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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus pacere studeti—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. OCTOBER 2, 1847. NO. 23.

S, CAPS, LADIES' MUFFS, BOAS, &C.

Merchants, Hatters and Others.

GARDEN & BROWN,

Hat and Cap Warehouse and Manufactory,

NO. 196 MARKET STREET,

ond door below Sixth, Philadelphia.

ESPECTFULLY solicit attention to their large and complete stock of Hats Caps, manufactured under their own nediate direction and superintendence. h all the advantages of modern improve- nts to enable them to combine the im- tant qualities of durability, taste and ity of finish with extreme cheapness of c.

An immense and beautiful assortment of varieties and prices of Beaver, Brush, , Moleskin, Russia, Cassimere, Wool, orting and Ashland Hats. Also, a gen l assortment of every variety of Caps, er, Fur Seal, Hair Seal, Muskrat, Plain Fancy, Cloth every style, Red, Black Brown Mohair, Sealette, Glazed, Oiled and Fur Caps.

Ladies' Muffs, *Boas, &c.*, at the very est prices.

Buyers by the dozen or less, are invited call and see if it is not to their interest deal with us.

Particular attention paid to the packing Hats, &c.

Cash paid for Muskrat and Shipping Furs

GARDEN & BROWN,

No. 196 Market Street, below Sixth st.,

Philadelphia, July 24, 1847. 3m

State of Maryland, Cecil County, Set:

PON application made to me, the sub scriber, one of the Judges of the Or ns Court of Cecil county by Thomas nside of said county imprisoned for ts he is unable to pay, by his petition ying the benefit of the Insolvent Laws his State, a schedule of his property, of his creditors and debtors, on oath, far as he can at present ascertain the e being annexed to his petition; and the petitioner having satisfied me that he resided for two years last past in the e of Maryland, and he having taken the prescribed by the Act of 1805, chap. and given bond with security sufficient his appearance before the Judges of Ce- county court, on the first Tuesday in next October term of said court, and at other time or times as the said court direct, to answer such interrogatories allegations as may be made against him tive to his application, and having com- d with the requisitions of the Act of mbly, passed at December Session 5, entitled an act relative to insolvent tors chapter 205 and the several supple- nts thereto, by executing a Deed of all property, real, personal and mixed, to n Conard appointed by me Trustee he said Thomas Burnside, and the said stee having given bond with approved urity for the performance of the trust, certified in writing to me, that he was ossession of all the Estate of the said tioner mentioned in his schedule. I do efore order that the said Thomas Burn- be discharged from imprisonment, and he give notice to his creditors of his ication for the benefit of the Insolvent s of the State of Maryland, and that first Tuesday next after the third Mon- in October next is the day appointed his appearance before the Judges of county court to answer such interro ries and allegations as may be propoun- to him relative to his said application, the said notice be given by advertise- in some newspaper printed on the rn shore of Md. once a week for at three months before said first Tues- in the next October term of Cecil ty court.

iven under my hand this fourth day of , Eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ABRAHAM CHANDLER,

rue copy, Test,

GEORGE McCULLOUGH,

Cl'k Cecil County Court.

ly 10, 1847. 3m.

heap Watches and

JEWELRY.

the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry ore, No. 96, North Second street, of Quarry.

Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 cases,	$45 00
Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
LepineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
tor Quarter Watches,	10 00
ion quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Spectacles,	8 00
ilver spectacles,	1 75
bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

d finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch s—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet Other articles in proportion. All warranted to be what they are sold

O. CONRAD.

hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, and Quarters, lower than the above

19, 1846.

Wanted.

uation wanted by a man as an over- er who can bring the best recom- tion as an experienced and well ed farmer who is calculated to con- farm with industry and economy.—at this office.

31, 1847.

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 AUTUMN OF LIFE.

The spring of life is past
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon a river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever
To come to us no more!

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well:
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They have passed—like hope—away;
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem;
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them.

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrine!

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming;
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

An Eastern Funeral.

