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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet.—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 6. CHESTER TOWN, MD. OCTOBER 4, 1845. NO. 23.

Philadel. Advertisements.

MR. EDITOR:

Yourself and neighbors are particularly requested to reflect upon the best mode of saving money in the purchase of your Wearing Apparel, and to do it effectually, you are hereby informed that you can achieve the object by calling at Mr. McNeille's Clothing Store, No. 105, Chesnut street, on the first floor of Sanderson's Hotel, where you may at all times and a large stock of fashionably cut and well made garments, comprising in part, Cloaks at from $8 to $35, over Coats and sack Coats, from $6 to $25, dress and frock Coats, from $8 to $25, Pants from $2 to $8, and Vests from $1 to $6.

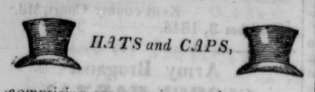
PERRY R. MCNEILLE,
105 Chesnut street Philadelphia.
August 23, 1845. 3m

Hats and Caps,

AT WHOLESALE.

GARDEN & BROWN,
No. 196 *Market St, 2 doors from Sixth*
PHILADELPHIA,

Respectfully invite Merchants and others to call and examine their extensive assortments of



HATS and CAPS,

comprising every variety, style and shape, *at unheard of low prices!*

WANTED—Muskrat, Mink, Beaver, Otter, Raccoon, and all kinds of shipping furs, for which the highest prices will be given in cash or trade.

August 2, 1845. 2m

LAMBERT DUY,

IMPORTER AND JOBBER IN FRENCH AND WERT OF ENGLAND

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c.

No. 108 Market St., South side, between Third and Fourth, sts. Philadelphia, Pa

WOULD respectfully call the attention of Western and Southern Merchants visiting Philadelphia, to his large, fresh and well selected stock of WOOLEN GOODS, among which will be found a full assortment of French and Wert of England Cloths and Cassimeres, of the finest qualities and most celebrated makes, imported by himself expressly for those dealing in superfine goods. Persons visiting the city with the intention of buying the above goods would do well to call and examine my stock before purchesing elsewhere, and I flatter myself that my goods cannot be surpassed in point of quality in this or any other city.

Philadelphia, July 12, 1845. 3m

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of nine writs of the State of Maryland, 5 of Veaditioni Exponas and 4 of Fieri Facias, one at the suit of Phenea H. Jones, use of James F. Woodland; two at the suit of John E. Cacy, one at the suit of Thomas Stuart use of Garrett Cox; one at the suit of James Gooding; one at the suit of Edward Boyer; one at the suit of John H. Burchnel; one at the suit of John C. Murphy, and one at the suit of Benjamin Benson and Samuel Catts, issued by John McDaniel and John H. Taylor, two Justices of the Peace in and for Kent county, Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of George B. Sanders, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, of said George B. Sanders, of, in and to the following lands and tenements to wit. Rich Levels and Wilmer's Addition, containing in all 128¾ *ACRES OF LAND*, more or less, adjoining the lands of Edward Boyer and others, near the Head of Sassafras, Kent county, Maryland, also one horse dearbond wagon and Harness, and I hereby give notice that on Friday, the 16th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. before the tavern door of William Pennington, Head of Sassafras, I will offer for sale the property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

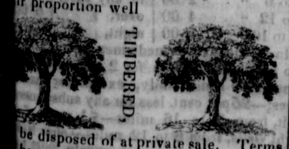
JOHN LEE, Const.
Sept. 20, '45. tds 2 81¼

FARM FOR Sale.

The plantation, late the residence of Benjamin Hanson, dec'd, containing

200 Acres,

fair proportion well



be disposed of at private sale. Terms to be made accommodating. Apply to

T. C. KENNARD,
Still Pond, Kent co. Md.

If not sold by the 10th of October it will be for rent.
September 20, 1845. 4w

FALL FASHIONS.

Beaver, cassimere, Russia and silk HATS, fall fashion, just opened and sale by WICKES & BRO.
September 25, 1845. 3w

Come and See.

The subscribers have returned from the city with a handsome assortment of

BOOTS,

SHOES,

and CAPS; their stock consists in part of Men's fine boots, 1 87½.
" lace boots 75 to 1 25.
" gumelastic over shoes.
Ladies morocco and kid thick sole shoes 1 00 to 1 12½.
" kid lace shos 31¼.
" undressed morocco boots 1 25.
" leather boots, stout 1 00.

