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THE KENT NEWS
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEW
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

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 o times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

All communications must be postpaid.

Francis Lamb, vs. *Philemon Dickinson, Charles Dickinson, Alex Dickinson.* } Judgment before Emory Sudler, Es. a Magistrate for debt $40 00 with interest from the 1st January, 1848, till paid, and 58 cents costs.

The subscriber having purcha-ed the real estate of the above named Defendants, at a sale thereof, in virtue of an Execution issued upon the foregoing Judgement made on the 14th september 1850, by John W. Carroll, Esq. Constable, hereby gives notice that he intends to apply to the Judges of Kent county Court at its next session to be held in Chestertown on the third Monday of March next for a confirmation of said sale when and where the said Defendants or their Creditors or any other person or persons claiming any interest in the matter will have an opportunity of stating their objections, if any they have, why the sale should not be confirmed, and for that purpose are hereby warned to appear. The property purchased by the subscriber consists of, all that Tract or those tracts or parts of Tracts of land lying in Quaker Neck in Kent County called and known as

"OLD TOWN," "PATRICK," AND "SEWELL"

or whatsoever name or names the same may be called, containing

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES

more or less, adjoining the lands of Thomas Lusby and Edward Comegys and being the same lands that were conveyed by deed by John Curry to Philemon Dickinson, Charles Dickinson and Alexander Dickinson as by reference to said deed bearing date the 11th April 1846 and recorded in Liber J. N. G. No 11. pages 74 and 75, one of the land record books for Kent County, will fully appear, and was struck off at the sum of $75. subject to all prior liens and incumbrance on the same.

WILLIAM YOUNG
Oct'r. 19 1850. 4t

Ann R. Merritt Administratrix De Bonis Non of Joseph T Merritt vs. *Philemon Dickinson, Charles Dickinson, Alexander Dickinson* } Judgment before Emory Sudler, Esq. Magistrate for &c. in favor of Brewer

Dickinson and John Dickinson with interest from 17 January till paid, and $1 06 costs — suggestion the 20th May, 1848 by Charles Dickinson and Alexander Dickinson — and on the 20th June, 1849 Fiat against the original defendants and suprseders in favor of the said Ann R. Merritt, Admrx. De Bo. is Non of Joseph T. Merritt, for the above debt, interest and cost, and $1 additional cost.

The subscriber having purchased the real estate of the above named defendants Philemon, Charles and Alexander Dickinson at a sale thereof in said Execution issued upon the aforegoing Judgement by Emory Sudler, Esq. Constable, hereby gives notice that he intends to apply to the Judges of Kent County Court at its next session to be held in Chestertown on the third Monday of March next for a confirmation of said sale when and where the said defendants or their Creditors or any other person or persons claiming any interest in the matter will have an opportunity of stating their objections, if any they have, why the sale should not be confirmed, and for that purpose are hereby warned to appear. The property purchased by the subscriber consists of all that Tract or those Tracts or parts of Tracts of land lying in Quaker Neck, in Kent county, called and known as

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ONE HUNDRED and FORTY ACRES

more or less, adjoining the lands of Thos Lusby and Edward Comegys; and being the same lands that were conveyed by deed by John Curry to Philemon Dickinson, Charles Dickinson, and Alexander Dickinson as, by reference to said deed, bearing date 11th April, 1846 and recorded in Liber J. N. G. No. 11, pages 74 and 75, one of the land record books for Kent county, will fully appear, and was struck off at the sum of $75 00 subject to all prior liens and incumbrances on the same.

WILLIAM YOUNG, Jun.
October 19, 1850.—4t

AGENTS:

V. B Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut st.; E. W. Carr, No 440 N Fourth sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South streets, Baltimore, are our authorised agents, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect and receipt for the same.

1c

Revolving wheat rakes, a superior article, price $10. For sale by
WILMER & FRANCIS.
June 8th 1850

SHOE, scrubbing, horse and white wash brushes, for sale by
WM E WICKES.

THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet: —"He labors vialy, who endeavors to plese every one."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 9, 1850. NO. 28.



Poetry.

[Written for the Kent News.]

IRISH SONG.—Mavourneen Dheelish.

BY HENRY D. O'REILLY.

*Mavourneen Dheelish, with what softness you glide,
Like a fawn through the forest, with foliage green;
The wild flower bends neath thy tootstep in pride,
While it perfumes thy path, my beautiful Queen.

