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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavours to please very one."

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MARCH 4, 1848. NO. 45.

AN ACT ENTITLED, A supplement to the act of December session, eighteen hundred and forty-three, chapter two hundred and eighty-four, entitled, "an act to tax the Commissions of certain officers of the State."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That from and after the passage of this act, when commissions are delivered to the respective officers and appointees hereinafter named, they shall severally pay to the clerks from whom they shall receive the said commissions, the sums following to wit:—the sheriff of Baltimore city, the sum of three hundred dollars; the sheriffs of Baltimore county, Frederick county and Washington county, the sum of one hundred dollars each; the sheriff of Allegany county the sum of seventy five dollars; the sheriffs of Carroll county and Harford county, of Kent county, Dorchester county, Anne Arundel county, Worcester county, Somerset county and Cecil county, the sum of forty dollars each; the sheriffs of Prince George's county and Howard District, the sum of thirty dollars each; the sheriffs of Caroline county, Montgomery county, Talbot county, Charles county, Queen Anne's county, Calvert county and Saint Mary's county, the sum of twenty dollars each; the inspectors of flour in Baltimore city, the sum of four hundred dollars each; the commissioners of lotteries, tobacco inspectors of Baltimore city, judges of the Orphan's Court of Baltimore city and county, inspectors of fish, inspectors of leather, guagers of liquor, inspectors of lumber in Baltimore city, inspectors of cord wood, the inspector of guano and weigher of live stock, the sum of fifty dollars each; the warden of the Penitentiary of Baltimore city, commissioners of insolvent debtors and inspectors of lime, the sum of thirty dollars each; the inspectors of shingles, inspectors of plaster of paris, each inspector of lumber in Port Deposit and Perryville, Cecil county, and each notary public in the city of Baltimore and the examiner general, the sum of twenty dollars each; inspectors of green hides and skins, State wharfinger, inspectors of ground black oak bark, county surveyors, and wreck master, in Worcester county, the sum of ten dollars each; the judges of the orphans' court in Howard District and counties, except Baltimore, notary publics out of the city of Baltimore, and armorer at Frederick and Easton, the sum of ten dollars each; and all other persons holding biennial civil appointments under the executive the sum of two dollars each.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That in case any of those officers named in the first section of this act, who are appointed by the governor, shall neglect to apply for their commissions and pay the tax by this act imposed thereon, for three months after the time when the said commissions are transmitted to the several county clerks such neglect shall be considered a refusal to accept said commissions, and it shall be the duty of said clerks respectively, to send a list of the officers neglecting to apply as aforesaid, to the governor of this State, who shall then proceed to appoint other persons in their stead; *Provided*, That nothing in this section contained shall apply to such persons as are appointed justices of the peace.

We hereby certify, that the aforegoing is a true copy of the bill, "entitled, a supplement to the act of December session, 1843, chapter 284, entitled, "an act to tax the commissions of certain officers of this State," which passed both branches of the General Assembly of Maryland, at December session, 1847.

Given under our hands at the city of Annapolis, this 4th day of February, 1848.

GEORGE G. BREWER,
Clerk House of Delegates, Md.
JOS. H. NICHOLSON,
Feb. 19 *Cl'k. Senate, Md.*

SALEM WITCHCRAFT OUT DONE!—Mr. J. T. Rowand—Dear Sir:—For four or five years I have suffered greatly from Rheumatism in my head, which, during the last year became worse and worse. For four or five weeks previous to the 15th instant, I had suffered without intermission, my general health was much impaired, my sight injured, and my head so sensitive that I could scarcely rest it upon the pillow. Two days since, a *single application* of your "MAGIC LOTION" *relieded me entirely in two or three minutes!* I have applied it occasionally since, and the soreness is nearly gone. So great and sudden was the change that I can scarcely realize that I am the *same man?*

I have also cured one of my children, and a female friend of headache in two or three minutes.

So great is my confidence in the "Magic Lotion" that I would not be without a bottle for "*fifty times its cost.*"

Yours respectfully,
JACOB W. SOUDER,
No. 350 Market st.
Phila., January 17th, 1846.
For sale by John L. Stam, Chestertown.
July 24, 1847.

CLOTHS.

Gentlemen are requested to call and look at our assortment of French an American cloths and cassimeres—these goods have been purchased at very low prices and will be sold much below the usual rates.

WICKES & BRO.
Sept 25, '47

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS,
Is Published every Saturday by
Edward Mansfield.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.

POETRY.

TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

The following verses were written by Mr. Adams on the day preceding his fatal attack of illness, and designed to accompany his autograph signature, which had been requested by a female friend:

Written for Miss C L. Edwards, of Massachusetts.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps of goose, but, now and then,
From Jove's own Eagle sundered.
But, now, metallic Pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair Damsel! could my pen impart,
In prose or lotty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time;
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou should share!

