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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 6. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 15, 1845. NO. 29.

To Rent, for 1846,

Two HOUSES, on Queen street. If desired for a boarding house, they will be connected by doors—they would then make the most convenient and commodious boarding house that could be obtained in the Town. The rent will be made low; or they will be sold a bargain. For terms apply to Jas. B. Ricaud, Esq. or Mr. A. W. Sparks, Chester Town.

Oct. 11, '45. JNO. McKENNEY.

FOR SALE OR RENT,

The house at present occupied by me, situated in Market Space, Chester Town. It is in good repair; has a meat house on the premises, and attached to it is a large garden. I will either sell it, or rent it to one of two families—it having two entrances, and two kitchens.

ELIZA KNOTTS.

Oct. 25, 1845. 3w

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the House at present occupied by Mr. John Greenwood in Market Space, Chester Town. Terms, $55, if to one family—$65, if to two families, Security to be given.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent
C. Town, for Miss S. Arthur.
Oct. 17, 1845. (3 w)

To Rent

For the ensuing year or a term of years the brick Dwelling, garden and premises, lately occupied by Doct. E. H. Worrell, on Water stree, Chester Town.

For terms apply to
A. W. SPARKS, Agent.
November 1, '45.

To Rent,

For the ensuing year the Dwelling House and Kitchen, in the Vicinity of Chester Town formerly the residence of the Rev. S. L. Rawleigh.

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent,
C. Town. for Mr. S. Rawleigh.
Oct. 17, 1845. (3 w)

Maryland,

Kent county, to wit:

I hereby certify that William J. Wilkins, this day gave information to me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for Kent county, aforesaid, that he had taken up as a stray trespassing on his enclosures, a red horned STEER, with a large white spot in his forehead, white belly and flanks, the end of his tail white and three small spots on his left side and marked in the ear.

Given under my hand and seal this first day of November, eighteen hundred and forty five.

WM. S. LASSELL, {SEAL.}

NOTICE.

The owner of the above described steer, is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

WILLIAM J. WILKINS.

Kent county, Nov. 8, 1845. } 3wp

STATE OF MARYLAND, Sct:

WHEREAS, it is right and proper that some one day of those commonly devoted to secular employments, should be dedicated by the people of Maryland to the Almighty as a day of thanksgiving, for the many blessings enjoyed by them during the present year, and whereas, it is usual that this day should be designated by the Governor of the State,

Now, therefore, I, THOMAS G. PRATT, Governor of the State of Maryland, do recommend that THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh day of November next, be set apart and observed by the people of Maryland, as a day of public thanksgiving, and that, forbearing all secular engagements, they will on that day unite in praise and prayer to the Almighty for the many blessings which they under His divine protection have enjoyed.

L. S. } Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, this 16th day of October, 1845.

THOMAS G. PRATT.

For Chester Town, via Corsica Landing.

The Steam Boat
MARYLAND,
CAPT. TAYLOR, leaves Baltimore every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, touches at Corsica going and Chester Town, at 12 o'clock, for Baltimore. Passage, $1 00

October 11, 1845 tf

TOBACCO.

Choice Gold leaf Cavendish TOBACCO and small and large plug—superior quality just received and for sale cheap by

T. W. ELIASON.

Aug. 16 1845.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms!

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months.

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.

Hast thou one heart that loves thee
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee?
Yield not to dark despair.

One rose, whose fragrant blossom
Blooms but for thee alone;
One fond confiding bosom,
Whose thoughts are all thine own?

One gentle star to guide thee,
And bless thee on thy way,
That e'en when storms betide thee,
Still lends its gentle ray?—

One chrystal fountain springing
Within life's dreariest waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshments to thy taste?—

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow has distrest;
One breast, when thou art weary,
Whereon thy head to rest?

'Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart so warm;
'Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not the passing storm:

'Till the kind voice that blest thee,
All mute in death doth lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee,
To thee is ever dry.

Thou hast one tie to bind thee,
To this dark world of care;
Then let no sorrow blind thee;
Yield not to dark despair!

AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL!

America, I love thee still!
There's glory in thy name—
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame;
There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love;
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim
Protection from Above.

