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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. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MAY 2, 1846. NO. 1.

TO MERCHANTS, PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS!

The subscriber keeps constantly for sale, at the lowest prices, an assortment of

Medicines, Drugs, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnish, Brushes, &c. &c.

Confident his prices will give satisfaction, he solicits even those who may not intend to purchase at the time, to ascertain the prices of his goods.

Any communications, asking the prices of goods, are most cheerfully and promptly answered.

He would particularly state, that he has a Steam Factory in connexion with his store, for powdering Jalap, Rhubarb, Ipecacuanha, and many other Medicines; for grinding Mustard, Cinnamon, Ginger, Allspice, Pepper, Cloves, &c. and Lamp Black, Black Lead, Venetian Red, Chrome Yellow and Green, Verdegris, Yellow Ochre, and other paints in oil; all of which he is able to sell at the very lowest prices.

Paints mixed already for use, and put up in earthen pots, of different sizes, for family convenience.

Putty of the best quality, at 2¾ cts. per lb. out of bladders, and 3 cts. per lb. in bladders, in quantities of 50 lbs. and upwards.

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

J. W. W. GORDON,
Druggist,

No. 152 West Pratt street, a few doors from Light street, and opposite the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Depot, Baltimore.
March 14th, 1846. tf

A Valuable Farm for Sale.

A Farm situated on the Sassafras river, in Kent county, called "*BLOOMFIELD*," containing about

750 ACRES,

and at present occupied by Mr. James Wilson.

About 350 ACRES is covered by

of a superior quality, consisting of the varieties of *OAK, HICKORY, LOCUST, CHESNUT and POPLAR.* There is rarely to be found on our shore, so large and valuable a body of Wood and Timber land, lying on navigable water.

The FISHERY rents for about $100 per annum, and might be made much more valuable.

G. VICKERS, Agent,
for Mr. M. T. Goldsborough and wife.
Chester Town,
April 4th, 1846.

Come and See!!

The undersigned has just returned from the city of Baltimore with a large assortment of city made

Boots and hoes,

which he selected with great care, and at very reduced prices, and is therefore prepared to sell as low as they can be bought in Baltimore or anywhere else.

He also laid in a good assortment of LEATHER which he is prepared to make into BOOTS and SHOES for adults or children, in the latest style or according to order. The known promptness and practical experience of the undersigned, he believes to be a sufficient guarantee for the faithful performance of all work entrusted to him. He also has on hand a large assortment of the latest style GUM ELASTIC SHOES, for gentlemen, ladies and misses. He will continue to make the best pegged boots for $3 50 cash and other work in proportion. Thankful for past favors, he would respectfully invite his friends and the public to call and examine for themselves.

WM. CONYER.
Dec. 27, 1845.

NOTICE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has rent the MILL known as "Whaland's," where he is prepared to wait on them in the best manner, and with despatch. His Meal and Flour Store is kept at Mr. Jurdan's, on Front street, near Dr. Whaland's. His prices are 2, 3 and 4 cents, per lb. for corn; chopt corn, 62½ cts. per bushel. 200 barrels white wheat flour, on hand and for sale—warranted.

W. BACCHUS.
January 17th, 1846. tf

FOR CORSICA, CHESTER TOWN AND BALTIMORE.

THE STEAM BOAT
OSIRIS,

CAPTAIN JOHN D. TURNER,

Will leave Commerce street wharf every WEDNESDAY MORNING at 7 o'clock, and return the same day; touching at CORSICA at 10 o'clock, and CHESTER at 12 o'clock, for Baltimore. Passage, $1.00
February 14th, 1846. tf

FISH PACKING.—Fine and G A Salt, by the sack, as low as can be sold any

WICKES & BRO.
March 28th, 1846.

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.

THE WORSHIP of NATURE.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chaunt their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean upon the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE BRAVE MAN

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

There is nothing which a truly brave and persevering man may not accomplish. Heat and cold, mountains and seas, storm and sunshine, are alike to him, when he is bent upon his object. He pushes ahead—never tiring or fainting—until his proud design is achieved. Whether it be riches or honors, he permits no obstacle to impede his progress. The histories of all distinguished men, from Alexander to Napoleon, show that it was energy and perseverance, that made them distinguished above their fellow men. And you, young man, if determined in your course, whatever end you have in view, shall be respected and honored. Never permit your energies to slumber, but be ever active in whatever field you choose to labor. To lag—to stop to doubt—to hang your head in fear, will prove disastrous to your best interests.

