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The Kent News.

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

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 5, 1856. No. 35.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and 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 a 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 subsequent insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times 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 at the usual rates, these handing them in will be held responsible.

HUSKS.

JAMES S. ARROWSMITH,
Upholsterer and Paper-Hanger.

THIS being the season for gathering and preparing husks for Mattresses, J. S. A. informs such persons as wish to have Mattresses made of them, that he will make a superior article on the same terms as he makes straw mattresses, if the husks are sent to him prepared.

He continues to make

HAIR & STRAW MATTRESSES

I would also remind the public that this is the best season for procuring *good sweet* straw, and recommends it not to delay orders until spring, when straw is scarce and not so good.

Please address JAS. S. ARROWSMITH, (not Smith, as many letters have not been received from his being misnamed,) near Willis's X Roads Worton, Chestertown P. O. Kent Co., Md.

Nov. 24, 1855.

WANTED—HOG'S HAIR.—I will give one cent per pound for Hog's Hair, delivered in dry state, at any of the Stores in Chestertown, or at my residence in Worton.

JAS. S. ARROWSMITH.

STATE OF SARAH H. BARROLL.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphans' Court, November 27, 1855.

On the application of Rebecca J. Barroll, administratrix C. T. A. of Sarah H. Barroll, late of Kent county, deceased;

ORDERED, That she gives the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

Testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 27rd day of November, 1855.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Sarah H. Barroll, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of July, 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of November, 1855.

REBECCA J. BARROLL,
Adm'x C. T. A. of Sarah H. Barroll, dec'd.

Nov. 1, 1855—4t.

N.B.—All persons having claims against Sarah H. Barroll, dec'd, are requested to present them properly authenticated to the Hon. James Pearce, and all persons endebted to said deceased will please pay the same to him at an early day.

STATE OF WM. H. J. WILKINS.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, November 13, 1855.

On the application of Matthias George, administrator of William H. J. Wilkins, late of Kent county, dec'd,

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

Testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 13th day of November, 1855.

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Wm. H. J. Wilkins, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of June, 1856; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 13th day of November, 1855.

MATTHIAS GEORGE,
Adm'r Wm. H. J. Wilkins, dec'd.

Nov. 13, 1855.—4t.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified and warned not to gun or hunt upon my farm, as hereafter such persons as may be found after this notice, will be dealt with according to law.

MARY ANN USILTON.

Oct. 7, 1855.

Herring and Mackerel for sale in barrels by T. W. ELIASON, in his new store.

Something New.

HAVING just returned from the city with a fresh supply of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

I would invite all to give me a call, as I am determined to sell goods at at the lowest possible rates for cash or produce. My stock consists in part of Groceries and children's Shoes; also, having made arrangements with one of the largest clothing establishments in Baltimore, I am now prepared to supply all who may want

CLOTHING,

from the coarsest to the finest quality at much lower prices than they have heretofore been sold in Chestertown; also, a large supply of Ladies Gaiters; a large variety of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

for the fall and winter. Also, Ladies Gaiters.

A prime lot of Segars, chewing tobacco, snuff, spittoons, with a general assortment of childrens shoes, confectionary, toys, notions, matches, ethereal oil, Ladies Gaiters and childrens shoes. Shad, mackeral, herring, dried beef, cheese, children shoes and ladies gaiters, saddles, bridles, martingales, halters, hitch reins, collars, carriage, cart, wagon and plough harness; carriage, cart and riding whips; powder, shot, gun screws, chargers, nipple wrenches, ramrod-heads, dog whistles, powder flasks, nipples, shot and bird bags, childrens shoes and ladies gaiters; looking glasses, clocks, umbrellas, window blinds, table covers, childrens chairs, castors, furniture and shoe varnish, trace and halter chains, stove and shoe blacking, shoe, horse and dusting brushes, water kegs, ladies gaiters and childrens shoes: potato mashers, bread toasters, baskets, skimmers, forks and ladles, childrens shoes and ladies gaiters.

I still continue to manufacture to manufacture saddles, bridles, and harness at city prices.

A. M. RUSSELL

Sept 22, 1855.

Where is Sam?

LATEST NEWS!

