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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. APRIL 4, 1846. NO. 49.

LAWS OF MARYLAND,

Passed at the December Session, 1845, of the Legislature of Maryland, relative to the Revenue of the State.

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE SPEEDY COLLECTION OF THE PUBLIC REVENUE.

Section 1 *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That it shall be the duty of the Clerks of the County Courts of this State, and of Howard District Court, and of the City Court of Baltimore, to transmit to the Treasurer of this State, on or before the first Monday of June and November in each and every year after the passage of this act, lists and accounts under oath, of all licenses which shall be by them severally granted in pursuance of any existing or future law of this State, to regulate the issuing of Licenses to Traders, Keepers of Ordinaries and others, which list shall conform to the direction of the 5th section of the act of 1841, chapter 262, under the penalty provided by the 6th section of the act passed at December session, 1827, chapter 117, entitled, "An Act to regulate the issuing of Licenses to Traders, Keepers of Ordinaries and others."

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the said Clerks, at the time of transmitting the said lists and accounts to the Treasurer, or within thirty days after the said first Monday of June and November to pay over to him the amount appearing by said lists and accounts to be due to the State, and in case the said Clerks shall fail to account and pay, as aforesaid within the period aforesaid, the Treasurer shall give notice thereof to the Deputy of the Attorney General for the proper County, District or City, whose duty it shall be to put the bond of such Clerks in suit, for the use of this State, in which suit a recovery shall be had for the amount so appearing to be due the State, with interest at the rate of *Ten Per centum per annum*, from the first Monday of June and November respectively, which recovery shall be evidence of misbehaviour, and *ipso facto* remove such Clerks from office, which shall thereupon be filled by the Governor, as prescribed by the Constitution and Laws of this State, and such failure on the part of any of the said Clerks, shall amount to forfeiture of the commission to which he would otherwise be entitled.

Sec. 3. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Register of Wills of this State, the Register of the Court of Chancery, and the Clerks of the County Courts and Howard District, to account with, upon oath, and pay over to the Treasurer on the first Monday of June and November, in each and ever year, or within thirty days thereafter, all sums of money received by them respectively, under the provisions of the several acts of December session, 1844, chapter 184, chapter 189 and chapter 237, for which they shall be allowed a commission of five *per centum* upon the amount so paid over, and in case any of the said Clerks or Registers shall fail to account and pay as aforesaid, within the period aforesaid the same proceeding, recovery and consequence, shall ensue, as are provided in the proceeding section in reference to the Clerks therein mentioned.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Clerks of the several County Courts, and Howard District, the City Court of Baltimore, and of the Comissioner of Loans, on the first Monday of June and November in each and every year, or within thirty days thereafter, to account with, upon oath, and pay over to the Treasurer, all sums of money received by them, repectively, under the provisions of the act passed at December session, 1844, chapter 280, the said Clerks being entitled to deduct therefrom a commission of five per centum, and in case of failure, in addition to the proceedings, recovery and consequences which are prescribed by the act last referred to, the said Clerks shall forfeit the commission heretofore allowed them.

D. CLAUDE, Treasurer.

March 28th, 1846. 3w

BALTIMORE!

DRY GOODS.

WHITELEY, McCONKEY & CO.

No. 12 Hanover, near Market st.

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of Country Merchants, visiting the Baltimore market, to call and examine their extensive and general stock of Staple, American, and Foreign

DRY GOODS.

Gentlemen may save themselves both time and expense in making their purchases in this city, instead of visiting cities East of us. We pledge ourselves not to be undersold, in fair trade, with any other house.

☞Call and examine our Goods and prices. We will charge nothing for posting you up.

February 21st, 1846. 4w

NOTICE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his old friends and the public, that he has rent the MILL known as "Whaland's," where he is prepared to wait on them in the best manner, and with despatch. His Meal and Flour Store is kept at Mr. Jury's, on Front street, near Dr. Whaland's. The prices are 2, 3 and 4 cents, per lb. for flour; chopt corn, 62½ cts. per bushel. 20 barrels white wheat flour, on hand and for sale—warranted.

