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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., AUGUST 5, 1848. NO. 15.

WICKES & BRO.

HAVE just returned from the city with an assortment of

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

which they will sell at *REDUCED PRICES.* The public are respectfully invited to examine our Goods, for we think they will be pleased at the quality as well as the prices.

☞The highest prices will be paid for country produce.

July 8, '48.

A *SUP. LOT OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO,* just received and for sale by. WICKES & BRO.

July 8, 1848.

For Sale.

THE house occupied by Miss Mary Skirven on High St., the House and Shop on the same Lot occupied by Mr. Solomon Barrett and Mr. John Mansfield. Also the Dwelling House occupied by Mr. John Mansfield and the small dwelling occupied by Mr. Wm. Webb, known as the McClean property. For terms, apply to

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent for the Owners.

Chester Town, July 8, 1848. } 4w

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of Fiera Facias to me directed, from William S. Lassell, Esq. a Justice of the Peace—will be exposed to public sale on

Saturday,

the fifth day of August next, at George Town X Roads, in Kent county at eleven o'clock, A. M., all that tract or parcel of land lying in Kent county, at present occupied by Philip Browne, Pere Browne, James Browne and Emory Browne, (f. n.) adjoining the lands of Mr. Joseph Money, Capt. John Medders, and E. T. Massey, containing from 10 to 15 acres, more or less, a part of which formerly belonged to Sam'l Moffett dec'd. Seized and taken as the property of Philip Browne, Pere Browne, James Browne and Emory Browne at the suit of George Vickers, use S. Hickman, and will be sold to pay and satisfy the debt, interest and costs due, and to become due, on the said writ of Fiera Facias.

THOMAS K. STEPHENS,
Constable.

Georgetown X Roads, Kent co. July 8, '48. tds $3.12½ }

Brick-Laying, Plastering, STONE MASONRY, &c.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to the generous public for the encouragement he has received and elicits a continuance of the same. He is now prepared to do work at the shortest notice, in a manner which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

In addition to the above business he is prepared to build

Lime Kilns,

in the best manner, and at prices, which cannot fail to please.

He would most earnestly invite all who may wish work done, in Kent or the adjacent counties, to give him a call. All orders directed to him Chestertown, or left at the Printing Office, will meet with prompt attention.

MICHAEL MILLER.

April 8, '48. tf

SPRING FASHIONS!

THE subscriber embraces this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Shop to the corner of Queen and High streets, directly opposite of Mr. J. Russel's store, where he intends carrying on the TAILORING business, in all its various branches. Those calling on the subscriber will find their GARMENTS made in the most fashionable and fashionable style, (he having recently received the latest fashions,) from a practical experience in the business he feels confident that all those who may favor him with their patronage will be served in a manner NOT TO BE EXCELLED by any establishment in the county.

Terms will be found so exceedingly low that they cannot fail to be satisfactory to his patrons.

April 29—1y. EBEN. NEAL.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Broad 6-4 twill'd SUMMER CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, WOOL TWEEDS (for sacks) LINENS, white and fancy LINEN SHIRTING, &c., extremely low by

July 8, '48. WICKES & BRO.

Broad assortment Barages, Plaids, Valencia's, Lawns, Ginghams, Calicoes for sale by WICKES & BRO

WOOL CARDING AND MANUFACTURING.

THE subscribers thankful for past favors, begs leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue at the old stand, Swantown Mills, to Manufacture CLOTHS, KERSEY'S BLANKETS 8-4 wide, FLANNELS and LINSEY'S at moderate prices, or exchange CLOTH for WOOL. They also card WOOL into ROLLS. For the convenience of those at a distance WOOL may be left with the following gentlemen:

Messrs. Hodges & Bro. Hale's Corner.
Jos. Harris, Rock Hall.
Wickes & Bro. Chester Town.
Geo. Crossley, Hepbron Town.

With instructions from which places it will be forwarded to Mill, made to order and returned.

Our Machinery having been thoroughly repaired this Spring and is in excellent working conditions, with experience workmen, and a knowledge of the business ourselves—and by paying strict attention to business we solicit a share of public patronage.

All orders in our line will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

MAY & SAVIN.

Swan Town, Kent co. Md. May 6, 1848. } 13w

KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL!!!

