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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. MAY 3, 1845.

Baltimore Advertisements.

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

Look hither, Baltimore Street, 2 doors below Tripolett's Alley Baltimore.

LUTHER J. COX,

Has undertaken the agency of a large WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE, and is enabled to furnish goods at the lowest CASH PRICES. In addition to his present stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Silks, Alpacas, Cashmeres, Balzarines, Lawns, Linens, &c. &c., he is now receiving and will continue to receive during the season, a large supply of fashionable and staple SPRING & SUMMER GOODS. Purchasers visiting the city will find it to their interest to call and examine for themselves, as he is determined to *sell low for cash.*

LUTHER J. COX, Agent.

March 15, 1845. 3m

Medicines, Drugs, Dye-stuffs, Paints, &c.

The subscriber keeps constantly for sale on the most reasonable terms, an assortment of MEDICINES, DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

Being largely engaged in grinding such articles as Ginger, Mustard and Pepper, he has them for sale of a superior quality below the market price.

He would mention that he has a Patent Machine worked by steam power, which enables him to sell PUTTY, of the very best quality for 3½ cts. a lb. in Bladders, and 3 cts. in bulk.

He confidently asserts that his prices are such as to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

J. W. W. GORDON,
152 West Pratt st Baltimore,
Opposite Balt. & Ohio Rail Road Depot.

March 1, 1845. 3m

N. B. No charge made for delivering goods in any part of the city.

CABINET Making.

The subscriber returns his thanks to the friends of Kent county for the liberal patronage which they have bestowed upon him, and solicits a continuation of the same. His

SHOP,

in the rear of Mr. George B. Westcott's store, on Church Alley, generally known as the Anderson property, where he will be prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch, on as reasonable terms as can be met with in the cities.

COFFINS.

The subscriber still continues to make (at the shortest notice,) Coffins of best prepared materials and varnished in the best style at the following prices:

Mahogany Coffins,	$16 00
" " lined with Muslin,	18 00
" " lined with Flannel,	20 00
" hung with hinges,	22 00
" " " " covered with cloth	35 00
Walnut Coffins	9 00
" " lined with Muslin,	11 00
" " " " Flannel,	13 00
" " " " covered with cloth,	26 00
Mahogany Coffins, with case,	20 00
" " lined with Muslin, with case,	22 00
" " " " Flannel, with case,	24 00
" " hung with hinges, with case	26 00
Fancy coffins hinged cov'd with cloth, with case,	40 00
Walnut coffins, with case,	12 00
" " lined with muslin, with case,	15 00
" " " " flanel case,	17 00
Fancy coffins hinged cov'd with cloth, with case,	30 00

Prices in proportion, per foot.

Has a first rate eliptic spring Hearse, and is prepared to send coffins or corpses to any part of the peninsula.

In all cases where the cash is paid in 30 days, there will be a deduction of 10 per cent.

CHARLES STANLY.

March 1, 1845. 1y

School Meeting.

ELECTION FOR TRUSTEES.

A meeting of the legal voters residing in School Dist. No. 7 and 8, are notified that a meeting will be held at the Court House on SATURDAY, the 3rd day of May, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of electing three persons to act as Trustees for said District.

JOHN L. STAN,
JAMES MANSFIELD,
WM. SAVINGTON.

April 1, 1845.

BONNETS, Ribbons & Flowers.

MISS BALKER and MRS. ELIASON, have returned from Philadelphia, with a handsome assortment of BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ETC. which they will sell very cheap.

They continue to alter, bleach and press Bonnets in the best manner.

Chester Town,
Ap. 19, 1845. 3w

MISS T. BRADSHAW,

HAS just opened a fresh supply of

Spring and Summer Goods.

Having purchased my stock on cash terms, I am prepared to sell as CHEAP as the present regular city prices.

My assortment has been well selected and embraces the usual variety, such as Bombazin, Silks, Alpacha, Balzarine, M. Delains, Dress Lawns, black and colored, Parasols, Sun Screens, wide and common width Chints and Calicoes, Drilling, Long Cloth, unbleached Muslins, Linen and Lawns, Cambric, plaid, lace and thin Muslin, figured and plain Nets, Laces and Edging, Ribbons, Shawls, Scarfs, Gloves, Mits, and Hosiery, boys ware, children's Shoes, Paper, Bibles, Testaments 18¾ cts. Hymn and Spelling Books, Primers, Combs and Brushes. Together with other articles too numerous to mention. Also, a variety of Bonnets, from 25 cents, to $4. Men and Boys Hats, &c. &c.

