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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. DECEMBER 6, 1845. NO. 32.

Prince's Linnæan Botanic Garden and Nurseries, Flushing, near New York.

The great original establishment, WM. R. PRINCE & CO. have just published their unrivalled Descriptive Catalogues of FRUIT, and ORNAMENTAL TREES and PLANTS, comprising the largest assortment of the various classes, and the greatest collection of new and rare varieties ever yet offered to the public, and at greatly reduced prices. Every variety of Trees and Plants, is individually described with a precision never before evinced in any European or American Catalogue; and the gross blunders of other catalogues are also set aright. The collection of Roses comprises above 1200 splendid varities.—These superior Catalogues will be sent gratis to every post paid applicant.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO.
Flushing, Oct 25, 1845. Nov. 15

Furniture, &c.

THE subscriber, intending to remove from the county, offers the following articles at private sale, viz: 1 Sideboard; 1 dressing Bureau, with glass; 2 pair mahogany side Tables; 1 Desk and Book Case; 1 Work Stand; 1 Wash Stand; 1 Candle Stand; 4 Bed Steads; 1 Cradle; 1 large Rocking Chair, with cane back and seat; 3 setts of Chairs; 1 gilt Looking Glass; 1 Clock; 2 pair brass Andirons; 1 brass Fender; 1 Cooking Stove; 1 dining room Stove; 1 bed room Stove, and a lot of Kitchen Furniture. The above articles are in good order.

ALSO: 3 head of Horses; 2 Cows; 2 Wagons; 1 Cart; 3 Carriages, and a variety of Farming Utensils.

WM. VANNORT.

In Chancery,

13th November, 1845.

ORDERED, that the sale of the real estate of James Greenwood, (deceased) made and reported by the Trustee, Joseph Wickes, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 22d day of January next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 22d day of December next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1,725 00.

True copy, Test.
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Reg. Cur. Can.
Nov. 22d, 1845 4w

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 Charles 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.

Lime! Lime!!

The subscriber is prepared to contract for the delivery upon the Chester and adjacent rivers, any quantity of STONE LIME, upon favorable terms. Letters addressed to him at Baltimore will receive prompt attention Capt. Graves and Capt. Brevoster, are authorized to make contracts for the delivery of lime, and purchasers may rely upon the fulfilment of any arrangements they may make.

E. J. COOPER,
City Block, Baltimore
August 2, 1845. 1y

DAGUERROTYPE LIKENESSES.

MR. DOCRELL begs to inform the citizens of Kent county that he purposes remaining a few days in Chester Town, in order to afford an opportunity to those desirous of having their LIKENESSES taken by the Daguerreotype process, on the most reasonable terms.

☞Rooms on the Main street, opposite the Market House.
November 15th, 1845.

Proposals.

Sealed Proposals will be received for delivery at the Alms House, of two thousand pounds of well fatted pork, in hogs weighing not less than two hundred pounds each, and not exceeding 300 lbs. each, and in parcels not less than six hundred pounds, to be delivered by the sixth December next. By order of the board of Trustees.

E. NICHOLSON, Steward.
November 5, 1845.

WOOLLEN GOODS.

We invite the attention of our customers and the public to our stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, &c.

Among them are some splendid French Cloths, purchased direct of the importer and will be sold as low as the same can be had of any Jobbing House. Purchasers will find it greatly to their advantage to call and examine them before buying.

WICKES & BRO.
October 18, 1845.

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the HOUSE in Chester Town, at present occupied by Mr. Jno. W. Hynson, near the Market House and the Exchange Hotel.

G. VICKERS, Agent
for C. R. Hackett.
Chester Town, Nov. 22d, '45. 3w

To Rent

For the ensuing year or a term of years the brick Dwelling, garden and premises, lately occupied by Doct. E. H. Worrell, on Water street, Chester Town.

For terms apply to
A. W. SPARKS, Agent.
November 1, '45.

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the House at present occupied by Mr. John Greenwood in Market Space, Chester Town. Terms, $55, if to one family—$65, if to two families, Security to be given.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent
C. Town, for Miss S. Arthur.
Oct. 17, 1845. (3 w)

WANTED.

