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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MARCH 11, 1848. NO. 46.

PERSONAL DISCHARGE.

Kent County, Set.

On the application of John L. Clothier, of Kent county, by petition in writing to 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 John L. Clothier, 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 Elijah Dailey, a Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said J. L. Clothier and the said Trustee having given bond oath 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, Justice of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, do hereby grant a personal discharge to the said J. L. Clothier and I do hereby appoint and fix the first Wednesday in the next March term of Kent county Court for the appearance of the said J. L. Clothier, 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 March term of the said Court, for the final hearing of the said application, and do also order that the said J. L. Clothier, 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 March 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 March term of the said Court to shew cause if any they have why the said Jno. L. Clothier should not have the benefit of the Insolvent Laws as prayed.

EDW'D WILKINS.

dec. 18, 1847. 3m

A CARD.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a

HAT STORE

in the room occupied by R. Hynson, Esq' and nearly opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall where will be kept a general assortment o **HATS**, of every style and quality, at the very lowest prices—such as BEAVER, SILK, NUTRA, BRUSH, CASSEMERE, RUSSIA, SAXONY, SLOUCH, &c. &c.

☞Hats of any desirable shape or quality, made to order, at the Factory of GRIFFITH & ARTHUR, now established in the town.

☞The subscriber will continue his business of TAILORING at the above named place.

JAS. ARTHUR.

Chester Town, Jan. 29, '48. } tf

COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE undersigned begs leave to tender his services as a Commission Merchant, for the sale of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and other products of the farm.

My attention will be exclusively devoted to the sale of such Produce on Commission, and pledge myself to all those who will favor me with their patronage, to use my most earnest endeavours to promote their interest, and trust by a strict attention to business, to merit confidence and render an intercourse mutually beneficial

E. B. HARRIS,

Feb 19—tm. *Bowly's Wharf, Balt.*

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No. 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, Price 50 cents.

Every operation warranted to suit the patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—SUCH AS—

Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,

Neatly and expeditiously executed on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the "*KENT NEWS*," Chester Town.

Just received and for sale an assortment of steel beads and purse silk.

Jan 8 Wiley & Perkins.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS,

Is Published every Saturday by

Edward Mansfield.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.

For the News.

An Acrostic.

See, the morn is gently breaking,
Ting'ing Heaven and sea with light;
Earths fair buds from slumber waking
Peepeth forth—a flow'nt bright.

High in air the bird of morning,
Ere old Sol his crown hath wove
Near's the Maiden sweetly pouring
Gentle notes of welcome love.

In the grove the warbler's singing,
Upward flowers their odour fling
A bright leaf a chorus ringing
Sweetly seems to praise their king.

Thousand rousing from their slumber
All to Heaven sweet homage pay,
Earth, sky, sea, all! join the numbers
None, refuse to join the lay.

M. A. R.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Western Continent.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH;

OR,

How the Schoolmaster Married a Fortune.

BY MAJ. JOS. JONES, of Pineville.

It's about ten years ago sense the incident what I'm gwine to tell tuck place.—It caused a great sensation in Pineville at at the time, and had the effect to make fellers monstrous careful how they run away with other people's daughters without ther consent ever sense. Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the bominablest man after rich galls that ever was. He hadn't been keeping school in Pineville more'n six months, before he had found out every gall in the settlement whose father had 20 niggers, and had courted all of 'em in a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the galls, and somehow they did'nt like his ways, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage anybody but a Yankee schoolmaster what wanted to git married, and hadn't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by the job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some of 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him more perseverin in the next. His motto was—"never say die!"

Betty Darling, as they used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live out on the Runs—was about the torn downest mischief of a gall in all Georgia. Betty was rich and handsome and smart, and had more admirers than she could shake a stick at, but she was such a tormentin little coquet that the boys was all afraid to court her in down right earnest. When Mr. Doolittle found her out, he went rite at her like a house-a-fire.—She was jest the gall for him, and he was termined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid siege to old Mr. Darling's house day and night, and when he couldn't leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her that was enuff to throw any other gall but Betty Darlin into a fit of the highstericks to read 'em. Jest as everybody expected, after encouragin him jest enuff to make the feller believe he had the thing ded, she kicked him flat. But, shaw! he was perfectly used to that, and he was too much of a filosofer to be discouraged by sich a rebuff, when the game was worth pursuin.