Chester Town,
April 19, 1845. 3w

For Sale—Valuable Landed Property in Kent Co.

THE SUBSCRIBER will sell the following Property, on the terms annexed: ½ cash, the remainder in equal instalments of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years, with interest from date on the credit part of the purchase.

First.—My FARM, called "Drayton," situated on Still Pond Creek, about 8 miles from Chester Town, containing about

714 Acres.

150 Acres of which is in heavy

consisting of white oak, black oak, walnut, hickory, yellow poplar, chesnut and cedar; the remainder enclosed, and principally in clover and tillage. It is, take it altogether, one of the finest farms in the county.

Second.—A FARM, bounded on two sides by the river Sassafrass and Turner's creek, called the "Young Farm." This farm is also of first rate quality—it contains about

300 Acres;

About 50 of which are in

such as hickory, white oak, black oak, chesnut and locust.

Both Farms have a commanding view of the bay, and are well adapted to clover and plaster, as well as lime—the latter can be had very low from the neighborhood.

The TIMBER and WOOD on those Farms would pay more than half the purchase money. Possession can be arranged to the satisfaction of the purchaser or purchasers, as those farms are rented out for the present year. For further particulars apply to Geo. Vickers, Esq. Chester Town.

LEWIN WETHERED,
Baltimore.

April 19th, 1845. 5w

Maryland,

Kent County, Orphans' Court, April 15, 1845.

On the application of John Abbes, Executor of Milcha Rigby, late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 15th day of April, 1845.

(SEAL.)

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

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Baltimore city, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary, on the personal estate of Milcha Rigby, 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 26th day of October next, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 15th day of April 1845.

JOHN ABBES, Ex'tr
Milcha Rigby, dec'd.

April 26, 1845. 3w

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 Louisville Journal.

TEACH ME FORGETFULNESS.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Oh teach me forgetfulness, teach me to cast
From the depths of my spirit all thought of the past.
My hopes you have blighted; within my sad heart
There lingers but memory—Oh bid it depart.
You have taught me to look on the past with regret,
And weep for the future, but not to forget.
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue;
Why did you not teach me forgetfulness too?

Oh teach me forgetfulness, bid me control
The thoughts, the wild thoughts, that have entered my soul;
I thought your wild passion an innocent flame
That would lift me above, not degrade me to shame,
I thought, but enough—the deep folly is o'er,
I would turn from the past and remember no more;
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too.

Oh teach me forgetfulness—little I thought
That in seeking my heart 'twas its ruin you sought!
I thought you had won my fond spirit away
To love me, to bless me, and not to betray.
Alas that such musings should sadden me yet;
My heart is all memory—oh bid it forget;
You have taught me my love and my folly to rue,
Then teach me, oh teach me forgetfulness too.

From the Broadway Journal.

LOVE'S REPLY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I'll tell you something chanced to me,
(A quaint and simple story,)
Before I crossed, with beating heart,
Old ocean's gloom and glory.

Around me came three graceful girls,
Their farewell whisper breathing—
Julie—with light and lovely curls,
Her snowy shoulders wreathing;

And proud Georgine—with stately mien,
And glance of calm hauteur,
Who moves—a grace—and looks—a queen,
All passionless and pure;

And Kate, whose low, melodious tone
Is tuned by truth and feeling,
Whose shy yet wistful *eyes* talk on
When fear her *lips* is sealing.

"From what far country shall I write?"
I asked, with pride elated,
"From what rare monument of art
Shall be my letters dated?"

Julie tossed back her locks of light,
With girlish grace and glee,
"To me from glorious Venice write,
Queen-city of the Sea!"

"And thou, Georgine?" Her dark eyes flashed—
"Ah! date to me your lines
From some proud palace, where the pomp
Of olden honor shines!"

But Kate—the darling of my soul,
My bright yet bashful flower,
In whose dear heart some new, pure leaf,
Seems to unfold each hour—

Kate turned her shy, sweet looks from mine,
Lest I her blush should see,
And said—so only love could hear—
Write from your *heart* to *me!*

Correspondence of the Kent News.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22, 1845.