America, I love thee still!
Beneath thy valleys rest
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power—
Bright emblems of the blest.
And round them, clothed in silence, lies
The mouldering patriot's fame,
Embalmed in sacred Memory's fire—
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still!
Thou art my native land;
Thy joys, so pure, can ne'er be found
Upon a foreign strand.
Though Pleasure's path and Fortune's smiles
In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys
Can nought with thee compare.

America, I love thee still!
Resplendent glories gleam
Through all thy deeds;—thy sacred light
Shall ever be my theme.
Pure from the realms of victory's sky
The crown was given to thee:
'Midst starry lights eternal stands
The Orb of Liberty.

The wealthiest planter in one of the counties of Tennessee, bordering upon Mississippi, is a classleader in the Methodist Church, and is distinguished for his piety and benevolence. A Mississippi correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says:—'Others I met with, and have known intimately, having some fifty or a hundred servants, who made religion the first and main matter of importance—not in theory alone and abstractedly, but in fact and practice. The disposition of men partakes of the nature of the climate: they are warm in whatever they undertake. If they are wicked, they are decidedly and energetically so, and if they are Christians, they are warm and lively Christians."

SCIENCE ON FOOT.

A Norwegian has proposed to discover the sources of the Nile, alone and on foot. He is highly recommended by the Court of St. Petersburg, as eminently qualified for the undertaking; being able to accomplish a degree every twelve hours; and abstain three days from food. He takes only a map, compass, and axe, climbs mountains, swims rivers, and turns neither to the right nor to the left, trusting to his heels for deliverance from man and beast. Truly the mantle of Ledyard must have fallen on him; and with the endurance of a camel, we can conceive nothing further than the stomach of an ostrich, to digest the roots and leaves on which he must be obliged to subsist.

TO POLISH MAHOGANY FURNITURE.

Rub it with cold lindseed oil, and polish by rubbing with a clean dry cloth, after wiping the oil from the furniture. Do this once a week, and your mahogany tables will be so finely polished that hot water would not injure them. The reason is this: linseed oil hardens when exposed to the air, and when it has filled all the pores of the wood, the surface becomes hard and smooth like glass.

An important invention for rendering "cotton duck" for sails and tents impervious to mildew and rot, and for rendering woollen cloths water-proof, has been made by a Mr. Rogers, who is now in Washington with a view of entering into contracts with the Government. The invention is said to be a capital one for the army and navy service.

THE CLAY COVE MECHANIC.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Let others sing of lips and eyes,
As more than half divine—
The virtues of the heart I prize—
And those, I know are thine.

'Do you think I would have anything to say to young Clinton? He must know I do not wish to see him and yet he persists in calling at the house.'

'But Charles is a fine young man. He has an excellent disposition. You have noticed his kind feelings and generous character. And there are no bad traits about him. Why, I am surprised to hear you talk so.'

'Charles is well enough in his way, but—you know his father and mother—they still live in that wrecked old shell in the Clay Cove, and haven't decent furniture. I should be ashamed to call there.'

'I know his parents are very poor, and that his father has been a drinking man. But he has joined the temperance society, and I understand that he provides better for his family and is striving to obtain a good living.'

'That may be true, and I can never forget old Clinton, even though he has reformed. He has always belonged to the lower classes.'

'But I'm sure Charles behaves like a gentleman. If his parents are poor and wrecked, he should not be treated unkindly, provided he behaves well and sustains a good character.'

'True—but he has got nothing—is only a mechanic, and will always have to work for a living.'

'Only a mechanic, you say? But what was your father and my father!'

'But they worked only a little themselves and employed others. Now they are independent. No matter what our fathers were. Time has changed. I shall have nothing further to say to Clinton. If he calls at the house, I shall contrive to be busy up stairs. You may see him and talk with him as much as you like—but I won't.'

'You talk foolish—especially as Charles is as likely a young a man as we have in our neighborhood.'

'Every one to her liking,' said the girl as she left the room.

Clara and Mary Edwards were cousins, and about the same age. The former had been brought up with false notions. Her standard of respectability was a fine exterior, graceful manners and a heavy purse. She had often declared in the presence of her cousin, that she would never associate with a mechanic, more especially if he sprang from a poor family. But Mary had different views. She respected all men whether dressed in broad-cloth or homespun, and was as particular in her attentions to the day laborer of good character, as to the individual who prided himself on his birth, wealth and education.

