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THE KENT NEWS.

FRUSTRA, LABAROT, QUI OMNIUS, PLACERE STUDET—"HE LABORS VAINLY, WHO ENDEAVORS TO PLEASE EVERY ONE."

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., APRIL 19, 1851. NO. 51

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.

NOTICE.

ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic, in Kent county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or be doing an act or thing, or shall be in use or occupation of any house or place for any purpose, for which a license is made necessary by an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at December session 1827, chapter 117, and the several supplements thereto, are hereby warned to obtain a LICENCE, or to renew the same, before the

10th Day of May

next ensuing under the panalties prescribed in said Act of Assembly and the several supplements thereto, for every infraction of said Laws.

FRANCIS CANN,
Sheriff.

April 5. 1851.—5w.

FISHERY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced hawling the seine at the well known

tonton Fishery,

at the mouth of SASSAFRAS RIVER, he solicits his friends and the public, to give him a call. *He* is ready to supply them with SHAD and HERRINS, &c.

PETER FAUNTS.

March 29. '51.

HOUSE

CARPENTERING.

THE subscribers take this method to inform the public, that they have commenced the above business in the Shop, up town, opposite the late residence of George B Usilton, deceased. Having experience in the business, they guarantee to do work in the best manner. By strict attention to business they hope to receive a share of public patronage.

WM. O. SMITH,
W. T. LAMBERT.

Chester Town, Feb. 15, 1851.

SIMON WICKES,
DEALER IN
DRUGS. MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,

HAS just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which he will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.

March 8, 1851.

DOCT. JAYNES' justly celebrated Medicines for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch 8, '51.

ETHERIAL and Camphine Oils from 60 to 70 cts. per gal. (warranted pure) for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

WHITE LEAD, from 8 to 10 cts. Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Varnish for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

PAIN KILLER just received from Providence, R. I., and for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

Superior Chewing Tobacco, Segars, &c. just received and for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

CHASE'S Patent Trusses on hand and for sale by S. WICKES.

Mch. 8, '51.

R. FITCHES unequalled Patent Silver Plated Abdominal Supporters just received and for sale by S. WICKES.

March 29, '50.

DOCT. FITCHES Patent improved steel spring shoulder braces just received and for sale by S. WICKES.

March 29, '51.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM COSDEN.

Maryland, Kent county, Orphans' Court, March 19, 1851.

On the application of John Cosden Administrator of William Cosden, late of Kent county, dec'd It is ordered, that he give 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 some newspaper printed in Kent county.

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 hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of March, 1851.

Test, E. WELCH,
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 William Cosden, 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 September 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of March, 1851.

JOHN COSDEN, Admr.
William Cosden, decd.

April 5, 1851.—3w

POETRY.

From the Greenville (S. C.) Southern Patriot.

THE FLAG OF OUR REPUBLIC.

BY THOS. FREAN, ("CAROLAN,") COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Flag of our Republic
By valiant men was raised,
While traitors bargained for a fee,
And tyrants stood amazed.
Nor traitors wiles, nor tyrant's hand,
Though tried and tried again,
Has e'er pulled down that noble flag,
Or fixed on it a stain!

The Flag of our Republic
Announce the brave and free,
Where timid vassals couch and bend,
In climes beyond the sea;
And on the slippery, 'sanguished deck,
And on the tented field,
It gives assurance that the foe
Must fall, or fly, or yield.

The Flag of our Republic
Revives the exile's heart,
As kindred sob a last farewell,
And early friends depart.
He blesses it upon the mast,
And hails it on the shore,
Where lordly rule and lordly wrath
Are felt and feared no more.

The Flag of our Republic
Has still preserved her stars;
Amid domestic feuds and broils,
As well as foreign wars;
And God, I trust, will keep them still,
A dazzling galaxy,
'Till time shall fade and wane away
Into eternity

CHOICE TALES

THE BURNING PRAIRIE,
OR
THE TEST OATH.

