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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. SEPTEMBER 4, 1847. NO. 19.

ATS, CAPS, LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, &C. To Merchants, Hatters and Others.

GARDEN & BROWN,

Hat and Cap Warehouse and Manufactory,

NO. 196 MARKET STREET,

econd door below Sixth, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY solicit attention to their large and complete stock of Hats d Caps, manufactured under their own mediate direction and superintendence. ith all the advantages of modern improvements to enable them to combine the important qualities of durability, taste and auty of finish with extreme cheapness of ice.

An immense and beautiful assortment of varieties and prices of Beaver, Brush, k, Moleskin, Russia, Cassimere, Wool, orting and Ashland Hats. Also, a gen al assortment of every variety of Caps, ter. Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Muskrat, Plain d Fancy Cloth every style, Red, Black d Brown Mohair, Sealette, Glazed, Oiled k and Fur Caps.

Ladies' Muffs, Boas, &c., at the very west prices.

Buyers by the dozen or less, are invited call and see if it is not to their interest deal with us.

Particular attention paid to the packing Hats, &c.

Cash paid for Muskrat and Shipping Furs

GARDEN & BROWN,

. 196 *Market Street, below Sixth st.*, Philadelphia, July 24, 1847 3m

tate of Maryland, Cecil County, Set:

UPON application made to me, the subscriber, one of the Judges of the Orphans Court of Cecil county by Thomas rnside of said county imprisoned for ts he is unable to pay, by his petition ying the benefit of the Insolvent Laws his State, a schedule of his property, of his creditors and debtors, on oath, far as he can at present ascertain the e being annexed to his petition; and the petitioner having satisfied me that he resided for two years last past in the e of Maryland, and he having taken the prescribed by the Act of 1805, chap. and given bond with security sufficient his appearance before the Judges of Ceounty court, on the first Tuesday in next October term of said court, and at other time or times as the said court direct, to answer such interrogatories llegations as may be made against him ve to his application, and having com with the requisitions of the Act of bly, passed at December Session entitled an act relative to insolvent rs chapter 205 and the several supple thereto, by executing a Deed of all roperty, real, personal and mixed, to Conard appointed by me Trustee said Thomas Burnside, and the said ee having given bond with approved ity for the performance of the trust, rtified in writing to me, that he was session of all the Estate of the said ner mentioned in his schedule. I do re order that the said Thomas Burnde discharged from imprisonment, and e give notice to his creditors of his ation for the benefit of the Insolvent of the State of Maryland, and that t Tuesday next after the third Mon October next is the day appointed appearance before the Judges of ounty court to answer such interro s and allegations as may be propoun him relative to his said application. e said notice be given by advertisen some newspaper printed on the n shore of Md. once a week for at ree months before said first Tues the next October term of Cecil court.

n under my hand this fourth day of Eighteen hundred and forty-seven,

ABRAHAM CHANDLER,

copy, Test,

GEORGE McCULLOUGH,

Cl'k Cecil County Court.

10, 1847. 3m.

eap Watches and JEWELRY.

e Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry e, No. 96, North Second street, Quarry.

ver Watches, full jewl'd, 18 ses, $45 00

ever Watches, full jew'd 23 00

ever Watches, 7 jewels, 18 00

pineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual. 14 00

Quarter Watches, 10 00

quarter watches, not war. 5 00

ctacles, 8 00

er spectacles, 1 75

celets, with topaz stones, 3 50

old Pencils, 16 carats, 2 00

nger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet er articles in proportion. All ranted to be what they are sold

O. CONRAD.

, some Gold and Silver Levers, d Quarters, lower than the above 1846.

NOTICE.

s taken at the Vendue of the n Adkinson's property, fell due uly, and unless paid, will be , after the first day of Septem-

G. VICKERS, Agent for Henry Webster.

town, } 1847. }

Personal Dis harge.

Kent County, Set.

