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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

VOL. 7. Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet.—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one." NO. 32

CHESTER TOWN, MD. DECEMBER 5, 1846.

GREAT BARGAINS,

IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established

CHEAP HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 196 *Market st. 2d door below Sixth,*

PHILADELPHIA.

We extend a general invitation to the citizens of Chester Town and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra superior Beaver Hats, from		$2.50 to $3.50
" " Brush "	"	2.00 to 3.00
" " Silk "	"	1.25 to 2.00
" " Moleskin "	"	2.50 only, usual price $4.

Good hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine otter, Shetland fur seal, musk rat, hair seal caps, &c. &c. at lower prices than they can possibly be had else where. From our extensive sales, we can sell for a smaller profit than others can.—Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms. Be sure and call at No. 196 Market street, 2d door below Sixth st.

GARDEN & BROWN.

September 5th, 1846. 3m

New Wholesale

DRUG STORE.

CANBY & BARTLETT beg leave respectfully to inform dealers and others, in this vicinity, that they have recently established, at the *N. W. corner of Light and Lombard streets, Baltimore,* a WHOLESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT where they have now on hand, and intend keeping, a complete and extensive assortment of entire fresh Drugs and Medicines, as well as Paints, Oils, Glass, Dyestuffs, &c. laid in at prices that will enable them to furnish persons dealing in Drugs, &c. with every article in that line, on certainly as good terms, and of as fine quality, as can be obtained from any other establishment, either in Baltimore or elsewhere.—They are also the manufacturers and vendors of Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Wright's Worm Mixture, and Lee's Family Medicines.

THOMAS Y. CANBY,
late of the firm of Stabler & Canby.
WM. A. BARTLETT.

September 5th, 1846. 6m

FALL

DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS, which we have been selected in this, and the other cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual customers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. Our stock will be found the following viz:

Broad and extra cloths and cassimeres
Silk velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Satinet and beaver cloths and flushings
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Striped and striped linseys and baizes
Negro kids and buffalo cloths
Flannels 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
White and colored blankets for negroes
Colored and shaded alpacas
Brown and plain Earlston ginghams
Silks and mouselin de'laines
Cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Damask and white table cloths and napkins
Red, yellow and green flannels
Red and white Canton flannels
Kid gloves and suspenders
Horn and bone buttons
Britannia and domestic hdkfs
Scol'd bordered linen cambric do
Silk and Italian cravats
Silk ribbons and galloons
Silk, tapes and bobbins
Cotton tapes and nettings
Mouselin de'lane and cashmere

Turkeri and Edinburg do
Checks and plaids
Shirting with a large assortment of prints
Brown and white shirtings and sheet,

SIMMONS & BROTHER,
corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.
Sept. 5, 1846. 3m

REFINED SUGAR CANDIES,

25 cts per pound, Wholesale.

HARDSON, No. 42 Market st. Philadelphia, takes pleasure in informing the trade that he still continues to sell his superior steam refined Candy at the rate of $12 50 per 100 pounds, which is equal to any manufactured in the United States.

He has all kinds of good, in the Candy and Fruit line at correspondingly low prices, as quick sales and small profits are the order of the day.

Country merchants, your orders, and you can be satisfied. Don't forget the place, 42 Market street, Philadelphia.

Sept. 5, 1846. 4m

For Sale,

Mules and Bats Apply to
A W SPARKS
tf

LAMPS, GIRONDOLES, CANDELABRAS, AND HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES IN GENERAL.

PERSONS purchasing articles in the above line, can call on the subscriber with every assurance of getting the worth of their money, and no misrepresentation. His stock of goods are fresh, and constantly replenishing from the latest importations—consisting in part of plated, block tin, brittania, and japanned Wares; Table Cutlery; Tea Trays and Waiters; wooden and iron Ware; Baskets; brass and wooden Clocks; looking and toilet Glasses, Oil Cloths; Door Mats, &c. &c. Having had eight years experience in the *Lamp business,* his assortment cannot be surpassed, being selected from the best manufactories in the country, for parlours, churches, stores, offices and kitchens, and for burning lard, camphine, pine, and common oil; also, fluid or gass lamps, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices.

Wholesale orders for Camphine, Pine Oil, and Fluid, promptly attended to at the lowest market prices, and of the first quality.

Also, a splendid assortment of painted Window Shades.