W. BACCHUS.

January 17th, 1846. tf

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 Saturday Evening Post.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY A LADY.

In wooing strains we call thee spring,
Renew thy gladsome reign!
Once more the rose and floweret bring,
And verdure on the plain.

Too long, too long, has Winter swayed,
With most inclement skies;
Too long, oh! Spring has thou delayed,
Regardless of our sighs.

Come vernal day, when mead and field,
In their gay livery dressed,
Shall joy to merry tillers yield,
With hope of harvest blessed.

Come vernal morn, when songsters sweet,
Perched on the leafy spray,
With mingled carols bland shall greet
The orient beams of day.

Come vernal days when blossoms fair
Shall deck the leafless grove;
Sweet fragrance floats along the air
And all invites to love.

CHANGE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH, BOSTON.

Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride,
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jewelled crown of night—
All whereon the eye can rest,
Shows it legibly imprest.

All things earthly, like a dream,
Pass, and are not what they seem;
O'er their features, while we gaze,
Swiftly sweeps some varying phase.
Lo! the storm hath passed away—
Mark the rainbow's vivid ray!
Where? 'Tis past. We look again—
Sunshine brightens all the plain—
Let thy spirit bathe in light—
Look again—thou look'st on night!

Lo! within its mother's arms,
Smiles the babe in infant charms;
Look again—on that fair brow,
Care hath ploughed its furrows now;
Wordless now those lips no more,
Hark! what eloquence they pour,
Eloquence that chains and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins by turns.

Such is life—all fair to-day;
Dark, to-morrow, dull and grey—
Changing, ever, like the moon,
Or the fleecy clouds of June,
Now in brightness, now in gloom—
Now the cradle—now the tomb.

But beyond this shifting sky,
Look with faith-illumined eye;
There, upon that glorious shore,
Change and death are known no more;
There the dark domain shall cease,
There is permanence and peace.

GETTING THROUHG LIFE.

Life is like a wretched crab stick,
By far too full of knots and winding,
He who gets through without a kick
Must feel he ne'er is worth the minding!

RELIGION IS LOVE.

Religion is pure, and like its author, lovely and loving. It never lessens our attachment to one another, chilling no affection, and drying up the springs of charity, and sympathy, and fine feeling, that feed the river of the milk of human kindness in the breasts of man. The religion of Christ warms, but never chills us.

The bosom where it resides feels an influence, and imparts one, too, which angels would recognize as kindred to what they inhale in their own Eden. Who can love the misanthrope, the poor curtailed animal, once a man, but now less than the noble being who is stamped with divine features and born for social enjoyment.

When the Great Christian Teacher was upon earth, his first lesson was love: a love of every thing good, and high, and noble, and extending itself over a world of intelligence. Its first manifestations at the Throne of God, and its last, were for man. This is the lesson we are to learn, if we would be taught by it.

While we exercise this principle, we cannot go astray. It is impossible. We shall stand in a broad place, covered by the panoply of Jehovah. And instead of becoming the slaves of superstition, or the tools of a party, we shall reverence the image of true religion, find it where we will, in the palace or in the cottage, beaming from the face of the Indian, or shining on that of the African. Be the man of high or low degree, tugging at the oar, or galled by the hand of slavery, religion is the same in all.

As she goes forth clothed in the lovely regalia of her order, innumerable blessings attend her. The tears of the widow and the orphan are wiped away. Over the turmoil of life she spreads her hands, stilling the rude, rough surges of sorrow, and arching upon the mourner's eyes with the beautiful colors of peace, while around the world she scatters the bright ornaments of serinity and joy.

A letter from Philadelphia says—"Philadelphia now swarmes with pickpockets, many of whom daily prowl about our most public places. Two gentlemen on Thursday had their pockets picked by these gentry."

