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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. AUGUST 2, 1845. NO. 14.

ks Cleaned and Repaired.

subscriber is thankful for past fa- nd respectfully solicits a share of patronage. From his long exper- n the business, he flatters himself will give general satisfaction. His is to do their work in the best r, at the shortest notice, and on rea- terms.

L. GRISWOLD.

se wishing their Clocks repaired can immediately attended to by leaving ames at the following places, viz: ster Town—Capt. Strandberg. Ville—Charles T. Lusby. sterville—T. H. Boyer, F. Foreman, Vansant. ington—John McDaniel, Reese J. ey's X Roads—Charles R. Hacket. of Sassafras—Benedict T. Now- getown X Roads—James T. Dunbar, iller, T. E. Gooding. ronntown—John Wilson. Pond X Roads—Daniel Haines, Jr. ton Heights—Benj. Geers. Air—Thomas Bordley. ker Neck—Mr. Gregory. k Hall—Dr. Brevett, Henry Blackis-

subscriber is an authorised agent F. Mason for the sale of the Patent Bee Hives, in Kent and Cecil

L. G.

17, 1845.

napolis, West River, Wye Landing, Michael's and Miles River.

steamer OSIRIS, Captain John D leaves Commerce street wharf every AY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for the aces, and returns next day; leaving ver every TUESDAY MORNING ock; St Michael's at 7 1-2; Wye at 8 1-2; West River at 11 1-2, for s and Baltimore.

sage to West River, $1; to Wye, el's or Ferry, $1.50.

entreville and Chester Town,

mmerce street wharf every WED- MORNING at 7 o'clock, and re day; touching at Corsica at 10 , and Chester at 12 o'clock, for Passage, $1.00

Annapolis and West River.

ry THURSDAY MORNING at and returns same day—leaving at 11 1-2 o'clock, for Annapolis re.

polis, Cambridge and Easton.

mmerce street wharf every FRI- NING at 7 o'clock, and returns aving Cambridge every SAT- ORNING at 7 o'clock, and Eas o'clock, for Annapolis and Bal

JOHN D. TURNER.

lower end of Commerce street

, 4th April, 1845. tf

the People.

W. M. A. S MAXWELL. offers onal services to the people of n and the surrounding country. ges I shall be regulated by the I have been accustomed to in y for the last four years.

TES OF CHARGES.

er day,	50 cts.
ry, any distance un-	
s, from	75 to 100
	$1 50
10	2 00
15	3 00
ses, with vacination	5 00
d capital operations, attention,	10 00

cha ges for night visits, redu- ations, introducing catheter, pping, extracting teeth, and

ish medicine in all cases. at Strandberg's hotel.

consequence of having to re- I will not attend to profes- ss for a few days, when I will references.

1745. tf

SECURITY HE PUBLIC.

signed, the only authorised sale of Dr. B. Brandreth's versal Pills, in Chester Town, g but one agent in any one caution the public against Pills as Brandreth's, with- Doctor's certificate of agen-

so call their attention to an he Doctor's bill of general

JNO. RUSSELL.

r authorized any *Doctor, thecary* or *Pedlar* in the to sell my pills. These ally sell *counterfeits. All* re made agents, have each plate certificates of agency, ing with a pen by me, and e requires renewal every , it being no guarantee for e year from date. Observe written, it is engraved.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.-

1845. 3m

For Sale,

A small VESSEL of 8 or 9 tons.

Apply at the Printing office.

Chester Town, April 5, 1845.

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.

From the Amulet.

Why are springs enthroned so high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may prop the state;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth he confer?
That the rich may minister,
In the hour of their distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does He light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind;
Does He give to Virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whose'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart;
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessings round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend;
Rich?—remember him who gave;
Free?—be friendly to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless—and richer blessings merit:
Give—and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve—and look for heaven.

From the New York Tribune.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like many others of his *cloth*, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten.—Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in subsiance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette: "If J——— C———, who was in Philadelphia about the month of ———, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the Editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the Printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found in a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till s signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak to him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"Oh no!" said the gentleman, blushing slightly; you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wish to find."

"Ah John I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude. Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See?—here is the advertisement which apprized me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comes in possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker, "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happpened to thee."

"Come in then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught, "come in, and I will pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together, had the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "*for advertising*," when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? '*For advertising*?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill.—You're cheating me!"

"O no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee the cost of published the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, as he demanded, "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with most provoking coolness

"You told a ——— lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here.

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage;" and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsence, now, said the Quaker; "if thou really intends to do any thing of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely *non plused* by the coolness of the Quaker; and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good; naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

A YANKEE OUTWITTED.