He has secured the general agency for SIMMS' CELEBRATED MATCHES, *entirely free from sulphur or any other unpleasant smell.* This is worthy the attention of every man, woman, and child, averse to being choked with sulphur every time they light a match. Wholesale orders promptly met at the lowest factory prices.

J. T. TOUGH.

Baltimore st. Bridge, Baltimore, Md.

P. S. Look for the sign of the *Large Lamp,* north east corner.

September 12th, 1846. 3m

FARM FOR SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, the undersigned Trustee, will offer at public sale on *SATURDAY, the 5th of December next,* at 11 o'clock in the morning, at the tavern of Carl L. Strandberg, in Chester Town, all that

Farm and Plantation,

which belonged to Barnet Wager, dec'd, lying and being in the upper part of Kent county, and running up to the Head of Sassafras, containing about

218 Acres of Land,

it being the same Farm which formerly belonged to Richard W. Frisby and is known by the name of the 'Rich Levels'

Also a LOT of WOODLAND, near said Farm containing about 16 ACRES of land.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE,

That the purchaser shall pay one thousand dollars on the day of sale, and shall give Bond with security, to be approved by the Trustee for the payment of the residue of the purchase money, with interest from the day of sale, in two equal annual instalments.

J. WICKES, Trustee.

Chester Town, }
Nov. 14, 1846. } tds

For Rent.

A FARM in Kent county, Eastern shore, Maryland, known as 'Riley's Land,' containing 515 acres good land, well adapted to the growth of wheat, corn, rye, &c. The Farm is at present under rent to Mr William Boyer, whose time will expire on the 1st January, 1847, when possession can be had. It is situated on Sassafras river, in a healthy neighborhood, about one mile from the village of Georgetown X roads. On this place there is a comfortable two story brick dwelling, kitchen and all the necessary out houses for carrying on an extensive Farm. It has on it an immense quantity of Marl. Any one disposed to rent can by applying to Dr. James F. Dunbar, at the Cross Roads, view the premises. For terms and other particulars, apply to

HARRIET GREGG,
ALEX'R GREGG,
Holliday street, Baltimore;
Or to Dr. J. F. DUNBAR,
Georgetown X Roads, Kent co. Md.

nov'r 14, 1846. 3t

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the *HOUSE* on the Main street, at present occupied by Mr T C Pinkind.

GEORGE VICKERS,
JAS MANSFIELD.

Chester Town, }
Sept. 12th, 1846. }

SADDLES $4,00 TO $12,00.

Riding bridles, 50c to $1.75; leather collars 62½ to 75c; blind bridles 62½ to 87½c; martingales; whips; thongs; girths, &c.—large st ck, just received and for sale by

T. W ELIASON.

Sept. 19th, 1846.

CLOTHS.

Fine "olive brown," a beautiful article; an assortment black, blue, invisible green and gray cloths—just opened and for sale low by

WICKES & BRO.

Sept 26th, 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.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stolen away.
Thou art no longer fair wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed;
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.
Ah! that is long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare!

Well, well, dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid,
The three years' darling, fair and pure,
Beneath the yew tree's shade;
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue—
But we've blessed since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young.

There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him
Who died before his time!
There is Jane, thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame—
Our poorest neighbors pity us
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the evil, woful ways she took,
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife!
—And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her downfall
In her betrayer's blood.

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
And cursed him to his face,
But he was rich and I was poor,
The rich know no disgrace!—
The gallows would have had me, wife,
For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were thoughts of thy despair!

There something in thy face, wife,
That calms my madden'd brain;
Thy furrow'd brow, thy hollow eye,
Thy look of patient pain!
Thy lips that never smile, wife,
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone?

Oh! these they tell such tales, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears,
We have borne so much together
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bare, wife,
What God appointeth here;
No add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
Be this our only prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh God who reigns't above,
We bless thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—LOVE!

SELECT TALES.

THE LAND PIRATE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Written for the Ladies' National Magazine,

BY JAMES H. DANA.

During the war of the Revolution the district of the country lying between the American lines on the Hudson, and the British out posts above New York, and called familiarly the neutral ground, was infested by a set of wretches, known as cowboys, skinners and land pirates, who preyed at will on the whigs. A party of them long carried on their outrages unchecked in close vicinity to the British lines, under a leader of redoubled courage, who had once been a colonist of some estate, but having squandered it in riotous living, had taken to his present irregular life on the breaking out the troubles.