BROWNING'S Improved Patent and Ventilated Refrigerators, at greatly *Reduced Prices,* warranted superior to any now in use for preserving, perfectly cool, fresh and clean, Butter, Meat, Eggs, Fruit, Liquor, &c., during the summer season, and also from Freezing during the winter, any article deposited in it. They also contain a Water Jar and Lead Pipe in the ice chamber, by the arrangement of which perfectly cold water can always be had without additional ice, (of which less is required than *any* other.) Also, Upright Refrigerators.

BUTTER BOXES, in which Butter may be transported with perfect safety by land or water, and my celebrated Non-conductors of heat for cold water, requiring but 4 lbs of ice for 24 hours; as thousands will testify. Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a continuance. Sold by

R. BROWNING, 13 Commerce st,
April 29—3m. near Pratt st., Balt.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

BALTIMORE

Piano Forte Manufactory.

VERY IMPORTANT INVENTION.

IT has long been a question among teachers and amateurs of music, as to the most suitable touch for a Piano Forte. Some at this time contend for a light touch, while others, with equal ability advocate the heavy. This question is now permanently settled. WISE & BROTHER have invented a contrivance by which the same Instrument may be instantly set to any required touch, by the turning of a single screw, varying, if necessary, three hundred and sixty-five differences. The advantages of this are evident, both to teachers and amateurs, as lessons may be practiced on the heavy, and exhibited on the lighter touch, to suit exactly any physical capacity which is agreeable to fact and progressive lessons. The contrivance is simple, and may be applied to any common Piano. A patent is about to be taken for the improvement.

J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
March 25. No. 31 Hanover st.

Negroes Wanted.

THE highest cash prices will be paid for negroes, of all sexes and ages, for life and for a term of years. All letters, (post paid) addressed to the subscriber at Chestertown or Rock Hall, will be promptly attended to. He can be seen, if desired, in Chestertown, every Wednesday and Saturday. WM. PARKER.

Rock Hall, Kent co., March 25, '48. } 1y.

A lot of Concave & Wiley castings for sale by WILMER & NICOLS.

July 8, 1848.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER HATS!

WHITE Rocky Mountain Beaver, white Russia, black and white Cassimeres, low crown, broad brim drab Russia; superior white, black and blue Slouches—with every kind of Hat, for sale *very cheap* at JAS. ARTHUR'S Hat Store,

1 door above Wiley & Perkins.

June 24, 1848.

THE KENT NEWS,

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

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 postpaid.

POETRY.

A FATHER'S ADVICE

TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

Let not my daughter, now a wife,
Bid all her fears adieu;
Comforts there are in married life,
And there are crosses too.

I do not wish to damp your mirth,
With an ungrateful sound,
But yet remember, bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great,
May Heaven those hopes fulfil;
But you will find in every state
Some difficulty still.

The rite which lately joined your hand,
Cannot insure content;
Religion forms the strongest band,
And Love's the best cement.

A friendship founded on esteem,
Life's stormy blast endures;
It will not vanish like a dream—
And such I trust is yours.

Though you have left a Father's wing,
No longer need his care;
It is but seldom husband's bring
A lighter yoke to wear.

They have their humors and their faults,
So mutable is man;
Excuse his foibles in thy thoughts,
And hide them when you can.

Nor anger nor resentment keep
Whatsoever be amiss,
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

Or if there's cause to reprehend,
Do it with mild address;
Remember he's your dearest friend,
And love him ne'er the less.

'Tis not the way to scold at large,
Whate'er proud reason boast,
For those their duty best discharge
Who condesend the most.

Mutual attempts to serve and please
Each other will endear;
Thus may you draw your yoke with ease,
Nor discord interfere.

Thus give your tenderest passion scope,
Yet better things pursue;
Be Heaven the object of your hope,
And thither lead him too.

Since you must both resign your breath,
And God alone knows when,
Believe that you may part at death,
To meet with joy again.

POPULAR TALES

THE BAG OF WHEAT.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

"So it seems we have got a thief in our settlement," remarked Mrs. Green to a company of ladies who were assembled around a quilt, each busily playing her needle.

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Gray, "I have never heard of a theft being committed in this neighborhood, and we are all excessively careless, leaving our doors unfastened day and night, and our wash out for days together, and never once dreaming that anything could be stolen."