"To move along in doubt and fear,
And tremble at the shades of even—
What is it, but a tomb to rear,
And stealing to it, turn from Heaven?"

The reason why so many turn out miserable tools—without ambition, life, or wealth even—is, their lack of courage and their fear of the world. What has an honest man, or a man of virtue and integrity, to fear? All are but shadows that look dark and forbidding before you—and these vanish before the light of truth and generous ambition. Let nothing stay your progress when you know you are in the right path—nothing but the strong arm of death. Then you will accomplish your bright expectations, while

—— "Shadows fly,
And hope beam beauteous from afar—
A sea of glory fill the sky,
And wisdom beam in every star."

FUNNY.

An incident occurred on board the new steamer Governor, the other evening, which caused a deal of mirth among the bystanders. At the back of the marble-topped table on which the way-bill is deposited, in the cabin, is a very large mirror. An old gentleman, who wanted a passage, stepped up to this table, and in the dim light, seeing his reflection in the glass fancied it was some one of the officers attached to the boat.

"Spare birth, sir?"

No answer being returned, he again put the question, in a louder voice.

"Spare birth for me, sir?" at the same time putting up his hand to his ear, in order to catch the reply. Seeing the *reflection* do the same, he evidently imagined that the supposed personage had plead deafness.

"Well," said he, "speak louder—so am I hard of hearing!"

Here the boisterous burst of mirth from a coterie of passengers who gathered near, around the stove, discovered to him his mistake, and uttering the words "Good thunder! what a sucker!" he joined in the laugh as uproariously as any of them.

"BABIES."

"A babe in a house," says Tupper, "is a well spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men."

For the Kent News.

MR. EDITOR:

The most beautiful, if not the only redeeming feature in the national character of our American aborigines, was their attention to their deceased friends. This amounted, in many cases, to a superstitious veneration, impelling them to lavish the most extravagant regards upon their ashes, their places of sepulture, and every thing connected with them.

It was this heaven born influence, to them, doubtless, the emanation of the Great Spirit, whom they adored, which tempered their native ferocity, moderated their blind enthusiasm, and instilled within them all that dignity, and nobility of character, which we so much admire.

A stoical disregard of death, (in a savage, ignorant of the existence of revealed religion, whose mind, unilluminated by reason, could only appreciate the necessity and dignity of a superior intelligence, without any conception of his attributes,) was the legitimate product of that confidence which he felt, in the devotion of his friends, and of his expected existance (though physically dead) in their memories.

There surely can be nothing in a condition of civilization and refinement, inconsistent with this regard for deceased friends. That element in the savage character, of which this sentiment is the offspring, cannot be deficient in ours. If we exhibit less attention to the mortal remains of our associates, it must be the result, not of inherent, but of adventitious causes. We do not more lightly esteem our friends while living, nor do we less ardently cherish their memories when dead, but in *one* thing we do fall short of the savage regard, for how strangely do we protect the places of their sepulture.

The limits of a common contain the relics of those whose memories are dear to us. The beasts of the field unwittingly violate its sacred close, and trample down its consecrated mounds; effacing from existence every external evidence of the tomb, in which human affections lie buried.

Can any one fail to recognize in this sketch a faint picture of our village cemetary? And will any one say that these things ought so to be?

A Village Grave Yard!—How much of sad, though pleasing sentiment, association, recollection, in this combination of words. Alas! how much sad humiliation, regret, degradation, in *our associations*, as connected with *our* interest in a "Village Grave Yard."

Do we pretend, as a community, to less refinement of taste, less benevolence of character, less nobility of sentiment, than other communities? Would we not repel with disgust and indignation, the slightest innuendo of deceased friends forgotten or disregarded? These friends may not be unconscious of our fond recollections of them, nor be insensible to the manner in which their ashes repose; for many of us delight to believe that they are cognizant of our actions, and interested in our welfare on earth. To those in whose remembrance they have not ceased to exist, this thought is bright, and beautiful, and glorious!

Does an appeal of this kind less forcibly recommend itself to the attention of those of our community, who are not, as yet, *immediately* and *personally* interested in the resuscitation of our Grave Yard. It is possible that you may lose a friend or relative. Would you be willing to consign his beloved form to the dust of your Village Cemetery; or if the sod of your own estate cover him may not the reflection steal over you, that this estate may pass into other hands, and his tomb be traversed by the plough, or scathed by the reaping hook? These reflections may present themselves when the cold and rigid corse shall be awaiting its interment, if they do not now.

