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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. NOVEMBER 1, 1845. NO. 27.

Philadel. Advertisements.

Fever and Ague!!!

1000's! and 10,000's!!

Are now suffering under that *Bane of Life, Fever and Ague*, or Billions Intermittent Fever!—"*Rowand's Improved Tonic Mixture*," is universally acknowledged, by the disinterested to be the *Great National Remedy*—the only *warranted, safe, sure* and *radical cure*—that never has failed, when properly used, to eradicate the disease, and also its *immediate causes*—restoring the natural feelings and elasticity of the constitution in a manner that nothing else will.

Therefore procure at once this long-tried, old, favourite, and sterling remedy, now called Rowand's Improved Tonic mixture—protected against counterfeiters, by the written signature of the original inventor, John R. Rowand, over the mouth of every bottle—and which may, for a certainty, be obtained genuine of nearly every respectable Storekeeper, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

JOHN R. ROWAND, M. D. Proprietor,
No 28 N. 2d st., Philad'a.
August 23, 1845. 3m

MR. EDITOR:

Yourself and neighbors are particularly requested to reflect upon the best mode of saving money in the purchase of your Wearing Apparel, and to do it effectually, you are hereby informed that you can achieve the object by calling at Mr. McNeille's Clothing Store, No. 105, Chesnut street, on the first floor of Sanderson's Hotel, where you may at all times and a large stock of fashionably cut and well made garments, comprising in part, Cloaks at from $8 to $35, over Coats and sack Coats, from $6 to $25, dress and frock Coats, from $8 to $25, Pants from $2 to $8 and Vests from $1 to $6.

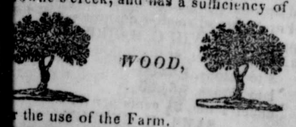
TERRY & MCNEILLE.
105 Chesnut street Philadelphia.
August 23 1845 3m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being about to leave upon a sea voyage, will dispose of his farm in Quaker Neck, occupied by his brother James Browne, adjoining the lands of Barney DeCorse heirs and Mrs. Rebecca Browne, and containing

150 Acres.

The farm lies on he head waters of Browne's creek, and has a sufficiency of



WOOD,

for the use of the Farm.

The buildings consist of a Frame Dwelling and Kitchen—the latter new; new Granary, stable and Corn house.

Upwards of four thousand bushels of lime has recently been spread upon the land. The water is very fine.

For terms apply to George Vickers, Esq. Chester Town.

MORGAN BROWNE, (of Edw.)
Aug. 31, 1844. tf

New Grocery Store.

The subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have opened

GROCERY STORE,

the house between the residence of Dr. Haland and the tailors' shop of Mr. S. P. Troll, on Maine street, where they intend keeping a general supply of groceries, which they will sell low for cash.

They request the public to call and examine their stock before making their purchases.

R. D. & J. E. JURNEY.

J. E. JURNEY informs his friends and public that he continues to carry on the BOOT & SHOE business (in all its branches,) at his old stand. He has on hand men's boys fine and coarse boots, shoes and ons, and ladies and misses boots and s, of the best quality, which he offers le low.

Chester Town,
18, 1845. 3w

NOTICE.

In consequence of extensive professional engagements, I find it impossible to give personal attention to the settlement of my accounts I have therefore constituted Mr. H. Wickes, Esq. my Agent. Mr. Wickes has kept my books for the last two years and is perfectly familiar with all the accounts upon my mill and medical books, and will close them all on as amicable terms as possible. Any arrangement made with him will meet my entire approbation.

T. H. WHALAND.
Chester Town, October 11, 1845.

FALL FASHIONS.

Beaver, cassimere, Russia and silk HATS, fall fashion, just opened and for sale by WICKES & BRO.
September 23, 1845. 3w

Balto. Advertisements.

TO THE PUBLIC.
New and Cheap Wholesale and Retail Dry Good Store.