JUST received, at Rees' Corner, a large stock of Goods suitable for the season, embracing almost everything useful and ornamental, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, oils, dye stuffs, wines, liquors, &c., also stationary, tinware, bonts, shoes, hats, caps, saddlery, clothing with a variety of fancy articles, all of which we are determined to sell at the lowest possible price for cash, trade or to our old and new friends on the usual Terms. Call and see us at the old place and we will try and show you the largest assortment of goods ever offered.

ABEL J. REES.

WHO PAYS THE FIDDLER?
Wanted at Rees' Corner

10,000 bush'ls Oats,		10,000 lb. Pork	
500	" Potatoes	1,000	" Lard
100	" Flax seed,	100	" Butter,
100	" white Beans	10,000	" Rags,
100	" dried apples.	1.000	" Feathers
100	" dried peaches	10.000	" Wool,
1,000 doz. Eggs,		1,000	" old Iron
100	" Fowls,	1,000	" Bones,

for which the highest market price will be paid at REES' CORNER.

Nov. 24, 1855.

One Door Below the Post Office.

MORE NEW FALL AND WINTER

Goods!

The subscriber has just returned again from Philadelphia with a large and elegant assortment of goods for Men's Wear, embracing Over, Frock, and business Coats, Talmas, Bl'k and Fancy Cassimeres pants, Silk, Plush, and Velvet, Cashmere, Granardine, Valencia, Cloth and common veses, made and lined in the best manner. Drawers, Suspenders, Gloves, Pocket and Neck Handkerchiefs, Stooks, &c. Also French Cloths, Beaver Cloths, French, English, and American Cassimers, Silk Plush, Silk Velvet, Granardine, Cashmere, and Silk Vestings. Tailor's Trimmings, &c., &c., all of which was selected with great care and is without doubt, the best and most desirable lot of goods ever offered to the inspection of our citizens.

All garments sold and made up warranted to fit, and what they are represented to be. Also, qualities Silk, Blk and brown Slouch and citizen Hats.

Call, See and Buy.

JAMES ARTHUR.

Nov. 17, 1855.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The undersigned has for sale a large variety of READY MADE CLOTHING consisting of the finest and coarsest Coats, Pants, Vests, Drawers, &c. &c.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Small profits and quick sales.

W. N. E. WICKES.

Dec. 8, 1855.—tf.

Wood's Ornamental Iron Works!

RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA.

THE attention of the public is invited to the extensive manufactory and ware-room of the subscriber, who is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice, *Iron Railing* of every description, for Cemeteries, Public and Private Buildings, Verandahs, Balconies, Fountains, Settees Chairs, Lions, Dogs, &c., and other Ornamental Iron Work of a decorative character, all of which is executed with the express view of pleasing the taste, while they combine all the requisites of beauty and substantial construction.

Purchasers may rely on having all articles carefully boxed and shipped to their place of destination.

A book of designs will be sent to those who may wish to make a selecoion.

ROBERT WOOD,

Ridge Avenue, below Spring Garden St., Phila.

Oct. 6, 1855.—3m.

GARDEN SEEDS.

PRIME RUTB BAGA and other Turnip Seed, Turnip Drills, also seed Buckwheat, for sale wholesale and retail by

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Corner 7th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

July 21, 1855.—tf.

SHAD, Mackeral and Herring now in store and for sale by A. M. RUSSELL.

LINES

BY LOUISE WILSON.

When would I die? Oh not when Spring
Strew flowers all o'er the earth,
Not when the wild birds first do sing
To Him who gave them birth.
Not when the little lambs do play
Upon the flowery mead,
I could not leave the joyous world,
I could not, then, indeed.

And when bright Summer o'er the land
Resumes her gentle sway,
When breezes murmur through the trees
And flowers bloom by the way;
The wide world so pleasant is,
I could not leave it then,
When Summer reigns so glorious,
O'er mount, and stream and glen.

And when in Autumn time the leaves
Fall from each monarch oak,
When in the forest oft we hear
The sturdy woodman's stroke:
When chesnut burs are open wide,
And cold winds 'gin to blow—
I could not leave the beauteous world,
I could not bear to go.