The dew glistens bright on the grass in thy way,
And the birds carol forth in purest delight,
While nature herself looks all smiling and gay,
And seems to be clad in an aspect more bright

Mavourneen dheelish, you will never forget
The promise you made neath the Sycamore tree,
When you swore to leave, with a tear of regret,
The home of your childhood to fly far with me.

There are kind hearts to seek, and old friends to greet
My beautiful bride when she crosses the wave,
For the sons of Erin will find a retreat,
In the land of the free and home of the brave.

——*An Irish phrase meaning my sweet darling.

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

Dear Gently.

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS.

Dear gently by the lowly,
For bitter is their lot,
When by their friends deserted,
And by the world forgot;
One kindly word may banish
The anguish of despair,
And bid forever vanish
A world of grief and care.

Remember, oh! remember
"It is not always May."
The blast of life's December
May drive your friends away;
For when the storms of winter
In darkness cloud the sky,
The earliest birds of summer
Are always first to fly.

Wherever an erring brother
Departs from honor's path,
Reprove him not too harshly,
Nor turn away in wrath;
But point out to him kindly
The path he should have trod—
And thou wilt gain his blessing,
And the approval of thy God.

Popular Tales.

[Written for the Kent News.

NORAH SHANE.

A SIMPLE TALE.

BY HENRY D. O'REILLY

Norah Shane—gentle—charming—lovely Norah Shane—often have I watched her as she crossed the ford of Ballyashenough, stepping from rock to rock, as nimble as a Deer, and casting a roguish glance around, to see if any one was near, when she held up the skirt of her dress to save it from the water, and showed a foot so small, it might have been a fairy's. My blessing on you Norah, dear, with your bright sparkling blue eye your merry laugh, your rosy cheek, and your beautiful nut brown hair hanging down in curls over a neck fair as a lily, its yourself that was the pride of Bantry, and many a gossoons heart danced fairly with delight when you smiled upon him; for its you that had the sweet smile of your own. Norah was the only child of a small farmer in Ireland; her parents were well to do in the world; her father, Andy Shane, rented forty acres of land, about a mile from the town of Bantry; he owned besides, two cows, a horse, half a dozen sheep, and a baker's dozen of as fine pigs as you need wish to look at; his crops were the best in the country, and he had two hundred pounds in the Saving's bank, for Andy was a thrifty man, and had doubled the fortune that his wife brought him on her wedding day. So Norah was an Heiress, and many a fortune hunter, with an eye to the money, offered to lay his hand and heart at her feet but they all got the same answer, for Norah, though a beauty, was a sensible girl, and saw through their shallow professions. At length the landlord's son, young squire Thornley, heir to all the country round about, fell in love with our Village Beauty and wooed her, but his parents were furious when they heard of it, and Norah the darling, though her heart was in him all the time, (for he had won her first young love) refused his hand, for she was too proud to intrude herself into any family without the consent of every member of it. Norah, pulse of my heart, you say you love me more than aught on earth, yet you refuse me—I will not live without you—you must be mine!

"No, Philip, your parents will not sanction our union, and you know what the commandment says: "Honor thy father and mother." "Norah, you deceive me! you cannot love me as you say, or you could not bear to part from me so calmly." "Not love you, Philip—and the poor girl's sobs became audible—heaven is my judge that I love you too well for my own peace of mind. "Then, why would you plunge yourself and me into the deepest misery by rejecting my proposal. "Philip, you are the son of one of the oldest families in the land; heir to a title and immense estates; I am the child of a poor but honest farmer, who would sooner see me dead at his feet, than your lawful wife without your parents blessing on the match."

"You are right Norah, I will not press you further. God bless you achora machree, There is no hope for either of us. To-morrow I will join my regiment and on the battle field Philip Thornley will earn laurels to deck his grave.' 'Oh! Philip how can you speak thus, my heart is fairly broken.' 'Norah, Norah, my life my love, look up.' He might as well have spoken to a statue, she had fainted. Two years have passed and tidings come to his sorrowing parents, that Philip Thornley had perished upon the battle field of Marengo—he sought a soldiers death and fighting gallantly in front of his regiment—he fell, covered with a thousand wounds, and how did Norah bear the news; no wild outburst of grief betokened the sorrow that raged within her inmost heart, but the colour fled from her cheeks, the merry laugh changed to a sad smile, the rounded form to an attenuated frame, and day by day, she faded, until in a few months after, the green sod covered the Village Beauty.