J. OSBORN DUGAN, respectfully informs the public that he has opened a dry good store, at No. 115, North Gay street, (old town) Baltimore, where he has for sale a very superior stock of dry goods, &c. such as laces, ribbons, embroidery, swiss and book muslins, jaconetts, cambric and other muslins, dress caps, capes, collars, flowers, feathers, blond mitts and netts, polka laces, illusions, mode de Paris, calicoes, domestics, tickings, checks, plades, flannels, silk and cotton hosiery, handk'fs, scarfs, shawls, &c.—and in fact every kind of dry goods, for prices and quality are not to be equalled in the city.

The subscriber can only say that he will be happy to see his friends and customers when they may rely upon getting cheap and handsome goods; in fact lower than they can be purchased at any wholesale store in New York.

All orders thankfully received and promptly attend to.

October 4, 1845. 1y

GEORGE K. QUAIL,
Wholesale and Retail Fashionable Hat and Cap Manufacturer,
No. 204, west Pratt st. (adjoining the Washington House,) Baltimore,

WOULD most respectfully inform his country friends and others, that he has now on hand a large and general assortment of HATS, consisting of the various kinds worn; and, having just returned from New York with a large and handsome selection of Fur, Cloth, Glazed and other CAPS, together with a choice lot of FURS for the Ladies, he is fully prepared to fill any orders they may favor him with. He is determined to sell at prices that shall compare with any other establishment in the city.

N. B. He particularly solicits a call upon their arrival in the city.

September 27, '45. 1m

Army Brogans.

GEORGE HARMAN,
No. 194, Pratt st (3 doors east of Hanover st.) Baltimore,

Respectfully informs his friends, that he is now prepared to furnish *Army Brogans*, for servants, of a superior quality, at unprecedented low prices,—and every other article within the SHOE trade.

☞He particularly solicits a call from his country friends and others, feeling confident that he can give general satisfaction.

☞A large assortment of gentlemen's WINTER BOOTS, DOUBLE SOLE and DOUBLE LINED.

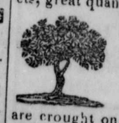
Dress Boots of the latest style, &c. &c. at prices that cannot fail to please.

October 4, 1845. 7w

A Farm for Sale.

A FARM OR PLANTATION, containing 200 ACRES, more or less, situated and lying on the Chesapeake Bay, and at the entrance of Worton Creek, in Kent county, about 30 miles from Baltimore; having an extensive view of the Bay, is remarkable healthy, possessing the advantage of convenient transportation by water, and of obtaining, Fish and wild Fowl, in their season.

The soil is good, and adapted to the production of all kinds of grain and grasses. There are on the farm, oyster shells and siftings therefrom—sufficient to cover nearly the whole of the farm, as also large quantities of sea ore can be obtained from off the shore, and likewise in time of freshets, great quantities of



WOOD & TIMBER

are crought on the shore.

The improvements consist of a convenient stone Dwelling, Kitchen, Smoke House, Milk House and Stabling, with a Pump of excellent water, near the kitchen. It is presumed that those who may be disposed to purchase will view the premises, when a more particular description will be given by the resident on the farm, or on application to George Vickers, Esq. Chester Town.

Terms will be made accommodating.

September 20, 1845. tf

Maryland, Kent county, to wit:

I hereby certify that Mrs. Sarah Rasin gave information to me the subscriber a Justice of the Peace in and for Kent county aforesaid, that she had taken up four sow hogs, as astrays, trespassing upon her enclosures, three of them are white and one spotted; the spotted one and one white one, are marked with a slit in each ear.—They came upon her premises about the of September last

Given under my hand and seal this 16th day of October, 1845.

WM. S. LASSELL, [Seal.]

The owner or owners of the above described Hogs, are hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

SARAH RASIN.

Kent county,
Oct. 18, '45. 3w pd

KERSEY all wool for sale at 60 to 62 1-2.
T. W. ELIASON.
Sept. 13, 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 Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE WAR-STEED.

BY EDWARD J. FORTER.

