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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. DECEMBER 20, 1845. NO. 34.

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 shoe 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, Oct. 25, '45.

N. B. Pork, Corn and Beef Hides taken for Shoes.

MARYLAND.
Kent county, Orphans' Court, December 2d, 1845.

On the application of Thomas Baker, Admr. of Richard W Pippin, late of Kent county, deceased.

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 three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my [Seal] hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 2d of December, 1845.

Test, J. F. BROWNE,
Register of Wills for Kent county

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Richard W. Pippin, 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 10th of June, 1846, they may otherwise be excluded from a benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of December, 1846.

THOMAS BAKER,
Adm.'r of R. W. Pippin, dec.'d.
December 6th, 1845. 3w

MARYLAND,
Kent county, Orphans' Court, December 2d, 1845.

On the application of James Stoops, administrator of William Stoops, late of Kent county, deceased,

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 three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregong is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand {Seal.} and the seal of my office affixed, this 2d day of December, 1845.

Test, J. F. BROWNE,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Wm. Stoops, 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 10th of June, 1846, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of December, 1845

JAMES STOOPS, Adm'r of Wm. Stoops, dec'd.
December 6th, 1845. 3w

Lumber.

The subscribers have just received and intend keeping on hand a general assortment of LUMBER and SHINGLES, which we will sell at Baltimore prices and on accommating terms. Our stock consists in part of

white pine boards, 4-4 at	$10 00	1,000 ft.
" " " "	15 00	"
" " " "	20 00	"
Hemlock & Gum Scantling,	12 00	"
white pine Shingles,	4 00	"
" " Boards, 8-4	10 00	"
" " " "	20 00	"
oak plank, 8-4	15 00	"
yellow pine 3-4	10 00	"
" " "	12 50	"
50,000 superior Cypress Shingles,	$5 75	per 1000.

Also a lot of Axle Trees and Sedar Posts.

SPARKS & WILEY.

C. Town, Aug. 2, 1845. 1y

KERSEY all wool for sale at 60 to 62 1-2.

T. W. ELIASON

Sept. 13, 1845

Insurance.

MANY of the Policies of Insurances in the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, effected on property in Kent county, will expire the present month. All persons desirous of renewing their Policies or of effecting new Insurances, will make early application to

G. VICKERS, Agent
for Franklin Fire Insurance Co.
Philadelphia.

Chester Town, Nov. 15, '45. 6w

FARM for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a FARM, situated in Queen Ann's county, on the Chester River, about seven miles above Chester Town, known by the name of the "Deep Landing," and containing

557 Acres,

more or less. It extends about a mile and a half along the river, and has a Fishery upon it. For further particulars, apply to the subscriber, at Chester Town.

JAMES M SPENCER.

Nov 22d, 1845 3w

A Card,

ALL PERSONS indebted to me, as Administrator of my Brother, the late John W. Walker, dec.'d on judgment, bond, note, mortgage or accounts, are requested to come forward and pay their respective indebtedness, or a part thereof, on or before the 1st day of January, 1846. The estate is largely indebted and the creditors want their money. This is the last notice that will be given through the newspaper.

A. W. Sparks, at the Masonic Hall, Chester Town, is authorised to transact the business of the estate.

THOMAS WALKER, Adm'r of J. W. Walker, dec.

Nov. 29th, 1845. 4tsJ

Taxes and Fees.

THE Taxes and Fees for the year 1845 are now due and my books are ready for settlement, of which fact all who are indebted will please take notice & close their respective accounts immediately.

I have already given several notices in regard to accounts due for 1843 and 1844 and as many as have neglected said notices I shall be compelled in justice to myself to force payment from.

WM. H. BLACKISTON,
Collector and late Sheriff of Kent Co.
November 8th 1845.

Notice.

In consequence of extensive professional engagements, I find it impossible to give personal attention to the settlement of my accounts, I have therefore constituted Charles H. Wickes, Esq. my Agent. Mr. Wickes has kept my books for the last two years, and is perfectly familiar with all the accounts upon my mill and medical books, and will close them all on as amicable terms as possible. Any arrangement made with him will meet my entire approbation.