Late in the fall 1840, Grand Prairie, i Illinois, was burned over one night, and an immense amount of damage done to the farmers living in and along its edge. Numerous fences were destroyed; and crops of corn, ready for the gathering, were laid waste; while numberless stacks of grain and hay, put up for the winter's use, were set on fire and burnt to the ground. The havoc was worse because of the conflagration's coming suddenly and quite unexpectedly, as when night came on fire was discernable, and such burnings were invariably perceivable long before night set in, warning the farmers to be prepared. But the evening of this catastrophe, when the sun went down and darkness covered the prairie, no smoke arose from the southern edge of the plain, nor could any lurid glare be seen resting upon the sky, to indicate that the grass was on fire—and as it generally took a whole night for the flames to cross the prairie, all the farmers living on the northern edge, retired to their beds in apparent security. But in the middle of the night many of them were aroused to find their fences on fire their habitations surrounded by flames, and in some instances, even the houses in a bright blaze, from which they with difficulty escaped alive. A farmer whose family was composed of a wife and only daughter, the latter some seventeen years of age, who resided some six miles in the praire, had his house destroyed, while himself perished in the ruins. The daughter was saved by the daring energies of a young man named Clyde, who had discovered the fire and arrived just in time to tear her from the building just as the roof fell in.

The morning after the conflagration, the inhabitants of the little village at Bluffton, situated on the edge of the plain, were set in commotion by the rumors of the fire being the work of some heartless scoundrel, who had thus gratified his malice on some individual by injuring the whole community. The rumors a fixed fact; as about ten o'clock, a man named Gray, a roving character, with no ostensible means of a livelihood, appeared before the Squire of the village, and stated that he wished a warrant issued for the apprehension of David Clyde, for setting the praire on fire the previous evening, by which so much waste of property, and wanton sacrifice of lives had occurred.

The warrant was issued, and placed in the hands of the constable for serving; and while this official was absent in search of Clyde, the young man himself came into the Squire's office, and entered a like complaint against Gray, but was informed that Gray had first appeared and obtained a warrant for his arrest, which was in the hands of the constable.

He seemed taken aback when he was first informed of this, but promising the Squire he would be present at 1 o'clock that afternoon, he departed. Word was sent to Gray to be present at the appointed time; and as the case was an unusual one, the room of the justice was crowded to hear the statement of the two.

Gray's story was short. He swore that having a wolf trap set some distance out in the prairie, he had taken up his lodgings near by it on the night of the fire, and about twelve o'clock he was aroused by the snarles of a wolf which he had caught in a trap He rose to go to it, when he discoved another man near by, who dismounted from his steed, drew out a steel, flint, and tinder from his pocket, and striking a light, thurst it into the grass, which instantly blazed up, and favored by a strong southern wind, sped away toward the settlement, and in exact direction of Mr Fisher's house. That the horseman whom he recognized as Mr Clyde, then mounted his horse and rode away.

This statement had been listened to with breathless attention, and as Gray had delivered it apparently in a cool and truthful manner, it had considerable weight upon the audience. But it produced no effect upon David Clyde. The features of the young man were as calm as ever, and his countenance underwent no change during the recital of Gray. When the latter was done, he arose to his feet and exclaimed.

"My statement of the facts as they occurred upon the evening of that most deplorable fire, will be more minute than that of my accuser, and will occupy more time, but I hope that not only the Justice but the audience also, will listen patiently to what I have to say. It is well known to many here, that I have a brother, residing in Walnut Grove, and upon the night of the fire. I was returning from a visit to him. When about ten miles the other side of Mr Fisher's, as I was riding leisurely along, as I saw a man a short distance ahead of of me kneeling by the road side, and apparently endeavoring to light a fire with steel and tinder. I started my horse into a gallop, at the same instant giving a shout, and the man sprung to his feet, but dropped a burning lock of grass, as he did so into the praire, the dry hay of which was instantly in a blaze.

Scoundrel! I exclaimed, in a loud voice, as I came close to him; but with a hoarse "ha, ha, ha," he retorted:—

"Don't be angry, Mr. Clyde, for getting mad won't stop the fire. I guess old Fisher'll catch it to night, and his haughty daughter too.'

"Villian, you shall answer for this," I replied, as I turned my steed, and spurred him after the rolling flames, which were sweeping swiftly away before a strong south wind, and rolling on in the direction of Fisher's house. In vain I urged my horse to his utmost speed, for the crackling fire sped far ahead of me, and when over a mile and a half distant, I beheld the lurid blaze leap the fence like a stag hound and go careering on towards the house.—Almost maddened at the sight, I goaded my gallant horse, who bounded forward like the wind, but when still half a mile from the building, I saw a bright sheet of flame arise from the roof, and became aware that the house was on fire. The burning praire had made it light as day but my eye ran in vain around the premises to discover a single person, and the fearful thought flashed instantly through my mind that the family were asleep in the house. By the time I reached the door in front of the mansion, the roof was in one lurid glare, and leaping from my steed, I let him go, and throwing my whole force against the door, burst it in. A dense volume of smoke poured out, almost suffocating me for a moment, but regaining my breath, I ascended the steps to the second story. A door was visible on my right hand as I reached the top, and it required all my weight to break it in; but when I did so, a female form staggered into my arms—I hastily bore down stairs, by this time covered with cinders from the burning roof, and as I leptfrom the door it fell in with a terrible crash, showering the sparks thickly around me. The person I had rescued was Mary Fisher, and the old man and his wife perished in the flames.—My horse had fled in alarm from the spot, and as the nearest neighbor's was four miles distant, we were compelled to walk it on foot. Day broke by the time we reached the house and leaving the disconsolate girl at her neighbor's, I came immediately here, and found I was too late to lay my accusation before you first. Such are the facts in the case, although they are mostly opposite to the statement made by Gray."