I would not shock the sensibilities of any one—far from my intention is this—but man's sensibilities, when they have once slumbered, must be awakened by powerful considerations, and it frequently becomes necessary to present evils in their greatest deformity.

Shall we not, then, follow the time hallowed custom of all nations and ages, by preparing or preserving, some place of common deposite—some place which shall convey to posterity the external evidence of its character, and the protection of which we may bequeathe to the generations that shall follow.

One vigorous and united effort is all sufficient for the accomplishment of these objects.

Let us then rid ourselves, without further delay, of that burden of merited obloquy, which the ruinous condition of our Grave Yard has imposed upon us, and show to the world that we perpetuate the remembrance of our departed friends, not in word and thought only.

To the female portion of our community is this appeal especially addressed.—Ever ready for works of benevolence and true kindness; possessing sensibilities in keeping with the ardour of their feelings; the most untiring perseverance; the most admirable enthusiasm in doing good, and with imaginations fertile in all the appliances which ingenuity can suggest for planning well, and executing promptly; surely, in their hands, this appeal cannot prove unavailing.

A. M.
25th April, '46.

PUBLIC DINNER TO MR. WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster passed through Philadelphia on Friday, on his way to Marshfield, with his family. He was waited on by a deputation and tendered a public dinner, at such time as may suit his convenience, which was accepted.

OLD IRONSIDES RELIEVING AN ENGLISH FLEET AT SEA.

A very pleasing circumstance lately occurred in the history of Old Ironsides, during her present cruise in the Pacific ocean! When about ten days out from Macao, on her passage to Manilla, the Constitution found herself near a fleet of six British vessels of war, becalmed. A letter now before us, from an intelligent young officer on board, continues the story thus:

"A few light cats paws fanned us along until we were within two miles of them, and then the wind left us. We were all thus becalmed in sight of each other. We made them out to be a large line of battle ships, two frigates, one brig and two steamers; their nation as yet unknown, as there was no wind to throw out their ensigns. Presently one of the steamers began firing up, and shortly afterwards bore down for us. We were just exercising our crew at general quarters, (always keeping up our discipline, you perceive,) when she came within hail. From her we learned that the vessels composed the East India squadron of her Britannic Majesty under command of Rear Admiral Sir Thos. Cochran, K. C. B. that they have been seven months down among the islands, and the whole squadron were short of bread, "grog," water, and other necessaries, and they desired to know if we could furnish them with the stores required to last them one week. We of course complied. No sooner asked than done. No sailor ever stops to count the biscuit in his locker when he sees a hungry customer. Then a lively scene occurred, gratifying, I assure you, to both sides. Our guns had to be secured, and, indeed, we must have presented rather a hostile appearance to Mr. Bull; in fact, one of the officers good humoredly observed, he "thought we were going to blow him out of water." We turned to with light hearts, and broke out the provisions and sent them on board, while we entertained the officers in very gallant style, in fact doing the clean and genteel thing by them. I don't recollect ever spending a more pleasant time than I did the two short hours they were with us; and when they left, it was like parting with friends of long standing. One good fellow gave, as he was about leaving, "The good Old Ironsides—always the *first to prepare* for her friends or her foes; and her gentlemanly officers the *first* to *treat* them accordingly." A light breeze shortly afterwards sprung up—night closed in—the wind freshened—we cracked on studen sails, both sides, alow and aloft, and the next day the high mountains of Luzon were plainly in view."—*Globe.*

A KIND FRIEND.

There is something peculiarly gratifying in the thought, that there is one who loves us—who makes our interest his own.—When the hand of sickness fall upon us, it is sweet to think there is a heart that beats in unison with our own—a heart that feels every pang, that vibrates in our bosom.—With such a friend by our side, we can lack no earthly good. He will supply our wants, even to the taking of the last penny from his pocket. No night is weary to him, as he sits by our pillow—smoothes our brow—administers to our wants, and notices every movement of our frame.—Have you such a friend? Cherish him.—Say not a word—breathe not a suggestion—that will pain his heart. He feels an interest in you too deep for language to express, and when by a look, or a motion, you betray an indifference to his welfare, or manifest no gratitude for his favors, you send a thrill of pain through his heart.—We can take a harsh word, or a slight, from one with whom our spirits have no sympathy, but these pierce like daggers when they come from the friend whose interest to promote, we would sacrifice our time, our wealth, and our life even.—[*Port. Bul.*]

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

The army in Cambridge, in July, 1775, were joined by a company of riflemen from Philadelphia. The captain, when he was ordered to form his company, had so many applications that they exceeded his demands. He resorted to a curious expedient to limit his number without giving offence to any one. He chalked out the figure of a nose of the common size, on a board, and placed it at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, and told such as could come nearest the mark should enlist. Sixty odd hit it. The Philadelphia papers, in relating this anecdote added to it—"Gen. Gage, take care of your nose!"