From Morris's National Press.

A DYALOGUE OF OLYMPUS

BETEEN THE GODDESSES

COLUMBIA AND BRITTANIA.

BY LUCIAN, JUNIOR.

[*Brittania seated—the lion at her feet, a spear in her hand, hamlet, shield, etc., etc.*]

Brit.—I wonder if that young Jezebel, Miss Columbia, has come to her senses yet, and is willing to listen to reason. What shall I do with the upstart huzzy? She is too big to be whipped, and too bold to be frightened. Oh! yonder she comes—there is nothing left for me but coaxing; I'll come over her with a little blarney.

[*Enter Columbia.*]

Brit.—Ah! my dear litt pupil, how do you do— and how have you been this long time—and how are all your sisters, the precious little souls—confound the brats, I wish thay were in Guinea. (*Aside*).

Col.—Good morning, madam. (*Attempting to pass on*).

Brit.—Stop, stop—you foolish little thing, and don't look so coolly on your doating old governess. You do'nt know how I love you.

Col.— Oh! yes I do. I remember the last time we met, you called me American vulture, spawn of Democracy, half-horse half-alligator, and accused me of chewing, and spittin, and upsetting mustard pots.

Brit.—Hah! hah! hah! I was only joking—indeed I was. It's a way I've got I always abuse most those I like best; and sometimes when I'm in special good humour, I box their ears, and pummel them to a jelly, for pure philanthropy.

Col.—The deuce you do? Well now I declare, that's tarnation droll, is'nt it?—Suppose I were to turn round and give you as good as you send; tit-for tat, you know is all fair?

Brit.—Oh, then, my dear, I should fall in to a terrible passion. You see I'm a venerable old lady, that knows everything, and am always in the right. Besides didn't I take an immense deal of trouble with you, to make you a good girl, and take away all your pocket money, for fear you should get a surfeit of gingerbread and round hearts? Answer me that. You are—you dear little pettish spoiled imp—of —— I mean you dear moppet.

Col—Well, well, goody—I don't want to quarrel with you—not I—and am willing to forget what you said the other day.—But you must acknowledge that you have a foul tongue in your head, and, whenever you can't make people do just as you please abuse them like pickpockets. I wish you'd leave it off—it's a bad practice, and will bring you into trouble, one of these days.

Brit.—(*aside.*) Was there ever such an impertinent, provoking minx? If I hadn't a point to gain, I'd scratch her eyes out, so I would. But my dear little Columbia, let's be serious, and talk over the old affair of Oregon. You'd better give it to me, at once, and say no more about it, and you can't think how the Quarterly will praise you, my dear.

Col.—Can't indeed.

Brit.—You know, my dearest little moppet, it's of no use to you. You've got more land now, than you know what to do with and I want it particularly to supply me with muffs and tippets—won't you?

Col.—Can't indeed.

Brit.—You don't know how I'll love you, if you will. I'll call you a chip of the old block—I'll invite you to all my tea parties—I'll kiss you, and hug you, and humbug you, and you shall be my ony-doney-darling.

Col—And suppose I don't choose to make a fool of myself? what then?

Brit.—Why, then—why—why—but I *must* keep my temper (*aside*). But you're only joking—I know you will.

Col.—Can't, indeed.

Brit.—Well then, as we can't agree, suppose we submit it to arbitration?

Col.—No, thank you. I've had enough of arbitration. Besides, you have abused me, and blackened my character so all over the world—you've called me vulture, and so many other hard names, that if your reputation as a scolding old termagent was not pretty well known, I would be considered almost as bad as yourself. As it is, I have hardly a friend left in the world, and I don't know a single person I could trust to do justice between us.