We are always ready to give the natives of the Universal Yankee Nation full credit for shrewdness, sagacity and wisdom. If there be, as a general rule, a soft spot in their character, it is, like the philosopher's stone, not easily discovered. But some naturalists assert that such things have been seen as "white blackbirds;" those who place any credence in the assertion cannot surely doubt us when we tell them that we have positively seen—saw no later than yesterday—a green Yankee; one who, in the confidence of his unsuspecting nature, actually suffered himself to be fleeced—diddled by a "simple" Southerner.

We saw the Yankee at the police office, as we said before, yesterday, where we went to seek Dame Justice—a lady, like the North West Passage, oftner sought than found.—Barring the transparency, he was a cold, hard, ice faced fellow, altogether whiskerless, but if he lacked beard he had a surplusage of yellowish hair which clustered over his coat collar like long sticks of candy, as seen in a glass jar in a confectioner's window, and he was so thin and tall that it would not be surprising if he feels apprehensive of being broken across the middle, and his upper part being blown off some stormy day. His dress was loose and hung listlessly about him like the sails of a vessel in a calm.

After finding out the Recorder—after having caught his eye, as they say in Congress—Jonathan commenced to tell his story thus:

"Squire, I'm a sweltered individual—used up—done brown; there aint nothin' of me left; but if I wonst get hum—out of this cussed Louisianer—this steam kettle of all creation—Fashion, and I guess she's the quickest critter ever ran, Fashion herself could never catch me down South again."

Recorder—"What is the matter? If you have any complaint to make let me hear it."

Yankee—"If I have a complaint to make! Well, now, Squire, I swon to man, as Eleazar Ellis, the schoolmaster, used to say, I swon, you're subjunctive; now I raather guess I have a complaint to make, and a tolerable chunk of a one at that. Oh, Squire, won't Patience be as riley as all wrath when she hears it; she'll be out of all patience with me for making such a tarnation fool of myself, condemn the luck."

Recorder—"It would seem you mean to make a fool of me. If you have any complaint to make, state it; if not, withdraw from the court."

Yankee—"Just hold on a minit, Squire, and I'll set a goin."

Recorder—"Well, then, proceed."

Yankee—"Fact is, Squire, I cum down here South on a little speckilation, 'tendin' to clerr out 'fore yaller fever time; and if twarn't for what happened me to-day, I'd make pooty considerable of a profit on the consarn."

Recorder—"Then let me hear at once what did happen you."

Yankee—"Why, I lost my money; ain't that enough to happen any feller any day?"

Recorder—"How much did you lose, and how?"

Yankee—"Twenty dollars, darn my skin if I didn't, and by one of the meanest tricks that was ever played off on a free American citizen. Why I wouldn't sarve a nigger so."

Recorder—"Then I again ask how were you served?"

Yankee—"Most rascally; as I was agoin' along on the Levee, a makin' calkilations and talkin' to myself, I sees a feller that looked jest as honest as Parson Potter, and respectable as a selectman, stoop down right afore me, and pick up a fifty dollar bill, here's the darn consarn, blast his picter," said the Yankee indignantly, at the same time taking from his pocket a clean, but badly forged bill of the Union Bank. 'Hush!' said the feller to me, almighty slyly; 'Hush!' said I to him; 'what am I afeerd of?' 'I'll give you half,' says he, 'I haint no objection,' says I, 'seem' as how you cum by it honestly: I jest wanted as much as would buy me a present to take hum to Patience; but I haint no change.' 'Haint you!' said he. 'Nothin' comeatable but a twenty dollar bill, says I. 'Give it to me,' says he, 'here's the fifty, and I'll call on you this evening for the five.' 'It's a trade,' says I, givin' him my good twenty dollar bill; but a cussed bad trade it turned out to me, for his fifty dollar bill isn't worth the first continental red cent, and I want to have the infernal rascal taken right up"

This, the Recorder told him, was no easy task; His portrait was, however, taken by the police, as the Yankee described him, after which he withdrew, it being the general impression amongst those in court that he was badly burned.

A PLEASANT MEMORY.

The author of "Local Loiterings," in the Boston Journal, whilst writing some reminiscenses connected with the burial place of the dead, relates the following interesting circumstance:

One of the pleasantest churchyards I know of is in the Isle of Wight, and many years ago I was sauntering among its graves when I saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little girl, sitting on a tombstone. The former was reading a book to the latter, who was looking with tearful eyes into her mother's face. When they turned away from the spot, I saw that they had been looking on the tomb of the "Dairyman's Daughter," whose simple epitaph was engraved on the headstone That lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the little child was the Princess Victoria, now a Queen, on whose dominions the sun never sets.—Perhaps the book the lady was reading was the delightful and affecting narrative of Leigh Richmond. Striking was the contrast in the condition of the sleeper and her who watched by her grave—the one a peasant's daughter in her dreamless slumbers, the other a child who, ere in many years had passed, over her head, was to take her place amongst the rulers of the nation! The humble of two had won her palm, and was wearing her crown, whilst the "daughter of a royal line" was fated to endure the perilous splendor of dominion, and became the mother of more kings, ere she should lie down in the vaults of Windsor.