Spring, balmy spring—type of the resurrection—is with us again. Where dwells the mortal that hails not its birth with feelings allied to happiness. Yet thrice happy must that person be who can look back to the *present's* predecessor, and exclaim, neither have I wept or known sorrow during the intervening period. What a contrast the green fields and budding trees afford to our time-worn curbs and walls of reddened brick. *Here* old Mammon rules the rod, while *there* old Nature holds her sway. On such a day as this—calm, cloudless—with warmth sufficient to make the blood run riot thro' the veins—doth not the memory of unshackled childhood steal o'er thy senses like the dim outline of some enchanting dream—and

"The days come back, when smallest things
Made wealth of happiness, and ever were at hand—
When I did watch with panting heart the striking of the clock,
Which hardly sounded ere the book was shut—
Then for the race, the leap, the game."

Dream on—dream on—there's nought like truth, and well the poet knew it. Art thoon in a trance—I possess the wand will break the charm. "Missys wants a penny's worth Scotch Snuff." Softly—softly. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."

The approaching season will be an era in cheap travelling, or I am much mistaken. The old steamboat route to Baltimore by way of New Castle and Frenchtown, has been revived. A steamboat is to try her success on the Delaware, picking up passengers from intermediate wharves, somewhat after the fashion of omnibusses along the curb. Indeed, I suppose you might term it a steam Omnibus. There will be so many pleasant ways of getting through the dog days, that I really fear the whole population will forget the art of quarrelling with the weather. To meet an acquaintance, and not hear the exclamation, "it's awful hot—really too bad"—or "can't stand this—shall melt, positively"—would in my humble judgment be truly horrible. It would be going ahead with the Giant Killer's seven league boots. The city is in a glorious state of excitement, the result of what may be called the "Omnibus War." Never were such doings known in our hitherto unparalled peaceable town—no, not within the recollection of the *oldest* inhabitant, that of times most convenient scape-goat of a perverse generation. Woe, woe, to the unfortunate mortal who dares approach the head quarters of this heterogeneous array of broken down horses and, often, dilapidated vehicles. Dock street, from Third to Walnut, in front of the Exchange, is their grand battle ground. From thence, every few minutes, vehicles start for the Navy Yard, Kensington, Girard College, Fairmount, Walnut and Spruce streets; and one Omnibus has a sign, stating that it runs to the county prison via Sixth street. There is some consolation in the idea, that, however much the drivers may wrangle, no one would feel inclined to quarrel with the fare, as you are taken from the Exchange to Girard College for 6¼ cts.

This is the season for strangers to visit Philadelphia—that is, if they wish to enjoy our "rare shows" with some degree of comforts. At present, they would not be quite smothered with dust,—nor need they tumble down open cellar ways, or rub their elbows bare, endeavoring to keep within the shadow of a shade on what is termed the shady side of the way. Our squares approach a natural green, as far as in their power lies. Fairmount—the pride and boast of every ragged urchin—the well sodded, well painted, and well puffed hobby of the Fathers of our city—is, in itself, no despicable show at present. There indeed, you have a glimpse of what the country may be like. Girard College—a glance at which would throw your readers into extacies. But let me whisper in their ears a word of caution. Approach it not after night fall—let not deceptive twilight surprise them lingering round its walls.—Why—aye there's the rub. I am not a believer in the fabulous—I only thought their too sensitive minds might conjure up the shade of that departed Merchant Prince, Stephen Girard. And when all our out-door sights are exhausted, they can find no lack of amusement between refined operatic, gumelastic double shuffle negro dancers on the boards of old Drury, and high-low-dutch and Bombastus Furiosos at the Walnut and Arch streets. Peal's Museum would occupy them some days—to go through it with care. They could not be better employed, for it is said to comprise the best collection of curiosities in the United States—from the Lord's Prayer written in a straight line of an inch and a half in length to the huge Mastedon, whose towering height doth quite surprise us poor mortals. The Circus too, has its votaries—any one of whom would most obligingly point out the celebrated Mr. Macfarland, who quite surprised the natives here last winter, by throwing sixty-five successive sommersets. There was a triumph of genius! and I assure you it made no small stir at the boarding houses and taverns frequented by gentleman addicted to the sports of the Ring.

