest typogrphical curiosities in existence, there being only two known copies of it—one at the royal library at Paris, and another in the collection of Earl Spencer. The entire text of the Bible, with similar embellishments, appeared in 1478.

Guttemburg invented and first used seperate letters or movable types in 1442. As early as 1423 he had printed with lines cut in wood, but this was only a small mechanical advance on what had been done for many years

The first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the ancient "Abridgment of Alexander," by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and the size about nine inches by six.

Stereotye printing was introduced into London by Wilson, in 1804.

The first tragedy in English was "Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex," in 1561, and the first comedy the "Supposes," in 1666.

The first recorded novels are the Milesian tales of Arstides.

The first almanac in the English language was printed at Oxford, in 1673.

The first printed music was in 1503. No more than forty tunes had been published in any one book before 1591.

The first printing press set up in America was "worked" at Cambrdge, Mass, in 1629.

The first book printed in America was the "Bay Psalm Book," published in Cambridge.

The first books of music published in America were issued in 1714 and 1721 the former by the Rev. John Tufts, of Newbury, and the latter by the Rev. Thos. Walter, of Roxbury.

The first paper mill erected in America was at Elizabethton, N. J., which William Bradford, Royal Printer of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, purchased in 1628. In 1730, the second went into operation at Boston, the Legislature of Massachusetts granting aid.

The first newspaper printed in the New World was published in Boston, under date of Sept. 25, 1690. A copy of this paper, is preserved in the Colonial State Paper office, London. It is about the size of a sheet of letter paper, and one of the pages is blank.

The Love of Home.—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now amongst the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and distruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

A Gloomy Bridal.—We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered any thing so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following.—It reads like a yard of crape:

Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him.

In vain might the eye wander around the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony, were alike shrouded in one dark overshawdowing pass of rayless gloom.

Ah, joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts togethrr, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which should blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise.

Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the same depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature.—No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion and warm, bright hope, were seen in that bride's cheek, but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the bride, possessed the groom, possessed the spectator—in fact, they were all possessed.

Reader, they were Timbuctoo darkies

☞ A Quaker is said, to a remarkably fine looking horse to market for sale and asked a high price for it. The animal attracted much notice, a bargain was soon struck and a receipt given. The buyer was examining his purchase with scrutinizing admiration, when the Quaker said:

"Well, friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"None, whatever," was the answer.

"Neither will he ever see *any* in thee," said the Quaker.