"That is true," replied Mrs. Green.—"*We* have never had a lock or bolt upon our door, but it becomes us to be a little cautious now."

"What has happened, Mrs. Green," inquired Mrs. Lacy, "I think you should tell us what you mean."

"Well then," said Mrs. Green "though they talk of keeping it quiet as the surest method of detecting the thief, I see no harm in telling it for there can be no doubt as to who the wretch is."

"You must know that Mr. Frost put up six bags full of wheat, to take to mill, last Saturday morning, but somebody prevented his going, and when he went to the barn yesterday to take it away, one bag was missing. So you see it must have been stolen between Saturday and yesterday, which was Monday."

"But who is suspected of the theft?" asked one?"

"Oh, as to that you know," as Mrs. Gray says, "we have never had any dishonest people amongst us; so it must be the poor family that moved into Mr. Frost's old house last month. Mary called on them soon after they moved in, and she says they looked miserable—having little or no furniture, and that little out of order—that the man sat writing while his wife lay on the bed, and a growing girl, tricked out in city finery, was nursing an infant, and hearing two little ragged fellows read. And Mary noticed that when the boys had done reading, the youngest whispered to his sister, "now, Alice, I am a good boy, will you give me a piece of bread?" And the girl whispered, "Wait awhile, Charly," and she kissed him, Mary said, to hide the tears that gushed from her eyes. Now if they are so very poor, you know, they might be tempted to steal; for it must be very hard to hear children cry for bread and have none to give them."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Lacey, "and my husband has often said he wondered if they had anything to eat, and we would willingly have given them something, only they seemed so proud and stuck up like, we were afraid to offer them anything for fear they would take it as an insult."

"That's just the way we have felt about them," remarked Mrs. Gray, "and if they would have come among us, and told us that they were in want, we should not have let them suffer. But so it is. The pride that will not let a man work, or ask relief from his neighbor, often drives him to dishonest and criminal practices."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Green, "I hope this affair will drive such people from our neighborhood, for Mr. Frost intends to find out the truth of the business, and then tell them to make themselves scarce, or abide the decision of the Law."

There was, in the company of quilters, a maiden lady of near fifty years of age, who during the colloquy uttered not a word; but now she turned her head aside, took off her spectacles, wiped first her eyes and somewhat faded cheeks, and then her glasses, heaved a deep sigh, and murmured. "I fear that we have signed against these strangers. We have permitted them to suffer in our midst, and now impute crime to them merely because we suppose them to be destitute. Let us at least be charitable in this last case; they may be worthy people and there may be some mistake about the bag of wheat; and even if they have been driven to take what was not theirs, I fear the sin lies at our own door. We should have visited them, notwithstanding their gentry airs and city usages."

As Aunt Sarah was regarded as oracle, the whole circle assented to her verdict, and it was settled that Mr. Frost should be persuaded to let this one offence rest for the present, and Aunt Sarah and Mrs. Lacy were deputed as a kind of committee to call on the strange family the next day and reconnoitre. Now a call in the country means to drop in a little while after noon, lay off your bonnet and shawl, take out your work and sit down like one of the family, working and chatting until evening or bed-time, partaking of such fare as the house affords.

And who were these poor people concerning whom such suspicions were afloat?

I will give you a sketch of their history. Mr. Howard was the son of an independant farmer, who was owner of a superior tract of land, an elegant and comfortable house, a fine stock of cattle, and a large family of handsome and intelligent children. These were all, from childhood, accustomed to healthy labor, plentiful board, comfortable lodging, and substantial raiment; besides many little elegancies of dress and furniture. As they arrived at proper ages they were well educated, and provided with situations, in which it was reasonable to suppose that they might in time make themselves fortunes. One studied medicine, two read law, one being aius, became a minister, and this one, William Howard, served his seven years as a clerk in a dry good store. About the time he attained his majority, his father died, and the property that had been riches in one man's possession, was but small portions when divided amongst ten children. However, William's share enabled him to enter as junior partner into a respectable merchantile firm. He now thought himself authorized to marry, as he had long been a sincere lover of Alice Carrol, daughter to the merchant with whom he served his clerkship, and of whom he was now a partner. The girl loved him, and as he was honest, industrious, handsome, and a real gentleman in his deportment, her parents cheerfully consented to their union.