An Eastern funeral is described, in a letter from Alexandria, as one of the most gorgeous spectacles in that region for years. It was that of the Pacha's son, who died while absent from Alexandria, and whose remains were landed there from the French steamer Osiris. The places of business on the day of the funeral were closed, the flags of the shipping hung half mast high, and minute guns were fired from the admiral's ship. The procession was as follows:

1. One hundred camels laden with bread, provisions, and water in two lines.

2. A number of bullocks and sheep, driven by butchers, to be slaughtered, according to the custom of the country, at the place of interment for distribution among the poor.

3. Six regiments of soldiers, with arms reversed, and bearing the usual military insignia of mourning.

4. The National Guard in two open lines, between which, in procession, were the household officers in their beautiful state uniforms.

5. The principal native merchants, bankers, &c. all dressed in the Nizam costume with white mourning turbans.

6. Twelve boys, in two files, each bearing a copy of the Koran on a brilliant salver, and covered with elegantly embroidered white and scarlet satin napkins.

7. The naval and military officers.

8. The native clergy with white mourning turbans.

9. Twenty four men, dressed in embroidered satin robes, bearing incense in chastely designed gold and silver vases.

10. One hundred blind boys in white surplices, who chanted the usual funeral song.

11. The Ministers and chief officers of state in two lines, between which was the bier, covered with the richest Cashmere shawls and borne by twenty boys.

This was followed immediately by his highness Said Pacha as chief mourner, and immediately followed by the European Consuls General, body of French naval officers in uniform, and the principal European merchants.

These again were closed up by a body of troops. The order of the procession throughout was maintained with the greatest regularity, and its general effect was imposing. Scarcely an accident occurred—a fact strikingly singular where there was an accumulation of very little short of 50,000 persons, and a large proportion of these *nearly* savages. By one of these happy schemes for which these people are remarkable, the rabble was entirely kept away from the procession by an officer who rode considerably in the rear, and who distributed quantities of small coin along the line.

Extra services have been since performed, both by day and night at the family mosque, and the populace are highly regaled with coffee and pipes at the grounds adjoining the cemetery.

POLITICAL.

Patriotism.

The following, from the Trenton State Gazette, is a striking delineation of Locofoco 'patriotism,' as now exhibited throughout the country:

To clamor loudly in favor of the Mexican war, in order to get for yourself popularity and office.

To call vehemently upon the "dear people" to volunteer and risk their lives, and yet take good care not to volunteer yourself, but to keep snug and safe at home.

To denounce others as traitors for not contributing to the war, but refuse to contribute to it one penny out of your own pockets.

To advocate a contribution by the Council to the war, in order that you may gain credit for liberality toward the volunteers, although in private you refuse to give them any thing.

To insist that the opponents of the war shall bear all the expense and do all the fighting, while you stay at home to run for offices as war candidates.

To do nothing for your country but *talk* for it; and that too only in such a way as you think will benefit yourselves.

To keep a single eye to your own selfish interests, and sacrifice all public interests that may come in conflict with them.

To call every one a traitor except yourself, in order that you may be esteemed the exclusive patriot.

To laud the general government for its efficiency in carrying on the war, when it will not pay the necessary expenses of the poor volunteers, although it lavishes thousands upon its political favorites.

To revile private individuals who are opposed to the war, for not paying out of their own pockets these expenses, which your administration at Washington and yourselves refuse to bear one cent of.

When private persons do contribute towards defraying these expenses, to ridicule them for the smallness of their contributions, although you have not contributed a penny.

To make as much out of the war and people as you can, but never spend a cent nor meet the least danger for either.

"THE ARGUS."—This is also a locofoco paper of this city, from which the "*Sentinel*" is also issued. In one of its recent No's is a FORGERY of a letter purporting to be from Mr. Polk's pet *Santa Anna*, to the Hon. John P. Kennedy—the same paper published a few weeks since another FORGERY, a letter purporting to be from Gen. TAYLOR, denouncing the Whig party. We allude to these things now, to warn our friends what they may expect from such unscrupulous sources on the eve of election. It is very probable that other forgeries may be committed, and slanders circulated, so timed as to prevent any contradiction to them—forewarned, forearmed!!