Brit.—My character! old termagent.—Marry come up, my dirty cousin!-pray what do you mean by that? Aint I a broth of a woman? Aint I as pious as a saint, as patient as a martyr—and as philanthropic as a she wolf? Don't I starve the hungry, strip the naked, and make the little children work like horses, to keep them out of mischief? Don't I wrong every body's rights—I mean right every body's wrongs—though I say it myself, because nobody else will say it? Answer me that, you upstart caterpillar—you—but you'll certainly accept the forty-ninth degree—hey, honey dear?

Col.—No. I offered it once, and you as good as told me I was trying to cheat you outright. You know the old saying about one good offer?

Brit.—Then you mean to swallow it all yourself, you little vulture; just as you did Texas.

Col.—Why, I dont know. Perhaps, if you behave decently, and don't give yourself airs—and if you'll take it as a favour, and not as a right, I may allow you to set your traps there for a few years longer.—But mind, my lady, if you go to chatter and bully, as you always do, I'll make you dance the Polk-a to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Brit.—The jade—the hazzy—the minx—the vulture—the cormorant—the catamount—the undutiful, ungrateful, rebelious spawn of Democraly—the—the— (*aside.*)

Col.—Why, what are you muttering a bout, old lady?

Brit.—Why, my darling, I was just saying to myself, that if you'd only be good now—I might find in my heart to persuade you to do me a great favour.

Col.—Ah! that would be something new, indeed.

Brit.—Why, my dear little pupil, as you have a great deal more than you want, and things are a little scarce with me just now—think—that is to say, if you'll be a very, very good girl, and give me a big slice of Oregon—I'll permit you to supply me with bread and provisions.

Col—The deuce you will! Well now that is liberal in you, I must say, and I'll take the matter into serious consideration. But I must first consult the wisdom of Congress, and in the mean time, good bye.—(*Exit.*)

Brit.—He—he—he! I've hook'd the gudgeon at last. That notion of free trade was what they call a *Peeler*. What a greenhorn! I can change whenever there is a good crop of potatoes; but if I once get a fair hold of Oregon, they may choke me, if they can.

[*Exit, humming "Brittania rules the waves."*]

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

Much is said of the brilliant stucco white-wash, on the east of the president's house at Washington.

The following is a receipt for making it, with some additional improvements learned by experiment. Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste and stirred and boiled hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade you like. Spanish-brown stirred in will make a red or pink, more or less deep according to quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed up with Spanish brown, before it is stirred into the mixture, makes it a lilac color. Lamp black and Spanish-brown mixed together produces a reddish stone color. Lamp black in moderate quanties makes a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings.—Yellow ocre stirred in makes a yellow wash, but chrome goes farther, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of the coloring matter used. It is difficult to make a rule, because the testates are very different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. I have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color and the color has an effect on the white-wash, which makes it crack and peal.—When walls have been badly smoked and you wish to have them a clan white it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use before it is stirred into the whole mixture. If a larger quantity than five gallons should be wanted, the same proportion should be observed.

WRITING AGAINST TIME.

It is stated that Mr. James, the novelist, has undertaken for a considerable sum of money, to write three novels—one fashionable, one historical, and one sentimental; to finish the life, in two volumes, of any celebrated character; to write a pamphlet against the Corn laws, and to commerce four different tales in four different magazines; all within the space of a calendar month. It is supposed that he will perform the task with ease, and have two or three days to spare.

DELIGHTFUL.

Young mothers will be delighted to learn, that an ingenious fellow "down East" has invented a machine which rocks the cradle and gently waves a peacock's feather over the baby's face at the same time; so that, instead of singing the lullaby to put the child to sleep, the mother may solace herself with the latest novel.

A NEW CRIME IN THE CATALOGUE.

James G. McDaniel was on Thursday last, in Boston, committed to the county house of correction on a mittimus from the Municipal Court, under sentence of four days confinement for the crime of "*telling fortunes!*"

VALUABLE ESTATE.

We are informed that Bishop Fenwick, through his business agent, has offered $8 per foot for the estate corner of Franklin and Federal streets. It is held at $10 per foot.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA.

