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THE KENT NEWS.

Frustra laborat, quiomnibus, placere studet:—"He labors vainly, who endeavors to please every one."

VOL. 10. CHESTER TOWN, MD, NOVEMBER 3, 1849. No. 26

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.

SAMUEL E. SMITH'S
GREAT
BOOK, PERIODICAL,
AND CHEAP
Publication Establishments,
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AND
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VALENTINES!

The subscriber also imports and manufactures Valentines, Plain and Fancy Note Papers, Envelopes, Motto Wafers, &c., &c. Wholesale and retail. Address all orders to SAMUEL E SMITH,
Sun Buildings,
Baltimore, Md.

September, 29, 1849.—6m

NELSON & HENRY,
MERCHANT TAILORS.
No 68, Exchange Place near South St.,
BALTIMORE.

ARE prepared at *all times* to supply their friends and the public generally with all articles in their line of business; they have just received a lot of superior Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which they will make up at the shortest notice, and on the most pleasing TERMS.

They have also on hand MR. A. BEELER'S popular report of fashions which they are prepared to furnish to TAILORS at *ONE DOLLAR per copy.*

Sept. 15. 1849.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the undersigned Commissioners appointed by Kent county Commissioners to open a new Road from the main road leading from Chester Town to Bellevue, Beginning on or about the Lands of John S. Thomas' heirs, and running thence in a southerly direction across the lands of Samuel E Baker, Edward Ringgold, Mary Sudler; the heirs of Duncan Stone to the main road leading from Chestertown to St Pauls Church and from thence through the lands of Gary Leverton and the heirs of Jas. F Browne to Langford's Bay to a good and convenient landing on said Bay, will meet on the line of said road and Landing on Wednesday the 7th day of November next and continue to adjourn from day to day until the duties required of them to be performed by said Commission is completed.

ALEXANDER HARRIS,
THOS. BAKER,
HENRY W. CARVILLE.

Oct. 6. 1849.—4w

LUMBER.

THE subscriber has just received from Port Deposit a very large quantity of very superior seasoned *WHITE PINE BOARDS, HEMLOCK RAILING JOICE AND SCANTLING;* also a handsome assortment of

SHINGLES,

white pine $3 50—per m. cypress $5 50 per m. and Jan per $7 per thousand. I feel grateful to my friends and a liberal public for past favors, and assure them that I am determined to dispose of the above mentioned articles on reasonable terms, for the cash or on a short credit.—I am and will sell them lower than they can be had from the city, and will for the cash make a liberal discount. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine before they buy. I will deliver to the county wharf, Lumber sold me to go to Queen Ann's county, or up and down the river without extra charge.

A. W. SPARKS

June 2, 1849.

OVERSEER WANTED
FOR NEXT YEAR ON
WAN POINT FARM
A MAN of good CHARACTER, HABITS AND CAPACITY, I will give large WAGES and GOOD FINDING—APPLY TO
JAMES E. BARROLL.
Chester Town,
September 15, '49.

MACKREL, Shad, Salmon, Herrings, Pork, Hams and Sides, Shoulders, Lard & Cheese, Constantly on hand and for sale by J. PALMER & CO.
Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.
Sept. 8, '49.

THE STEAMER

CAMBRIDGE.

For Annapolis, West River, Cambridge and Easton, Chestertown and Corsica.

The Steamer Cambridge leaves Baltimore every MONDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock for Chestertown and Corsica, and return the same day.

The Steamer Cambridge will leave Baltimore on TUESDAY MORNING, 24th inst., at 7 o'clock for Annapolis West River, Cambridge and Easton and return on Wednesday, leaving Easton at 7 A. M.

The Cambridge will leave Baltimore every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clk for Chestertown and Corsica and return same day.

The Cambridge will leave Baltimore every FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock for Annapolis West River, Cambridge and Easton and return on Saturday, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock A. M. for Baltimore—The above routes will be continued throughout the season.

Freight for the above places taken at low rates.

J. THOS. TRAVERS, Agent.
Light Street Wharf.

July 21, 1849

BALTIMORE CITY AND MARINE HOSPITAL, *BROADWAY, Fell's Point, Baltimore.*—Dr. J. J. Moran respectfully announces to the Medical Profession and the public, that this institution formerly known as the Washington College Hospital, has been refitted and is now under his particular superintendence, and that the most strict attention is paid to the Surgical and Medical treatment of the patients committed to his care.