Alice was a lovely girl, sweet tempered, and highly accomplished, and Howard perfectly adored her. They commenced house keeping in a style of simple elegance, suited to their standing and expectations, and, during several years, enjoyed the sweets of contented competence and reasonable prosperity.

But reverses came. Loss followed loss; and the wealthy house of Carroll and Howard became insolvent. Misfortune seemed never wery of persecuting them, and blow followed blow, until Mr. Carrol found rest in the grave—and Mr. Howard found rest in a small cottage, in the outskirts of the city. He soon found employment as a clerk, at a small salary, and if Mrs. Howard had received a domestic education, might have lived comfortably. But her parents had fallen into the fashionable error of modern *education,* and while they spared no expense in *accomplishing* their daughter, utterly neglected that which renders woman good and valuable on earth. The young ladies were taught to conceal under the veil of politeness, every defect of temper, to please, to dazzle, and to seek admiration; but the virtues and graces that constitute the wife and mother, and the domestic education which renders a woman capable of managing her house, were passed by as of no consequence, or avoided as degrading.

Mrs. Howard was therefore incapable of performing the labors of her household, and so the servants were retained; consequently while there were more mouths to feed, and less economy in the housekeeping, there was wages to be paid weekly.

Their eldest daughter, Alice, had been for the last three years an inmate of the most fashionable school in the vicinity, but now she was forced to come home and endeavor to turn her accomplishments to account in some way; the eldest son was removed from the seminary and entered as errand boy in a store, and still Mr. Howard's income did not meet the expenses of his family. What was to be done? His brothers had families of their own, and were scattered over the far West, from Prarie Du Chien to New Orleans.—He could get no aid from any of them.—The Carrols were all involved in the fall of their house. What could he do?

It was on a saturday evening the weekly bills were paid, but the balance was too small to purchase bread and tea for the Sabbath, and the quarter's rent would be due in a few days. Mrs. Howard, crushed in health and spirit, lay sobbing on her husband's shoulder, while her daughter Alice was vainly endeavoring to sooth the infant which was crying for milk which neither the mother's bosom nor the father's hand could supply.

"My dear poor wife," the miserable man said at length, "there is no use in our remaining here, and struggling thus against misfortune. I know there is a living for us somewhere in the world. If you are willing, poor love, we will sell our remaining furniture, pay our landlord, and go West, into some new settlement. The people in in such places are kind hearted and free from pride, we can get a cottage and garden spot for a trifling rent, I can get some employment, you and Alice can do our house-work, and if the worst come, I know how to work on a farm, and can get employment as a day laborer."

The wretched wife groaned, but she answered, "We will make the trial."

Mrs. Howard would not have been so utterly deserted in her adversity if she had been less haughty in her palmy days.—True, she did not intend to assume a false position, but she actually believed as she had been taught, that she was better than those who were a grade below her father in wealth, and those who were degraded by a necessity to labor, she looked down upon as from an immeasurable height.—Surely they were not her species, and could have neither feeling or affections in common with her. Adversity had not humbled her, and she still claimed the homage which had been paid to her wealth, and not to her. For now that the golden orb of wealth no longer threw his glorious radience upon her, she found herself a very inferior orb amid the galaxy of the female world. It was rank, and fashion, and dress, and showy accomplishments, that had constituted her charms; these had forsaken her, and she was only an ordinary woman.

Mr. Howard gathered the poor remains of his utter wreck together, paid off conscientiously all demands against him, and with the trifle which remained to him, turned his face westward.

Sickness among the children detained him on the road, and when he reached our settlement he was destitute. Leaving his family at an inn, he walked out to seek a shelter for them. His appearance excited wonder and it must be added, suspicion; however, he at length succeeded in obtaining permission to occupy for the present, Mr. Frost's old house; which, although it answered his own family very well until by industry and economy he had been enabled to build a better, was now deemed by the family who left it scarcely a year previous; hardly habitable. But then Mr. Frost did not require any rent. If they could live in it, they were welcome.

But what were such fashionable people doing in that old house in our settlement? Some thought that they were unfortunates, and some whispered that they were fugitives from justice.

These suspicions were strengthened by the conduct of the family, who seemed to shun all familiar intercourse with their neighbors; and as country people always have plenty of employment for every hour, curiosity cannot be largely indulged, and wonders are short lived amongst them, so the Howards and their peculiar circumstances soon ceased to be a topic of conversation, or of wondering speculation.—But now, the circumstance of the lost bag of wheat brought them once more before the community.