A large assortment of misses boots and shoetees; children's and ladies gumelastic over shoes of all sizes—a lot of morocco slippers. Baltimore make, 62½—100 pair course lace boots of our own make on hand and for sale. We have a large stock of the best leather, which we are prepared to manufacture into Boots and Shoes at the shortest notice. Also an assortment of Caps, of different kinds and prices.

J. W. PRICHARD & CO.
C. Town, Sept. 20, '45.
N. B. Beef hides taken for Shoes.

Fever and Ague!!!

1000's! and 10,000's!!

Are now suffering under that *Bane of Life, Fever and Ague*, or Bilious Intermittent Fever!—"*Rowand's Improved Tonic Mixture*," is universally acknowledged, by the disinterested to be the *Great National Remedy*—the only *warranted, safe, sure* and *radical cure*—that never has failed, when properly used, to eradicate the disease, and also its *immediate causes*—restoring the natural feelings and elasticity of the constitution in a manner that nothing else will.

Therefore procure at once this long-tried, old, favourite, and sterling remedy, now called Rowand's Improved Tonic mixture—protected against counterfeiters, by the written signature of the original inventor, John R. Rowand, over the mouth of every bottle—and which may, for a certainty, be obtained genuine of nearly every respectable Storekeeper, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

JOHN R. ROWAND, M. D. Proprietor,
No 28 N. 2d st., Philad'a.
August 23, 1845. 3m

Constable's Sale.

By virtue of three writs of the State of Maryland, of Vendutioni Exponas, one at the suit of John H. Burchinal; one at the suit of J. Frazier, Adm'r of Thomas J. Hardman and one at the suit of J. Frazier Adm'r of Lemuel Vansant, issued by John H. Taylor, one of the Justices of the peace in and for Kent county, Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Levi Lofland, to me directed, I have seized and taken into execution, all the right, title and claim of the said Levi Lofland, of in and to the following lands and tenements to wit: 5 acres of land, more or less, upon which there is a small frame dwelling, situate in the Head of Sassafras, adjoining the lands of Joseph Griffith and others; also one pine table, two and a half dozen chairs, and I hereby give notice that on Friday, the 17th day of October next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. before the tavern door of Mr. Pennington, Head of Sassafras, I will offer for sale the property so seized and taken in execution by public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debts, interests and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN LEE, Const.
Sept. 20, '45 tds $2 50

A Great Bargain.

A good blacksmith and wheelwright shops, with all the necessary tools and material, such as bellows, anvils, vices, drill press, and a large quantity of other tools; also a large quantity of good seasoned stuff and other good materials for the business. The above bargain will be shown to any person wishing to buy and any reasonable satisfaction given. These shops are situated in the town of Church Hill, Queen Ann's co. Md. on ground rent, very low, and can be continued as long as it may suit the purchasers. These shops are not to be surpassed for convenience by any on this shore, and is said to be the best stand in the county. Any person wishing to commence the above business would do well to make application as soon as possible to

R. E. C. DOWNES,
Church Hill, Q. A. co. Md.
September 20, '45. 3w pd

To Rent.

For the next year or a term of years the brick dwelling house and store, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Robey and Jno. Russell & Co. situate on the corner of High and Queen sts. Chester Town, the buildings are in good repair.

A. W. SPARKS, Agent
September 20, '45.

MRS. BAKER respectfully informs the subscribers that the school will be open again on the first Monday in October.

MRS. BAKER, will be prepared to take a limited number of boarding scholars.—Terms made known on application.

September 20, 1845. 3w

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.
☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

From the Columbian Magazine, for October.

HOME.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Home! there is magic in the word,
A music in the sound,
Which makes the pulses of the heart,
With ecstacy abound:
And brings before the mental sight,
A vision rich and rare,
Of cheerful brows, and smiles of light,
Waiting to meet us there.

'Tis sweet to gather round the hearth,
'Mid winter's gloomy reign.
The treasures God has given to bless
Life's wilderness of pain:
When wife, and children, and the friends
We prize, assembled, prove
Their kind affection, and bestow
Fond words and looks of love.

What though around the hoarse wind wild,
In madden'd fury roars;
And on the frosty tettered earth,
An icy deluge pours:
We reck not of the world without,
Who see our world within,
Where childhood's laughing, merry shout
Outrings the tempest's din.