T. H. WHALAND.

Chester Town, October 11, 1845.

NOTICE.

HAVING undertaken to close Dr. Whaland's mill and medical books, this is to notify all who are still indebted, that their accounts are now ready for settlement, and as many of them have been standing a long time, I hope they will be settled at an early opportunity by payment, note or otherwise.

Persons will bear in mind that *to entitle them to discount*, (as per advertisement,) this year's accounts must be *closed before the first of January next.*

There are a number of notes now due which I hope will be promptly attended to

CHARLES H. WICKES.

December 6th, 1845. 3w

Constable's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of 3 writs of fieri facias of the State of Maryland, of Venditioni Exponas, one at the suit of Cushing & Brothers, one at the suit of John L. Bowers, and one at the suit of Jesse Wilson, issued by John N Usilton, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for Kent county, State of Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Howard Meeks, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, of the said Howard Meeks, of, in and to the one half part of a tract of land (which the said Howard Meeks now holds in right of his wife, Rebecca Meeks, formerly Rebecca Jones,) called a part of Good Hope and Poor Discovery, containing one hundred and thirty five acres, more or less, with the buildings and improvements thereon—situate in Kent county; adjoining the land of Isaac Parsons and others—and I hereby give notice that on *SATURDAY*, the 20th day of December, 1845, at 11 o'clock, A. M. before the tavern door of Carl L. Strandberg, Chester Town, 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.

A. W. SPARKS, Constable.

Nov. 29th, 1845. $2 50 ts

WOOD

TAKEN at this Office for subscription or advertising.

Nov. 1st, 1845. 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.

WINTER AND AGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Old Winter loveth silence. He is old
And liketh not the sporting of the lambs,
Nor the shrill song of birds. It irketh him
To hear the forest melodies; though still
He giveth license to the ruffian winds,
That, with black foreheads and distended cheeks,
Mutter hoarse thunders on their wrecking path.

He lays his finger on the lip of streams,
And they are ice, and stays the merry foot
Of the slight runlet, as it leapeth down,
Terrace by terrace, from the mountain's head.
He silenceth the purling of the brook,
That told his tale in gentle Summer's ear,
All the day long reproachless, and doth bid
Sharp frosts chastise and chain in, till it shrink
Abash'd away.

He sits with wrinkled face
Like some old grandsire, ill at ease, who shuts
The noisy trooping of the children out,
And drawing nearer to the pleasant fire,
Doth settle on his head the velvet cap,
And bless his stars for quiet, once again.
Stern Winter drives the truant fountain back
To the dark caverns of the imprisoning earth,
And dead'neth, with the drifted snows, the sound
Of wheel and foot-tramp.

Thus it is, with man,
When the chill winter of his life draws on.
The ear doth loathe the sounds that earst it loved,
Or like some moody hermit, bar the door,
Though sweetest tones solicit it in vain.
The eye grows weary of the tarnished scenes
And old-wind shaken tapestries of time,
While all the languid senses antedate
The Sabbath of the tomb.

The echoing round
Of giddy pleasures, where his heart in youth
Disported eagerly—the rushing tread
Of the great, gorgeous world, are naught to him,
Who, as he journeyeth to a clime unknown,
Would to the skirts of holy silence cling,
And let all sounds and symphonies of earth
Fall, like a faded vestment, from the soul.

THE CELESTIAL SABBATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

The golden palace of my God,
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear,
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me thou Life-giver, there.
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God!

BEWARE OF COLDS.

A large proportion of our consumptive cases are either excited or aggravated by colds. The philosophy of taking cold is but little understood, and the causes of this frequent but unhappy complaint for the most part overlooked.

We cannot discuss the subject freely or fully in a short essay like this. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say whatever gives a permanent check to the natural perspiration may produce those effects which we call a cold, or in the language of the books, a catarrh.