Courser of the blood stained field,
Where thy wounded comrades reeled;
Where bright hosts, in proud array,
Swept as by the simoon's breath,
Rolled in darkness, passed away,
In the dreamless sleep of death!
Thou hast seen the young and brave,
Plunged in war's tempestuous wave,
Fainting, sinking, palely lying,
Powerless 'mid the dead and dying!
Thou hast been where plumes were spread,
Crimson o'er the noble dead;
Thou hast been where dreams of pride,
Sunk beneath the stormy tide;
Thou has heard the tones that sent
Blessings to the spheres above,
While the quivering lips that blent,
Their last whisperings of love,
Blanched beneath the spirit brand,
Wielded by the viewless hand,
That points to Odin's airy hall
Chieftains, glorious in their fall!

Charger of the darkened plain!
Hast thou borne thy chief in glory,
Still unsullied by the stain,
Treason's voice would weave in story?
In thine eyes wild depths I may
Catch thy spirit's lightning ray;
And that high, unbending brow
Speaks of many a glittering row,
Helm, and spear, and javelin
Crushed beneath the battle's din,
Trampled, scattered, wildly strewn
Where they but an hour before,
In their brilliant gleamings shone,
Such as earth can ne'er restore.
Courser! in thy fiery glow
May I read the soul of him,
Who, when wheeled the flying foe,
Marked his lifestar, fading dim,
Sink, while yet the clarion's swell
Hailed him victor while he fell.

Where is now thy spirit's power?
Faded with the battle's hue?
Fled the glory of thy power—
Gone the beams that round thee flew?
No; while yet the minstrel's string
May its tones of rapture fling;
Though unknown thy chieftain's name,
Thine is still the meed of fame,

Kingstree, S. C. 1845.

CAUSE OF SOUND IN THUNDER.

Thunder is one of the consequences resulting from lightning, and lightning appears to be occasioned by the combustion of some of the inflammable particles of air; or according to more recent opinions, of a condensation of aerial matter conducting to electricity, by which, in either case, a vacuum is created. The surrounding atoms which remain uninfluenced by this change, being forced together by the whole weight of the atmosphere, greatly constrict each other; but their elastic nature causes them immediately to expand, and by this enlargement their sonorous property is acquired. A contrifugal force being thus established, it acts in all directions alike; but as the circle extends, its propulsive power becomes gradually diminished till at last its pressure is no longer felt, or sound created. The rumbling noise of thunder is produced by that portion of the sonorous circle which strikes upon the earth, whence it becomes condensed; and being intercepted in its onward course by dense masses of vapour, it is again reflected, and this alternate motion and reverberation continues, until the interruption ceases, or the original force is exhausted. Echo is occasioned also by reverberation from one cloud to another.—*Webster's Principles of Sounds.*

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

A friend thus eloquently speaks: "The doctrine is this—if a man has ten cents in his pocket, and owes no man any thing, he is rich—yes, rich—far above those who, with all the externals of wealth and pomp and hollow hearted fashion, are in reality poor in purse, poor in heart, and poor in pleasure. Just as a man increases in dollars, he decreases in the capacity of enjoying this life. And I hold it true that the world was made to be enjoyed, and that daily—hourly, every minute. I would not give a fig for such pleasure as springs alone from wealth. A man must have it in him. There is "no blood in a turnip"—but there is life in a dry pebble to the man that can see it. There is fire in a flint—and power in a drop of water if you will only take pains to bring it out. It is the *internals* that make the man—not the *externals*."

There is no mistake about the matter, Doctor, but man is so perverse that he will tread upon the pebble and give his whole heart to gold.

The October Term of Cecil county Court commenced its session on Monday last; but little business of importance was transacted, with the exception of the trial of a man for stealing. He was indicted as a white man, but upon the examination of witnesses upon his trial, it appeared that he was a mulatto—hence his acquittal followed. The State indicted him again—this time as a mulatto—and notwithstanding the efforts of his counsel to prove him neither white nor black, but of Indian descent, he was convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary.—*Cecil Democrat, 25th Oct.*

COLTON'S LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY CLAY.