The retreat is delightfully situated upon the highest ground of the city; it commands the most extensive view of the Bay and surrounding country. The apartments are spacious, airy and well ventilated, and fitted up in the most commodious manner. The Surgical and Medical cases are in charge of gentlemen well known for their experience and judgment in both departments, and are regularly visited by them. The nurses are prompt and efficient in the discharge of their duties, and there is nothing spared that would contribute in the slightest to the comfort and recovery of the patients.

☞ Students of Medicine boarding in the institution, will have the advantages the Clinical instruction.

Bathing Rooms, with shower, &c., are available to all the inmates, and a Resident Physician always in the house. Patients desiring Private Apartments, can be accommodated on the most liberal terms.

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE:
To Public Ward, including board, nursing, medicine, &c. $3 per week.
To private rooms, do. do. do., from 5 to 7

JOHN J. MORAN,
Resident Physicia

Sept. 29. 1849—4w

TAXES.

THE undersigned respectfully notifies all persons interested, that he is ready to receive payment for county and State

TAXES,

which are now due. He has taken the office in the Court House, Chester Town, heretofore occupied by the Sheriff's and Collector's, where he will attend on every Tuesday, and for the purpose of affording increased facility to those persons residing in the Upper and Lower parts of the county, will, after the first Monday in October next, meet every Thursday in the Lower District, at Mr. Richard Hodges' Store Hill's Corner, and on every Saturday at Georgetown X Roads. All accounts due for State Taxes, if paid by the first of October will be entitled to a discount of 4 per cent. and all paid on or before the first of November, a deduction of three per cent. and all all accounts remaining unsettled after the first day of January next, will be chargeable with interest according to law, and promptly collected thereafter

DANIEL JONES,
Collector, Kent county.

Sept. 22, 1849—tf

LUMBER
SHINGLES, &C.

THE subscriber has just returned from Port Deposite with a large supply of seasoned 1, 1½ and 2 inch white pine Boards. Also a quantity of panel Boards, Shingles, Scantling, &c.

The above have been carefully selected—bought low, and will be sold accordingly.

NATH. WILEY.

May 26, 1849.

BACON.

NICE Eastern Shore Bacon for SALE by WILMER & FRANCIS.

Sept. 29, '49.

POETRY.

I LIKE AN OPEN, HONEST HEART

I like an open honest heart,
Where frankness loves to dwell,
Which has no place for base deceipt,
Nor hollow words can tell;
But in whose throbbings plain are seen,
The import of the mind.
Whose gentle breathings utter naught,
But accents true and kind.

I scorn that one whose empty acts,
And honied words of art,
Betray the feelings of the soul,
With perfidy's keen dart;
No more kind friends in such confide,
Nor in their kindness trust,
For black ingratitude but turns,
Pure friendship to disgust.

Contempt is but a gentle word,
A feeling far too mild.
For one who confidence betrays,
And guilt has sore beguil'd;
That hate which hellish friends evince,
When in dark torments toss'd,
Is not more loathsome to the soul,
Than one to honor lost.

Then give me one with heart as free,
And generous as the air,
Whose ready hand and greeting kind,
Give proof that truth is there.
Whose smiling countenance well shows,
Affection worm is found,
And springs pure as saints, whose notes
Through heaven's vaults resound.

THE DEAREST PLACE IS HOME.

Of all the spots that Heaven has blest,
The dearest place is home:
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,
And never loves to roam;
Whi st love plays round the smiling hearth
'Tis Heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth.

Of all the joys that man can feel,
The purest sure are there;
While o'er his heart affections steal,
Like balmy summer air;
His wifes caress his children's smile,
Unlike the world are free from guile.

Of all the gifts bestowed to cheer
Man's pilgrim path below,
The richest treasure resteth here,
Which they are blest who know;
Whilst love plays round the smiling hearth,
'Tis Heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth.

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.

THE action between the U. S. frigate Constitution, Capt. Isaac Hull, and the British frigate Guerriere, Capt. Dacres, which terminated in the capture of the latter vessel, will be ever memorable. It took place in lat. 42. lon. 46 west, on the 19th of August, 1812, distant, nearly due east, about 500 miles from Cape Cod.

The Guerriere had, by the British, been considered as the best frigate on the American station; and but a few days previous to action, Capt. Dacres, endorsed on the register of the American brig John Adams, which arrived at New York, September 4th, 1812, the following challenge.