SELECTED TALE.

From Chamber's Journal.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place to which you are taking me, nurse?" asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwel, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak, when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with the crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined, and where her own father Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

"Yes, my dear child," returned Amy sorrowfully, "my lord your father is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy resolutely; "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is."

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant as they were admited into the gloomy precincs of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her, and she whispered to her nurse, "Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother Richard Duke of York were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

"And king Henry VI. was murdered here also by that same Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of high treason.

"But do you think that they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush—hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars; instead of admitting us to see my lord your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting everything else in her joy at seeing him, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; overcome by her passionate demonstration of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at so tender age, (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother,) he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

"Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?"

"Attend to me, and I will tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. "I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the king, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple-Bar or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence Lady Lucy screamed aloud and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

"Be composed, my dear child," said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave."

"No, no! dear papa," cried she; "they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and they will not want to kill you."

"My dearest love, this is all simple talking," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh yes, papa—and I recollect he laid his hand upon my head, and said I was like what his daughter the Princess of Orange was at my age," replied Lady Lucy with great animation.

"Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom and the people made him and the princess Orange, king and queen in his stead."

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange, to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me to like her," said Lady Lucy earnestly.

"Hush—hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a King of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old and faithful servants only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Prescott with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell advancing towards her master; "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, least they should be suspected of favoring the cause of King James."

"Dear papa, let me go to the Queen and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy with a crimsoned cheek and sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Simple child," exclaimed her father, "what would you be able to say to the queen that would be of any avail!"

"God would teach me what to say, and has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petitition."

"Her father clasped her to his bosom, but said, "Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to the Queen, papa? for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen upon earth."

"You are right my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear, "It is he who hath perhaps put it into your mind to plead with the queen for my life, which if it be his pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but it should be otherwise, His will be done. He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child, when I am low in the dust."

"But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence, my lord?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and the child.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that effect, by which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go the next day to obtain Court, properly attended, and to there in sight of Lady Clarendon, who was liver that letting upon the queen, and delivering to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it; for the hope had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that he would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning before the clerk had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under the sentence of death.—The servants who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, they shed tears and bade God bless her and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before the ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-mother, but plainly told her she must not reckon her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace, on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not to solicit the queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life that she could not refuse me, I am quite sure."

"Poor child, what could you say to the queen?" asked the countess compassionately.

"Only let me see her and you shall hear," rejoined Lady Lucy.

"Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity," said Lady Clarendon; "but much I fear thy little heart will fial thee; and when thou seest the queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable."

"God will direct the words of my lips," said the little girl with tears in her eyes.

The countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little good daughter and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the place-gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking on her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavored to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend by pointing out to her the portraits with which it is adorned.

"I know that gentleman well," said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James II!

"That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father," observed the countess sighing; and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch. But hark! here comes the queen, with her chamberlin and ladies, from chapel; now, Lucy is the time, I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain, alone, standing where you are; and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the queen. Be of good courage and address yourself to her."

"Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statute, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest; she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her color rose:—She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on, but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony' losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!" Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words, "Mercy, mercy for my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and throwing her head against her majesty's person for support, she sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen.

"He may be so to you, child," returned her majesty; "but he has broken the laws of his country and therefore he must die.

"But you can pardon him if you choose to do, madam," replied Lucy; and "and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy?"

"It does not become a little girl like you to instruct me," replied the queen gravely. "I am acquainted with my duty and as it is my place to administer justice impartially it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it maybe for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture?

"I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy "how strange it was that you wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!"

This wise but artless reproof, from the lips of the infant innocence, went to the heart of the queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honored countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors a king, or his offence against others, had ever been tenderness of parents to her; and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the legal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of her conduct as a daughter when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan. It smote upon her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she; "thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—thy filial love has saved him."

AGRICULTURE.

Andrew Stevenson, once speaker of the house of Representatives, and afterwards minister to England, in an address on agriculture in Virginia, says:

"What occupation more full of dignity, duties more full of joy, than those which distinguish the husbandman! When was it that man ever rose from a state of servitude and dependence to proprietorship of land and its cultivetion, that he did not learn self respec and become more elevated in his own esteem? Then it is that an entire change takes place. Then it is, that breathing no low or abject spirit, he reaps from the soil a harvest of virtues. Then sobriety of the father—the economy of the mother— the devoted labour of the son—the virtue of the daughter—these, these are the fruits of glorious agriculture. And this is my answer to all who decry it. I pity those who know nothing, or are incapable of enjoying that soothing, cheering, and unsurpassing influence which agriculture sheds over the mind and heart of man.

CHEAP BOARDING.

"You keep boarders here, madam," said an individual addressing the landlady to a house, upon the door of which he saw, cheap boarding' painted.