This work is rapidly passing through the press, and will soon be ready for delivery The wide scope which the nature of the subject will present, and the universal regard in which the character and services of Mr Clay are held, have created a deep and general interest in the public mind in this forthcoming work. We have reason to believe (says the New York Courier and Enquirer) that it will fully answer the public expectation

The following passage gives a very interesting and graphic sketch of one of the very many able and eloquent speeches of Mr Clay which have never been published:

"Among these lost speeches of Mr. Clay, the memory of which lives while they who heard them live, and the thought of which awakens to new life the feelings they produced, was one delivered at Lexington as late as May, 1843, the occasion and history of which are as follows:—

"After Mr. Clay had retired from the Senate of the United States, in 1842, till the next year, during which time it was expected he would be nominated for President in 1844, great efforts were made in Kentucky, and throughout the Union, by his political opponents not only to vilify him but to bring into odium the twenty-seventh Congress, which was the last in which Mr. Clay had a seat as a Senator, and the endeavors of which were chiefly directed to establish the policy and measures called for by the political revolution of 1840. Mr. Clay was virulently traduced by some base persons in Lexington and that neighborhood. As a perpetual dropping wears a stone, so these incessant attacks, though false and foul, and known to be such, if unnoticed and unrepelled, might produce injurious effects on the common mind. He therefore resolved, and caused a notice to be published, that he would meet his fellow citizens of Fayette and the adjoining counties at Lexington on a day specified to repel these charges. His friends, whom on this occasion he had not consulted, regretted the step as being unnecessary. They thought these attacks unworthy of notice. This difference of opinion was painful to Mr. Clay, and no doubt contributed not a little to that depth and power of feeling which he manifested on the occasion. The notice brought together a great concourse of people, whom no place but the public square could accommodate. The patriarch-statesman was to appear before his old friends and neighbors of forty year's standing *once more and for the last time* in that capacity in which he had not been heard for many years, and in which no one ever expected to hear him again. And it was the vile tongue of calumny that was to be encountered.

"The following account of this address was furnished for the author by a highly respected fellow citizen of Mr. Clay, and the words of the opening, as quoted, are exact:

"When Mr. Clay rose he was evidently much excited. He commenced by saying with marked emphasis, 'Fellow citizens. I am now an *old man—quite* an old man.' Here he bent himself downward. 'But yet, it will be found I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends or to defend myself"—raising his voice louder and louder at each successive member of the sentence, and elevating his person in a most impressive manner. He then proceeded:

"It so happens that I have again located myself in the practice of my profession in an office within a few rods of one which I occupied when more than forty years ago I first came among you an orphan and a stranger, and your fathers took me by the hand and made me what I am. I feel like an old stag who has been long coursed by the hunters and hounds through brakes and briers and o'er distant plains, and has at last returned to his ancient lair to lay himself down and die. And yet, the vile curs of party are barking at my heels and the bloodhounds of personal malignity are aiming at my throat. I scorn and defy them, as I ever did."

"When he uttered these last words, he raised himself to his most erect posture, and elevated his hands and arms wide extended above his head, seeming to have nearly doubled the height of his tall person. The effect was overwhelming—indescribable.

"To have any approximate idea of the effect of this speech, which continued for hours, fully sustained throughout, in vindication of the twenty-seventh Congress, of Whig policy and principles, and in defence of the orator himself against his calumniators, one should have a view of all the attributes of eloquence ascribed to Mr. Clay in this chapter, the use of scarcely one of which was wanting on that occasion. Nor should it be forgotten that he was then sixty-six years old. It may be asked if any orator can be named in all history who ever produced such an effect, in so few words and those the mere exordium of his oration? They all *knew* that what he said was *true*. 'I am an old man.' Didn't they know that? And the moment he said it they began to weep. When he pointed to his present office, and the place of the old one, a few rods distant, they all knew *that*. 'I came here more than forty years ago an orphan and a stranger' They knew *that*. 'Your fathers took me by the hand and made what I am.' It is impossible to conceive of the effect of this. They wept like children, and only wished they could do as much They could at least stand by him. 'I feel like an old stag.' Now he is speaking to Kentucky hunters. Their ears are all erect for what is coming. And by the time he had gone through with the figure and its application, the struggle between the sympathy which streamed from the eyes of some, and the indignation which clenched the fists of others of that vast multitude—all knowing it was all true, every word of it—was like the throes of a mountain in agony. A part of the sublimity of the spectacle consisted in a concern what might be the fruit of such a passion; for some of his defamers were present. But when Mr. Clay rose in all the majesty of his own loftiness, threw his arms on high, and his voice out into the heavens—he stood under its canopy—and said, '*I scorn and defy* them, as I ever did,' they dashed away their tears and resolved to be as stout of heart as he, and to vindicate his honor. A reply was expected. But prudence got the better of the purpose."