On the application of Isaac Woodal, of Kent county, by petition in writing to me, Edward Wilkins, one of the judges of the Orphans' Court of Kent County, stating that he was in confinement for debts which he was unable to pay, and praying me to grant to him the benefit of the insolvent laws of this State, a schedule of his property, estate, and effects and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Isaac Woodal, having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceding the time of his application, within the State of Maryland, and I having appointed Richard Peacock, a Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said Isaac Woodal, and the said Trustee having given bond with security approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said Trustee being in possession of all the property, estate and effects of the said insolvent Debtor, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted) for the benefit of his creditors, I, Edward Wilkins, one of the judges of the Orphans' Court of Kent co., do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said Isaac Woodal, and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of Kent county Court for the appearance of the said Isaac Woodal, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded by any of his creditors, and do also appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said Isaac Woodal, by causing a copy of this Notice and Order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, once a week for three successive months, before the first Wednesday in the next September Term of said Court, give notice to his creditors to appear before the said Kent county Court, on the first Wednesday in the next September Term of the said Court, to shew cause if any they have, why the said Isaac Woodal, should not have the benefit of the Insolvent Saws as prayed.

EDW'D WILKINS.

True copy, Test,

Jos. N. Gordon, cl'k.

May 29, 1847. 3m

Personal Discharge.

Kent County, Set.

On the application of William W. Apsley, of Kent county, by petition in writing to me, Edward Wilkins, one of the Justices of the Orphans Court of Kent county, stating that he was in confinement for debts which he was unable to pay, and praying me to grant to him the benefit of the insolvent laws of this State, a schedule of his property, estate and effects, and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said William W Apsley, having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceding the time of his application within the State of Maryland, and I having appointed George B. Sanders, a Trustee, for the benefit of the creditors of the said William W. Apsley, and the said Trustee having given bond with security approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said trustee being in possession of all the property, estate and effects of the said Insolvent Debtor, (the necessary wearing apparel and bedding of himself and family excepted) for the benefit of his creditors, I Edward Wilkins, one of the Justices of the Orphans Court of Kent county do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said William W. Apsley, and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of Kent county Court for the appearance of the said William W. Apsley, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded by any of his creditors, and do also appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next September Term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said William W. Apsley, by causing a copy of this notice and Order to be inserted in one of the newspapers printed on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, once a week for three successive months, before the first Wednesday in the next September Term of Kent county Court, give notice to his creditors to appear before the said Kent county Court, on the first Wednesday in the next September Term of said Court to shew cause, if any they have, why the said William W. Apsley, shou'd not have the benefit of the insolvent laws as prayed.

EDW'D WILKINS.

True copy, Test.

J. N. GORDON, cl'k.

June 5, 1847. 3m.

Hover's First Premium Ink. No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,

Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

LUMBER

JUST received and for sale 100,000 feet Cullings, Common and Pannel Boards 2 in. a 1½ in. Pannel Plank, hemlock fencing boards, 56,000 Cypress and Juniper Shingles. Also a large lot of scantling, Joice, &c. The above boards and shingles can and will be sold lower than the Baltimore prices. N. WILEY.

Chester Town, }
July 10, '47. }

Bridles, collars, traces, lines &c. for sale low by

WILEY & PERKINS.

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.

☞ The following beautiful lines were penned by the author, who is now editor of the Louisville Journal, at the early age of fourteen:

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave;—
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child.

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow—
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust,
Dust is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams,—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Ay—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose lost frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look s imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn—religious holiest shrine—
Oh give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

DROWNING.

The following is from a letter by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wollaston, in the memoirs of Sir John Barrow, just published in London:

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his Majesty's ships, in Portsmouth harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened to a boat and pulled after them.

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface; all hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable; and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits an adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

"May not this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not, in some degree, warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable, that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost none of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed the threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of the time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it; a helpless anxiety, a kind of continuous nightmare seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state."

The New York Courier publishes the above, and appends the following remarks:

The extraordinary effect related in the foregoing letter, of the retrospective activity of the mind in a drowning person—(it is probably alike applicable to other cases of extremity when exertion to save life has ceased)—is so curious, and yet, as we know, in a somewhat analagous case, so entirely in conformity with the experience of others—that we transfer it to our columns from the Literary World of the 14th inst., in order to invite attention to it.