By the bye, when Congress sits, some *genuine* correspondence will probably be brought to light between Santa Anna, and some of the gentry at Washington.—*Rough and Ready.*

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH AND REFORM!—Much as this gentleman has been denounced as an anti-reformer, it is easily to be shown that he done more for the people of Maryland on this subject than Mr. Thomas, his competitor, or many more of the Locofoco party.

Mr. Goldsborough was in the State Senate when the bill, giving to the people the right to elect their Governor and Senate, and equalising representation to a standard nearer right, was passed; and *he voted for it.* Yes, fellow citizens, your Whig candidate, Mr. Goldsborough, voted for the amended Constitution of our State, as it now stands, by which the people attained to their rights. Look at the Journals of 1836 and 1837 and you will find his name.

NATURALIZED VOTERS.—The Argus continues to call upon our adopted citizens to rally to the support of locofocoism; and we shall continue to remind them, that when the Whigs, whom they are called upon to oppose, urged the adoption of a resolution appropriating a pitiful sum out of the public treasury to the starving, famishing myriads of Ireland, who were suffering with hunger and disease, this same locofoco party almost unanimously opposed it, and having a majority in both houses of Congress, defeated the humane proposition. Let our adopted citizens remember this and then, if they can, vote for that party against the Whigs, who have shown them that "*a friend in need is a friend indeed!*"—*Rough and Ready.*

A FALSEHOOD NAILED TO THE COUNTER.—The *Republican and Argus* of Thursday evening, states that Mr. *Goldsborough* buys the shoes for his hands from the *Maryland Penitentiary*—this we pronounce to be *false*, and without the slightest grounds to justify the writer of the article in making the unfounded charge.—Mr. Goldsborough neither buys his shoes nor any other product manufactured in that institution. Desperate, indeed, must be the party, when it has to resort to deliberate lying to detract from the merits of a man like Wm. T. Goldsborough, who is without fear and without reproach.

TENNESSEE HUMOR.

The *Nashville Union*, says the New York Tribune, which had any amount of fun in flogging the Whigs *before* Election, seems determined to have some more *since* Election out of being flogged *by* them. In his paper of the 17th ult., the Editor gives a graphic account of the alternate waxing and waning of the hopes of either party as the returns came in by this and that stage from the close of the poll down to the settlement of the question "Who's Governor?" nearly a week afterward by the arrival of the Mail bringing the vote of the extreme Eastern Counties. It was midnight on the Wednesday after Election, and he thus describes the closing scene:

"The Union office and the Post Office were filled with Democrats waiting to hear the news, and there was quite a respectable number in the street. Only one Whig was to be seen. The junior publisher of the Whig was in the crowd, waiting to hear the news as a matter of business, and ready to laugh let either win.

"At a quarter past twelve the rattle of wheels was heard—the stage was coming! The crowd of Democrats ran to the Post Office, while we, rather nervous we confess, spread out six sheets of clear foolscap, on which figure losses and gains.—But alas! the news needed no figures!—We heard some one say in the street, "eleven hundred gain in the First and Second Districts!" Our anxiety to learn *who* had gained "eleven hundred" was speedily broken by a feeble and isolated shout, "O! my Neil!" Not one shout for Aaron in all that crowd! It was enough for us!—The clean white paper before us was left blank till morning. We made no *figures* that night, although we can swear to having made some hasty *tracks* for home.

"But that feeble shout, "O! my Neil!" was not long unanswered. In two minutes Deaderick st. *swarmed.* Each alley in the vicinity of the Post Office sent forth its squad of Whigs, and from the shady side of the bank and the houses in the vicinity sprang crowds. The first feeble shout was as potent as Roderick Dhu's whistle, which

'Garrisoned the glen,
At once, with full five hundred men."

"These Whigs would not have been seen, if the news had been bad for them They would have sneaked home and "let on as tho' they hadn't been doing nothing."

"We left them shouting, and went home to sleep soundly. But the next time we sit up till one o'clock to wait for the news by "the East Tennessee Mail," will be after we have forgotten the chilling shower bath of the night of Wednesday, August 11, 1847."