"Captain Decres, commander of his Britannic Majesty's frigate Guerriere, of forty four guns, presents his compliments to Commodore Rogers, of the United States frigate President, and will be happy to meet him, or any other American frigate of equal force to the President, off Sandy Hook, for the purpose of having a few minutes *tete-a-tete.*" The Constitution was precisely of equal force to the President, and Captain Dacres had but too soon the short lived satisfaction of being introduced to the "*tete a tete,*" he had so eagerly courted.

The frigates saw each other at 12 o'clock P. M. and at half past three the Constitution, sailing before the wind, had gained so much upon the Guerriere that her character as a frigate was known. A little before five, both frigates (then three miles apart) prepared for the bloody strife; the crew of the Constitution giving three cheers, and petitioning to be brought close alongside the ecemy. This was an eventful hour. The American people were at the time humbling themselves before God solemnizing a day of national fasting and prayer. Capt in Hull and Captain Dacres were meeting for the decision of a contest, to which all eyes, both in England and America, could they have been witnesses had turned, It was the first time, after a lapse of thirty years' peace where the equality of the force to be engaged gave to each the hope, as well as the determination to conquer. It was America with England; it was England with America.

As soon as the Constitution was ready for action, Captain Hull bore down with an intention to bring him to close action immediately. A little after five, the Guerriere displayed the ensigns, and began firing, giving first a broadside, then filling and wearing away, and adding a second broadside upon the other tack but without effect, her shot falling short. Fifteen minutes after the fire from Guerriere, the Constitution set her colors and fired. For three-quarters of an hour the frigates were now engaged, the Guerriere wearing very often, and endeavoring to get a raking position; the Constitution manœvering to loose with him, and at the same time to avoid being raked, each firing, occasionally. Disappointed in getting a raking position, the Guerriere bore up. Five minutes before six they were alongside of each other within half-pistol shot. In this situation the superiority of American gunnery became at once splendidly manifest.—All the guns of the Constitution, double shotted with round and grape, poured in so heavy a fire, and so well directed, that in sixteen minutes the mizen mast of the Guerriere, went by the board; her main yard in the slings; her hull rigging and sails very much cut to pieces. The fire continued to be kept up with equal warmth for ten minutes, when the Guerriere fell on board the Constitution, her bowsprit foul of her mizen rigging. The firing still kept up, and and the cabin of the Constitution took fire from the Guerriere's guns, but was extinguished. After remaining engaged in this situation for five minutes the fore and main mast of the Guerriere both went by the board, but for which she had been boardered by the Constitution, preparations for which had been made.

The Constitution then shot ahead of the enemy and in token of submission the Guerriere fired a gun to leeward.

Thus, after thirty minutes close action, "*te tete-a-tete,*" the Guerriere is without a mast or a single spar standing, except the bowsprit; and her hull, below and above water, so shattered that a few more broadsides must have carried her down. We see her in short, (using the words of Captain Dacres, in his official account of his capture,) "a perfectly unmanageable wreck." The Constitution lost all her braces, much of her rigging, and some of her spars. The British, by their own account, had 15 killed and 63 wounded in the action; her second lieutenant was among the former; the captain, first lieutenant, and master. Beside these, 24 of her crew were missing; by the British account, however, they were absent when the action began. Ten others (*impressed Americans*) are said to have taken no part in the action. Captain Dacres, in his speech, when on trial for striking his flag, says concerning them, that his quarters were "considerably weakened" by permitting Americans belonging to the ship to quit their quarters, on the enemy hoisting the colors of that nation; which though it deprived him of the men, he thought it his duty to do.

The Guerriere mounted forty-nine carriage guns, and had a crew of 302. The Constitution has been stated to have mounted fifty four guns, and to have had a crew rising of 400; she had only 7 killed, and 7 wounded. Lieut. Brush, of the marines, among the killed, and Lieut. Morris among the wounded.

Next morning after the action, the Guerriere had four feet of water in her hold, and in the afternoon of that day she was set on fire and blown up. The Constitution, with her prisoners, arrived in Boston harbor on the 30th of August.

Cassius M. Clay's Ideas of Work.

The following from C. M. Clay's paper shows that Mr. Clay understands the philosophy of work,

WORK—FAINT NOT. There are times when a heaviness comes over the heart and we feel as if there were no hope. Who has not felt it? For this there is no cure but work. Plunge into it—put all your energies into motion—rouse up the inner man—act—and this heaviness shall disappear as mist before the morning sun.