And oh! 'tis sweet, at day's decline,
United to repair,
Around the altar's sacrad shrine,
And pay our offerings there—
To thank, with greatful hearts, that power,
From whom all good gifts come,
And pray that he may freely pour
New blessings on our home:

That, as we journey onward, through
Life's pilgrimage, our way
May be illumined by the light
Of faith's celestial ray—
And, when the last dark hour shall cease,
We, and the loved ones given
By Him, may find another home,
Lasting and pure, in heaven.

From the London Punch.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO THE FIRST—*Courtship.*

Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow
Lo! at thy feet, I swear to love thee ever!
And, by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which ere shall burn as bright as now,
To be extinguished—never, dearest—never!
Wilt thou that haughty, fluttering heart resign?
Catharine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine.

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring;
And we will live in solitude, nor care
For aught save for each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow: Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

CANTO THE SECOND.—*Matrimony.*

Now, Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say,
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery, all trash—nay, nay,
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now.
I say I won't allow ten pounds a week:
I can't afford it; Madam, do not speak!

In wedding you, I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;
In fact my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure!
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I'll made them quiet!

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

A laughable case lately came before the London police. A Mr. Warren, of Wilmington, was brought up on a warrant to answer the charge of having, in conjunction with other parties, assaulted, maltreated, and put in bodily fear, Mr. Robert Platt, gentlemen. It appeared that the complainant had advertised, in one of the London papers, for a wife, who was to be a lady of respectability, and in the sole possession of a small property; and he described himself as having a comfortable independence, as being forty five years of age, of good address, and tolerable personal advantages. The advertisement brought forth an answer from Wilmington, the writer of which, represented herself as possessed of £300 a year, and as desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance with a respectable man of mature age. She, however, wished the epistolary correspondence to be carried on until she had obtained a knowledge of the life of her future *cara sposa*. Her wish was complied with; and at length an interview was appointed at the house of her brother, with whom she lived, and who would be absent at the time. Mr. Platt presented himself, and was received by a veiled lady, who stated that she had determined upon not disclosing her features unless she should happen to be satisfied with the personal appearance of her lover. She at length declared that she was satisfied; but as she still seemed to hesitate, the gentleman gallantly asked leave to withdraw the vexatious veil. He did so; a hughely whiskered face presented itself, and from sundry places of concealment various grinning heads were popped up, to the amazement and chagrin of the wife-seeker, who prepared to make his exit; but he was quickly surrounded and hustled by a number of persons, and at last was tumbled into the yard, where a quantity of water was thrown upon him. Mr. Warren admitted that he had personated the lady; but he denied the assault, and as the complainant could not distinctly swear that the defendant had assaulted him, the case was dismissed.

From the Washington Bee.

HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study the grand secret. Our friend, who furnished the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he gazed upon the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage, I have, as yet, neither refused nor accepted any one of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

A answered as follows—"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have servants and carriages at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich."

B spoke next—"My rival has said very truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am noble of descent. My grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom an alliance would be considered an honor by the wealthiest heiress in the land.

C stated his claims thus—"I am a politician, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of my success. By marrying me, your name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his mostache with an air of an exquisite, and said—"Angelic creature! 'Pon my soul I think you have alrerdy made up your mind in my favor. You know how damnably I'm admired. Who is the most fashionable dresser in town?—Who rides the finest horse? Who frequents the most fashionable places? Who is the better judge of the Opera? Rumor says D, but, 'pon honor, I'm too modest to insist upon it."

When it came to E's time to speak there was a pause. All eyes were turned towards him. Poor fellow he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, 'what say you, Mr. E."

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor"—

"Go on."

"I am not of noble family"—

"Go on, sir."

"I am unknown to the world"—

"No matter—proceed."

"I have neither the taste nor the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that sir; what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, *and take a newspaper.*"

At this Messrs. A B C and D burst out into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in one voice—"So do we!—I love you to distraction!—I take your papers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady, "In one month you shall have my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession the lady answered:

"Riches are not productive of happiness." "Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations." "Fame is fleeting," and "he that has but the outward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied." "I have taken the trouble to find out the name of the newspapers to which you subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, *have paid the printer!*—Now, gentlemen, this is dishonest. I cannot think of marrying a man who could be guilty of a dishonest act. I have learned that Mr. E not only subscribes for a paper, *but pays the printer!* Therefore I say, he is the man. I give him my hand with the full conviction that he is one who is every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed *gentlemen* disappeared quite suddenly; and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion; and, in a few years, by his honesty and industry, became, not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and was esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, be *paid the printer!*—Is there no moral in this?