Charles Clinton was the son of a poor sail-maker. His father had been in low circumstances for many years, brought on by his intemperate habits, and he could barely earn sufficient to keep his family together. His mother was a prudent and industrious woman, and it was mainly owing to her exertions that they had kept together for so long a time. At an early age Charles left school, and went to learn the trade of a printer. He was industrious and obliging, and gained the respect not only of his master, but his fellow apprentices. Instead of spending his evenings and his few leisure hours, in the day, among the vicious and profane; or in walking the streets in idleness, he would obtain some useful work and persue it. He would frequently carry home the newspapers of the day, when he had nothing else to read, and thus endeavor to improve his mind In this way he became intelligent—how could he be otherwise?—and won the good will of all who knew him. At times he would take a sheet of paper, and sit in the little room with his mother, endeavoring to place his thoughts upon paper. Charles was never idle; he was either at work with his hands or with his mind.

When Clinton became of age, he was employed by his master and received good wages for services. At this time Charles was acquainted with but few females, among these however, was Clara Edwards, at, whose residence he visited, he being more particnlarly acquainted with her father. He was cordially received by the family but Clara endeavored to manifest her dislike to him in various ways. He held to no views which she did not oppose, and would converse with him on no subject. Once he invited her to accompany him to a pleasant retreat, but she refused, by saying she was engaged; but remained at home all day.

One evening he found most of the family had gone out and she was alone. He endeavored to interest her by introducing various topics of conversation, but she manifested no interest in his remarks and he remainded but a short time. This was before her cousin had arrived from the country. When she came he found one who was willing to converse—who behaved like a lady to all who visited the house.

Mary Edwards had been at her cousin's about a week, when the conversatien at the commencement of our story took place.—A day or two after, Charles called at the house, but the moment Clara saw him enter the door she left the room.

Mary accepted a polite invitation to accompany him to a concert, and in a few moments she was ready. They passed an agreeable evening. She had no sooner returned to the house than her cousin exclaimed—

'What a fool to be seen with Charles Clinton! I should be ashamed of myself. No one who thinks any thing of herself will go with him. I don't believe our kitchen girl would have gone with him.'

'To speak as I think, Clara, Charles is a gentleman, and I esteem it an honor that he should invite me.'

'O, luddy—I shall faint,' exclaimed Clara.

'You are a strange girl. Since I have been in Portland this last time, I have seen no young man with whose appearance I am so favourably impressed as with Clinton's.'

'Then, really, you are in love with the mechanic—the son of a Clay Cove sail-maker.'

'In love with his appearance, I am.'

'And you may marry him in welcome. Oh, dear, what strange things will take place,' said Clara with a contemptuous smile.

'Marry him! I am not worthy of so fine a gentleman. He is my superior in every respect. If I should be so fortunate as to obtain such a man for a husband, I should esteem myself the most fortunate of girls.'

'Distressing!—no decent girl would have the fellow. You would marry him, hey?'

'Perhaps I would, if I could get him.'

'Well, really, I can't help laughing—a genuine love-scrape: I will give up. It will be a beautiful place, I must confess, to live in—that hovel, sitting in the mud; and to have so beautiful a father-in-law! Well, I declare, it will be fine.'

'You contemplate too much for me, cousin. I do not expect to have Charles; he looks higher than a country girl. But if he *should* marry, he will not probably take his wife to live at such a place as you describe, though I don't know where Clay Cove is.'

At this moment Clara's parents entered the room.

'Have you heard the news, father,' inquired the proud girl.

'No, child, I have heard nothing. What interests you so much?'

'You'll laugh when I tell you. It is no less than this: Mary has got a beau.'

'Indeed! who may it be?'

'Who should you guess?'

'I am sure I cannot tell' said her father.

'It is not so,' replied Mary. 'I have been to the concert to-night with young Clinton, and Clara is making all manner of sport about it.'

'Well, Clinton is a fine fellow, and you could not get a better sweetheart.'

'What! Charles Clinton?' inquired the mother.

'Yes.'

'Why he is only a mechanic. We have known his father for years, and he is a miserable shoat. They live very meanly. No respectable people ever call upon them?'

'You know, wife, a great change has been wrought in the character of the old gentleman since he joined the temperance society. Now he is industrious and does the best he can to obtain a living. His wife, I have always heard, is a prudent, active and industrious woman, and keeps her house as tidy as she possibly can.'