He didn't lose a minnit's time, but jest brushed up and went rite at her agin.—Evrybody was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Mr. Darling's, after the way he had been treated by Betty; but they was a good deal more surprised, and the boys was terribly alarmed in about a month, at the headway he seemed to be makin in his suit. All at once, Miss Betty's conduct seemed to be makin in him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see she was beginnin like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on in this way for a while, til bimby old Mr. Darling begun to git so uneasy about it that he told Mr. Doolittle one day, that he mustn't come to his house no more; and that if he ketcht him sendin any more love letters and kiss verses to to his daughter by his nigger galls, he'd make one of his boys give him a alfired cowhidin.

But Mr. Doolittle did'nt care for that neither. He could see Miss Betty when she come a shoppin in the stores in town, and ther was more'n one way to git a letter to her. What did he care for old Darling? His daughter was hed and hart in love with him, and was jest the gall to run away with him too, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain to git that when once he married the gall.

One Saturday, when ther was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old squire Rodgers, and told him he must be reddy to marry a couple that night, at exactly ten o'clock.

"Mum," ses he, you mustn't say a word to nobody, Squire. The license is all ready, and the party wants to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodatin old fellers in the world on sich occasions. Mrs. Rodgers was a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and nothing done the old Squire so much good as to marry other people, it didn't make no odds who they was. Besides Mr. Doolittle was a injured man and great schollar, in his opinion, and belonged to his church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole bisness in first-rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the end of her father's lane, disguised in a ridin dress borrowed for the occasion, when he was to take her in a close one horse barouche and "fly with her on the wings of love," as he sed he would, to the Squires' office, whar they was to be united in the bands of wedlock before any body in the village know'd any thing about it. He had made arrangements at the Hotel for a room, which he seed fixed up himself for the auspicious occasion, and he had writ a letter to a friend down in Augusty to be thar the next week, to take charge of his school, as he thought it mought be necessary for him to keep out of the way of Old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller had time to come to.

All day Mr. Doolittle was bustlin about as if he wasn't certain which eend he stood on, while the sunshine of his heart beamed from his taller colored face in a way to let every body know something extraordinary was gwine to happen.

Jest after dark he mought been seen drivin out by himself in a barouche towards old Mr. Darling's. Every body 'spected something, and all hands was on the look out. It was plain to see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerrble with something, but nobody couldn't git a word out of him.

Mr. Doolitle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with strain in eyes and palpitatin hart, he soon reached the place appinted to meet the object of his consumin affections.

Was she thar? No! Yes! Is it?—Yes, thar she is!—the dear creater. The skirt of her nankeen ridin dress, what sets close to her angelic form, flutterin in the breeze. She stands timidly crouchin in the corner of the fence holdin her yale close over her lovely face, tremblin in every jint for fear she mought be discovered and tore away from the arms of her devoted Ebenezer!

'Dearest angel!' ses he in a low voice.

'Oh, Ebenezer!' and she kind o' fell in his arms.

'Compose yourself, my love.'

'Oh, if father should——"

"Don't fear, dearest creature. My arm shall protect you agin the world.'

And then he was jest gwine to pull away her vale to kiss her.——

'Oh!' ses she, 'didn't I hear somebody comin?'

'Eh?' ses he, lookin round. Let's git in, my dear.'

And with that he helped her into the barouche; and contented himself with imprinting a burning kiss that almost singed the kid glove on her dear little hand as he closed the door. Then jump in on the front seat, he drove as fast he could to town, encouragin her all the way, and swarin to her how he would love her and make her happy, and tellin her how her father and mother would forgive her and and think jest as much of her as ever.

Pore gall! she was so terribly agitated that she couldn't do nothin but sob and cry, which made Mr Doolittle love her more and sware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office, and the boys that was on the watch seed him help her out of the barouche, every body know'd her at once, in spite of her disguise and sich another excitement was never seed in Pineville. Sum of the fellers was half out of ther senses, and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony over as quick as possible for fear of bein interrupted by the row that was evidently bruin.