Accounts of his atrocities had long before found their way to the American lines; and the evil became at length so great that it was determined, at any cost, to extirpate his company. But it was found easier to threaten than to achieve. Keeping close to his secret haunts, or moving with astonishing celerity across the country, it was impossible to discover or overtake Harding for such was the name this miscreant bore.

A young officer at length volunteered to enter Harding's company as a spy. To obtain such information as would lead to his being entrapped. Lieutenant Vaughn knew that his life hung on a thread, in such a difficult mission; for discovery would be instant death; but he was bold and full of resources; besides he had a personal interest in the destruction of the land pirates. His heart had long been in possession of Emily Headly, the daughter of a wealthy farmer who, though hitherto a neutral, was suspected of a leaning toward the American cause; and the anxious heart of the lover began to fear that Harding, attracted by the wealth of the father or the beauty of the daughter, might sooner or later, make Headly's farm the scene of one his lawless attrocities.

It was a dark and stormy night on which Vaughn disguised as a deserter, found his way to a low tavern near the Hudson where the land pirates were known sometimes to harbor. With great difficulty, and not without exciting some suspicion, he was enrolled as one of their number, but his story was so well concocted that all doubt, after a while, was removed. One morning a comrade approached him.

"You are to accompany us for the first time to night," he said. "The captain has resolved to attack old Headly, who, you may have heard, lives up among the hill, and is almost as rich as an English lord. They say too, he has a pretty daughter, but of that I know nothing, though, if he has, I'll venture to say the captain will not forget her."

Vaughn could scarcely conceal his agitation during these words. The blow which he had long feared was about to fall, and he neither had the time to warn his friends, nor the power to avert the catastrophe. What could he do? His first thought was to desert and hasten to the Headly farm, but he knew he was watched closely and that this could not be effected.

In a few minutes, however, Vaughn managed to steal away from his comrade, and sauntered into the inn, for they were then at another low tavern similar to the one where had first joined the free-booters.—The bar maid was there alone, the words in which she spoke surprised him.

"And so, Captain Harding is going to attack old Mr Headly's house to-night," she said pettisly. "I can tell him it will come to no good. Mr. Headly has done him or the king no harm, but its the daughter, and not the father, Harding's after, she refused him once, when he was a gentleman, and now he's determined to have her on his own terms, the villian!"

At this confirmation of his worst fears Vaughn could not withhold a muttered curse. The girl looked up. He saw that his indignation had betrayed him, and his eye quailed beneath her searching glance. But he was relieved by what followed.

"Lieutenan Vaughn," said the girl, bending over, and whispering in his ear, "you see you are known; but you have nothing to fear I was brought up near your father's and saw you many a day; my parents farmed the little place at the foot of the hill. Do you know me now? I am Kitty Gray."

The recognition was mutual; but the pleasure derived from it was alloyed to Vaughn by what he now heard of Harding's intention. Kitty, it seems, had listened pretending to be asleep in the bar, while the leader had divulged to two of his confidential followers, the evening before, his purpose in attacking Headly's farm; and it appeared that he had hoarded up his old relection; and had now determined to avenge himself by carrying off the daughter of the old man by force. The blood of Vaughn run cold at this narration. Fortunately Kitty was disposed to assist him, for her woman's nature was not so far debased but what she could feel for the peril of Miss Headly.

If I could obtain a trusty messenger and a fast horse, we might send word to the out post at———," said Vaughn. "A force could then march for the farm, and intercept our band."

"It would be impossible to send off a messenger while Harding is here," said Kitty; "besides we have no one to trust; but I tell you what can be done. There is a fast animal in the stable and I am a good rider; I will wait till you have set out, when, by hard galloping, I may reach the outpost and give timely warning; that is, if a party of dragoons happen to be there, and will spare neither whip nor spur."

"There was a detachment at the post when I left," said Vaughn. "Pray heaven there may be yet, for our scheme is the only feasible one."

Their further conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Harding himself, who eyed Vaughn suspiciously, and ordered him gruffly to leave the room. Our hero could but obey. He trembled for the fidelity of his accomplice, however, as he went out, and saw Kitty begin a bantering conversation with the freebooter.

His comrades were already busy in preparing for their ride, and Vaughn immediately occupied himself in saddling his horse. He had scarce finished his task when Harding came out.