The steamer Chaplain was discoved, on the 10th inst. aground about two miles below Jefferson Barracks. A considerable portion of her cargo had been placed on shore. It was supposed that she had been snagged.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.

Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, as one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the place of Joseph Story, deceased.

It is rumored that a delegate will be sent to Congress, during the next session, by the settlers in Oregon.

THE MORAVIAN VICTORY.

During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Green Hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the streets nor in their houses. The brethern had long expected this attack, but true to their Christian profession, they would not have resource to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted to be their shield, in this hour of great danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight; where they expected an armed band, they saw it clasped in prayer. Where they expected weapon to weapon, and the body armed for the fignt, they saw the bended knee, and the humbled head before the altar of the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection; they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers; they heard the song of praise and the hymn of confidence in the sure promise of the Lord. They beheld in silence this little band of Christians; they felt unable to raise their hands against them, and after lingering in the streets, (which they filled,) for a night and day, with one consent they turned and marched away from the place *without having injured an individual, or purloined a single loaf of bread.* In consequence of this signal mark of protection from Heaven, the inhabitants of the neighboring villages brought their goods, and asked for shelter in the Grace Hill which they called "the city of refuge."

ANECDOTE OF COM. DECATUR.

The following anecdote of the gallant Decatur, is related in the September number of the United States Nautical Magazine:

Before the war, Capt. Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk; Decatur was there, too, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said "Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a cleaver set of fellows; but what practice have you had in war! there's the rub. Some day we will probably have a 'brush" together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen." "Will you," says Decatur; "*I will bet you a hat* on it." The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed.

But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening commenced, and the two captains, by some singular coincidence, *met.* The results of the action are known. Captain Carden, on going on board the United States, was received by a lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword, "Not to me sir," said the officer, "but to the Captain."—"And where is the Captain?" said the embarrassed Englishman. "He is standing aft there; that is the gentleman, sir, in a tarpaulin hat and round jacket."

Carden went aft, and his feelings on meeting, under such circumstances, his old friend, may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, that officer said, "No, Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man; you have fought gallantly. But," said he laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I will *take that hat,* my dear fellow."

THE FASHIONS.

Walking in Broadway the other day, we saw what we at first supposed to be a tailor's lay-figure, set in motion by some ingenious machinery. On nearer inspection, however, it proved to be a live man, but so exquisitely adorned in all respects—so wound up to kill—so laced, so rouged, so curled, so strapped, so booted, that we came to the conclusion that he was neither more no less than the personification of some tailor's ingenuity, who took this method of setting fashions, or of persuading the unenlightened that such were already adopted by the *beau monde.*

Several ladies whom we saw, correspondingly adorned, with bonnets set off by prodigious variegated roses, rainbow shawls, which, like sleep, covered them all over like a cloak, beside allowing one corner to sweep the pavement; reticules gleaming like the breast-plates of the Virgins of the Sun; and diminutive sun-shades, fluttering and glancing like the wings of butterflies. These, we concluded also, to be the mere walking advertisements of ambitious merchants and milliners, who scorn the less *recherches* modes of poetry and pictures, or rather preferred combining poetry and the arts of design, in one irresistible form.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE FISH OF 1845.

This year will long be remembered for some peculiarities attending the fish of our waters. Whether owing to protarcted drought or other causes, fish heretofore found only in salt water, have penetrated far up our inland streams. For instance, seals have been caught as high up as Rancocas, in the Delaware, and boys have caught crabs at the wharves of Philadelphia, a thing unheard of before. In the west, too, the fish have been indulging in like vagaries. The Louisville Journal says that since the great flood in the Mississippi, last year, several kinds before unknown to the vicinity of St. Louis, are caught in great abundance in the river and the small streams running into it. One kind is a very handsome fish, with bright silvery sides, reddish colored back, flat and broad, resembling in shape the salt water shad; for want of a better name the fishermen call them flounders. Another kind resembles in appearance the pike, but is smaller and more delicate in its proportions, with a brownish circle or ring round its body near the gills; these are called ringed sturgeon. Both are excellent fish. The latter is free from, and the former full of, small wiry bones. Herring, precisely like those of Cape Fear, have also made their appearance in the waters of St. Louis. They run in shoals, and are easily taken with hook or seine. Shrimps are now caught in the small necks and streams near that city, with the seine by bushels.