But while the quilters at Mrs. Gray's were thus hozarding conjectures respecting them, how was the real state of affairs at Mr. Howard's? We will relate only what Aunt Sarah and her companion reported after their visit of inquiry. They found the house in the greatest disorder, and the family in the keenest possible distress. Mrs. Howard was moaning and shrieking hysterically; while Alice, with a voice choked and broken by sobs and tears, was essaying every art to soothe her. Mr. Howard was pacing the floor, with hands and teeth heard clenched, and face white as death; while the little ones huddle together in a corner cried piteously, Mr. Howard turned towards the visitors as they appeared at his open door, but Aunt Sarah's meek and gentle countenance checked the wrath that seemed rising to his lips, and he staggered back and sank upon a bench like a person fainting. Aunt Sarah approached Mrs. Howard, and tenderly inquired the cause of the sorrow that so afflicted the family.—But the suffering lady turned from her and seemed not to desire her sympathy. At length one of the little boys came forward, attracted doubtless by Aunt Sarah's gentle mien and voice, and taking her hand in both his, said,

George Frost told me that his father was going to put my papa in jail, because he said papa was a thief. It is this makes mamma cry so; but we were crying because we were so hungry. We have had no bread these two days, and now we have no potatoes."

The ice being thus broken up, Mr. Howard confirmed what the child had spoken, related his history as sketched above, and ended by saying that he had asked Mr. Frost to give him credit for a few bushels of grain, and had been refused; that he had written to a friend in Ohio, and had resolved, if he should get an unfavorable answer, to end his miserable existence by suicide, before this last blow fell upon him.

Aunt Sarah, with a few sensible, gentle words, quieted the stormy spirits of the household, reproached herself for having been deficient in neighborly kindness, and assured Mr. Howard that it his circumstances had been known, he would have found a ready sympathy.

The good lady soon discovered that Mrs. Howard was in a violent fever, and Mrs. Lacey left, promising to send her husband, Dr. Lacey, immediately, while Aunt Sarah remained to take care of the invalid. The doctor soon arrived, and before night the house was full to overflowing, with all manner of good things.

And during the evening Mr. Frost came in to say that the affair of the lost bag was all cleared up. His eldest son had just returned from a short journey, and said that, wanting a bag to fill with oats to feed his horses by the way, he had emptied the wheat into the granary, and used the bag little dreaming of the mischief he was occasioning by so doing. Mischief indeed, for though Mrs. Howard received every attention, she never recovered from the shock, and after lingering a few months died.

But Mr. Howard got his expected letter from Ohio, and, after the death of his wife departed for that state with his mourning family. We heard afterwards that he was in good circumstances as clerk of a bank; that Alice was married to a worthy young farmer, and that her brothers were at college. But Aunt Sarah often speaks of Mr. Howard as one of the many victims to the injustice of society, which never scruples to add to the burden of poverty the soul crushing weight of unjust suspicion—as if a man must be dishonest *because* he is poor.

☞"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Oh, yes, he be a bery good farmer—he makes two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in the spring he sell all de hides ob de cattle dat die for the want ob de hay, and make money twice."

GEN. TAYLOR'S LETTER.

The New York Courier has this brief comment on the letter of Gen. Taylor accepting the nomination:

It is brief and to the purpose, and the modesty which breathes though it is mingled with the determination to justify the confidence bestowed, by a strict adherence to, and fulfilment of, duty. The plain and simple expression of thanks from the veteran, comes with a grace and fitness which is in perfect accordance with his past career; and the distrust he modestly evinces is the true prompting of a mind which has surveyed the vast field of duty to which he is called, and properly grasped its importance. There is no trace of vanity or mock modesty or desire for display about it, but in all respects it is as frank and manly, as straight forward and truthful, as the writer has proved himself to be.

FATAL AFFRAY. An affray occurred at Nelson Court House, Va., last week, during which Clayton C. Harris, Esq., a lawyer, was shot dead and his brother martally wounded by Wyatt Hare, a wealthy citizen of that county. Feelings of jealously towards the deceased are said to have led to the unfortunate affair. Hare has surrendered himself.

Cast iron Cart Saddles have been invented by a citizen of Wilmington, Del.