Mr. Roebuck was on his great hobby, the Oregon question; and very gravely avers, that "if this case had been properly looked into, (the convention of 1818, in which the dispute was left an open question,) Great Britain should at once have declared that the United States had no right west of the Rocky Mountains; and if the negotiations, which had been broken up, were to be recommenced, he trusted they would be put on a proper footing, and that the United States would be called to show what *right they had to cross the Rocky Mountains at all!*"

In reference to the Message of Mr. Tyler exposing the treatment of liberated Africans in British West India Colonies, Sir Robert Peel endeavors to place Great Britain in as amiable light as possible.—That the liberated African, when he places his foot on the soil of the British West Indies, becomes a freeman, may, all be very true—but I believe I am nearly as correct in stating that there are numbers of Africans yearly captured from slavers on the coast of Africa, who are immediately transported to the Cape of Good Hope, and then apprenticed to philanthropic British planters. It is not every one either, who knows that this same humane and irreproachable Government of Great Britain, winks at the payment of large sums, by its officers in the East India Colonies, to the natives of that country, for the purpose of upholding their system of idolatry and superstition—yet such is the fact.

On Saturday evening last, between 10 and 11 o'clock, a man named John Burns, was wounded by a pistol fired from the cellar way of a house on the corner of Broad and Fitzwater sts. The house was immediately surrounded by the citizens, to prevent the escape of the inmates.—One of the gentry had taken refuge in a chimney—but the application of burning cotton in the fireplace, soon induced him to cry out for quarters, and he crawled out a most woeful looking object. Burns died, from the effects of the wound, on Sunday about two o'clock.—He is said to have been one of the numerous receipiants of Gov. Porter's clemency—and was released from a long term of imprisonment, to which he had been sentenced for participation in a riot some years past.

On Sunday afternoon a riot took place between two companies of Firemen, at the corner of Locust and 11th sts. Paving stones or brickbats were hurled in all directions; and the belligerents were by no means backward in using spanners, horns, clubs, and even deadly weapons. One man was stabbed; another had his face crushed by a stone; and others were seriously injured. Last evening these sporting gentlemen had another set to at the corner of Fourth and South sts. Such yelling, such hooping, as rent the air would not have disgraced a war party of savages on the western prairies. Most of these rows are occasioned by unpledged, pugnacious youths, whose mammas doe'snt know they are out.

The allotted task is finished so far at least, as I have inclination and time, at present, to move. In fact, I have used used up all my paper. I hope your readers in their tender mercies may not utter a prayer to Heaven, that it be the last I shall ever own, for in that case my fate would ever remain

UNKNOWN.

GET UP EARLY.

Almost all the great and laborious men in the world have been early risers. An hour lost in bed in the morning, is worse than to lose much more time in the evening. Industrious men do not feel the need of as much sleep as idlers. The reason is, they acquire the habit of taking less sleep, and then they are as well off and better, than others who sleep more. One hour lost in sleep in the morning, every day, will amount to 365 hours in a year; and in forty years, it will amount to 14,600 hours, which, allowing twelve working hours for a day, is 1216 working days or nearly three years and a half. All this is actually gained in forty years, by rising one hour earlier every morning. The man who sleeps away this hour, feels dull when he does rise, and has no system, and not having much industry, may well think it dangerous to have many irons in the fire. He lets his one iron burn till little is left but the handle. The world is but little better for such a man while he is in it; and he will be thought but little of when he is out of it. Industry and system are the two great means to accomplish prodigies.—Put all the irons into the fire, and then see that none of them burn.

THE WIFE

How sweet to the soul of man says Hierocles, is the society of a beloved wife; when wearied and broken down by the labors of the day, her endearments soothe, her tender care restores him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labor upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipations. A wife is not as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burdens and alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labors and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

NOBLE CONDUCT.

A correspondent of Courier and Enquirer relates the following incident connected with the disaster to the Swallow:—

"Joseph Reed, one of the ferrymen between Hudson and Athens, was rowing in his yawl at the time of the Swallow struck the rock. As soon as he appreciated the nature of the disaster, he used all his efforts to reach the place, and succeeded in saving the lives of FIVE persons who were floating about on boards and fragments of the wreck. By several of them he was offered a remard for his intrepidity, which he refused and said—"*Although I am a poor man, I did not exert myself to save your lives for the sake of money!*" Joseph Reed, humble as he is, belongs to the Grace Darling School of philanthropist!"

A METEOR.

On the night of the 16th ultimo says the Cherokee Advocate a meteor shot athwart the Southern sky, of such magnitude and brilliancy as to change the shadows cast by the rays of the moon, and to impart for the instant almost the light of day. A few minutes after it had disappeared, a sound was heard that resembled the discharge of a large cannon, and that jarred perceptibly the houses in the neighborhood of the town of Tahlequah—Whether this was caused by the explosion of the meteor, or the shock of an earthquake, was not known.