I want to buy a coloured woman, about 30 years of age, that can be sold for a term of years, to do plain cooking and assist in washing and ironing.

For such a woman of good character a fair price will be given.

GEO. ROGERS,
Hatter, South St. Baltimore.
November 1st, 1845. 4w

ALPACHAS, CASHMERES, &c.

Black plaid and changeable Alpacas, Cashmeres and DeLains from 31 to 40 cts. *a great reduction in price;* bl'k silk, bl'k worsted, bl'k, white and slate cotton Hose; linen cambric Hand'fs; real INDIA SILK do., *a rare article*, for sale by

WICKES & BRO.
October 18, 1845.

Insurance.

MANY of the Policies of Insurances in the Franklin Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, effected on property in Kent county, will expire the present month. All persons desirous of renewing their Policies or of effecting new Insurances, will make early application to

G. VICKERS, Agent
for Franklin Fire Insurance Co.
Philadelphia.
Chester Town, Nov. 15, '45. 5w

A FARM for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale a FARM, situated in Queen Ann's county, on the Chester River, about seven miles above Chester Town, known by the name of the "Deep Landing," and containing

557 Acres,

more or less. It extends about a mile and a half along the river, and has a Fishery upon it. For further particulars, apply to the subscriber, at Chester Town.

JAMES M. SPENCER.
Nov. 22d, 1845. 3w

Taxes and Fees.

THE Taxes and Fees for the year 1845 are now due and my books are ready for settlement, of which fact all who are indebted will please take notice & close their respective accounts immediately.

I have already given several notices in regard to accounts due for 1843 and 1844 and as many as have neglected said notices I shall be compelled in justice to myself to force payment from.

WM. H. BLACKISTON,
Collector and late Sheriff of Kent Co.
November 8th 1845.

Constable's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of 3 writs of the State of Maryland, of Venditioni Exponas, one at the suit of Cushing & Brothers, one at the suit of John L. Bowers, and one at the suit of Jesse Wilson, issued by John N. Usilton, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for Kent county, State of Maryland, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Howard Meeks, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim and interest, of the said Howard Meeks, of, in and to the one half part of a tract of land (which the said Howard Meeks now holds in right of his wife, Rebecca Meeks, formerly Rebecca Jones,) called a part of Good Hope and Poor Discovery, containing one hundred and thirty-five acres, more or less, with the buildings and improvements thereon—situate in Kent county; adjoining the lands of Isaac Parsons and others—and I hereby give notice that on *SATURDAY*, the 20th day of December, 1845, at 11 o'clock, A. M. before the tavern door of Carl L. Strandberg, Chester Town, I will offer for sale the property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debts, interest and costs due, and to become due, thereon.

A. W. SPARKS, Constable.
Nov. 29th, 1845. $2 50 ts

WOOD

TAKEN at this Office for subscription or advertising.
Nov. 1st, 1845. tf

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 Delaware Journal.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

BY N. B. SMITHERS.

Ere yet the forest wigwam fell
Beneath the white man's fire,
Here blazed in many a wooded dell
The Wapanabki's fire.

And now where rings the jocous stave
From many a bustling crew,
Disturbed alone the stilly wave
The Indian's bark canoe.

And they were free as mountain air,
They roamed the forest through,
They struck the panther in his lair,
The buffalo they slew.

And they were strong—the Tortoise belt
A hundred warriors wore—
Each in a Sachem's wigwam dwelt,
And each a Sagamore.

And they were brave—with bow and axe
Full many a field was won:
They drove the Huron from the lakes
Behind the setting sun.

And many as bold emprise was dared
For love and plighted fay,
As e'er was sung by minstrel bard
In old Provencal lay.

Where are they now? The daring horde
Of ruthless spoilers came,
And gave their children to the sword,
Their lodges to the flame.

"Go! leave your homes," the pale-face cried,
"Your wigwams and your fires;"
The death-doomed Indian nobly died
To guard his aged sires.