'Be quick, Squire,' ses Doolittle handin out the license, and shakin like he had anger, 'for Miss Darling is very much agitated.'

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and did'nt take time to enjoy himself in readin the ceremony slow, and puttin the dimi-semi-quivers in his voice like he always did. The noise was gettin louder and louder out of doors, and somebody was knockin to git in.

'Oh!' ses Betty, leaning on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

'Go on,' ses Doolittle, pressin her to his side, his eyes on the Squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

'Open the door, Rogers,' ses a hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear nothing till he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling was pronounced man and wife.

Jest then the door opened. In rushed old Mr. Darling, and Bill, and Sam Darling, followed by a whole heap of fellers.

The bride screamed and fell into the arms of the triumphant Doolittle.

'Take hold of her!' ses old Darling, flourishin his cane over his hed. 'Take hold of the huzzy!'

'Stand off,' ses Doolittle, throwin himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin his faintin bride on one arm. 'Stand off, old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law."

'Knock him down!—take hold of him!' ses half a dozen; and Bill Darling grabbed the bride-groom by the neck, while Squire Rogers jumped up on the table and hollered out.

'I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!'

'She's my wife!—my lawful wife!' shouted Doolittle. 'I call upon the law.'

Jest then, the bride got over her faintin fit and raised her drooping hed,—the vale fell off, and—oh, cruel fate! Mr. E. Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holding in his arms not Miss Betty but Miss Betty's waitin-maid, one of the blackest niggers in Georgia, who at that interestin crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two peeled onions, and throwin her arms around his neck, exclaimed—

'Dis is my dear husband what Miss Betty gin me her own self'

Sich a shout as did foller.

'Go to the devil, you black——" ses Doolittle, tryin to pull away from her.

'Stick to him, Silla,' ses the fellers, he's yours accordin to law.'

Old Squire Rogers looked like he'd married his last couple, pore old man, and hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys and the young Darlings like to laughed themselves to deth, while old Darlings, who was mad as a hornit, was gewine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealin, right off.

Pore Doolitle! He made out, at last, to git lose from his wife, and to find the back door. He haint never been heard of in Pineville, from that day to this.

AN IRISH LANDLORD.—Lord Dufferin, at a dinner given last Thursday to Mr. Howe, one of the agents of the Dufferin estates in the county of Down, gave the following sketch of an Irish landlord, among other very clever remarks made by his lordship on returning thanks for his health having been drunk:

"An Irish landlord is unlike any other landlord under the sun. He lives in a peculiar atmospher of his own. The daily conditions of his life and the occasional conditions of his death are totally dissimilar from those of other men. He is a complete genius of himself—an erratic body in the social system. He may be described as an individual who does not get rent; as a well dressed gentleman, who may be shot with impunity, the legitimate cock shy of the immediate neighborhood; a superficial index, by which to mark the geographical direction of the under current of assassination; a cause of bewildermement to coroners, and of vague verdicts to distracted juries; a subject of newspaper paragraphs, and a startling text for leading articles."

SURRENDERING TO A HOG.

Just before the Battle of Guilford Court House, the country people were greatly alarmed by a rumor of the enemy being in the vicinity burning houses, and destroying cattle, &c.

One man, as soon as he heard it, was scared nearly out of his ugly skin, and his wife that she might stay where she was going to hide in Garberry Swamp, and started off with his gun and nigger. The night was dark as Erebus, and while walking rather fast through the woods, he tumbled and fell heels over head, over the trunk of a fallen tree, behind which a number of hogs were lying; he was saluted with grunt after grunt, and certain that they were the British, cried out—

"I surrender! I surrender!" and turning round, felled poor Pompey with the butt of his gun, for not *surrendering also.*

PAT AND THE STEAM ENGINE.—The following, which we find in the Boston Bee, is capital. If the editors have any more of the "same sort" left, we hope they will send them along:

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitable employed as a stevedore, was observed intently gazing at a steam engine, that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his first at the "tarnal critter," he exclaimed—

"Choog, choog, choog, spet, spet. stame it and be bothered, ye ould child o' Satan, that ye are! Ye nay do the work o' twenty-five fellies—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth—but, but by the powers, now, *ye can, I vote*, old blazer, mind that, will ye!"