The recalling, by a flash, and involuntarily, as it were; the whole of past life, by a drowning man, and the very singular peculiarity that while consciousness is still active and death imminent, the past and not the future is alone present to the mind, seem to attest the ineffaceable powers of memory, and that nothing once impressed upon this faculty ever perishes, but becomes immortal as the spiritual essence of which memory is a part. The power to recall at will these impressions may indeed perish, but the impressions themselves never. The memory is for each one the true book of life, where every act done in the body, and every good or evil thought that has passed through the mind, has its undying record, which at the last day shall bear witness of the past life of each.

This letter of Admiral Beaufort is full of interest for the suggestions which it so unavoidably awakens in every thinking mind.

WHY SO LITTLE PROFIT FROM HEARING PREACHING.

There is a very short answer. Many people do not go to hear what God has to say to them by his servant but to see and hear how well his servants delivers his message. They go away from the house of God, not to do what God has by his servant called them to, but to be pleased with and admire the preacher, or else dissatisfied with him, with scarce a thought of what God has required of them. How can it be possible that they could profit? They did not go to be profited by God. They went for their own gratification.

The fact is, that a very poor man and one very meanly clad, and with very little manners, and really nothing to recommend him in his appearance, may bring to your house an excellent piece of meat, or a very valuable treasure. Would you throw away or refuse to receive a diamond or precious pearl, because a poor chimney sweep had been the bearer of it? Again, would you refuse to take the road which led to your house, because the man that knew it, and offered to guide you, was an unpolished and mean looking beggar?

The children of this world are *wiser* in their generation, that is for the things of earth than of heaven. They can distinguish in worldly matter between the bearer and the treasures—but when they turn heavenward, Godward, they lose sight of heaven, of God, of eternal life, and the way to the kingdom, in looking at the servent or messenger—if he is a very pleasing, mannerly, eloquent, graceful servant, they will listen to him, but if he is not attractive by reason of his person, or manner of address; they think they have done enough if they have treated him civilly, or sat with becoming dignity in the house of God during his preaching.

This is what we would call admiring the bearer and forgetting the treasure.—Honoring the dish, receiving the servant, refusing the master.

If you would be profited in hearing preaching, go to hear what God has to say by *his servant* to *your soul*, and we assure you that the poorest, meanest, weakest of all his servants, will say much more than you have heeded, or than you will practice. You will hear what may save your soul if you will heed it, what will damn you in the day of judgment because you have not believed it. That preaching will be profitable which leads us to heaven, and saves us from hell. If it does not profit you who is it at fault?

DEATH OF THE HON. SILAS WRIGHT

Another one of the great men of the nation has fallen! The Hon. Silas Wright, of New York, has suddenly been numbered with the dead! He was a politician of unbounded influence, and a man of distinguished talents, and his death will doubtless create a profound sensation throughout the Union. According to a telegraphic despatch in the New York papers, he died suddenly at Canton, in that State, on the morning of the 27th inst., of an apoplectic fit. The Philadelphia Bulletin says:

He was about 55 years of age, and had spent more than twenty five years in the service of his country.

When a great public character like this dies, his loss is a natural calamity. Silas Wright was one of those men who never forget they are patriots. He was more than a mere politician; he was a statesman in the most exalted sense of that term. The violence of faction could find nothing to reproach him with in his career as a political opponent; what he did, was done openly and fairly; trickery he abhorred; the right ever found in him a champion! While a member of the U. S. Senate, he stood up manfully against encroachments on the Constitution. In the late gubernatorial election in New York, his defeat was mainly owing to his rigid inflexibility against the anti-renters and other insidious enemies of the laws. His loss cannot be replaced. He was a high pillar, standing a landmark in the wilderness!

In private life, Silas Wright was frugal and unpretending, the model of a true republican. Cut off thus suddenly, still in the prime of usefulness, his death will be deplored by all candid minds, as a loss to our common country.

An Honor to his Mother.—"John," enquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"

"One who makes nails," said John.

"Very good. What is a tailor?"

"One who makes tails."

"O, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails?"

"Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made they would all be *jackets!*"

"Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent."