Nor tamely fell—for then was told
Full many a tale of woe.
Of Metacom—Canonchet bold
And stearn Miantonimoh.

The white man swore to leave no trace—
Too well the deed was done,
For save a feeble few, the race
Of Unamis is gone.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week, to the heroine of the following sketch:

Mr. ———, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit, every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for table and other household expenses of the week, never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them. About five years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. ——— suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned, sympathisingly, on Change, and—like all such matters—there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it, was by a paragraph in the "Ledger." Shortly after dinner was over, on the day of the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. ——— requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly afterwards returned, with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand.—Handing it to her husband, she said:—"George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book, as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a $10 bill. He opened the book again, and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the Book of Revelations. He was saved—could again commence business, and had a capital of $9,000 to begin with!

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Request your misiress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile.

"Kate! Kate! Where did you procure all this money?"

"'Tis the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"But why put it in the Bible, Kate?"

"Because it is a good bank, and one which will not suddenly break," replied the lady.

"You are an angel, Kate," cried the delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

And so she is. Does any one doubt it? There are thousands of such angels despite the railings of our miserable woman slandering bachelors.

THE BEAUTY OF PEACE.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland, during the memorable rebellion of 1798. During that terrible conflict, the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they refused to fight, or pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause for death, that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion nor help them fight for Irish freedom. Victory alternated between the two contending parties, and as usual in civic war, the victors made almost indiscriminate havoc of those who did not march under their banners. It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Forseeing calamity, they had, nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns, and other weapons used for game. But this pledge of pacific intentions was not sufficient to satisfy the government, which required warlike assistance at their hands. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties and harm neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, belonging both to the loyalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols, and threaten death, if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street, to be massacred. But the pistol dropped, when the Christian mildly replied, "Friend, do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being." Not even amid the savage fierceness of civil war, could men fire at one who spoke such words as those. They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion, an insurgent threatened to burn down a Quaker house, unless the owner expelled the Protestant woman and children, who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," replied the Friend: "So long as I have a house, I will keep it open to succor the helpless and the distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks, or to those of thine enemies. If my house is burned, I must be turned out with them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away, and did the Christian no harm.

The Protestant party seized the Quaker schoolmaster of Balltore, saying they could see no reason why he should stay at home in quiet, while they were obliged to fight to defend his property. "Friends, I have asked no man to fight for me," replied the schoolmaster. But they dragged him along, swearing that he should stand in front of the army, and if he would not fight, he should at least stop a bullet. His house and school-house were filled with women and children, who had taken refuge there; for it was an instructive fact, throughout this bloody contest, that *the houses of men of peace were the only places of safety.*—Some of the women followed the soldiers, begging them not to take away their friend and protector, a man who expended more for the sick and the starving, than others did for arms and ammunition. The schoolmaster said, "Do not be distressed, my friends. I forgive these neighbors; for what they do, they do in ignorance of my principles and feelings. They may take my life, but they cannot force me to do injury to one of my fellow creatures." As the Catholics had done, so did the Protestants; they went away, and left the man of peace safe in his divine armor.

The flames of bigotry were of course fanned by civil war. On one occasion, the insurgents seized a wealthy old Quaker, in very feeble health, and threatened to shoot him, if he did not go with them to a Catholic priest, to be christened. They had not led him far, before he sank down from extreme weakness. "What do you say to our proposition?" asked one of the soldiers, handling his gun significantly. The old man quietly replied, "If thou art permitted to take my life, I hope our Heavenly Father will forgive thee." The insurgents talked apart for a few moments, and then went away, restrained by a power they did not understand.

Deeds of kindness added strength to the influence of gentle words. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brother tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones, that had been cherished. Whichever party marched into a village victorious, the cry was, "Spare the Quakers! They have done good to all and harm to none." While flames were raging, and blood flowing in every direction, the houses of the peace-makers stood uninjured.

It is a circumstance worthy to be recorded, that during the fierce and terrible struggle, even in counties where the Quakers were most numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform and went to the garison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents, and he was killed. "His dress and arms spoke the language of hostility," says the historian, "and therefore they invited it."