SACRIFICE OF LIFE.—It is estimated by the officers of the army, and those who have the means of ascertaining the grand loss of our Army, since the commencement of the war with Mexico, that the bodies of 20,000 men lie mingling with the soil of Mexico, and that at the present time fifty soldiers die every day! Is Texas worth this sacrifice? Philanthropy looks on this picture with sorrow and weeps, and Christianity blushes to think that it was brought about and is now defended by *professing* christians, and members of the church of God.

A DRUNKEN GENERAL.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Times gives the following account of Valencia's conduct at Coutrejos, which agrees with what Santa Anna says of him:—"Valencia was more than half drunk, and had spent the early part of the night in alternate freaks of good and bad humor; in one minute cursing, and the next promoting his officers, and dispensing commissions on every hand. Santa Anna seemed to be fearful of some accident, and at one time sent an aid to caution him against the probable intentions of General Scott, but old Valencia told the messenger to 'go to —,' (*va al carrajo,*) he could take care of his own division without Santa Anna's assistance,' &c.—Whenever any one of his own officers would bring him a report of the movements of the Americans, he would drive them from him with curses of 'cowardice,' the worst epithets in the vocabulary of Spanish blackguardism. To this fact is to be attributed, in a great measure, the quick destruction of his force, as he was utterly unprepared when the attack was made."

☞Sixty persons died of yellow fever in New Orleans on the 5th inst.

A Large Fortune in want of an Owner.

Some twenty years ago—more or less—a gentleman by the name of Dudley died intestate in England, leaving a fortune estimated at $150,000,000. An advertisement has appeared several times in the *London Times* to the heirs (if there be such) to come forward and prove their relationship to the "dear defunct?" The rich are seldom without heirs, and we presume many persons have adduced or offered to adduce, their claims upon the property.

But still, we learn, the advertisement appears, and it may thence be inferred that no proof satisfactory to the Doctor's Commons of relationship have yet been brought forward. The notice applies as well to persons in this country as to persons in England, for the name of Dudley is equally familiar here as there.

The first of the name who came over to this country, we believe, was Rev Samuel Dudley, who came to New England in 1630. His first wife was Mary, daughter of Gov. Winthrop, who died in 1643. He marriew twice afterward, and had by his last wives as many as fifteen children. A numerous posterity attests the indebtedness of the Republic to Rev. Samuel Dudley. It is estimated there are no less than fifteen hundred of the name now living, lineally descended from his loins, while by intermarriage his blood percolates the veins of very many families in and out of New England.

Rev. Mr. Dudley claimed consanguinity with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the profligate and God abandoned favorite of Queen Elizabeth; and from the family of the latter the person to whom we have alluded as leaving such immense fortune is said to have descended. Such being the case, it is not at all improbable that the descendants of Rev. Mr. Dudley are the rightful heirs to the immense property in search of an owner through the *London Times.*

In view of such probability, would it not be politic for all of the name, and all the kith, kin and allies of the name, to hold a meeting, and devise the proper means for asserting, and, if possible, encompassing their claims?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞The fluctuations of the prices of Wheat and Indian Corn in the English market during the past six months, may be seen at a glance at the annexed table, copied from a late English paper:

Monday.		Wheat, per qr.	Indian Corn, per qr
March	1	69 86	66 72
	8	73 86	66 72
	15	75 89	66 72
	22	73 87	56 60
	29	70 84	50 52
April	5	70 84	50 52
	12	71 85	50 52
	19	77 90	50 52
	26	77 90	50 52
May	3	82 95	50 52
	10	94 107	56 72
	17	100 113	56 72
	24	94 107	56 72
	31	86 99	50 66
June	7	93 106	50 66
	14	87 100	48 56
	21	87 98	40 53
	28	79 96	40 50
July	5	71 82	40 46
	12	75 86	40 46
	19	75 86	40 46
	26	70 81	40 46
August	2	60 71	30 34
	9	60 71	30 34
	16	62 66	28 36
	24	60 64	25 35
	30	56 59	30 33

AN IRISH LETTER.

The following letter from an Irishman in this country to his wife in Ireland, was handed to us a day or two since by a venerable Irish gentleman, with permission to make it public. The letter is superscribed as follows:

To My Wife at
Tim Flaherty's
in Ireland.
If gone to be forwarded.

May the two—1847.