Philad. Post.

WONDERFUL IF TRUE.

The Gazette des Tribunaux, of Paris, relates the following anecdote, to the truth of which we should be sorry to pledge ourselves.—"M. P. had two enamel shirt studs, surmounted by a small fly of burnished steel, so beautifully wrought that he frequently deceived his friends by feigning to be annoyed by flies. One of those studs was lost. M. P. had certain suspicions, but for want of proof thought it prudent to suppress them. The following year the fellow stud also disappeared, whereupon the old servent was accused of theft and dismissed. Some days afterwards Madame P. perceived a large spider's web behind the wainscot of her apartment, and upon brushing it down what was her surprise at seeing the two missing studs fall to the ground! An enormous spider deceived by the resemblance, and thinking to have caught a fly, had hidden the studs in the web. The innocence of the servant being thus proved she was instantly recalled."

TEXIAN SOLDIERS.

Gen T. I. Green, in his graphic Journal of the "Meir Expedition," thus illustrates the military propensities of the children of the "Lone Star."

"I have known men to go out without either horse or gun, and never knew them to fail in being armed before the pinching time. One lad in particular, I recollect to have overtaken on foot and unarmed, pressing forward to the army; and, upon my inquiring after his horse and arms, he said, with the utmost simplicity, "I have neither, sir, but expect the old general will let me fight upon my own hook with stones until one of our boys is killed then I can get his." I asked him if he was good at throwing stones. "I am pretty good when I get close enough, sir," was his modest answer. I need hardly add that *he* proved himself a soldier."

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS.

The ship Caspar, Capt Spicker, from Bremen, arrived at this port yesterday, with 181 German passengers.—*Balt. Clipper.*

VARIETY.

FISHING.—After two hours' patient waiting Tom says to Jim, "I've got a bite"—"Ah! is it a trout Tom?" "No." "What is it?" "It's a musquito?"

Veal is called "unfinished beef" in the Newburgh Telegraph. The Saturday Visitor supposes lamb would be termed "incipient mutton," and we think pig might be denominated *premonitory pork.*

Happiness like a pacific neighbor, is willing to enter into an alliance and confederacy, but we stand, as it were, on punctilios, and like unskilful negociators, refuse to treat for want of a few trifling formalities. So says Uncle Ben.

GETTING SET UP.

'Two free-thinking authors,' said a certain book-seller, 'when I was a little low in the world, assured me, if I would print their works, they would *set me up*; and, indeed, they were as good as their word; for, in six weeks after I published the first thing they sent me, I was set up indeed—*but it was on the pillory.*'

ONLY TALKING TO HIMSELF.—A person in company said, in a violent passion, to another—

"You are a liar! a scoundrel!"

The other, with great composure, turned around to the company, and said to them:

"You must not mind what this poor fellow says; it is a way he has; he was only *talking to himself.*"

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN.—"Col. W. is a fine looking man, aint he?" said a friend of ours, the other day.

"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."

"You! why you are as ugly as sin?"

"I don't care for that; I was taken for him—I endorsed his note and was taken for him by the sheriff."

"Miss Dinah, why am that glistening ring, which you display so scientifically on your matchless finger, like my love for you?"

"I does not know, I'm sure."

"Because it's got no end."

"And why is it like mine for you?"

"My dear, I cannot tell."

"Because it has no beginning."

He sloped instanter.

AFRICAN CANDOR.—"Did you attend church to day, as I charged you?" enquired an old planter of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

"Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply, "an' what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell."

"Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way—what stories are they?"

"Why, he tell de people no man can serve two massas—now, dis is de fuss story, 'case you see old Cudjo serves you, my ole massa, and also young massa John.—Den de preacher says, "he will lub de one and hate de other"—white I *hate you both.*"

SIMPLIFYING MARRIAGE.—The ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show:—

"What is your name, sir?" demands the Justice.

"Matty."

"What is your name, Miss?"

"Polly."

"Matty, do you love Polly?"

"No mistake."

"Polly, do you love Matty?"

"Well, I reckon."

"Well, then," concludes the official dignitary,

"'I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life.'"