'But they are not ganteel and never will be.'

'That should be no disparagement to the son. Charles has ever behaved like a gentleman, and there is no young man of my acquaintance that I would sooner Clara would marry.'

'Father, you are joking,' said the daughter. 'It is the most absurd idea I ever heard you advance.'

'My child, there is *worth* in that young man. He has talents that will yet shine in the world. Mark what I tell you, for I know him well.'

"I would rather be an old maid all my days,' said Clara, 'than have such a fellow—the son of a miserable drunkard.'

'Clara, you must not talk so. Mr. Clinton has reformed, and I understand is doing well.'

'But no one will forget what he once was,' said the mother, 'and for my part I think Clara is right in her views. I should feel dreadfully to know she was waited up on by such a young man as Charles. And I know Mary's father would feel highly indignant if he knew who his daughter had been with this evening.'

—'No—no aunt,' said Mary, 'my father has always taught me to respect and love all who are kind and virtuous, without regard to their situation in life. But he has always cautioned me to beware of those who show a false exterior, but are corrupt within.'

'Mary is determined to have her way,' said Clara, 'and she will probably dream of Charles to-night.'

But little more was said, and the family retired.

The next day Clara would often inquire about the 'Clay Cove Mechanic,' and throw out insinuations upon her cousin for her consenting to go with him. But Mary heeded her not, simply remarking, 'The sequel will tell who is right and who is wrong in her views!'

Mary Edwards continued her visit several weeks with her cousin, and during that time Charles called often to see her, but as usual was treated with neglect and contempt by Clara. He pretended not to notice her coolness and indifference, and never lisped a word to her discredit to her cousin. Before Mary left, it was well understood between her and Charles that she was to be his future wife. The day for her departure arrived, and bidding her friends good-bye, she took the stage and was on her way home to Lewistown.

Her cousin had not been gone many weeks before a young man by the name of Henry Watson commenced his visits to the home of Clara. He made her acquaintance at a ball room, and was just such a character as suited the foolish girl. His father was a man of wealth who resided in a large house, and who had brought his son up in folly and idleness. Instead of putting him in a counting room or a mechanic's shop, he suffered him to walk about in idleness until eighteen or twenty years of age; and then, he was too old to learn a trade. He dressed extravagantly, associating mostly with those who had no regular business.

In the course of a few years both Mary and Clara were married. One to the industrious mechanic—the other to the fashionable fop. As the tastes of the two girls were so different, tuey seldom saw each other. Clinton took a small house and commenced life as though he was able to go through. But Watson hired a large house and had it elegantly furnished.

Ten or fifteen years have passed away since the cousins were married. As you pass up one of our most pleasant streets, you will notice a beautiful white house, with healthy trees before it. Every thing is neat and commodious about the dwelling. It is the residence of Charles Clinton. He owes not a dollar towards it.—Besides his independent circumstances, he is honored and respected by all who know him, and has frequently been promoted to offices of trust. By his industry and energy the mechanic has risen to his present respectable standing in society.

Pass down to Clay Cove. Do you see the small black house, once the residence of Charles Clinton, when his father was nothing but a sail-maker and an inebriate? That now is the residence of Henry Watson and his wife. They are poor and destitute, and live upon charity. It was not long after he married, that his father failed in business and lost his property, and Henry being brought up to no particular business, took hold of what first presented, but did not succeed, and was obliged to remove from one house to another, not being able to pay his rent, until he accepted this little house in Clay Cove, rent free, from his cousin Charles Clinton.

Poor Clara had been doubly paid for her folly, and repented in dust and ashes the stand she took against the poor mechanic. Her husband has but little education and no energy, and is in every sense, a poor tool.

Mary Clinton has too good a heart to reproach her cousin, and has been uncommonly kind and generous to her.

All is not gold that shines. Let the reader learn this lesson from the above story. Judge not a man by his business or profession, but look to the heart and disposition. Reproach no man on account of the sins and poverty of his parents. The rarest gems are often found on a dung hill. Let this be the lesson you learn and our story will not have been written in vain.

SIMPLE CURE FOR STAMMERING.