I never hear the name of Norah, but the old time comes over me again and days long past are present to the mind's eye when in childhoods happy hours, I bounded over the ford of Ballyashenough with Norah as my playmate and favourite companion, and I often drop a tear to the memory of an early friend.

ONE OF THE HUSBANDS.

Not long since a short, rough-looking individual, a Frenchman by his appearance, and still more so by his discourse, was brought before one of our recorders to answer to a charge of violently assaulting and beating his own wife. The prosecutor complained that the accused and his wife, who kept a small shop, were continually disputing and quarreling and disturbing the peace of the neighborhood, but that the husband generally commenced the strife. The accused appeared to pass his time lounging about the neighboring cafe, drinking and playing dominoes with a parcel of rowdy, idle companions, whilst his wife stayed at home working all day and late at night for his and her support.

The wife appeared in court neatly dressed, but much afflicted at the idea of her better half being treated as a criminal—She evidently thought he was going to be hanged! The Frenchman looked as dignified and as fierce as possible; he considered himself to judge by his air, an injured individual—injurin his rights as a citizen and his prerogative as a husband. The recorder, after hearing the testimony, turned to the accused, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Pierre Jobarb, you have beaten your wife, it seems."

"I no beat my vife; I strike—I give her one blow."

"You acknowledge that you assaulted and beat her then?"

"I tell you I no beat her—I *corrige*—I correct—I punish her, *que diable!* She so bad *caracter*."

"Bad character! Why the testimony proves that you own character is decidedly worse than that of your wife."

"The testimonie d—d fool! He not able to see my vife—how *diabolique* she treat me! Vat you say, Mo'sieu Testimonie? Vat you say? repeated the French, bristling up his mustaches and looking fiercely at Monsieu Testimony.

"The witness saw you beating your wife; that is sufficient for me. No man has a right to beat his wife," said the Recorder, with severe majesty.

"Ah! one poor *mari*—one poor devil husban will *souffrir* de *martyr* from one *maudite femme*, and he no got right to say nothing! he no permit 'osh de tongue—de *langue* of de vife! By gar, Mo'sieu Recordaire you no know noting! you one *garcon!* you no have de vife! You marry yourself day before yesterday, and den I see you! Den you be put in *prison* all de day of your life for beat your wife like one *chien*—one dog! *que diable!*"

"You should not take advantage of your strength, sir, to tyrannize over a feeble woman."

"Vat you say?"

"You are too strong to abuse a weak woman like your wife—feeble, weak, not strong."

"*Ah oui!* No strong! You mean my wife like one schild, one babee. *Mon Dieu!* dis Recordaire no know nothing—nothing at all!" exclaimed the Frenchman with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, and addressing the audience. "You never marry one voman—*Mo'sieu;* you have not de *idea* she like de *elephant*:—Ha! my vife make you see the *elephant*—how you say dat—if you want marry her." A general laugh followed this sally.

"Is that all you have to say for yourself, Pierre Jobarb?"

"I have de singulaire *faveur* to ask; I want you, *Mo'sieu* Recordaire separate me and my wife—give me de divorce."

"That is not in my power."

"Den I ask you to marry my vife yourself."

"I am sorry not to be able to oblige you."

"Den I no care! You send me to de *penetentiare* ten year! I nevaire live in the *maison* vid de *maudite* voman no more, nevaire, by gar!"

The Recorder wished to send the accused to the Frst District Court, but was induced by the wife's entreaties to let him off on condition that he gave bonds to keep the peace.

"Vat no *prison!* I vant de *prison!* I will go in de prison ten year, twentee year! —all de year! I nevaire go vid dat voman! *Mo'sieur* Recordaire, you give me de *penetentiare*, I give you my vife for nothing!"

Take him out!" said the Captain of Police. The unfortunate Frenchman was hustled out of court, still vainly imploring to be sent to prison rather than be forced to live "vid dat *sacre* voman!" The poor wife followed, weeping.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SCOLDING—AN ANECDOTE.

We will not say that any who have the scolding propensity are absolutely incurable, but we know some very obstinate cases. We also know some persons who have such a happy mental organization, that they never indulge a petulant spirit.—An anecdote will illustrate these cases.