This permanent check may be accomplished in several ways. It may be induced by a large quantity of cold drink taken suddenly, when we are debilitated by fatigue or excess of heat; by currents of cooler air falling upon the body, when in very warm places and inactive; by similar currents falling upon a part of the body for some time in a warm room,—as when we sit by a raised or broken window; by going out of heated rooms, perhaps fatigued, into the night air, especially without sufficient covering; by the application of cold, though it should not be inordinate, after we have been long exposed to a high temperature; and by cold itself, when continued for a long time, as in travelling too long in a stage coach during cold weather, sleeping too cold during the night, sitting with wet feet, etc.

To avoid taking cold, then, we must avoid these, and the other causes which lead to it. But we may do something more than *merely* exert ourselves to prevent the exciting causes of cold; we may harden ourselves against its effects, so that these exciting causes will not operate. To this end we should be accustomed, from early infancy, to much exposure in the open air, at all seasons. The practice of daily sponging the chest with cold water, fresh or salt, is also of great value; and should be adopted by all persons of delicate constitutions at all seasons of the year. Sponging the whole body with cold water in the early part of the day, particularly at rising, when the practice is followed by warmth, increase strength and a keen appetite, is still better as a means of hardening ourselves, than local bathings. Cold, when so employed as to produce the *re-action* we have just spoken of, is a powerful tonic to the whole system, and whatever in this way gives tone to the whole system goes so far towards preventing our taking cold, or suffering, in fact, from disease of any kind.

Ole Bull sailed for Havre from New York, on Wednesday, in the ship Baltimore. It is said he gave two hundred concerts in this country, and made by them about $80,000. Very good fiddling.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

John Sullivan, a major-general in the American army, was the eldest son of Mr Sullivan who came from Ireland, and settled in Massachusetts. In 1775, Congress appointed him a brigadier general, and in the following year, it is believed, a major-general. He superceded Arnold in the command of the army in Canada, June 4, 1776, but was soon driven out of that province. Afterwards on the illness of Green he took the command of his division on Long Island. In the battle of August the twenty-seventh, he was taken prisoner. In a few months, however, he was exchanged; for when Lee was carried off, he took the command of his division in New Jersey. On the 23d of August 1777, he planned and executed an expedition against Staten Island, for which on enquiry into his conduct he received the approbation of the court. In September he was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and on the fourth of October in that of Germantown. In the winter he was detached to command the troops in Rhod Island. In August 1778, he laid seige to Newport, then in the hands of the British, with the fullest confidence of success; but being abandoned by the French fleet under D'Estain, who sailed to Boston, he was obliged, to his unutterable chagrin, to raise the seige. On the twenty-ninth an action took place with the pursuing enemy, who were repulsed. On the thirtieth with great military skill, he passed over to the continent, without the loss of a single article, and without the slightest suspicion on the part of the British of his movements. In the summer of 1779, he commanded an expedition against the six nations of Indians.

The bloody tragedy, acted at Wyoming, in 1778, had determined the commander-in-chief, in 1779, to employ a large detachment from the continental army to penetrate into the heart of the Indian country, to chastise the hostile tribes and their white associates and adherents, for their cruel aggressions on the defenceless inhabitants.—The command of this expedition was committed to major general Sullivan, with express orders to destroy their settlements, to ruin their crops, and make such thorough devastations as to render the country entirely uninhabitable for the present, and thus to compel the savages to remove a greater distance from our frontiers. General Sullivan had under his command several brigadiers and a well chosen army, to which were attached a number of friendly Indian warriors. With this force he penetrated about ninety miles through a horrid swampy wilderness and barren mountainous deserts, to Wyoming, on the Susquehanna river, thence by water to Tioga, and possessed himself of numerous towns and villages of the savages. During this hazardous expedition, General Sullivan and his army encountered the most complicated obstacles, difficultias, and hardships; and requiring the greatest fortitude and perseverance to surmount. He explored an extensive tract of country, and strictly executed the severe, but necessary orders he had received. A considerable number of Indians were slain, some were captured, their habitations were burnt, and their plantations of corn and vegetables laid waste in the most effectual manner. Eighteen villages, a number of detached buildings, one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn and those fruits and vegetable, which conduce to the comfort and subsistence of man, were utterly destroyed. Five weeks were unremittingly employed in this work of devastation. On his return from the expedition, he and his army received the approbation of Congress.

