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THE KENT NEWS
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
CULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEW
Is Published every Saturday.
EDWARD MANSFIELD,
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:
00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expira of the first six months. No subscription ed for a shorter period than six months, and er will be discontinued until all arrears are Single copies 6 1-4 cents.
vertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be ed three times for $1, and 25 cents for each ion thereafter.—Larger one in proportion— eral deduction will be made to yearly adve- Advertisement must have the number o marked, or they will published till forbid and ed accordingly.
communications must be postpaid.

ALL DRY GOODS,
AT WHOLESALE.
HAMILTON EASTER & CO., No. 213 MARKET STREET, Baltimore, are now ving by direct arrivals at Baltimore, er packets and steamers via New and Boston, a splendid
STOCK OF FORFIGN FALL GOODS,
OF THEIR OWN IMPORTATION, selected by one of the firm in the best European Markets during the past summer.
The assortment will be found to include
HIGH FANCY,
and the most select styles of
STAPLE GOODS,
of every description.
We solicit an examination from WHOLESALE PURCHASERS generally, and particularly from close buyers *who pay promptly*, to such we will offer goods in quantities to suit at IMPORTER'S PRICES.
The great extent and variety of our STOCK can only be appreciated by a personal examination which we urge on all buyers visiting Baltimore.
August 24, 1850.

BUTCHERING.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has commenced the above business. He feels competent that he can give satisfaction to all who will patronize him. He will be found in the Market House, at STALL No. 11 *every morning in the week*, until 8 o'clock, and will also keep best fresh meat that MARKET can afford, every day, during the week; Sundays excepted; during the afternoon of the day at the old stand of Messrs Geo B. Usilton, up town. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.
Farmers having Stock for sale, will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned before selling. In case of any absence orders left with Mrs. Usilton, will be promptly attended to.
WM. HIRKINS.
P. S. Persons indebted on last year's account, are respectfully requested to call and settle. W. P.
Aug 3 1850.

TOBACCONIST.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened on the corner of Queen and main streets, (just below the Cabinet Maker's Shop of Charles Stanton) a
Tobacco and Segar
STORE,
where he will keep constantly on hand and for sale all kinds of Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, which he will dispose of at wholesale and retail at *city prices*.
The public are requested to call and examine his assortment.
THOS. J. LOVEDAY
Chester Town,
September 7, 1850.

ESTATE OF MARY WEBB.
Maryland, Kent county, Orphans Court, August 6, 1850.
On the application of John W. Clothier Admr. of Mary Webb, late of Kent county deceased.
Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News printed in Chestertown.
Testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid.
I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office, affixed this 6th day of August, 1850.
Test, EBEN. WELCH.
Register of Wills for Kent county.
In compliance with the above Order the undersigned give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Md., letters of Administration on the personal estate of Mary Webb, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the Orphans' Court, on or before the 29th day of February, 1851, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.
Given under our hands this 6th day of August, 1850.
JOHN W. CLOTHIER,
Admr. of Mary Webb, dec'd.
Aug. 7, 1850—3w

AGENTS:
Messrs. Palmer, N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut st.; E. W. Carr, No. 440 N. Second sts. Philadelphia, and Wm. Thompson, E. corner of Baltimore and South sts. Baltimore, are our authorised agents to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Kent News, and collect and give receipt for the same.

A fresh assortment of Cloth and Glazed Hats just opened by
W. N. E. WICKES.
September 21, 1850.

THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 11. CHESTER TOWN, MD., OCTOBER 5, 1850. No. 23

POETRY.

[Written for the Kent News.]

THE WRECK AND THE WRECKERS

A Scene on the Irish Coast.

BY HENRY D. O'REILLY.

Far, far across the ocean wide,
A rockbound Island stands apart,
Its rude coast swept by wind and tide,
The home of many a sturdy heart.

Tossed upon the billows high,
A gallant vessel nears this shore;
The lightning flashes in the sky,
And the wild winds in rude blasts roar.

The noble ship, she struggles well,
Proudly braves the raging sea,
Rising and sinking in the swell,
But still the storm right gallantly.

And now she nears a lofty rock—
Now the fierce storm grows fiercer still;
And then is felt a sudden shock,
While the heart grows cold and chill.

The mother kneels beside her child,
And prays to the maker above,
In mercy to quell the storm wild,
And to spare this pledge of her love.