"I see you are ready," he said eyeing him keenly, "and have made up for your idling in the bar-room. You will attend close on me to day; new recruits are apt to be suspected, and it behooves them to be especially ardent." He had accompanied those words with a significant smile which left Vaughn half convinced that he had been betrayed.

Imagine the feelings of Vaughn during that ride. The agony of being broken on the wheel was nothing to it! He was well aware that present supplications nor fears of future retribution would turn him aside from his fell purpose. Nor could Vaughn hope to succeed, singlehanded, in any attempt to avert the doom of his betrothed. At times, from the peculiar look with which Harding regarded him, Vaughn was led to think that the refugee penetrated his designs and had brought him by a sight of the ruin to be worked at Headly farm.—Yet this look might only arise from natural suspicion of a new recruit. But could Kitty have been false? No—her truth was unmistakeable, or Vaugh knew nothing of physiognomy. But what if there were dragoons at the post when she arrived?—These thoughts agitated Vaughn continually.

"I will die to save her, and if needs be," he inwardly swore;—"I will preserve her from profanation by sacrificing her with my own hand."

With these bitter reflections, Vaughn following his commander, his heart tormented now by despair; and now pacified by hope. At length Headly farm broke on their sight. Our hero looked eagerly in the direction whence the dragoons, if coming, would appear, but none were in sight. It was just as evening closed, and all around wore a calm and peaceful look. He turned, sick at heart, to gaze on the old homestead,—and when Vaughn thought of the desolution soon to fall on that now happy household, his excited feelings could scarcely be controlled. But he felt the necessity of dissimulation, if he would even attempt to save Emily.

"Forward—trot," said the voice of Harding at this moment, having returned from a recognizance of the buildings, which he found; as he had expected, wholly unprotected; then as they reached the lawn before the house, he shouted, in a voice, which first told the household of his approach, halt!"

Instantly they men drew in their reins, while the hasty barring of doors was heard from the house. It was but the work of a moment, however for the assailants to dismount, and before long the hall door had given away before an axe which one of the troopers carried, though not until a shot had been fired from an upper window.

"Our motto is 'beauty and booty,'" shouted Harding as the door fell. "Spare none, and revenge your fallen comrade." With these words he dashed towards the staircase leading to the apartment which Vaughn knew to be occupied by Emily

The crisis for which he had breathlessly waited ever since the attack began, had now come; and regardless of the peril Vaughn sprang after his leader, determined to sell his life or frustrate Harding's designs. Almost together they ascended the staircase. The moment was one of terrible interest. The hand of the ruffian was on Emily's door—that door which had been sacred hitherto even from Vaughn's approach—when our hero arrested it by a blow with his sabre, which would have severed Harding's hand had he not caught the flash of steel and sprang back.

"Ha! a traitor," he said comprehending everything at a glance, yet half astonished at the discovery, "then take that!" and he leveled a pistol at our hero, who saved his life only by knocking up the weapon with his blade. In an instant two excited men had crossed swords; Harding, furious at the discovery that he had harbored a spy, and Vaughn thirsting for his blood as the only chance to save Emily.

By this time the refugees were pouring up the staircase; and for a moment they paused, in astonishment at the speciacle of this unexpected combat. But it was only for an instant Recovering from their surprise, they threw themselves on Vaughn, who was disarmed and bound after many wounds. He expected nothing farther now than immediate death, nor did he wish to live. Since he could not save Emily he desired to die. He would have blessed any one who would have put an end to his existence. "Oh! why did my good blade fail me?" he said "Why could I not finish the miscreant?" To add to his distress one of the servants who had been dragged into the hall, had recognized him, and revealed his name.

"You are a lover, then, of this fair bird within, as well as a traitor and spy, said Harding, hoarse with passion; and mad with the pain of the wounds he had received from Vaughn's sword, then you shall witness how she shall be my eman. ere you die."

Vaughn writhed in mental agony. Already he seemed to behold his betrothed struggling in the foul arms of the ruffian.

"For God's sake," he implored, "Torture me—do what you will with me—but spare Miss Headly."

The villian answered by laying hold of the door knob, but as he did this, a bullet whistled in the air, and he fell dead, pierced by a pistol ball from an unseen hand. As he fell, a huzza arose from the staircase, which was now seen full of men in the attire of American dragoons.