Clyde had delivered his story in an impressive and convicting manner, but the justice was puzzled which of the two he should believe. The advantage lay with Gray, as he had made the first accusation and the statement of Clyde might be only a tale invented to upset the evidence of his accuser. Neither had proof as no one else saw the deed, and the squire informed them that he knew of no way to dispose of the case impartially, unless he bound them both over to court.

To this Gray strenuously objected. *He* had appeared and accused Clyde, he said that the real author of the late catastrophe might be justly punished, and thought that to bind them both over, would have an effect in detering others from making any accusations against malefactors from their own knowledge, unless he had positively proof of their guilt. *He* demanded that Clyde should be held to bail and not himself.

When he had finished Clyde once more got up and turning to the justice stated that as they stood there without witnesses and consequently it did not lay in his power to tell the guilty one, with his permission, and the consent of Mr Gray, he would propose a plan by which he hoped the matter would be thoroughly settled.—It was this.—'There is an Infinite Being, sir, who rules in a higher sphere than ours, and to whom all things are known, from whom nothing can be concealed. I propose to Mr. Gray, that we both make an appeal to Heaven; and let the God of the universe decide upon our guilt or innocence. I feel that I, sir, am not a malefactor here and I challenge my accuser, in the presence of this evidence, to accept my proposition.'

Clyde ceased speaking, amid an utter stillness during which he became the centre of all eyes, Gray also arose and replied,

'I will consent to do anything which the squire says is right.

'I can see no objection to Mr. Clyde's offer, although I do'nt suppose the case will be materially altered by it, said the justice.

Then let him go on, and I will follow suit, answered Gray, brazedly.

Slowly, David Clyde fell upon bended knees, and raising his face and arms towards heaven, uttered amid the most dead like silence, the following appeal:

'Eternal Being! Thou who seeth and knoweth all things, and who only can tell the guilt of us two, into thy hands I commit my innocence and beseech thee, Almighty God; if I am guilty of the crime of which I am accused, to strike me dead in the midst of this most blasphemous appeal.'

For a full moment after he had finished Clyde remained upon his knees, then arose to his feet, and with his folded arms gazed around him. The countenence of Gray had paled duing the prayer of Clyde but as every eye upon him, he nerved himself to the task, and also fell upon his knees with a loud and hurried voice, he repeated the appeal, but when he came the words, 'Almighty God, if I am guilty of the crime of which I am accused to strike me dead,' his face became more white, and he fell slowly forward.

The stillness which reigned at that awful moment was fearful. Not a sound could be heared in that room, and it seemed as if every breath was hushed, so deadly silent did every person appear. At last the justice who had bent forward with a horrid look to gaze upon Gray, motioned for a constable to approach, and turn over the body. He did so, and every eye which looked that way beheld the icy face of a corpse, and the lived hue of death resting upon the countenance of the blasphemer.

They bore forth the corpse, and buried it in silence in the prairie, and to this day the old farmers in the neighborhood shudder as they recount to the passing traveller that answer of "The Appeal to *Heaven*.'

[From the London Punch.

THE LAST HOURS
OF A
SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, November 11, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the alter railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jone's party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there, and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to directly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eight year; but there is no reason to believe that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course of which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber.

From half-past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"Not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep? to which, he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take leave, when he devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire he rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scrach upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time than usual at the toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent leather boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzet of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he slept answered—"Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party having hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time and ascertained that it was ten minutes to eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him: when he said he should like to have a glass of ale. Having drank this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remainder portion of his time to distributing among his friends those little articles he would no longer want.—To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and he charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. *He* merely said "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others.

Arrived at the tragicle spot, a short, but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows, proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalitues gone through, the usual question was put—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" To which the rash youth replied in a distinct voice, "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger; the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.