Two thriving farmers, A. and B., lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, &c. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved to be a termagant, while that of B had not spoken petulently, since her marriage.—These men were once in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinner horn from the house of Mr A was sounded, and he said to B., "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture."—"I really wish," replied B., "that I could hear my wife scold as your's does, for five minutes, just to see how it would sound, for she has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage. "Oh," said A., "get your wife a load of crooked wood and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forrest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve, so as to preserve it entire, and to throw all such sticks in a separate pile subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of these crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing. When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy, but the meal, as usual, was well cooked, and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficient smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As fast as the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him: "Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted, and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had, it fits round the pots and kettles so nisely."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Do trees talk? Have they not leafy lungs—do not they at sunrise, when the wind is low, and the birds are carolling their songs, play a sweet music? Who has ever heard the soft whisper of the green leaves in spring time on a sunny morning, who did not feel as though rainbow gleams of gladness were running through his heart? And then, when the peach-blossoms hang like rubies from the stem of the parent tree—when the morning-glory like a nun before the shrine of God, unfolds her beautiful face and the moss roses open their crimson lips, sparkling with the nectar that falls from heaven, who does not bless his Maker? When autumn comes—the season of the "sere and yellow leaf"—when the wheat is in its golden prime, and the corn waves its silken tassels in the air, how those who think how and remember the reaper Death!—And then again in winter, when the bosom of Old Mother Earth is cold, and the white snow, like a shroud, is on her breast, and the naked trees with leaves all fallen, stand quivering in the wind!

PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of it's being so late," &c. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven beside thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was *thine own property.*"

☞He who has too good an opinion of himself, drives all others from him.

McDONOUGH, THE MISER MILLIONAIRE.

A former acquaintance of John McDonough, the millionarie, who died lately in New Orleans, furnishes the Newark Advertiser with following reminiscences of him:

He resided, for many years of the latter part of his life, in Algiers, (a village on the opposite side of the Mississippi to New Orleans), where he cultivated and maintained the strictest habits of industry and economy. His custom was to visit the city daily, and to avoid the expense of the ferry boat, (the usual mode of crossing), he kept a small skiff, in which he made his house servants row him over.—The foundation of his fortune was made by the transfer of Louisiana to the United States; when a large tract where New Orleans is now located, was acquired by him. The rise in value of this, would of itself, have constituted at this day, a large fortune.

The income of his possession, he studiously and with much good judgment, invested in improved property in the city, and so particular was he in the collection of rents, that he made out with the most perfect exactness, himself, every bill; and though he had a collector employed, he would never suffer him to append his name to a receipt. He was never known to have a friend call upon him except on business, which he would compel him to espatch with all convenient speed, lest his time would be occupied with something which would not result in his pecuniary advantage. The old gentleman, whom he employed to collect his rents, &c, was not even allowed to have his brother call on him lest, as McDonough, alleged, it would cost him an extra meal. His apparel, when in the city, was always neat and clean, but bore the unmistakable evidence of being very ancient. So particular was he to save his clothes from the usual wear, that he has been known frequently to take of his linen on his return from the city and replace it with that which was of less value. The umbrella which he invariably carried with him, was said to have been found by him during his services in General Jackson's campaign against the Indian tribes. When he put on a new coat it was noticed and made the subject of familiar conversation among business men throughout the city, as a matter of astonishment.

A few years ago, a nephew visited him, and was told he need not repeat his visits, as it was expensive, and he subsequently died in the Charity Hospital, his uncle contributing nothing towards his funeral expenses. On one occasion he applied to the Legislature for the passage of an act appointing himself executor to his own estate, by which he intended to save the usual fee of two and a half per cent. to the Probate Court. In answer to his petition, the Legislature replied, that if he would make affidavit that he was dead they would act favorably upon his petition.

Much is said about his liberating his slaves, and an erroneous impression has gone abroad in relation to it. When he purchased one, he at once opened an account with him, charging his cost, expense of clothing, &c.; and creating him with the money received for his wages; and when the slave had paid him his first cost, expenses and interest of money, with a fair consideration for risks, &c., he gave him his freedom, provided the Colonization Society would take charge of him.

A MANLY LITTLE FELLOW.

When Lieut. Governor Patterson, of Westfield, N. Y., who is personally known to some of our citizens, and who bears an exalted reputation for intelligence and kind heartedness was speaker of the New York Legislature, as is usual at the opening of the house, some dozen boys presented themselves os applicants for the place of messenger. He inquired the names, and into their conditions, in order to make a proper selection. He came in the course of his examination, to a smaller boy, about ten years of age, a bright looking lad.

"Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, sir," replied the boy, promptly.

"What! said the speaker, "you did not sign the Declaration of Independence, did you?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "But I would if I had been there."

"You can be one of the messengers," said the speaker—*Erie Gaz.*

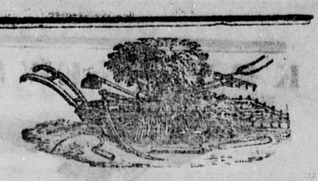
☞A cross grained antiquated maiden vixen went to a physician for advice.

"Madam," said the doctor, "it seems to me that it would do you good to have a little sun and air."

"Oh; you abominable critter! a son and heir? Oh, dear will somebody fan me? I shall go off! The outrageous brute! a son and heir."

The old maid vamosed, and has not since been seen.

☞'Ike,' said a rusty old heathen of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?' 'Why, they guess at one fourth the distence and then multiplies by four."



Agricultural.

MILKING COWS—A NEW METHOD

The new method of milking which our readers may have seen something of in the papers, is no joke, but a practical reality. An informant of ours witnessed the operation in the farm yard of Joseph Fellows, Esq., of Geneva but a few days since. India rubber bags were drawn over the cows' teats, which set close enough to exclude the air, in the lower end of which metallic tubs were inserted, closed by taps: when the four were adjusted taps were withdrawn, and the milk streamed from each teat into the pail, exhausting the whole quantity in the cow's bag in half the time it would take to milk in the ordinary way. It is a useful invention, against which no valid objection can exist, and will be likely to come into general use. The prime cost of a set, four milkers we shall have to call them—cannot exceed fifty cents.—They are simple and easily and cheaply manufactured. When the cows are stalled, it would seem that one man could milk ten in fifteen minutes, if he was supplied with the apparatus for each cow.—*Rochester American.*

SMOKING POTATOES.

A correspondent of the Cultivator writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, says:

"I have been informed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, that he stopped his potatoes from rotting by smoking them. After the potatoes were dug and placed in the cellar, (an out door cellar,) he built a smoke and continued it eight or ten days, when the affected parts dried up, and the rest of the potato remained sound through the winter. The remedy was discovered by placing fire in an unfinished cellar to prevent the vegitables from freezing—immediately after which it was found that the potatoes stopped rotting. He says he has tried the experiment for two or three years past, and he has never known it to fail of arresting the disease immediately."

VINEGAR FROM BEETS.—Good vinegar is an almost indispensable article in every family, many of which purchase it at a considerable annual expense; while some use but a very indifferent article; and others; for want of a little knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that too without much expense. The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twentyfive cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, and press the juice from them in a press or in many other ways which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel; cover the bunghole with gauze and set it in the sun and in twelve or fifteen days it will be ready for use.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

PRESERVING WINTER APPLES.—After picking in the fall, the apples should be kept in some cool shed until the weather becomes so cold as to render their removal neccessary, in order to keep them from freezing—for its heat and moisture that hastens their decay. Apples that are to be kept long must be kept cool and dry. A cellar which has ice in one part of it is desirable. We have always found them to keep best by having hanging shelves for their reception.

KEEPING PUMPKINS.—We have kept them to the middle of July by putting them in a dry cellar upon a scaffold, where the temperature was at no time below the freezing point.—*Telegraph.*

THE LATE MR GRIZZLE

A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, it was discovered floating upon the surface, and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was dispatched to convey intelligence to the afflicted widow.

Mr. Smith.—Well Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body.

Mrs. Grizzle.—You don't say so!

Mr. S.—Yes we have—the jury has sat on it, and found it full of eels.

Mrs. G.—You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?

Mr S.—Yes it is, and we want to know what you will have done with it.

Mrs G.—How many eels should you think there is in him?

Mr. S.—Why, about a bushel.

Mrs. G.—Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house, *and set him again!*

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the subscriber and Wm. A Kemp, and in the name of Kemp & Price was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 11th ultimo; and by virtue of a contract signed by both, the whole business was passed into the hands of the subscriber, who is alone authorized to settle and close up the business.

☞Persons indebted to the late firm are respectfully requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

G. W. PRICE.
October 19, 1850.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of KEASBEY & PULLEN are requested to make immediate payment to Sam'l A. Keasbey, who is authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

George Town X Roads, 3t
October 22, 1850.