During that troubled period, no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, going miles across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude, and sometimes obliged to stop and remove corpses from their path. The Catholics, angry at Protestant meetings being thus openly held but unwilling to harm the Quakers, advised them to avoid the public road, and go by private ways. But they, in their quiet innocent way, answered that they did not feel clear, it would be right for them to go by any other path than the usual high road. And by the high road they went unmolested; even their young women, unattended by protectors, passed without insult.—*Columbian.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

REMARKABLE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

George Washington, justly termed the "Father of his country," was born at Bridges Creek, in the county of Westmoreland, Va. on the 22d February, 1732. On the breaking out of the American Revolution, he was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, which post he held until peace was declared. He was elected first President of the United States in February, 1789, and re-elected in 1792. After a most glorious career, he departed this life on the 14th December, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, in the 68th year of his age, and in the fullest assurance of a glorious immortality. He was most dearly beloved by the whole American people, and his death shrouded the nation in mourning; but the name of Washington will live while time shall endure.

Israel Putnam was born at Salem, Mass. on the 7th of January, 1718. After a life of peril and usefulness, he died on the 19th of May, 1790—aged 78 years. At the time of his decease, he was the Senior Major General in the American Army—next in rank to Washington. During his life he was noted for his great daring and courage, and for his strong attachment to Liberty.

Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher and Statesman, was a native of Boston, Mass. and was born on the 17th of January, 1706. Through his endeavors, the Philadelphia Library was established in 1730. The first Fire Company was formed by him in 1738. It was in the summer of 1752, that he made his great discovery in regard to the lightning. He was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also filled some of the most important and responsible offices under the U. S. Government—all of which trusts he faithfully discharged. After a long and useful life, he departed this life, in Philadelphia, on the 17th of April, 1790—aged 84 years. Such was the esteem in which he was held, that Congress ordered a general mourning for him throughout America, of one month. His was indeed a glorious example for the young.—He started in life a poor and penniless boy, but through his energy, perseverance, and good conduct, raised himself to the most exalted stations in his country.

VIEW FROM THE PYRAMIDS.

The recent work of the Rev. Dr. Durbin, published by the Harpers, entitled "Observations in the East," abounds with fine graphic descriptions. The following outline of the view from the top of the Grand Pyramid is sketched with singular beauty:

"But what a sight is that from the top of Cheops! The world has nothing like it. To the east is the Arabian desert, boundless and desolate, like a sea; while westward stretched that of Libya, without a green spot, far away to the horizon's verge; in the south appears the valley of the Nile, like a thread of green earth lying on an ocean of sand, and the Pyramids of Abousir, Sakhara, and Darfour, towering up in succession to the skies; turning northward, your eye rests upon the widespread Delta in the distance, and nearer, in the northeast, upon the lone obelisk of Heliopolis.

"Immediately before you rise the precipitous heights of Mount Mokattam, crowned with the citadel of Cairo, under which lies the ancient city, enveloped in a thin vapor, which just suffices to hide the deformities of the place, while a thousand domes and minarets, of graceful proportions, their gilded crescents glittering in the sunbeams, rise up to complete the vision of beauty. I turned from gazing on it to look upon the rocky plain immediately around the pyramid. There, deeply buried in the rock, now covered with sand and rubbish, lie the dead of four thousand years ago. It is, indeed, a vast necropolis. It seemed as though I were among the earliest born of men. From the plains before me had gone forth the elements of science, art and wisdom, to Greece, to Europe, to America. I felt as a child, born after unnumbered generations, returned to the home of his ancestors, and behold! it was all desolate."

HOW TO WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

1.—Have something to write about.

2.—Write plain; dot your i's, cross your t's; point your sentences; begin them with capitals.

3.—Write short; to the point; stop when you have done.

4.—Write only on one side of the leaf.

5.—Read it over, abridge and correct it, until you get it into the shortest space possible.

6.—Pay the Postage.