The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

"The Royal Library in this capital now consists of nine hundred thousand printed volumes and seventy thousand considerable manuscripts, besides numberless maps, medals, engravings, and antiquities of every description. The vast edifice in which it is distributed becomes daily more insufficient, but the immense expense of removal and the construction of a suitable receptacle arrests the Government in what, ere long, must be done. The practice of allowing volumes to be "taken home," has occasioned the loss of very many thousands, (twenty or more,) most of these precious. The collection is far too large for *easy* reference to works in any particular department."

A GIRL STRANGLED TO DEATH BY A SNAKE.

A little girl, about eight years of age, was strangled by a snake last week, near Brainbridge, in Lancaster county, Pa. She had been sent to gather blackberries in a field a short distance from the house, and being absent for a longer time than usual, her parents proceeded to search for her. They found her quite dead—with a large black snake coiled around her neck.

UNCIVIL.

The inhabitants of cities entertain the opinion that they are much more refined in their manners than are country people. We imagine this is a mistake. We have seen more incivility during one day in N. York than we have witnessed in the country for years. Observe in the streets two consequential personages engaged in conversation; they place themselves in the centre of the pavement and there remain although hundreds of passengers are compelled in consequence, to turn off their path, and sometimes to step into the gutter to pass by.

Get into an omnibus, and see with what reluctance a seat is given to the last incomer. You will often find three or four people monopolizing the shady side of the vehicle, by the sprawling disposition of their lower limbs. although there is really space for several more persons. Notice how passers by stare at the windows of dwelling houses, particularly if there be ladies sitting there.

Mark how in theatres people crowd past you, through the narrowest opening, although there is plenty of room at a little distance beyond.

Let a stranger enter a church and see who will rise to give him a seat, even if the pew be comparatively empty, at which he has an inquiring glance.

Enter a hotel and observe the rush for places, as if famine was at hand, and human existance itself was at stake.

We might enumerate many other examples. Let these suffice.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

REMARKABLE CASE.

A man employed on the posts for the Magnetic Telegraph which are to be planted through the city and are now being prepared, on the Jersey side of the river, died on Tuesday under most extraordinary circumstances. Being requested to get some water to drink, he took the pail and started off in the direction opposite to the well, (which he had often visited.) The other called after him and told him of his error, when he turned about, went to the well and filled his pail, and began his return—at first in an ordinary walk, then faster, and gradually increasing his speed until he passed his companions on a full run, which grew faster and faster until it seemed to far surpass the utmost conceivable power of the human frame. One of the men mounted a horse standing near and pursued at the top of his speed, but without overtaking the fugitive. After nearly a mile, the man suddenly fell; and when the horseman came up with him he was stone dead, still grasping the pail in his hand. This is the most extraordinary case of *coup de soliel* we have ever heard of.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A most reprehensible joke was perpetrated by a young clergyman and some very foolish young men and women, on board the Delaware, day before yesterday. The victims of this serious hoax are a young gentleman and lady, scarcely at all acquainted with each other, who were *married in fun*, during the pleasure excursion, but found out on getting ashore that the voyage upon which they had embarked promised to be longer than they had intended—being for life and death. The gentleman behaves very gallantly on the subject, and leaves the matter entirely to the choice of the lady. If she chooses to consider herself a bride, he will accept in earnest the hand he took in sport. The lady, however, we believe, is much mortified and chagrined at the affair. The young clergyman who could behave so thoughtlessly ought to travel to Jericho and "tarry till his beard be grown."

N. Y. Tribune.

CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

According to Daggett's City Directory, there are 166 Churches and places of worship in New York city, of which 36 are Protestant Episcopal; 30 Presbyterian; 24 Methodist Episcopal; 22 Baptist; 16 Roman Catholic; 5 Dutch Reformed; 8 Jewish; 8 African; 5 Congregational; 5 Associate Reformed Presbyterian; 4 Universalist; 4 French; 2 Lutheran; 3 Reformed Presbyterian; 2 Unitarian; 2 Welsh; 1 Methodist Protestant; 18 miscellaneous.—Connected with the various congregations are 39 moral and religious societies.

ALLEGHANY MARBLE.