My dear Judy

I commenced this letter yesterday If it doesn't come to hand you may allow that I'm not here but gone to Quebec—Tell Barney that his brothers family is all dead, barrin the cow God bless her—I'd write you more but as there is no means of sending this, I will just let it go as it is—Remember me in your prayers, and to all the Flaherty's No more at present from your loving husband if alive Thady O'Rilay, and if dead, God rest his soul.—P. S.—If this lettar doesn't reach you must let me know by return of Post and don't wait for another until you hear from me again, but write me immediately and let me know how you are coming on.

N. B. I have altered my mind and won't send this letter after all, so you can answer or not at all just as it plaze you—Give my love to the children—When you come to the end of this letter don't read any more of it but just answer, by the first post office yours until death, and after, if not before

Your own Thady O'Riley
As in duty bound I ought to be.

☞Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion that a love of reading, or science, or of any kind of knowledge, unfits a man for his daily occupation, or makes him discontented with it.

THE PRINTER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt love thy printer—for he is the standard of thy country.

2. Thou shalt subscribe for his paper—for he seeketh much to obtain the news, of which ye may not remain ignorant.

3. Thou shalt pay him for his paper—for he laboreth hard to give you the news in good season.

4. Thou shalt advertise—that he may be able to give you the paper.

5. Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules—deranging his papers.

6. Thou shalt touch nothing that would give the printer trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.

7. Thou shalt not read the manuscript the hands of the compositor—for he will not hold thee blameless.

8. Thou shalt not see the news before it is printed—for he will give it to you in due time.

9. Thou shalt ask him of few questions of things in the office—*from it*, thou shalt tell nothing.

10. Thou shalt not send abusive and threatening letters to the editor.

☞To the above (which we copy from the Saturday Messenger) we add the following:

11. Thou shalt not return a newspaper to be stopped, until thou has called at the "Captain's Office, and settled."

A FINE PASSAGE.—In one of Ralph Waldo Emmerson's inimitable lectures, occurs the following striking paragraph, which every heart will acknowledge to be as truthful as it is beautiful:

"When the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we look at ourselves in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do afar off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible, are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river bank, the weed at the water side, the old house, the foolish person, however neglected at the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers, has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain."

EDUCATION.—The following brief and beautiful passage is taken from an article in Frazer's Magazine:—"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hands, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—True Philosophy consists in making ourselves happy in whatever condition we are placed—in making the wants of our natures as few as possible—in smiling at our misfortunes and sorrows, while at the same time we labor to alleviate the distresses of others.

Are you such a Philosopher? If so, we can risk you any where and at all seasons.

If you magnify your distresses and esteem of little consequence the blessings of Heaven, you are only a torment to yourself.

There is nothing like sound Philosophy. Study it. Nature and nature's God will be your teachers. They preach eloquently and to the purpose. Will you listen—receive instruction, and be wise?—*Portland Bulletin.*

☞A mechanic in Boston has hit upon a plan of constructing umbrellas, says the Boston Atlas, which will *almost prevent their being stolen!* When it is shut, the end of the handle can be unscrewed, taken off, and put into the pocket; and, in taking it off, it locks the umbrella so that it cannot be opened. So, if a thief should steal one of them, he would find that he has got one with the end of the handle gone, and moreover, that he could not use it, for he would be unable to open it. Neither could he sell it, for he would hardly be able to find a purchaser for an imperfect one. Thus, it will be perceived, that this invention is *all but* a preventive to umbrella stealing as it may seem.

FOND OF MARRYING.—At N. York, lately we see that a Mr. T. Wiseman was married to a Mrs. Willah. The bridegroom has now been married five times, is in his 88th year, and made his own coffin 27 years ago. The happy bride has had four husbands, and is about 55.

☞Captain White, from Charlestown, Cecil county, Md., was killed at Perryville last week, by being caught by the cow-catcher attached to the locomotive. The unfortunate man was intoxicated at the time, and was foolishly placing the wheel of a buck on the track of the railroad, to be broken to pieces, when he met his death.

☞*An Irishman was recently fined $10 at Detroit for whipping four Englishmen for speaking disrespectfully of the United States. Bravo, Patrick, bravo! Give it to them again!*