In about three months from his setting out, General Sullivan reached Easton, in Pennsylvania, and soon after rejoined the army.

In the year 1786, 1787, and 1788, General Sullivan was President of New Hampshire, in which station by his vigorous exertions, he quelled the spirit of insurrection, which exhibited itself at the time of the trouble in Massachusetts. He died January 23, 1795, aged fifty-four years.

DIONISIOUS, THE YOUNGER.

While the Sicillian tyrant, Dionysious the younger, was, for his cruelties, deservedly hated and execrated by all classes of his oppressed subjects, a woman, far advanced in years, was daily observed to repair to the temple, and pray aloud to the gods, that they would graciously prolong his days, and grant him to survive her.—Being informed of her unaccountable conduct, and conscious how little he merited her good-will, the tyrant summoned her into his presence, and interrogated her respecting the motive and intent of her extraordinary supplication. Unawed by his frown, the old lady, with undisguised *naiveté*, replied:

"I act not without good reason. When I was a girl we were opposed by a merciless tyrant from whom I earnestly wished to see my country delivered. After his death, your father, more cruel than he, seized on the government, and of his tyranny also, I longed to see an end. But, when he too was killed, *you* succeeded, who are much worse than either of the two former. Wherefore, dreading lest your place should be filled by some tyrant still worse than yourself, I daily devote my life for your safety."

However inwardly stung by this poignant reproof, Dionysius was ashamed to resent it, and suffered his bold monitress to escape with impunity.

Somebody says that suits for divorce are the same thing as "*being hauled up for repairs!*"

FRIGHTENED AT A GONG.

We have heard a funny story told of a young fellow, residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate, and almost immediately meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's—the crack house of the place—and thither he at once went with bag and baggage. Just before dinner, his country friend called upon him, and found him somfortably located in a room just at the head of the first stairs. It was close upon dinner-time.

"Supposing we take something to start an appetite," said the chap who had "just come down."

"Agreed," rejoined his city friend, "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk; and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed,

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend, "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell! no hang your bell: I never touched a bell in my life; what bell? I never saw your bell!"

"Somebody rung the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No, they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell"—and then turning to his friend, he exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it; I shan't have a cent left to get home if I pay the entire damage.—What do they set such rascally traps as that for, to take in folks from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to "walk down to soup" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining-room, but it was some time before the young tobacco grower could get over the stunning and awful affects of that dreadful gong. "It was a God-send," he said, "that the crash did not turn his hair grey on the spot"—*Pic.*

THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN CALIPH.

The caliph Montaser, having caused his father to be put to death, some time after, looking over the rich furniture in the palace, and causing several pieces of tapestry to be opened before him, that he might examine them the more exactly; among the rest, he met with one which had in it the figure of a very beautiful young man, mounted on a Persian horse with a diadem on his head, and a circle of Persian characters around himself and horse. The caliph, charmed with the beauty of the tapestry, sent for a Persian, who read the ancient Persic, and desired him to explain that inscription. The man read it; changed color, and after some hesitation, told the caliph it was a Persic song that had nothing in it worth hearing.

The prince, however, would not be put off; he readily perceived that there was something in it extraordinary, and therefore he commanded the interpreter to give him the true sense thereof immediately as he valued his own safety. The man then told him that the inscription ran thus: "I am Soroes the son of Chosroes, who slew my father to gain his crown, which I kept but six months." This affected the caliph Montaser so much, that he died in two or three days.

FIGURE AND DIAMETER OF THE SUN.