When Winter comes with sleet and hail
And earth in white is drest,
Oh, then I'd wish the snow to lie
All lightly on my breast.
Yes, when old earth is in a shroud,
My leave of her I'd take,
And hope when bright the Spring came round,
In Heaven to awake.

From the Home Journal.

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

BY KATE NEVILLE

How often we think, when reading the news,
An editor could please if he choose—
But such a paper as this, why all must agree,
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, sir Critic, reflect, ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat, is another man's poison,
And, lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

First, a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand, waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She throws it aside with a muttered "pshaw!"
No marriage here—
I think it is queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.
Here's poetry, and battles,
Sketches, and sieges,
And tales, and law suits,
Without ending, a pending;
But no pic-nics, or concerts, or parties for me,
Such trash on paper I never did see.

Then a nice young man with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and soirees,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please,
In theatres, in races,
Circuses, and chases,
Operas, in banquets,
Balls, and calls,
And finally wonders what editors mean,
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady, next picks up the paper,
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper,
And wonders if lines addressed to Miss Rello,
Were not written to her by some clever young fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise,
But she stops in alarm at the dark hazel eyes,
For hers are deep blue,
What a pity, 'tis true!
And now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis all blamed on you.
What speeches, and lawing,
And sermons, and jawing,
And news, and clawing,
By despatch, to match;
But no sketches or tales that I can see—
What kind of a man must an editor be?

Next a grave politician, who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads
Of breeches, of Senate,
And speeches, of House,
And foreign, of railways,
Reports, and courts,
And says as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,

Now a prim old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la!" and "du tell!"
She manages some way to read very well
The marriages, the robberies,
Accidents, and murders,
Suicides, all in
Deaths, a breath,
And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder,
The whole of the community is under,
To support a paper whose print is so small—
She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next an angry contributor, eager for fame,
Rushes into the sanctum, to loudly complain—
"I'm ruined, yes ruined—my success, sir, is over,
So many mistakes were ne'er heard of before.
Look here at this 'Sonnet addressed to my Lady'
You've made it 'A Bonnet and Dress to my Baby!'
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that—
You're an editor, sir, but no gent—that is flat."

The farmer complains that his crop is neglected,
While so much time is spent in guessing who'll be selected;
The minister says it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of State;
And thousand of other complaints are made known,
Which the editors back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of this is, that they all join in and say,
Such a paper as this he can print without pay.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interites. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provissions to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith'sSound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson, and other volunteers.

During the travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the North, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and, with great difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued seemed exceedingly small.

They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow incapable of motion, protected only by a canvass tent, and with no land marks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty; but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justifies the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in lest than an hour organized a rescuing party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to relieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrible gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers.

After nineteen hours constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost paty, and finally staggering under their burdens, they reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene, as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description.—The party burst out into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours was allowed for the halt

The maimed of the frozen party were sowed up in Buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane, walking in advance, and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsal and Morton, and even the poor Esquimaux boy Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on the way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waiving of his hand.

They reached the ship after s walk of sixty-two hours, still draggang their companions behind them but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, two others underwent amputation, and are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable.—Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of muttering delirium, resembled an hospital.—The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane, startad three weeks afterward and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepidity like this has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.

A GREAT SPEECH.—Hooper, of the Montgomery Mail, gives the following report of the greatest speech he ever heard:

A fellow was indicted up in the old Nin, when Tom G—t, was Solicitor, for gambling, to wit: Playing "short cards" at a certain locality known as Frog Level. Col. ——— defended him, and contended before the jury, that though the State's evidence "tended" to show that his client with a bottle of liquor in his pocket, accompanied the crowd, it was shown, did actually play, yet it never did, with actual certainty, locate him as one of the players. Said he, by way of peroration:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the witness have told you that Peter Wyatte was thar and a playing, for he noticed his hand, and it was *full on Queens*,

"Harry Snow was thar, and he was a playing, for he hilt *little par*.

William Upson was thar, he played caused witnessed noticed in particular, that *he* had nothing but an ace.

"Bill Conner was thar, and *he* played gentlemen, for he had the bully hand—*four high heeled jacks*.