There arise doubts in the human mind which sank into lethergy, wrap us in gloom and make us think it were bootless to attempt any thing. Who has not experienced them. Work. That is the cure. Task your intellect—stir up your feelings—rouse the soul—do—and these doubts hanging like a heavy cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear and leave you in sunshine and open day. There comes suspicion to the best of men, and fears about the holiest efforts, and we stand like one chained. Who has not felt this? Work.—Therein is freedom. By night, by day; in season and out of season, work, and liberty will be yours. Put in requisition mind and body—war with meriness—snap the chainunk of selfishness—stand up to a defender of the right—of ourself—and this suspicion, and these fears will be quelled, and like the ocean storm you will be purified by the contest, and able to bear and breast any burden of human ill.

Gladden life with its sunniest features and gloss over with its richest hues, and it becomes a poor and pained thing to there be in toil—no hearty—hard work. The labourer sighs for repose. Where is it? What is it. Friend whoever thou art know it is to be found alone in work. No good—no greatness—no progress is gained without. Work, then, and faint not; for therein is the well-spring of human hope, and human happiness.

☞ Some sensible fellow has said, that where one man reads a merchant's sign, a hundred will read his advertisements.

Beautiful Sentiment.

John C. Whittier, the Quaker poet, in writing about the Irish emigrants among us, says:

"For myself, I confess I feel a sympathy for the Irishman. I see him as the representative of a generous, warm-hearted, and cruelly oppressed people. That he loves his native land—that his patriotism is undivided—that he cannot forget the claims of his mother island—that his religion, with all its abuses, is dear to him—does not decrease my estimation of him. A stranger in a strange land, he is to be always an object of interest. The poorest and rudest has a romance in his history. Amidst all this apparent gaiety of heart and national drollery and wit, the poor emigrant has sad thoughts of the "ould mother of him," sitting lonely in her solitary cabin, by the bog side—recollections of a father's blessing and a sister's farewell are haunting him—a grave mound in a distant church yard far beyond the "wide wathers," has an eternal greenness in his memory—for there, perhaps, lies "a darlint child," or a "swate crathur," who onced loved him—the New World is forgotten for the moment—blue Killarney and the Liffy sparkle before him—Glendolough stretches beneath him its dark, still mirror—he sees the same evening sunshine rest upon and hallow alike with Nature's blessings the ruins of the Seven Churches of Ireland's apostolic age, the broken mound of the Druids, and the Round Towers of the Phœnician sun worshipers—beautiful and mournful recollections of his home waken within—and the rough and seemingly careless and light-hearted laborer melts into tears. It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household goods. Touching and beautiful was the injunction of the Prophet of the Hebrews, "You shall not oppress the stranger, *for ye know the heart of a stranger,* seeing that ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

THE PRISONER OF ROCHELLE.

Here is a scene from the vaudeville of the 'Prisoner of Rochelle,' which kept the audience in a roar of laughter each night of its performance.—Corporal Cartouch amuses himself by going through the manual exercise, while Leza, at her work table, abstracted questions him concerning matrimony.

Leza—If a girl were to fall in love with you, Coporal, what would you do.

Cartouch.—Present arms.

L—She would doubtless look to you for—

C—Support!

L—And then what a heavy burden you would have to—

Carry!

L—Your butcher and baker would have to—

C—Charge!

L—Your prospects of course would not—

C—Advance!

L—And you'd have to—

C—'Bout face!

L—And never have any—

C—Rest!

L—Now, corporal, pray give me your—

C—Attention!

L—A man of your age is not able to bear such a—

C—Load!

L—But you are not in your—

C—Prime!

L—Your wife may—

C—'Bout!

L—Leave you, but she will soon—

C—Return!

L—And then you will have to bear all on your—

C—Shoulder!

L—Would you be—

C—Ready!

L—I think you have some other—

C—Aim!

L—And you'll throw all your epistle into the—

C—Fire! (*Fires the Musket.*)

Untutored Eloquence.

A Catawba warrior in 1832, named Peter Harris, made known his wants to the Legislature of South Carolina in the following language:

"I am one of the lingering survivors of an almost extinguished race. Our graves will soon be our only habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field where the tempest of the revolution passed. I have fought against the British for your sake. The British have disappeared, and you are free; yet from me the British have taken nothing, nor have I gained anything by their defeat. I pursued the deer for subsistence—the deer are disappearing—I must starve. God confounded me for the forest, and my ambition is the shade. But the strengthen of my arms delay, and my feet fail me in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberties is now begging for your relief. I say you'd bleed in the battle that you might be independent—from my heart I say it, I am bleed for want of your consideration."