The father, with a pallid face,
And a brow grown moist with care,
Prays the redeemer in his grace,
His wife, and little ones to spare.

Again is felt that fearful blow,
A cry of horror fills the air,
Every face is blanched with woe,
And every heart with deep despair.

Now hope grows dead within each breast,
A hellish madness fills the brain,
They broach a cask with frantic zest,
And the wine cup they madly drain.

Some wildly toss their arms on high,
Some laugh in a fiends frightful tone;
Some rend the air with piercing cry,
Some scarcely utter a groan.

One there is draws a flashing knife,
And with dread fury in his look,
Stabs to the heart his guileless wife,
While the blood bubbles up like a brook.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! I brave you now,
He brandished the blade on high;
See these pale lips, this pater brow,
For I thus your power defy.

He looks on the sea with a scowl,
And then on the sky overhead,
Rage on, rage on! ye storm and howl;
Ha! ha! she is dead, she is dead.

With a cry that rivals the wind,
He dives in the ocean wave;
While every soul he left behind,
Soon meets a watery grave.

The lights are flitting on the shore,
For the wreckers are on the strand,
And many forms welter in gore,
That breathing, were cast on the land.

The torches cast a red, red glow
On these fiends unloosed from hell,
And the blood in its onward flow,
Is washed by the ocean swell.

One eye alone has seen these deeds,
And his vengeance is sure and sore;
He who dwells in the heart and reads
The secrets there hid in its core.

Jenny Lind's Prize Song.

The following is the Prize Song for which Mr. Barnum paid $200.

GREETING TO AMERICA.

Words by Bayard Taylor—Music by Jules Benedict

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire overshadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opens to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou Cradle of Empire, though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, thy welcome of home,
For Song has a home in the hearts of the Free!
And long as thy waters shall glean in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And Peace shed her light on the Banner of Stars.

THE PEASANT'S STRATAGEM.

A word spoken at random often proves of more utility than the best concerted plans. Hence it happens, that fools often prosper when men of talents fail.

As an illustration of this assertion, we will present our readers with the following story, from an old French periodical work called "Forfeits Redeemed."

A poor simple peasant, of the name of Cricket, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and cheese, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure to himself, by hook or by crook, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to advise a plan to put it into execution and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich nabob in the neighborhood of his cottage, during the absence of her husband, lost a valuable diamond ring; she offered a reward to any person who would recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel, but no one was likely to do either; for three of her own footmen, of whose fidelity she had not the smallest doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears:

"I'll go," cries he; "I'll say I'm a conjuror and I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail, 'tis true.—What then! I shall be treated as an impostor, and my back and side may suffer for it; but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concert this scheme, and put it into practice, was but the work of a moment, the nabob was still absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms; a sumptuous dinner was prepared, the table was covered with the richest viands; expensive wines of every sort were placed on the side board. We may think how much he ate. An attentive footman, one of the secret thieves, filled him with drink; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed:

"'Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companions.

"He has found it out, dear friend, he is a cunning man; he said he had the first; who could he mean but me?"

"It looks little like it," replied the second thief; "I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning, should he speak in the same strain, we must decamp to night."

At night a supper fit for a court of aldermen was set before the greedy Cricket, who filled his paunch till he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming.

"The second is my sack, and cannot escape me."

"Away flew the affrighted robber.

"We are lost!" he cried; "our heels alone can save us."

"Not so," answered the third; if we fly [illegible] night, we swing, I'll tend him at to morrow's med, and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us!"

They all agreed. On the morrow our peasant's appetite was still the same; at last, quite full, he exclaimed—

"My task is done, the third, thank God is here!"

"Yes," said the trembling culprit, "here is the ring, but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again."

"Be silent," exclaimed the astonished Cricket, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals, would, would have made the plunders betray themselves, "be silent, I have it all."

Some geese were feeding before the windows, he went out, and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its throat, and then declared that the goose had swallowed the jewel.

The goose was killed—the diamond found. In the meantime, the nabob returned, and was incredulous.

"Some gratty knave, madam," said he, "either the thief or his abettor has, with a well concerted shame, wrought on your easy faith. But I'll soon try his power of divination. I'll provide myself with a meal likewise."

No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden, the false conjuror was told to declare what was the concealed cheer on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "poor Cricket, thou art taken."

"He's right," the nabob cried, "give him a purse of gold; I honor such talents as his."