A REAL GENTLEMAN.

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularly in his person or habits. He is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors. In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered or insulting remarks. He pays punctually for his newspapers. He detests eves-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes. He never, under any circumstances, speaks ill of a woman. He never *cuts* an acquaintance, who has met with a reverse of fortune; and *he always pays the postage on his letters of business.*

MORTALITY AMONG THE FLIES.

The New Orleans Delta, of the 9th inst. says: For several days past immense numbers of the common house fly have filled the city; but on yesterday about noon, they were struck dead by thousands on the spot, wherever they lit, in the most extraordinary manner—seeming to expire as if affected by *cholera.* While the riddance of such a *pest* was most devoutly to be wished, we cannot account for this singular phenomenon. What does it mean?

From the Baltimore Clipper of the 25th inst.

NEW INVENTION.

We hope that the invention mentioned by a "Mechanic" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger may prove to be correct, as it would be of infinite service to the public, whilst it would make the fortunes of the inventors. It is stated that two gentlemen of Pennsylvania, have invented a new method of roofing houses with a material "which is more durable than shingles, slate or tin, as brilliant as glass, fire proof and water proof, red, blue, green or any other color that may be desired; a non conductor of electricity, a reflector of heat, cheaper than tin, lighter than slate; being vitrified, it is almost indestructible by time or weather, and so easily put on that the largest roof can be covered in a single day if desired. It requires very little descent; a roof covered with this material may be made as flat as any tin roof without the least danger of leaking. Nothing short of actual violence will injure it. Should it come into general use, our city will outshine the Kremlin of Moscow. When a house with a slate roof is on fire, the slates fly so that firemen are in great danger should they come near it; but this article, having passed through the fire in the process of manufacture, is not liable to this objection, its durability is such that it will last as long as the house."

THE FIERY CROSS.

It was an ancient custom in Scotland, when a chief wishes to assemble his clan on any sudden and important occasion, he killed a goat, made a cross of some light wood, set the four ends of it on fire, and then extinguished them in the blood of the goat. The cross was called the *fiery cross*, or the cross of shame; because he who refused to obey the token was declared infamous. The cross was given into the hands of a quick and trusty messenger, who running rapidly to the nearest hamlet, immediately transferred it to the principal person, without uttering any other word than the name of the place of rendezvous. The new messenger forwarded it with equal promtitude to the next village; it thus went with amazing celerity, over the whole district dependent on the same chief; and passed on to those of his allies, if the danger was common to them. At the sight of the fiery cross, every man from sixteen to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged to take his best weapons and his best accoutrements, and to proceed to the place of rendezvous. He who failed in this, was liable to have his land devastated by fire and blood; a peril of which the fiery cross was the emblem. In the civil war 1745, the fiery cross was often in circulation in Scotland; once in particular, it travelled in three hours the whole district of Breadalbane, about thirty miles. This custom existed in most of the Scandinavian nations.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.

Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable.—Some men stuff their beds with thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life, complain the least of it.

There are virtues which admit of no description, which inspire on the first mention of them but little interest. Great faults and heroic qualities may be pourtrayed; but those milder merits, which contribute so much to the comfort and happiness of life, that sweetness of disposition, to which every hour that passes by bears an approving testimony, can be only felt, enjoyed, and regretted. Benevolence that never fails, patience under the heaviest calamities, firmness in friendship, under every trying change—these are among its characteristic features.

QUEEN VICTORIA, ALBERT AND "THE BABIES."

The royal family of England, *at present* consists of six persons as follows:

"Alexandria Victoria, twenty-six years of age; and Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emuel, her royal husband, who is three months younger than his wife, the Queen. The eldest child will be five years old in November, and rejoices in the mellifluous appellative of Victoria Adelaid Maria Louisa. The next child is a boy, and will be four years old the 9th of November. He will be the King hereafter, if he outlives his mother, and the kingdom endures—the boy taking precedence of his sister, although younger. His name is Albert Edward, and is styled the Prince of Wales. The second Princes Royal—two years old—is Alice Maud Mary. The Royal Prince, born the 6th of August, is named Alfred Earnest Albert."