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FARMER'S CREED.

Let this be held the farmer's creed—
For stock, seek out the choicest breed,
In peace and plenty let them feed;
Your land sow with the best of seed;
Let it dung nor dressing need;
Inclose, plow, reap, with care and speed,
And you will soon be rich indeed.

AGE OF CATTLE BY THE TEETH AND HORNS.

A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator says:

"Some years ago, a gentleman presented at the cattle fair at Paris, Ky., a bull as a two year old. The rules of this fair allow an animal to be presented as a two year old until he is three, the fractions of a year not being counted; and this bull was nearly three by the certificate presented with him. One of the judges, who had Youatt's Treatise upon British Cattle, contended that he was four years old, and there must be some mistake or fraud somewhere. The above circumstance induced me to examine a number of cattle whose ages I knew; and the result was, that Durham cattle, have their teeth much sooner the ages specified in Youatt's Treatise. I examined none that were not six months or each year in advance of those marks of three, and so of other ages. These cattle had all been well fed, and were large for their ages. It is natural to suppose that cattle that come early to maturity would cut their teeth sooner than those of slow growth, and this is found to be the fact.—Buffon says that cattle have a full mouth at three, Parkinson at four, and Youatt at five. There are other authorities for each of those periods, so that it is reasonable to suppose the observations of those persons were made upon different kinds of cattle.—Good keep will make cattle look younger than they really are when judged by the horns, and older by the teeth. Poor keep will increase the rings on the horns, and retard the cutting of the teeth If an animal gets very poor the first winter, and is kept badly afterwards, he will always have the marks on his horns of being two or three years older than his real age. If a cow has a calf at two years old, she will always show marks on her horns of greater age than if she had not bred early.

ANCIENT GUIDES IN AGRICULTURE.

In the early days of Agriculture, the farmers used to note the approach of the seasons by the appearance of animals, and the putting forth of leaves and flowers; and these were their guides for ploughing and sowing. Perhaps these were oftentimes, and are now, as good indicators of the advance of the seasons as any. According to Stillingfleet, it was a rule with the husbandman of Norfolk, that when the oat catkins begin to shed their seed, it is a proper time to sow barley. Hesiod says that when the voice of the crane is heard overhead, then is the time for ploughing; that if it should rain for three days together when the cuckoo sings, late sowing will then be as good as early sowing; that when snails begin to creep out of their holes and climb up the plants, it is time to leave off digging about vines and take to pruning. This is a wonderful coincidence, observes the same author, which probably takes place in all countries, between vegetation and the arrival of the birds of passage. Linnaeus says that in Sweden the wood anemone blooms from the arrival of the swallow; and Stillingfleet found that, in Norfolk, the swallow arrived on the 6th of April, and the anemone bloomed on the 10th. In this country it begins to bloom from the 1st to the 10th of May, and the swallows arrive about that time. In our latitude, the surest index of the advance of the season to the point when it is reasonable to suppose that the warm weather is about established, and frosts completely adjourned is the appearance of that curious, parti-colored fellow. Bob of Lincoln. He is a pretty strict observer of the march of old Sol northward, and is very careful not to outstrip him in his migration from the sunny south- He comes when he is sure that warm weather will continue, and he is off before the frosts of autumn have a chance to nip his toes. When he begins to "conquedlee" to you in the meadows, never fear to put in your corn and garden sauce.

THE POTATOE BLIGHT.

A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that the cause of the potato blight has lately been receiving great attention from scentific persons.—The Dean of Westminster has addressed a letter to Mr. Lindley, the celebrated botanist, in which he points out the extreme probability that the blight was caused by an atmosphere charged with infecting elements. Dr. Buckland, Mr. Milne, Sir Gaspard La Marchant, Governor of Newfoundland, Mr. Adams and other eminent men, have expressed similar opinions.—The summer of 1842 was very wet, and thunder storms were frequent. Atmospheric electricity may be only one cause of this blight. Summer frosts are probably another. Excessive cold rains a third.—The great uncertainty that attends the cultivation of potatoes ought not to diminish our attention to it, but points out the importance of not trusting so exclusively as it has been in done in some countries, paticularly Ireland, upon so tender a plant for a principal supply of food.