These rules observed will always ensure the publication of an article, and what is more desirable to the writer, will secure its being read.—*Boston Times.*

Large farming is not always good farming; and small farming is often the largest.

The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas says—

Railroad travelling is travelling now-a-days, in England. A system of "Express Trains" has been established, and by one of these trains, I travelled from Liverpool to London, on Friday last. The fare was high—for a seat in a first class carriage, I paid two pounds seven shillings. To a family, travelling, this is no joke. For instance, a gentleman, who was my fellow passenger from Boston, with his lady, niece, and servant, occupied seats in the same carriage as myself. He had to pay, for the trip, nine pounds eight shillings. A little difference, between English and American railroad prices! We left Liverpool at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—stayed ten minutes, to take tea, at Birmingham—and I was snugly ensconced at the Castle and Falcon, Aldergate street, London, at half-past ten—thus doing the two hundred and ten miles in six hours and a quarter. On the Great Western line, which is constructed on the broad gauge principle, the rate of travling is now sixty-two miles per hour.

"MORT! MORE MORT!"

Mr. ———, a mason by trade, having worked hard all the week, was disposed while at church on Sunday, to refresh himself by a snooze. He had kept awake until the preacher had progressed some in his sermon, when he fell into a sound sleep, and dreaming in his soporific oblivionsness that he was about his work, he cried out, in a stentorian voice, "*Mort! More Mort!*" The effect upon the congregation may be imagined.—*Port. Arg.*

A VALUABLE CARGO.

The packet ship Saranak, Capt. E. Turley, sailed this morning for Liverpool, taking out the following items—2526 bbls. flour, 15,354 bushels wheat, 1500 sacks do. 443 bbls. rosin, 398 bales wool, 100 bbls. beef, 100 bo. apples, together with a quantity of quercitron bark, and sundry packages merchandize. Her freight list is valued at $1700.—*Philad. Amer.*

A young lady of high respectability, residing a few miles from Philadilphia, has lately had a cancer extracted from her breast *the effect of tight lacing!* She is about thirty years of age, and has long been addicted to the follies of this life. She has suffered most acutely.

The Dutch and Holsteiners fatten their cattle principally with molasses, and send many fine beeves to Hull and London, to the annoyance of the English graziers, who are excluded from using this article on account of the duty.

VARIETY.

"Waiter," said a boarder at a fashionable hotel, "bring me a couple of boiled eggs?"

"Let me recommend an omlett, sir; our eggs don't do very well for boiling."

"What's the price of this silk?" inquired a deaf old lady of a young shopman.

"Seven shillings," was the reply.

"Seventeen shillings!" exclaimed she; "I'll give you thirteen."

"Seven shillings, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest draper.

"Oh! seven shillings," the lady sharply rejoined; "I'll give you five."

"'CAUSE YOU SQUINTS."

A youthful witness was on his examination in a court of justice. The lawyer, (who, by the bye, had an unfortunate obliquity of vision,) was anxious to have the boy's answers directly addressed to the judge. After a while the learned counsel said.

"Look at his honor, as I do now, and repeat your answer."

"Look as you do, sir!" answered the boy; "I can't do it, 'cause you *squints.*"

THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN AND A CUSTOMER.

The following colloquy actually occurred, some few trips back, between a steamboat captain and a *customer* on the banks of the Mississippi, who was sitting on a pile of cord-wood, as the boat passed by:

Capt. B. hailed him—

"What wood is that?"

"It's *cord-wood*," replied the chopper, with great unconcern.

"How long has it been cut?" enquired the captain.

"*Four feet*," said the wood merchant.

"Give her a lick ahead," said the captain, to cut short the sparring "Tell your friends if ever you get drowned, to look for you at the falls of St. Anthony."

BOTH HORNS BAD.

The poor tailor, in the following sketch from the New Orleans Crescent, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other:

"Will you pay me this bill, sir?" said a tailor in Charles street, to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a foot.

"Do you owe anybody any thing, sir?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait" and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag [illegible] end yet; so turning to his creditor he says:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," said the tailor.

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I've not the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you appreciate my condition, give us your hand."