Too Loving by Half.—"I loved my wife," said a wag, "at first, as much as any body ever did love a wife. For the first two months, I actually wanted to eat her up, and ever since then, *I've been sorry I didn't.*"

THE REYBOLDS

In a little nook of the little State of Delaware, near where the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal *debouches* into the river from which it in part derives its name, there is a series of farms belonging to Mr. Philip Reybold and his family, which in fertility productiveness and excellent cultivation, will compare favorably with any similar number of acres in the U. States. Mr. Reybold, the original proprietor, as an agriculturist is one of the marked men of the times. Beginning with a poor farm, he has by his industry, foresight and skill, gradually accumulated a most extensive estate, which he has so improved that it is now not only a source of ample revenue to himself and those connected with him, but a source, also, of pride to his friends and neighbors, who have given it, in view of pride to his friends and neighbors, who have given it, in view of the merits of the proprietor and its own excellence, the distive name of *The Barony.*

Mr. Reybold has six sons and five sons in law, (all of them active, energetic, intelligence capable and stricly temperate men,) and these study and stalwart farmers, devoting themselves to the various details of their profession, have contrived to produce the best stock, the best grain, the best fruits, and the best vegetables which can be found any where. On Mr. Clay's recent visit to Mr. Reybold, the latter exhibited specimens of his fine merinoes. "Sir," said Mr Clay, "you have deceived me—you promised to show me sheep, but these are oxen."

In the cultivation of peaches all of the name of Reybold are famous. They have brought this delicious fruit to a perfection which but for them would have been unattainable, and their names are now identified with its finest varieties both in the Philadelphia market and elsewhere.

ENLIGHTENED ENGLAND.

INTELLIGENT JURIES.

In a case which was tried very recently, in Kingston, in which the plaintiff was an advertising agent, and brought an action for upwards of £600, the evidence was perfectly clear, and the verdict for the full amount was a matter of course. The judge directed the jury accordingly, and to every body's astonishment, and perhaps most all to that of the defendants' counsel, the jury, after knocking their frowsy heads together, suddenly announced a verdict for eighteen pounds. "Eighteen pounds!" said the judge, staring. "What can you be thinking about, gentlemen? Reconsider your verdict." So the frowsy heads knocked together a little while, and their united wisdom gave the verdict this time for another sum of a totally different amount, but equally absurd. "It is clear, gentlemen," said the judge, with a bland smile at the stupidity of the dolts, "that you do not understand the case. Allow me to explain it." And his lordship took much pains to let light into their brains. They looked owlish a little longer, and then returned a verdict that the *plaintiff was to pay.* "The plaintiff to pay! You mean the defendant I suppose, gentlemen!" "Eas!" said the foreman, "the defendant it be!" "And how much?" asked the judge. "Fifteen pounds it be." And the verdict was actually recorded for fifteen pounds, the judge telling the parties in plain terms that there was no making such asses understand anything, and that a new trial must be had. A rule *nisi* for increasing the damages was granted on Wednesday last. A jury at the same assizes, after making various desperate attempts to indicate the verdict they wanted to return, and confounding plaintiff with defendant and defendant with plaintiff, and finding that the plaintiff must pay, and the defendant was guilty, and altogether muddling the whole affair, were relieved by the foreman pointing out the plaintiff's counsel, and roaring out, "Theer! we found for *he!*"—*Liv. Albion.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20, a fox 16. Lions are long lived; Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average of cats is 15; a squirrel, or hare, 7 or 8; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, king of India, he took a large elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and naming him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun with this inscription: 'Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun.' He was found with this inscription 350 years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years. The rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 65, but average 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10, and cows live about 15 years. Cuvier thinks it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years.—Mr. Malleton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the great age of 107.

Fond of Marrying.—At New York, lately, we see that a Mr. T. Wiseman, was married to a Mrs. Willah. The bridegroom has now been married five times, is in his 88th year, and made his own coffin 27 years ago. The happy bride has had four husbands, and is about 56.

Some one says—"We have no particular aversion to liquor, but we acknowledge that we heartily despise the man who quaffs the goblet till he becomes a *tumbler.*"