This warrior certainly never heard of Cicero or Demosthenes—he never attended the schools of eloquence in the Academy where the divine art was antiquity taught, yet an address which in a speech so brief contained such touching eloquence as this from this warrior? Yet he was a "savage."

REFLECTIONS UPON THE SUMMER WHICH IS PASSED.

THE fine summer days are now gone and, except the sweet remembrance of our having once enjoyed them, have only left us emblems of frailty. How all the face of nature is changed! The rays of the sun faintly pass through the gloomy clouds and fall upon gardens stripped of flowers, upon fields where scarcely any traces of cultivation remain, and upon hills where only a few scattered herbs are seen. The soft melody of the birds no longer floats on the air; and the mournful silence which universally prevails is only interrupted by the croaking of ravens, and the shrill cries of birds of passage, which leave us while they seek more temperate climes. The neighboring mountains are forsaken; the flocks have deserted them; the bleating of lambs is not heard; and the flowers in our gardens are laid waste. How dull and gloomy are the fields which lately were so beautiful! Their delightful verdure is succeeded by a melancholy aspect, and their charms are withered. The clouds are heavy with rain, and thick mists veil the morning sun.

Such are the prospects with nature now presents; and who can contemplate them without thinking on the frailty and uncertainty of all earthly things? The fine days are no more; even while we were anxious to enjoy them they fled away.—But have we a right to murmur at, or to question the dispensations of Providence? Certainly not. Let us rather call to mind those delightful summer days, and the innocent pleasures we then enjoyed, and we shall bless and adore the God of the seasons. What sweet sensations have we not experienced, what pure joys have visited our souls, when we contemplated the beauties of nature; when we watched the mountains and the valleys gradually become green; when the carols of the lark were heard among the clouds, and the plaintive melody of the nightingale stole upon the breezes poured among the groves; when we inhaled the fragrant breath of the flowers; when Aurora, rising from her rosy bed, smiled upon nature, and diffused around her joy and festivity; or when the forests and the hills glowed with the parting rays of the sun, retired beneath the western main? How rich are the presents we have received from the gardens, the fields, and the orchards! How exquisite the raptures of our imagination, and the pleasure of our senses! And can we think of the lovely months that are past without experiencing the sweetest emotions, and blessing the great Parent of nature, who has crowned the year with his blessings?

We now live upon the gifts of summer and autumn.

We have seen with what activity nature labored in those delightful seasons, to accomplish the beneficent views of the Creator in favor of man. How many plants and flowers has not the spring caused to bud; how many fruits has not the summer ripened; and how many harvests are gathered in autumn! At present the earth has completed her designs for this year, and is now sing to enjoy a short repose.

Thus nature is continually active during the greatest part of the year and even during the time of her apparent cessation from labor is not entirely idle, but is secretly preparing for a new creation. Let us ask ourselves the question, Have we been equally industrious? Have we so employed our time as to produce fruits? The husbandman now counts his sheaves, and shall we not be able to reckon some virtues, some good work? Have the pleasure of summer rendered us better, and more grateful? Have we, whilst contemplating the beauties of nature, lifted our hearts towards God? What have been our occupations during the long summer days? Have they contributed to the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-creatures? While contemplating the sun, the flowers, and all that is interesting in nature, have we experienced such sentiments as the view of so magnificent a spectable ought to excite? And can we testify that this summer, like many others, has not been lost upon us?

We are blessed with life, and enjoy the power of reflecting upon the spring and the summer which are just departed; but since the first dawning of spring, ere the summer sun looked down upon the earth, how many souls have passed from this regions of day, into the dreary confines of death! It is right, O Lord, that we whom in thy merciful condescension thou yet permittest to dry the breath of life, should bless thee for our existence. But the period hastens when we shall also depart; perhaps we shall never behold the bloom of another summer. Let each one of us, then, seriously reflect upon the account he will have to give, when called upon, of the days which we have passed, and supplicate the God of mercy not to enter into judgement with us.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.

'Pray tell me my dear, what is the cause of those tears,'

'Oh, such a disgrace!'

'What—what is it my dear? Do not keep me in suspence.'

'Why I have opened one of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr.'

'Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?'

'No harm in the thing itself. But the contents!'

'Such a disgrace!'

'What! has any one cared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?'

'O, no—it is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!'

'Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing afresh, while the husband eagerly caught up the epistle that had been the means of thus early breaking his wife's heart. *It was a bill from the printer for nine years subscription!—Sandy Hill Herald.*