"Huzza—we have them now in the trap," shouted a stentorian voice, which Vaughn recognized as that of his commanding officer "no quarter my lads cut them down."

The fight was soon over—the result could not be doubtful. The refugees were cooped up, and had no escape, while their enemies out numbered them five to one.—Harding fell in the very begining of the affray. The assault, the melee, and the defeat passed almost with the rapidity of thought.

"We are just in time," said Vaughn's comrade, when the scuffle was terminated and every refugee either slain or pinioned "your messenger found us fortunately at the post"

the chamber? where she had fled with her father; and by her fair hands were Vaughn's wounds bound up. After the war, she and our hero were happily married, and Kitty, as a recompence for her services, was taken into their household.

Old men still live in the quiet vallies of the Hudson, who have heard, from participants in that day's fight, the story of the Land Pirate's Death.

Apprentices.

"It is seldom that an apprentice who makes his master's interest his own, does not receive a reward by kindness and favors while an apprentice; and in after life he is quite sure to be prosperous in business, and a respected and useful man."

The above is a "true bill," but it is not current with apprentices in these days.—Their sole aim would appear to be to shirk the labor required of them—to pass their time as idly as possible—and if the master is indulgent, to impose upon his generosity. By not acquiring the habit of working quickly, they inevitably become slow workmen. By being late, morning, noon and night, they become confirmed laggards and are never liked by their employers. Lacking honesty of heart to make the employer's interest his own, he embraces every opportunity for neglect, and thus acquires both a name habit of unfaithfulness For, know, young men, that habitual unfaithfulness springeth up from small beginings, and what you may consider justifiable in the commencement, from its apparent insignificance, ere long grows to unpardonableness, in the eyes of others. Be prompt, then, in the discharge of your duties, that when the responsibilities and self-dependence of manhood shall have crept upon you, community may not point its finger at an irresponsible and unreliable person. See to it in the days of thy youth, that thy reputation doth not suffer, and thy conscience rusteth not, so shall thy days be long remembered with honor, and thy name as a treasure.—*Gazette.*

HUMOROUS.

Recognition.

THE KID BECOME A GOAT.

'How d'ye do, Mr. Jones—how d'ye do?' said a young swell recently, in front of the Picayune office, with more beard than brains, to an old glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold mounted specs, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold headed bamboo cane.

'Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me,' said the old gentleman, in a falsetto voice—'but you have the advantage of me.'

'My name is Kid, sir—Kid,' said whiskerando. 'You remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?'

'Bless my soul, yes, and so I do,' said the old gentleman—'I remember little Tommy Kid, sure enough; and how do you do now, Mr GOAT?'

'Kid, sir, Kid, not Goat,' said Thomas, peevishly.

'Ah, true, you were a kid then, Tommy,' said the old gentleman, 'but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you have since become a GOAT.'

Tommy stroked his beard with his finger, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones good bye.

Who Dar.

The following is the best negro story of the season. Where it comes from, or how long it has been upon the earth, is more than we shall undertake to say, for we do not know:—

Gumbo was a wicked negro, who had witnessed the ravages of the Cholera in 1839, with stoic indifference, but seeing his friends dropping off by dozens, in negro valley, Gumbo began to have some fears of giving the kick himself, in pretty much the style he was wont to 'fro dat brickbat,' in a row. Gumbo then for the first time, thought of praying, to use his own phrase, 'to de angel ob de Lord,' declaring that if he could be spared 'dis time,' he would be ready next year to be taken up, and lib forever in Massa Abraham's bosom. Some wags having access to an adjoining room, separated by a board partition, hearing him at his devotions, knocked.

'Who dar'

'De angel ob de Lord.'

'What he want?'

'Want Gumbo.'

Blowing out his candle with a whew—No such nigger heah. Dat nigga bin dead dis two three weeks—de fac?

IN SCHOOL.—Class 23, come up and do your lesson. What is the use of geography?

To tell where General Taylor licked the Mexicans, sir.

What is the use of grammar?

To tell when galls is of the feminine gender, sir.

What is the use of mathematics?

Matty Mattocks, sir? His mother says he is of use to keep bread from moulding.

That's right. You may go out now.

A DANDY asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey? No, sir, answered the ad—but if you will take a seat, I'll try!'

Let us lay no temptation in the path of the young, as the frog said, when he popped his head under water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

☞ There is a man in Town who [illegible] pair of wild [illegible]