It was a little cricket in the dish. Thus our glutton, by four random speeches, gained three hearty meals, comfort for life and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.

Knowledge is its own exceding great reward. It is not the gift of a college, particularly. It is what the mind produces whenever it acts. Great schools are chiefly appliances for the lazy, to furnish substitutes for knowledge by which to make their way in the world. A youth who has a noble thirst for science, is not so much benefited by a "liberal education" as he is apt to imagine that he will be, before trying it. If your parents are rich, and have nothing better to do with their money, let them board you at Cambridge or Yale for four years. But if they are poor, laboring people, stay with them and labor. But don't the less strive for a liberal education. Be liberal in supplying yourself with books and time. Journey on foot and study nature and men. Ask questions of everybody and everything.

Thus doing, you will probably acquire more satisfactory and useful knowledge, and what is more, sounder character and firmer health—you will be more of a man than if you distress your parents to have knowledge put into your mouth with a spoon. It is thus that the greatest and best men are made in every country.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A French paper says, Lucille Romee, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under a charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you?" said the magistrate. "Ah, my good sir," she replied, I have no more friends, my father and mother are dead. I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, dear what could he do for me?" "The court must send you to the house of correction."—"Here I am, sister. Here I am, do not fear," cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a sprightly countenance, started forth from the midst of the crowd and stood before the magistrate.—"Who are you?" said he. "James Romee the brother of this poor little girl."—"Your age?" "Thirteen." "And what do you want?" "I come to claim Lucille." "But have you then the means of providing for her?" "Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille." "Oh, how good you are, James!" Magistrate to James. "But let us see, my boy, the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation." James: "Just a fortnight ago my mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artizan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went an apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor wrapped up in my blouse. But it appeared the little thing had nothing to eat, for one day she unfortunately begged on the Boulevard.—When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I very much wished to become an artizan, but at last I decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have 20 francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who for these 20 francs will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework; I claim my sister." Lucille clasping her hands: "Oh how good you are James!" Magistrate to James: "My boy your conduct is very honorable. The court encourages you to persevere in this course and you will prosper." The court then decided to render up Lucille to James and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate, smiling, said, "You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow." James: "Never mind, Lucille, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." To the magistrate: "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" He then threw himself into the arms of his sister and both wept warm tears of affection.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

A Dinner Story.

The following anecdote from Noah's Weekly Messenger, beautifully illustrates the principle of charity, and teaches us it is often for our interest to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

THE WORLD.—"Sir, bring me a plain dinner," said a melancholy individual to the waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord inside and thus addressed him—

"You are the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes." (in astonishment.)

"You make, probably, ten dollars a day clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed, I have been out of employment seven months, but have engaged to go to work to-morrow; I had been without food four and twenty hours, when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week.

"I cannot pay bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; "and do not keep a poor house. You should address the poor authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go into the street without that I will get my death such weather as it is."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"You are serious. Well, I solemnly swear that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take the coat."

The coat was left and a week afterwards redeemed.

Seven years after that a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his place—he heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was chairman. The vote was a tie and he cast the casting—thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said:

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and though I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life."

"Well sir, what then?"

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became a bankrupt, and sought a home in Bellevue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was is now a high functionary in Albany, we know him well. The ways of Providence are wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

THE ECONOMY OF GETTING MARRIED IN A HURRY.

"I've known some very mean men in my time," said Sam Slick. "There was Deacon Overreach, now he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And there was Hugo Himmelman who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbor he is too. Well when he was going to get married to Gretched Klop, he goes down to down to Parson Rodgers, at Digby, to get a license. "Parson," says he "what's the price of a license?" "Six dollars," says he. "Six dollars!" says Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?" "No," says he. "That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax." "Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?"—"Nothing," says Parson. "Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"—"Three Sundays." "Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time, too. But three sundays only make a fortnight after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait." So off he went a-jogging towards home, a-looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep. When all at once a bright thought came into his head and back he went, as hard as his horse could carry him. "Parsons," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth." "Why what in natur is the meaning of all this?" says parson. "Why," says Hugo, "I've been ciphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bands, after all.—You see, sir, it's potatoe-digging time; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and, as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to night, she can begin to dig our own to morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while."

THE WHALE'S STRENGTH.