H. M. Petit, Esq. has left with us a specimen of Marble, taken from his land a few miles south of this place, which, in beauty and quality, closely resembles the Egyptian Marble. It is of a dark ground, beautifully interspersed with white veins, and susceptible of a very high polish. It has, we learn, been pronounced of a superior quality, by M. Smenner, of the Cumberland Marble Yard. Mr. Petit thinks, from the slight examination he has as yet been enabled to make of the vein, that it will prove very extensive.—*Cumberland Civilian.*

APPLE JELLY.

Slice thirteen large apples very thin, without paring them; then cover them with water, boil and strain them; to the juice add a pound of sugar and as much lemon juice as your taste may direct. Clarify it with eggs, and boil it to a jelly. It is an exceedingly delicate, palatable and beautiful dish, fit to grace any wedding table, the writer having partaken of it on such an occasion, the house keeper forming the centre of attraction at the time.

Preserves.—It is said that to set newly made for several days open in the sun is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer, unfermented.—It is worth trying.

KILLED.

George Steadman and Thos. Stratton fell from a five story house at Fall River, Mass., last week, and were killed.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR BED BUGS.

A correspondent of the New York Express says that the following receipt for extirpating bed bugs has been long and successfully used in the City Hotel of that city:

"Take a quantity of *whale oil*, and about the same quantity of lard or tallow simmer them a few minutes together, so as they will mix. *Apply the mixture with a feather or fine brush, to the crevices and joints of the bedsteads*, and these vermin will not only desert the bed, but leave the room."

A CENTENARIAN DEAD.

There died recently, at Unity, in Maine, a lady named Mrs. Hannah Chase, at the very advanced age of 106 years and 25 days. She left 10 children 66 grand children, 150 great grand children, and 12 of the fifth generation. There were about 150 of her descendants present at her funeral, and 136 walked in the funeral train.

In men there is a lump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be found in woman; an Arabian Fable says, this is a part of the original apple, that has stuck in the man's throat by the way but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.

John W. Eaten, Esq., Representative of the town of Stoddard in the Legislature of New Hampshire committed suicide by hanging himself on Wednesday morning last. He was elected President of the Wilton Railroad Company a few week since.

VARIETY.

A "Stirring" Scene—An apple butter frolic.

A "Rare" Thing—A half boiled leg of mutton.

Old jokes in new dresses are like old ladies in the garb of school girls.

Resignation.—To trust your unshaved chin to the hands of a one-eyed barber.

"High" Standing in Society.—Three inch heels to your boots.

Liberty is, in its most comprehensive sense security against wrong.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Independence—To keep a tooth brush of your own, without being compelled to borrow your neighbor's.

Why was the Rome an especial guardian of he near sighted? Because she gave her people "public spectacles."

Why should a deaf man go before a magistrate to be cured of his deafness? Because he'll chance to get his *hearing*.

Hon. L. McLane, left Boston on Wednesday the 16th instant in the mail steamer Acadia, for England.

A doctor in New York has discovered a method of ensuring sleep. He can take our hat—it wants a nap!

Meal is carried ninety miles into North Carolina, by railroad, such being the severity of the drought that the mills are unable to grind.

Laman Webster, of Miss., says that he has killed, with his dogs and gun, from June 1, 1844, to April 1, 1845, 106 bears, one of which weighed 571 lbs.

A young man told his friend that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. "Why do you sleep without your shoes, was the reply?"

Epitaph on an Avaricious Man.

At rest beneath this churchyard stone,
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyatt,
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.

Those who hesitate about their ability to take a newspaper are advised to keep *one hen* more than usual. She will pay all the besides eating the worms and grasshoppers.

We read in a Western paper that the prisoners in one of their jails, "are laboring under a severe attack of the small pox."—Bolts and bars then are useless; if they've got the small pox, they'll be sure to *break out!*

A young barrister, intending to be very eloquent observed, "Such principles, my lord, as these are written in the book of nature." "What page, sir?" said Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; and the orator was silenced for life.

"Jim, I was awfully frightened the other day. Did I tell you about it?"

"No. How?"

"Why a cup of coffee was handed me which was so pale and thin, that I thought it was the ghost of some I upset once when my mother caught me stealing meat off the gridiron."

A fellow, who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs, was one day met by an acquaintance who had not seen him in a great while who accosted him thus:

"Bless me! what are you alive?"

"Why not?" asked the fiddler: "did you send any body to kill me?"

"No," replied the other, "but I was told you were dead."

"Aye, so it was reported, it seems," says the fiddler, "but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

"*Only two per Cent.*"—A laughable story is told of a miser, who, being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew, at whose hands he had experienced some little kindness.—"Sam," said he—for that was the nephew's name—"Sam, I am about to leave the world and to give you all my money. You will then have $50 000—I think I shall die in two or three hours. Oh, yes, Sam, I'm going!—give me two per cent., and you may take the money *now*!"