'We do,' was the response.

'What do you coarge a week?'

'For board without lodging, do you mean?' enquired the lady.

'Yes, madam;

"Fifty cents is our regular price, sir!"

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough at all events. Do you give your boarders much of a variety—we give them dried apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, *and let them swell up for supper.*

☞"My tale is ended," as the tadpole reflected, when he turned into a bullfrog.

MR. CLAY'S RECEPTION

IN PHILADELPHIA.

The reception of Mr. Clay in Philadelphia yesterday was most enthusiastic. At all the towns on the railroad from this city he was received and greeted with appropriate demonstrations. The Philadelphia Enquirer says:

But the gratest point was Philadelphia, and our political friends had made ample preparations for a brilliant reception. Long before the arrival of the cars, a crowd of many thousands had assembled at Broad and Washington streets. The display of horsemen and vehicles was indeed extraordinary. We heard one gentleman describe the scene as a great Town Meeting on horseback. The windows of the houses in the neighborhood were crammed with eager faces. The tenants of quite a number of the dwellings were manufacturers, and they took pride in displaying their carpets and cotton goods, as indicative of their devotion to home industry. The compliment to the great champion of their interests was at once appropriate and graceful. Mr. Clay was evidently pleased.

The procession moved on with as much order as possible, Mr. Clay bowing from time to time, while huzzas continued to thrill and ring upon the air.

The streets through which the procession passed were crowded—side walks, windows, and every available point. A splendid bouquet was thrown to Mr. Clay at Broad and Shippen streets, and dozens of others as he passed along the designated route. Flags were displayed from all the Whig Newspaper offices, from many hotels and private dwellings, and the procession reached Col. Swift's private residence, Tenth street below Walnut, at about 5 o'clock.

I was really with difficulty that Mr. Clay, the Mayor and Mr. Struthers contrived to to reach the door of the Mayors house, after descending from the chariot. At length, however they entered the building, which we observed, was thronged with ladies.—As soon as the great Statesman was ushered into the parlor, he was presented with a large and exceedingly beatiful *bouquet* of the choicest gifts of Flora, by an interesting little girl—the daugster of Isaac Elliott, Esq.

Mayor Swift appeared at one of the windows of the lower story, and having obtained silence, expressed a hope that his fellow citizens would excuse Mr Clay from addressing them that evening. Our highly-respected Mayor observed that the Hon. Henry Clay would remain in Philadelphia for eight or ten days and that all would have an opportunity of taking him by the hand, at such times and places as the Committee had arranged. As Mr. Clay must [illegible] sure that the immense number of friends he (the Mayor) was addressing would cheerfully admit the excuse.

Still the great assemblage of citizens would not disperse, but seemed resolute in their determination to hear a few words from "Harry of the West."

At length, and after repeated cheers and calls of Clay! Clay! Mr. Clay appeared at a second story windows with a bouquet in his hand, whereupon a shout arose which made the very "welkin ring."

At last, however, silence was obtained, when Mr. Clay good-humoredly said:

"You are the most unreasonable set of people I ever met. (*Laughter.*) You want something to come out of my mouth, & I want to put something into it.—(*Laughter.*) Will you agree with me on that point? That is—to go home and get your suppers, and let me get my dinner." (*Cheers* and *Laughter.*)

The crowd then dispersed, after giving three times three for Henry Clay!

The demonstration throughout was most enthusiastic It was confined to no branch of the Whig party. Clay Whigs, Taylor Whigs, Scott Whigs, National Convention Whigs—all were there—all alike anxious and zealous to do honor to gallant Harry of the West.

The North American says:—Mr. Clay will remain in Philadelphia, upon professional business for ten days or a fortnight.

PUNCTUATION.—The want of a comma in a sentence often so confuses the reading, that it is impossible to make out what is mean by the author. We give the following as an example:

Every lady in the land
Has twenty nails on each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet
This is true without deceit.

The above appears rather puzzlings, but by placing a comma after the word nails, five, and feet, and omitting it after hand the author's rhyme will at once be intelligible.

The following toast was recently proposed at a fireman's dinner, which was received with showers of applause:—The Ladies—Their eyes kindle the only flame which we cannot extinguish, and against which *there is no insurance.*

BLINDNESS VS SIMPLICITY.—"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. ———, Jacks?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how was he?"

"Why he looked pretty well, but he's very blind."

"Blind! what do you mean?"

"Why, while I wor in the room, he axed me where my hat wor, and it wor on my head all the while."

"Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news?" "Because she's in advance *of the male!*"

☞"That child don't look at all like it's mother," was the remark of an old lady on seeing a new born child. "Very likely," said the mother, honestly, "for fashions have changed so much, and he came into the world so long after me, that it could not be expected he would."