AN EXCELLENT TURN-OFF.

The following anecdote is told of Judge Porter, late United States Senator from Louisiana.—

"Sir, you used such expressions to-day about me as no gentleman can stand, and I am determined to have, or take instant satisfaction!"

"Why, sir," said the Judge, "my client instructed and paid me to say these things, and you had better see him—and you ought to be satisfied that he did not prove them."

"Sir, your client is a pitiful, sneaking scoundrel, and I have thrashed him three times—and I intend to thrash all the endorsers of his infernal lies!"

"Well," said the Judge, "do you know what you reminded me of?"

"No!"

"But hear me—you have plenty of time!"

"Say on, then—be quick."

"Why, you remind me of a dog,"—there the defendant made an involuntary motion with his hand, "of a dog who pursued and bit the stone that hit him, instead of the hand that threw it."

Defendand, scratching his head, "I wish I may be shot if I don't believe you are in the right,"—and turning away—"I must go and again whip that fellow!"

OUTSTRIPPING THE WIND.

A writer in the New York Morning News suggests that the Magnetic Telegraph may be made useful in giving notice of the approach of north-east storms.—These gales, which are the severest on our coast, always begin at the south and advance northwards. Thus a north-easter is felt at Philadelphia some hours sooner than at New York, at Baltimore sooner than at Philadelphia, and at Charleston nearly twenty four hours sooner than at New York. Now word could be sent ahead of any hurricane or storm, from station to station, and thus prevent the loss of many a richly laden vessel. For, instead of leaving a port, only to beat against the wind, or get on a lee shore, they could remain, securely moored at the wharf until the storm is over. Not only may the merchant and mariner be benefitted, but all classes, especially the farmers, who might be notified of the approach of a north east storm, over a considerable extent of country, and thus, in harvest time, save thousands of dollars worth of hay and grain.

OUR MECHANICS ABROAD.

We believe we have already informed our readers that the locomotives for the Russian railroads, were manufactured by two enterprising Philadelphians, who went to St. Petersburg for that purpose. A correspondent gives the following description of their establishment. "An immense manufactory exists in this city for the construction of locomotives. It is in the hands of Messrs. Eastwick & Harrison, of Philadelphia. They employ three thousand five hundred man, Russians, Americans, English and Germans. A troop of soldiers is always in the establishment to maintain order. If any of the foreigners conduct themselves ill they are sent away: if the Russians behave badly they are tied instanter to a triangle, stripped, and severely beaten with rods, and are the sent to resume their work. The American gentlemen at the head of the establishment, have done all they could to prevent this degrading system of punishment, but without effect."

A Bald Eagle flew on board the United States ship John Adams, at sea, much fatigued. As poultry die rapidly at sea, he fared well, not being eatable, and became very tame, walking round from mess to mess, getting a crumb here and a drink there. He is now considered one of the crew, and attends to the furling of the royals. He never left the ship until the Princeton anchored at Pensacola, when he alighted on her cross jack yard, took a searching glance, saw all was right, as far as Uncle Sam was concerned, and returned to his own ship. The singular part of this occurrance is, that three foreign men-of-war are at anchor near the John Adams, and this republican bird will not visit either of them.

WILL IT NEVER GO OUT?