☞When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but let it be first well cleaned.

YOUNG OR AN OLD ORCHARD.

☞The editor of the Exeter News Letter states that he has received from a friend in Derry, N. H., a bowl of apples taken from a tree that was planted as early as 1722. In describing thee tree he states that the trunk measures nearly two and a half feet in diameter. He also states that the present top is the third one that this trunk has nourished since it was set out—it having been the practice to cut off all the old top when it became decayed and fruitless, leaving the sprouts to grow and form a new top. We saw this experiment, says the Maine Farmer, tried many years ago, with an orchard in the Old Colony. During the summer the leaves of an orchard were wholly devoured by canker worms. The owner cut the tops entirely off. New branches put out, and in a few years they bore apples, and appeared to be as healthy and flourishing as if nothing had happened.

REMARKS OF MR. WICKES.

When the announcement of the death of Mr. Adams was made in the House of Delegates of Maryland, and an adjournment moved, Mr. Clagett opposed the motion on account of the press of business.—Mr. Wickes, of Kent, addressed the House in a strain of impassioned eloquence which has more than once distinguished him on that floor:

Mr. Speaker:—The gentleman from P. George's, has, I am sure, objected to the motion for adjournment, without consideration. Sir, is there—can there be a man among us, who would not sit till midnight, and again assemble with the rising sun, with his petitions and his bills, rather than that *we*, the Legislature, should be wanting in the last poor tribute of respect to the memory of the mighty man, who has just gone from among us? Sir, in the service of his country he lived;—in her service he died. He died, as he would die—with the harness on his back. He, sir, is among the last of a band of patriots and sages, who with him watched his country in her infancy; they have long since gone—he has watched her until now. Long, long has he stood a patriarch and a father, among those, who to him, were but children.—There, in the temples of his country, Death found him, when he came; and there he laid his hand upon him. Sir, the place which has known him so long, shall know him no more forever. He has gone to join the Fathers of our country—to join the companions and co-patriots of his youth. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—the Christian—the Patriot—the Patriarch—and the sage is now no more. For a moment, party's wild voice is hushed—every heart is full, and every eye betrays its sorrow.—Let us, Sir adjourn.—*Clipper.*

REALLY GOOD.—We do not think much of that man's religion who takes particular pains to show it. It appears to us that his heart is out of tune. If a man is really good, the temper of his mind will soon enough be discovered by his own neighbors, without hanging the label on his own breast—"I am a true christian"—or without his fastening on his front door—on his counter, or on his hat passages of Scripture. If he is, indeed, a true disciple, his daily walk and conversation will manifest it. His whole life will be a living epistle—a beautiful expression that—we love to repeat it—a "living epistal" of his faith and practice. An humble christian is always retiring and conceals on half of his good deeds from the world, and is never severe and dogmatical. His daily walk is a volume which all may read with pleasure and profit.

☞Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine; adding thereto about a filth qart of gater; and using a gentle heart when perfectly metted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so fast that the fracture will be hardly perceived.

☞A fellow who married a termagant who drove him to desperation, and finally to death, just before dying requested a friend to have the following brief yet pungent inscription upon his tomb: "Slain by a jawbone!"

☞"Keep my purse from the lawyer—my body from the doctor—and my soul from the devil," was the short and comprehensive prayer of a certain Scotchman.

☞At one of our juvenile decating societies, recently, the question was up, 'which is the best, matied or single life," when one of the negative disputants, a hopeful candidate for batcherlordom, arose, and thus delivered himself:—" Mr. President, I am opposed to married life———because as how they *scrouges!*" This was a stick,—so the boys had to give in against matrimony.

☞An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some troubles in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was no great things of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

☞"Oh! I pant for glory, I pant for renown!" said a ragged son of genius to his friend. "Well if you've a pair of pants, you'd better put them on," was the cool and relentless reply.

CHLOROFORM.

New discoveries are being made daily as to the merits of this mixture. A gentleman in New York has found it to be excellent for soothing a scolding wife. It has also been administered by human butchers to cattle about to be slaughtered—they were killed without feeling the knife or axe!