This recent engagement, an account of which has been published in the News, is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Boston Atlas, under date of

LONDON, March 3d, 1846.

The war in India and the monster debate in Parliament on the Corn Laws, have been the prominent topics of interest since my last communication was sent to you. The engagements in the Punjaub with the Sikhs, left the British troops victorious, but it is acknowledged that never were the tidings of a great victory clouded by heavier losses to England—never was the bloody price of a victory more sorrowfully paid by a nation. At Moodkee and Ferozeshah, three battles were fought. 20,000 British troops were opposed to 30,000 Sikhs—some accounts state that twice that number of Sikhs were on the field, but only thirty thousand were engaged in the first battle, and as many more fresh troops were brought forward in the last engagement. At Moodkee the hero of Jalalabad, *the gallant Sir Robert Sale, fell, with upwards of sixty veteran officers, the flower of the British army in India!* The first engagement took place at Moodkee, on the 18th of December, and on the 21st and 22d of the same month, there were two other engagements. On the 22d the Sikh General brought forward an army of thirty thousand fresh men, and he compelled the British General to change his whole front to the right, while his artillery kept up an incessant fire, which the British General acknowledges he was unable to answer by a single shot, as his ammunition was completely exhausted! Sir Hugh Gough, in one of his despatches, says at this moment he directed his exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks at once, which apparently caused the enemy to cease to fire and abandoned the field.—The Times remarks that it is unable to discover in these words any adequate cause for the defeat of the Sikhs and the retreat across the Sutlej. "Certain it is that this retreat rests upon hearsay. No one saw the Sikhs come—no one saw them depart." It is clear from all the accounts that the Sikhs have still a sufficient force to offer a formidable resistance, while the real situation of affairs in the Punjaub remains wrapped in doubt and mystery. The long official documents in the "*Gazette Extraordinary*," throw no clear light on the matter. All we know is that there has been a severe battle—that the Governor General was wholly unprepared for it—that the loss of the British in killed and wounded was several thousand men—and that the Sikhs was preparing for another engagement. By the next Overland mail we shall probably have further and more deplorable accounts of the war in Punjaub.

Sir Henry Hardinge is much censured by the London press for allowing the Sikh army to cross the river and surprise him.

The loss of so many brave men and veteran officers, in the recent battles, has thrown many families in England into mourning—and the cannon that were fired for a victory, gained at such an immense sacrifice, could not dispel the deep gloom that filled every breast when the sad tidings became generally known.

England has already paid dearly for her ambitious and grasping policy in the East, as Russia has in Circassia, and as France has in Algeria—yet neither England, Russia, nor France appears to learn wisdom by such costly experience.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

A man 35 or 40 years old, who has palmed himself off upon the people of Stonington for a year past as "Dr. Otis Smith, *Thomsonian physician*," left that place suddenly about a week since for parts unknown. During his residence in Stonington, he had courted and married a daughter of one of the most respectable citizens, and just previous to his departure bought a horse for which he gave his note, endorsed by his father-in-law. About the time he left Stonington it was ascertained that he had *four wives* beside the one then living with him—one in New Hampshire, one in Maine, one in Massachusetts, and one in the State of New York. He had acquired the respect and esteem of the citizens of Stonington and was an active and frequent exhorter in the religious meetings in the village and neighborhood; thus cloaking his real character, and passing for a man of piety and correct principles. He is undoubtedly an accomplished villian, and we trust the press throughout the country will have an eye on him.—*New London Advocate.*

MR. GILLIS AND HIS HORSE.

Mr. Mark Gillis of Nashville, an ardent Locofoco, lost a favorite horse during election day. He had been some distance from the place of meeting, to procure two or three delinquent voters, and was upon the full drive towards the ballot box, when his horse had a leg instantly broken by stepping into a hole in the bridge over which they were passing. The delay caused thereby resulted in the election of Messrs. Gay and Beard, two staunch Whigs.—The voters in charge of Mr. Gillis would have turned the scale the other way. The Whigs instantly started a paper, and raised and paid Mr. Gillis the value of his horse.—*N. H. Statesman.*

DECIDEDLY SO.