But, gentlemen, when I come to ask you about Abraham Pitken—my client's hand—what did he say gentlemen?—Why nothin' gentlemen, except that if Abe hilt any hand, he disremembered what was in it! And now gentlemen of the Jury, because my client was seen going to the Frog Level with a bottle of liquor in *his* pocket, and the witness can't remember as he hilt any hand at all, when bully hands was out, and him the best player in the crowd—is that—*is that*, I say, gentlemen of the Jury, is that any reason that my client was guilty of the crime of *gamboling*?"

It is almost needless to say that the Jury saw the *non sequitor* and acquitted the defendant.

THE SHORTEST WAY.—Some twelve years ago Napoleon, Indiana, was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for great number of its roads. It appears that an earnest collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and gain some information respecting his future course. During the evening, he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different parts of the country to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector, "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well sir, if I wished to go to Edinburgh?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west."

"Well, if I wished to go to Vermont?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road south-west."

Or to Indianapolis?" asked the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road north-west."

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with,

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than go to Napoleon."

A FASHIONALLE CHURCH IN NEW YORK. If "Fanny Fern" did not write the following, we do not know who did:

"You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you—your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Closely behind you follows the poor, meek, plainly clad seamstress, deprived, from her tread-mill round, to think, one day in seven, of the Immortal! The sexton is struck with sudden blindness! She stands embarrassed one moment; then, as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and with a crimson blush, recrosses the threshold which she has profaned with her plebian feet. Hark to the organ. It is a strain from Norma, slightly Sabbathized. Now the worshippers one after another glide in—silks rattle—plumes wave, satin glistens—diamonds glitter—and scores of forty-dollar handkerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What an absurdity to preach the Gospel of the lowly Nazarene to such a set! The clergyman knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and parsonage too highly. So with a velvet tread, he walks all around the ten commandments—places the downiest pillow under the dying profligate's head—and ushers him, with seraphic hymning, into the upper-ten Heaven."

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Buckwheat cakes! One buckwheat cake "differeth from another in glory," yet not one in a thousand is made right. Yet of all things it is the easiest cook if the meal is made rightly. To every three bushels of buckwheat add one of good heavy oats, grind them together as if there was only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of their quality and durability.—[We copy the foregoing from the Michigan Farmer, and do so for the purpose of confirming its correctness by saying that we know the advantage of grinding oats with buckwheat, about in the above proportion. In our judgement the cake is in all respects superior to the pure buckwheat meal.]—*Ed. Tel.*

CALENDAR 1856.

	Sunday,	Monday,	Tuesday,	Wednesday,	Thursday,	Friday,	Saturday,
January,			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
February,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	
March,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
April			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
May					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
July			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
August						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
September		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
October				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
November							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
December		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			

SHARPES RIFLES.—The following account of *Sharpe's* rifles, from the Missouri Democrat, will be read with interest:

"This recently invented weapon, if it possesses one half of the power and capacity claimed for it by its proprietor, is destined soon to supercede every other weapon for warlike purposes now in existence. It is the most efficacious and terrible firearm in existence. The small carbine now used by the United States mounted men throws a ball with deadly accuracy one quarter of a mile, and can be fired ten times per minute. It is not complicated in structure, is easily cleaned and suffers no injury from wet weather.—Mr. Sharpe is now preparing models for four new species of this weapon, namely: A small pocket pistol, calculated to throw a Minnie ball one hundred yards: a cavalry pistol with a range of five hundred yards; a rifle suitable for footmen, with a range of one mile, and a large gun to throw a two-ounce ball or a small shell one mile and a half, or as far as a man or horse can be seen to advantage. With this latter weapon Mr. S. declares he can set on fire a house or a ship at the distance of nearly two miles, and prevent the use of field artillery, by killing the horses before the guns are brought within good range.

This rifle in the hands of a good marksman, is equal to ten muskets, bayonets and all, for, place a man six rods distant with a musket and bayonet, and before he can bring the bayonet into use, the rifle can be loaded and discharged ten times. They carry balls with great precision and force.

Mr. Sharpe intends these rifles to become a national weapon, and should Congress, by using a little liberality, purchase the patent, the country would be possessed of a means of warfare unequalled in the world.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision in old age.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," says a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boot."