A PRETTY PASSAGE.—The following is from the pen of a popular author:—"O! what more precious offering can be laid upon the alter of a man's heart, than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl? Let him long pause ere he reject it. Let him tremble, as accursed both of God and man, if he have sought to turn her devotion into shame and wretchedness."

LEATHER VESTS.—Morocco vests, particularly red, have lately been introduced among the fashionables in Paris, and are all the rage.

Decidedly the thing, except the color; added to which we go for "leather knee-breeches and shoe buckles." That's the finish!

A RICH FREIGHT TRAIN.—A St. Petersburg paper, under date of March 11, mentions the arrival of a train of fifteen waggons from the mines of Kolywan, in West Siberia, laden with 300 poods of gold, which was immediately conveyed to the mint. A pood is about 36 English lbs.

TAL

Subdue your pass... will appear easy.

"I'll take the shin... said when she licked...

'I go for Texas' as... he had stuffed his... man's money

"What, been in th... and havn't got a watch...

"I havn't been on ni...

Why was Benjamin... the elements? Because... nings with a rod of iron.

A German professor giv... title to one of his publications... on *all things* and several *other th...*

An old man, when dangerously... urged to take the advice of a... objected, saying, "I wish to... *death.*"

'I have troops of friends,' ... officer said when his own... over him at full speed in... enemy.

'Your invitation is to... fly said to the spider... of his net, 'and I dont... friendship *tied* down.'

The Susquehanna is... order for rafts and arks... will occur in May, wh... lumber is expected.—C...

Geography and gra... each other to form the p... clever puns:—Which is th... The Ice is (Isis.) There is a... —the Iser (Iceer.)

When a man gets so stiff as to t... have his back bone taken out before... get his boots off, he must be in a fair way to sustain benefit from the application of "The Poor Man's Plaister."

Beauty and wit will die, learning and wealth vanish away; and all the arts of life be forgotten, but virtue remains forever. Planted on earth in cold ungenial clime, it will bloom and ripen in heaven.

Extraordinary.—A man (in our town,) having taken so large a pinch of snuff, that in his efforts to relieve the tickling he pulled his nose so hard that he threw a double somerset from his chair.

A WISH.—A vain but indifferent performer on the violin having amused his friend with several sonatos, observed that they were very difficult. "I wish," said the other, "they had been impossible."

The following maxim is worthy of consideration about these days:—"Climb not too high, lest you fall; lie not on the ground lest you be trampled on. Consider yourself as safest when your own legs bear you."

The principal evil attending a thin high nose, is the risk it runs of getting barked by accident. It is a great provocative to temperance, as it is easily skinned when the possessor blunders against a lamp post.

A man ran off with another man's wife, the other day, and stole four of his shirts at the same time. The bereaved husband says, if the runaway will agree to live with his wife he shall be welcome to the shirts.

A lady says, "when your husband shows great anxiety on the subject of the delicacy of your health and the badness of the weather, you may be sure he is planning to go somewhere, and does not wish to take you with him."

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down east that is so industrious that he works 25 hours a day." "How is that, Cuffy?—There is only 24 hours in a day!" "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger!"

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman the other day to a dandy who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" was the immediate reply.

"Because thay can't see your ears!"

An Irish friend of ours, speaking of his children, said, "They are all well but the one born in this country. I must take him to the Green Isle, for by my sowl he is languishing for his native air that he never smelt at all."

A case is related of a lady in company a night or two since, who being waited upon with a plate of refreshments, put them in her pocket. She did not discover her mistake till she found herself using the plate as a handkerchief.

TOO TRUE.—If men and women would not take so much pains to humbug each other and themselves before marriage—or would continue the system of deception after marriage, there would be less unhappiness in the married state.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE ARCHIMEDIAN SCREW.—We understand that a new application of this great invention is about to be applied by Sir Robert Peel, in the collection of the income tax. It is patented under the name of the screw compeller.

FRENCH POLICY.—"I cannot imagine, said Lord Aberdeen, "why the war party in France are always putting out their tongues at us."

"It is very easily explained," replied Lord Brougham, "it is because they want to lick us."

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, till he retorted—"You did perfectly right, friend, your master is said to be a great bite."

An editor down East stopped his press to write poetry, when, after a few days labor he brought forth the following:—

'I love to see the waving grass,
Just before the mower mows it;
I love to see an old dray horse;
For when he goes he goes it."

VAGABONDS.—The Spanish Chamber has lately been discussing the law relating to vagabonds. That is more just, at all events, than our income tax enactment; since, judging from the present state of Spain, the law will affect every individual equally.—*London Punch.*