SALLY MAGUS
OR THE
WOMAN WHAT KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE THE MEN.

Well here I be—the day's a breaking—how I've set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this getting married business beats every thing I every did see. It goes ahead of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my cheeses to make a grindstone. When I had a husband, if he only said beans to me, I made him jump around.

But there's Mrs. Flecher, she is three parts a natural born fool and t'other part is as soft as biled cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my sect. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses candy critter as she is, is one of the secrets of human nature. And as to handsome—handsome never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play on the piano.

Now it's my notion when a woman give a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a bung hole with my thumb, and I've done it too.

I went into Flecher's this morning, and as true as I am a virtuous woman, he was abusing on her like a dog for lending his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I 'spose he did'nt keer for the receipts that was written in the book—but it was the receipts that was not there and ought to be, that stuck in his crop. Miss Fletcher hung down her head' and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder storm. I just put my arms agin my sides and looked her man right in the eyes till he looked as white as a corpse. It's always a way everybody's got when I fixes my eyes on 'em. And the way my looks white-washed his brazen face, was better than slacked lime. There says I to Miss Fletcher says I, your husband had ought to had me for a wife. When my man was alive, he'd no more think of saying nothing impertinent to me than he'd take the black sow by the tail when she is nursing her pigs, and you must larn to stick up to your man jest like a new hair brush.

I never found any debility in managing these he critters, for I always teached 'em whats sarce for the goose is sarce for the gander. There's no two ways with me—I'm all of sizes, stub twisted, and made of horse shoe nails. I'm chock full of grit and a rough post for any one to rub their backs agin—any gal like me, what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to mill, ought to be able to shake any man of her self. Some think I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listen to any of their flattery. Though there was Blarney Bob come flatterfyin me like a tub of new butter. I've no notion of being trammeled up in their halters of hymens. I like my liberty and I wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

Sam Mooney was shining up to me too—and then there was Jim Sweetbread the butcher—but he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its legs through brodcloth that is going to carry off a gal of my spirit—My chaims ain't to be had for the bare axing.

Getting married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was walloping him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe brush to cleane his teeth with—Wherever there is a nose there is a mouth not far off, and that proves that natur has given woman her rights as well as man.

DEATH.—We have seldom read any thing more beautiful than the following, from the pen of Geo D Prentice:

"There is but a breath of air, and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless and he all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we feel, in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befal us, that has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams, on the stormy sea, light up our darken hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom, a beauty so sad so sweet, that would not if we could dispel the darkness that environs it"

SEVEN DEADLY SINS.—1 Refusing to take a newspaper.

2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.

3 Not advertising.

4. Getting married without sending in the wedding cake.

5. Making a printing office a loafing-place.

6 Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.

7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.

For the first and second offences no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardoned. For the balance, dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from the agrieved party.

A TALL BOY.—There is a youth exhibiting at Hingham, Mass., 10 years old, who stands nearly eight feet high, and is still growing.

The Journal says, his shoes are 16 inches long, and his cap as big around as a *Hingham* bucket; everything else about him in the same proposion. Seven years ago when he was 12 years old; he was known and noted as a dwarf, he was but 3 feet high, and weighed only 34 pounds. Since that time he has grown 8 inches a year on an average, and has not done yet. *He* now weighs 400 pounds, and has strength in proportion. *He* offers to lift a couple of barrels of flour at once, [providing he may have them for the lifting.] or to forfeit their price.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.—No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents, for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure, to the utmost limit of what is fit. It promises excellency and usefulness; to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God.—No object on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans' who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied, it has no parents; it is its own master, peevish, forward headstrong, blind, born to a double portion trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.

ANDREW'S Worm Syrup—just received and for sale by

Mch 15, '51. SIMON WICKES.

QUICK LIME
FOR SALE.

MESSRS. Baker and Hunt of Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, are prepared to furnish LIME to the Farmers of Kent county on the most reasonable terms—fourteen cents on the waters of the Sassafras, and sixteen cents on the waters of the Chester River, per bushel. A reasonable deduction will be made for CASH, if paid on delivery, and if on a credit, four and six months with good security will be required.

All orders addressed to their agent at Harmony Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOSEPH WEBB,
Agent for Kent county.

Feb'y 22, '51—3m

$300 WANTED.

A GENTLEMAN is anxious to negotiate a loan of $300 on 12 and 18 months, for the payment of which I am prepared to give undoubted security. For further particulars apply to

R. HYNSON, Esq.

Mch. 8, '51.