The figure of the sun is a spheriod, higher under the equator than about the poles His diameter is computed to be about 894,000 miles. His solid bulk is 24 millions of times as big as that of the mooon, and half a million of times bigger than that of the earth. His distance from the earth in round numbers, is about 95 millions of miles, a distance so prodigious, that a cannon ball, which moves at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be something more than twenty two years in going from the earth to the sun This account of the diameter, magnitude, and distance of the sun, is deduced from the determination of the most eminent astronomers in Europe who were sent out to the most convenient parts of the earth for the purpose of observing the transits of Venus over the sun, in the years 1761 and 1769.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a child, four years of age, who underwent the operation of trepanning, while in a state of profound stupor from a fracture of the skull. After his recovery, he retained no recollection either of the operation or the accident; yet at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, of the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars. Dr. Pritchard mentions a man who had been employed with a beetle and wedges, splitting wood. At night he put these implements in the hollow of an old tree, and directed his sons to accompany him the next morning in making a fence. In the night, however, he became mad. After several years his reason suddenly returned and the first question he asked was, whether his sons had brought home the beetle and wedges. They, being afraid to enter into an explanation, said they could not find them; on which he arose, went to the field where he had been at work so many years before, and found them in the place where he had left them, the wedges and the iron rings of the beetle, the wooden part having mouldered away.

A NEW MODE OF RAISING TOBACCO.

The following, which is worthy of the Parasian *bohemiennes*, occurred in Pittsburg where everything and everybody smokes. A colored man, who was very partial to the weed, but whose exchequer prevented the indulgence, met a little boy about three years old, on Fourth street, and accosted the little urchin wit'—"How dare you smoke a cigar? Throw it away, this instant, you little white rascal, or I'll tell your father!" The terrified boy immediately threw the stump which he was smoking into the middle of the street, and scampered off. The darkey quietly picked up the castaway fragment, and walked off, smoking it with as much gusto as though it had been fresh as imported!"

DOING THE STATE SOME SERVICE.

Our present worthy Mayor had the fifteenth addition to his family a night or two ago. What other city can boast of so prolific a *head?* He is certainly *the* father of the city.—*St. Louis American.*

To this the Louisville, Ky., Courier adds:—Our present worthy Mayor will have to "give in" to the above. St. Louis can "take the boots."

VARIETY.

An intemperate shoemaker attempted to hang himself in Philadelphia because he was *low in spirits!*

Scales derive their name from the fact that some people are rather "scaly" about giving good weight.

According to the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the *same house!*

FALLEN A MARTYR.

What are you down there for?" said a gentleman in one of the Mississippi towns to a loafer who was lying in the gutter.

"Me! oh, I've only *fallen* a martyr to the gallon law, that's all."

A drunken lawyer going into a church was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus—

"I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment"

The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied—

"I have practiced twenty years at the bar, and have found the greatest rascals the first to turn State's evidence."

MADAME ROTHSCHILD.

The venerable Madame Rothschild, of Frankfort, now fast approaching to her hundredth year, being a little indisposed recently, remonstrated in a friendly way with her physician, on the inefficiency of his prescriptions.

"*Que voulez vous, Madame?*" (what will you have?) said he, "unfortunately, we cannot make you younger."

"You mistake; doctor," replied the witty lady; "I do not ask you to make me younger. It is older I desire to become."

A SCRIPTURE NAME.

"Mister printer," said a little urchin, poking himself into our sanctum with a paper in his hand pointing to a word—"mother wants to know what's the meaning of this care word."

"What word—that Salamagundi?" said we.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell your mother that Webster says it is a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring—with oil, vinegar, molasses, red flannel and onions, to be eaten three times per day."

By thunder! if the old woman didn't think it was a scripture name."

A COMICAL STREET SCENE.

A gentleman pushing down the street in hot haste, and a ragged urchin running after him:—

"Mithter! Mithter! O, Mithter! I thay Mithter!"

"Are you calling me, boy?"

"Yeth thir; I thwow, what a hurry you ith in."

"Well speak quick—what do you want? I've no time to spare."

"Ith you going down street?"

"To be sure, you little dunce; what do you want?"

"Why mother thent me out to hunt our old thpeckled hen, and if you thee her I with you'd catch her for me—coth, you thee, I'm tired a lookin' for her."