"Ephraim, this baby's legs are monstrous fat, ain't they? What temperament do you think the child has?"

"Rather heavy, Simon—decidedly of the *limb-fat ic*."

"Well, I guess so too."

From the Baltimore American.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN:

The follow paragraph, relating to the great Napoleon, is clipped from a stray page of Niles' Register, published in 1823. As the facts stated may be new to the younger portion of your readers, and as I know at least one of your respectable firm will recollects the great hue and cry that was raised against Napoleon, as a tyrant, for the execution of the Duke of Enghein, may I not hope to have the pleasure of seeing the paragraph copied into your journal?

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

NAPOLEON.

This great captain fought *fifty* pitched battles—ten more than Cæsar.

The character of the deceased begins to be much better understood—and the time is not distant when the splendor of his deeds, in peace and war, will cast into oblivion the most of the slanders that were heapened upon him, for political purposes. The duke of Rovigo has established the fact, that it was Talleyrahd, and not Napoleon, who caused the execution of the duke of Enghem—who was put to death without the knowledge of Bonapart. We do not regard the *life* of the duke as having been more valuable than that of a common pauper—but, because he was of the "royal blood," much noise has been made about this execution, and it is pleasing to observe that the real author of the act may be compelled to bear the odium of it.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia American writes—

A rumor is current in the circles professing to know what is going on in Japonicadom, that one of the wealthiest, most beautiful and accomplished young daughters, of an old and aristocratic house, is about to be married to Mr. Cadwallader, an equestrian performer of great personal beauty, with whom the romantic heiress fell in love while he was performing at Welch's Circus, at the Park Theatre.—This union of the aristocratic circle with the circle of the tan, creates naturally a great deal of remark; and I hear of several handsome young men, who already think of taking lessons in riding, with a view to enter the ring in search of a rich and beautiful wife.

Sweet young ladies, married and to be married, please read the following:

A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with the storms and tempest, but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture our lost spirits.

Not many years ago the mail from New Orleans was from thirty to forty days in reaching New York. During the administration of Judge McLean, as Postmaster General, a plan was adopted to convey the mail from New Orleans to Washington in fourteen days; this was considered a great undertaking. Now the contract time is eight days—and people grumble at that as too slow.

It is stated in the New York Telegraph as a rumor, that Mr. Wm. B. Astor is about to establish a new steam packet line to Liverpool. It is supposed that the outlay will be about a million of dollars, for four first class steamers, and the gross receipts per annum about $720,000.

COST OF A "LITTLE WAR."

The cost of the French war department the present year is estimated at 325,000,000 of francs, or about nearly *sixty millions of dollars*, so that it seems the luxury of making *razzias* in the poor Arabs is rather an expensive one.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

The Salem Register says that one of the party in that region gravely protests that the late unparalleled freshet in the Merimac was caused by *the tears of the Locos* shed for the downfall of their strong hold, New Hampshire.

ESCAPED.

Sam Brown of the Massachusetts State Prison, mingling with a crowd of visitors, walked out very leisurely with them, and has not been found since.

ANOTHER GONE.

Benjamin Pegg, a revolutionary soldier, died last week near Covington, Miami Co. Ohio, aged *one hundred years and ten months.*

EXTENSIVE STUFFING.

We see it stated in an English paper, that 17,000 sacks of sawdust are consumed annually, in London, for stuffing dolls alone.

It is stated in the United States Gazette that the balance in favor of the Banks of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, against those of New York, was $760,000.

It is estimated that $80,000 worth of sheep are annually destroyed by dogs in the State of Ohio. One farmer lost 50 in a single night.

GEN. HOUSTON.—This gentleman has arrived at Washington, and with his Mexican blanket, is attracting considerable attention.