A man in Providence, while drawing water from a well last week, fell headfirst to the bottom of the well, which was seventy feet, there being about four feet of water in it. A rope was lowered down to him; *he then tied it round himself*, and was drawn up to within ten feet of the top, when the rope broke and he fell again to the bottom, a distance of 60 feet. A person then went down to him and succeeded in getting him out—not much hurt.

Wm. B. Smyth has been appointed Cashier of the Branch of the Farmer's Bank of Maryland at Easton, in place of W. H. Tilghman, resigned.

VARIETY.

"This must be looked into," as the spoiled child said to his father's watch.

THE LAW.

The following notice appeared on the west end of a country meeting house:

"Any person sticking bills against this church, will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance."

THE SERVANT'S ANSWER.

The Rev. Mr. R———, of Pocklington, was going to serve his church one very bad morning, and turning round with much exultation to ask his servant "whether he thought Mr. B——— would go to his?" the servant replied—"He's none sike a fool!"

A PROMISING BOY.

"Would you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street

"To be sure I would," was the reply.

"Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

A COLLEGE PUN.

The Boston Post has the following—"Don't stand there loafing," said a professor at Cambridge to three students, standing where they shouldn't.

"We're not loafing," said Nat; "there are only three of us, and it takes *three* to make a loaf."

A JOCKEY JOCKEYED.

A Quaker having sold a fine looking, but blind horse, to a jockey, asked the purchaser:

"Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"None, whatever," was the reply.

"Neither will he ever see any in thee," said honest Broadbrim.

A FINE COUNTRY.

A newly arrived emigrant, walking up Broadway with his family, last summer, where the streets were paved with block, and horses were driven along covered with nets to keep off the flies, his wife cried out in ecstacy—

"Oh, Jamie! what a fine country this must be, where the streets have floors, and the horses wear clothes!"

A DUEL PREVENTED

An obstinate husband insisted on fighting a duel. His wife used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain. At length she said—

"Very well—have your way; but recollect that if you have your *seconds*, I shall be sure to have my *thirds*."

The manifest probability of such an event made the man succomb.

ELOQUENCE.

"Before I would go about as a public dancer," said an eloquent youth, in his maiden speech, "I would exchange my humanity with a grass hopper, or let myself out to a machinist for a fly-wheel. By an examination into the properties of the human leg, we shall find that it was intended principally for walking; although I have no objection to an occasional jump, or even a hop, although the latter is a one sided affair, and hardly even resorted to by such as repose their heads in the lap of human dignity."

A story is told of Mr. Van Buren, that, while on a tour through the West in 1840, he was upset in a stage coach, and as he stood up to his knees in mud, and asked the driver how the accident happened, was told by that personage that he had already upset eleved members of Congress, and by so doing he secured the votes of every one of them for appropriations to the National Road, and as he never before had had a President for a passenger, he thought he would improve the opportunity of doing his duty to the West, in endeavoring to prevent a veto, in case another appropriation should pass.

FEMALE VANITY.

The French Princess de Charlois when in the agonies of death, and receiving the last sacrament, yielded very reluctantly to the wishes of her confessor, to wipe off her rouge. "If I must," said she to her maid, "give me some other ribbons, for you know without *rouge* yellow ribbons look frightful upon me." The celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield, had the same penchant. Her last words, in arranging some articles of dress, were—"One would not like to look frightful after death." Pope satirized her:—

"One would not sure look ugly when one's dead,
And—Betty—give these cheeks a little red."

REMOVAL OF FOREIGN BODIES FROM THE EYE.

A German writer has recently proposed that when a foreign body, such as particle of straw, dust, &c., gets between the eyelids and the globe of the eye, but without being infracted, a solution of gum arabic, dropped into the eye, may be advantageously employed for its attraction as the solution does not produce any disagreeable sensation.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

One day as General Washington sat at a dublic dinner, he found the fire behind him very large and uncomfortably hot; he complained, and said he must remove. A gentleman observed that a General ought to stand fire. Washington replied, that it never become a soldier to receive the fire in his rear.

There are two sorts of enemies inseparable from almost all men, but sltogether from men of great fortune—the flatterer and the liar. One strikes before, the other behind!—insensibly, both dangerously.