The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made on the American whale ship Essex, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific ocean, in August, 1829. Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude forty of the South Pacific, a school of sperm whales was struck by one of them and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work, a sperm whale, judged to be 83 feet long, broke water 20 rods from the ship on her weather-bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bow of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed across the vessel's course to the windward.—Meanwhile the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out—"God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned at about 40 rods from the ship, and was making for her with double its former speed, his pathway white with foam. Running ahead, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in five minutes from the first collision. But five souls out of twenty were saved.

Education—Young men—Crime and dissipation.

The following article, which we copy from the Wheeling Argus, conveys a sad warning, and may be read with interest and profit by hundreds of young men in this city, who congregate at night for "fun and frolic:"

Scores of young men who work in cities and at factories, and labor hard all day, find, when evening comes, no resource for amusement, mental or otherwise, but in congregating together for fun and frolic, frequenting groceries, or going about in gangs to make the welkin resound with mirth, music and rude outcries. This is all intended for innocent pastime. But danger lurks beneath all this. Intemperance, broils and crime often ensue, when unguarded youth are drawn astray, and when no kind friend or parent is near, with the voice of affection, to lure them from the path that may lead to profligacy and vice, yea, to the dungeon and scaffold.

A young man, who formerly resided in this city, is now in prison at St. Louis, condemned for murder. He once roamed these streets at night, spent freely the money he earned, formed acquaintanceship with the low and abandoned, who professed a profound friendship while he had means to gratify their sensual desires, and at last, his money being gone, he took to stealing to keep up with his associates in *appearance*. He was detected, went out West, drank freely, became a sot, quarreled with his companions, and unfortunately in a deadly encounter with one of them, committed the awful crime for which he has lately been condemned.

A letter was found on his person, from his broken-hearted mother, who resides within twenty miles of this city, warning him of the future, by looking at his past actions, and commending him to God, the widow's parent and his, to obey the moral, that he might forever avoid his country's laws, and the displeasure of Heaven. The warning was unheeded! A crime has blackened his soul! The mark of Cain is on his burning brow, and the brand of hell upon his heart!

Had he and his associates formed a reading society, and spent their money for books, what a vast amount of suffering would have been saved! Precious time, good health, a conscience unsullied, an intellect stored with knowledge, a soul made alive to the beauties profusely lavished by a Creator's hand on every side; and true enjoyment—all, all would have redounded to their present good and future bliss.

Cannot something be done, by the parents, guardians and employers of young men who are coming on the stage of action, and who, from kindly dispositions, warm hearts, but immature judgment, are likely to be led astray by their appetites, passions, and more cunning associates.—Can nothing be done to rescue hundreds from the "road to ruin," to which they are fast consigning themselves by midnight revels and the inebriating cup?—What a mighty moral power these youth might exert for *good*, if warned of their course, and placed in a position to appreciate and head the admonition! What a mighty power for *evil*, if they should shun virtue, despise the advice of the wise and good, trample on the laws of God and man, and follow the suggestions of a wicked heart and wicked counsellors.

Let the St. Louis *tragedy* be a warning to our young friends. If they *felt* for themselves, what many a parent or friend *feel* for them, they would take the matter to heart, and be found no more in giving offence to near and dear relations, and as they may do to us though a stranger to them. But we wish them *well*—we know their heedlessness, credulity and want of proper restraint. *Moral* lessons make no impression where *levity* reigns in the heart. It requires an *effort* to be and to do good, when surrounded by the lures of pleasure, the lusts of the heart and the smiles of syrens. What a God-like being is a virtuous, intelligent man! What a fiend incarnate is he, who debases the *moral* man.

PAT IN QUAKER MEETING.—Paddy attending a "Broad-brim" convention for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled withal at the manner of worship. Having been told that the brethren spake even as they were moved by the Spirit, he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for "Quayden way of worship," till one young Quaker rose and commenced solemnly:—

"Brethren, I have married"—

"The devil you hev!" interopted Pat.—Quaker sat down in confusion, but the Spirit moving Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke ground again:

"Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord."

"The devil you have that!" said Pat, "but it'll be a long while before iver ye'll see your father-in-law."

FLOUR MEAL and BRAND, on hand and for sale by the barrel, half barrel and retailable terms low for cash.
WM. BACCHUS.
Sep. 28, '50.

MISS EARLE
HAS returned from Philadelphia and opened her new
FALL GOODS.
September 28, 1850.

A good supply of Bodies and Collars for sale by
WILMER & FRANCIS.
Sep. 28, '50.