It is now three months since the great conflagration, says the New York True Sun, and a good portion of the burnt district is rebuilt; yet we observed yesterday in Broadway, opposite Morris street, smoke and fierce heat sweltering up through a huge pile of bricks and mortar, from a sort of coal pit, which has been burning ever since the 19th of July.

Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber; the first makes the brightest flame, but the latter gives the most lasting heat.

A SIGN IN THE NEWSPAPER.

"*Neighbor Shoemaker!* I see you have a fine stock of boots, bootees, and shoes on hand—all sorts, sizes and qualities, cowhide, calfskin, superfine and extra superfine—for gentlemen, ladies, misses, and children. You wish to sell them I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I perceive you have got a shingle over the door with the words 'Boot and Shoe Store' inscribed thereon. That, I presume, is to inform the public of your occupation, and to invite them to give you a call?"

"Yes."

"Well, some few of those who pass along this street, will doubtless notice your sign, and perhaps come in and trade with you. But a great many people will traverse the other streets of this city, who will not see your sign, and they may be in want of shoes, too. You need another sign, Mr. Shoemaker."

"That's a fact, I did not think of it before."

"Go then the first thing, and get an advertisement in your newspaper. Tell the people where you are, and what you are about, and what varieties of boots and shoes you keep for sale, and that you will be glad to see them. Thus instead of barely notifying those who pass along by your shop you will inform the people all around—not only those who pass the other streets, but the farmers and their families away back on the hills—the ladies, mechanics and workingmen of the other towns—and hundreds of others; and my word for it, one such sign in the newspaper, will be worth a dozen over your door."

"Faith, I'll try it before I am a day older."

And you, Messrs. Lawyers, Merchants, Tailors, Cabinet Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Carpenters, &c. you've all got your shingles over your doors, as though that would notify every body in creation. Had you not better try a sign in a newspaper, as well as neighbor Shoemaker?

OPINION OF MR. CLAY.

The Louisville Journal, speaking of Mr. Clay's opinion, says:

"We carefully weigh our words when we assert, as we now do, that he regards the formation of a third party upon the 'one idea' of Native Americanism as ill-judged, mischievous, and suicidal. He does not believe that the Abolition party, the Anti-Masonic party, the Native American party, or any other party founded on a single idea, can ever accomplish any good for the country. We may add, that he is fully of opinion that, *but for the Native American movement, the Whigs would have been victorious in the Presidential election of last fall.*

VARIETY.

"A play upon words," as the boy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school room.

"'Twere in vain to tell thee all I feel," as the pickpocket said when his hand was in another man's pocket.

The latest plan for doing a large business is to employ half a dozen police officers to arrest public attention.

The Spaniards have a proverb that "drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow."

Addison says, in one of the numbers of the Spectator, that the most genteel dress is that which has nothing, either in material, color or style, to attract attention or excite remark.

A paper out west advertises for guano to raise a subscription list with, in order to get the Post Office printing. It isn't the biggest subscription list that always takes the Post Office printing

A British naval surveyor on the St. Lawrence, proves, in opposition to the received opinion, that the mercury in the barometer has not a tendency to fall during the prevalence of high winds.

A curious Irishman, after overhearing part of a conversation about the "western country," on one of the New York Ferry Boats, replied, "Faith, and ye'll not catch me going there before I've seen the place."

Chirac, the celebrated physician, when on his death bed, felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and said "that the patient is a dead man; he has been blooded and ought to have been purged." He expired immediately.

"Charles," said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."

"But," said Charley, the *first cut* is always a *slab*, did you know *that*."

"Help me turn this log, Charles, quick?"

"NO MISTAKE AT ALL."

A sailor having purchased some medicines of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price:

'Why, said the doctor, 'I cannot think of charging you less than seven and six pence.'

'Well I will tell you what,' replied the sailor, 'take off the odd, and I'll pay you the even.'

'Well,' returned the doctor, 'we won't quarrel about trifles.'

The sailor laid down sixpence, and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake:

'No mistakes at all, sir; six is even, and seven is odd, all the world over; so I wish you a good day.'

'Get you gone,' said the doctor, 'iv'e made four pence out of you yet.'