Mr. Wakely, at an inquest he held yesterday, stated that a few days back the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could barely articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. M. Wakely, however, had him called, and telling him that, as shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder or air, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had their powder, viz: air. He told the lad to inhale air; or draw in his breath strongly, and the lad having done so, Mr. Wakely asked, "Can you talk now?" The boy to the surprise of the Jury, answered immediately and glibly, 'Yes, I can, sir, very well.' The Coroner added, that inhalation, or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not until lately, and even then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation.—*English paper.*

It is stated in the Hagerstown Torch Light that Governor Pratt "is busily employed in obtaining, from the several counties and cities of the State, authentic information in regard to existing taxes; doubtless with a view to lay before the Legislature, in his annual message, an accurate statement of the resources of the State, as developed by the measures recommended to, and adopted by the last Legislature. Our means of judging at present are but limited; yet, we would not be at all surprised if it should be found that those measures furnish an annual revenue sufficient to pay, to the last cent, the accruing interest on our State debt."

A NUT TO CRACK.

A lawyer of Louisville says that, by his professional exertions, he has, within the last few years, procured the freedom of at least forty slaves, and that so far as he had been enabled to observe, the condition of all them was made worse by their being set at liberty—that they subsequently became poor, thieving, drunken and abandoned wretches.

WELL DESERVED.

The Massachusetts Humane Society have presented a beautiful silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, to Miss Garafilia Oakes, for perilling her own life, and saving the lives of her mother and aunt from drowning, some months since, while bathing at Plum Island.

The English Language is composed of 6621 Latin words; 4361 French; 2060 Saxon; 1288 Greek; 660 Dutch; 229 Italian; 117 German; 111 Welch; 83 Spanish; 81 Danish, and 32 Arabic, or together 15,629.

VARIETY.

Why is a man who has the influenza, like a House of Representatives? Because first the *eyes* have it, and then the *nose*.

Why is a love-letter like a lady when she blushes?

Dy'e give it up? Because it is read with excitement.

An Irishman being asked what he thought of pyrotechnics, replied, that the fire works which pleased him most, were the flashes from the brilliant eye of a pretty woman.

NOT BAD.—A gentleman in the lobby o the theatre, the other evening, on being asked his opinion of the "lion pianist" replied,

"He is a man whom the whole musical world ad *meyer!*"

SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT.—"How do you treat your inflammation, Mr. Van Homrigh?" said a sedate membsr from one of the midland counties

"Sir," answered Peter, with a lofty tone, "Sir, I trate it with *sovereign contempt.*"

"THERE IS ONE COMNORT."—A lady being about to marry a man who was small in stature, was told that he was a very bad fellow.

"Well," said she, "if he is bad, there is one comfort—there is very little of him."

GENIUS VS. NOBILITY.—As the Duke of Clarence was once sitting to Northcote, he asked the artist if he knew the Prince Regent.

"No," was the brief reply.

"Why," said the Duke, "my brother says he knows you."

"Oh!" answered Northcote, "that's only his brag."

DIDN'T MEAN THAT EVENING.—A cracked-brained man, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady "if she would let him spend the evening with her"

"No," she angrily replied, 'that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some *stormy* one when I can't *go any where else.*"

A GUARDED ANSWER.—In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the Sheriff asking where he was; a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said, "My lord, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the Sheriff, "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

OUT-WEST WIT.—A man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do.

When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whither they intended to transfer their domicils.

"Why," answered one of them, "my companion will remove to my shop, and I to his."

"WHAT WAS IT, COZ?"

"Cousin William," said a merry, mischievous young girl, "what do you think I heard a pretty young lady say of you?"

"I don't know—something good I hope. Who was it, coz?"

"Shan't tell you! but it's the truth—a very pretty girl *did* say something about you."

"Well, tell me what it was."

"I shan't; unless you will give me that Annual that I wanted."

"Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me."

"Well, now—don't blush so—she said you were the *ugliest looking man* she ever laid her eyes on."

"DISMISS THAT HOG."

Judge Dooly, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for other talents. At one place where he attended Court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of his arrival a hog—under the name of pig—had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect, and it was on the table on the day on which the Court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the Clerk;

"Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognisance until the first day of the next Court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

SHORT ACCOMMODATIONS.—Old Major Somebody, of Arkansas, relates, that while on a journey some time since, he came to a small house one evening, and being weary and in need of refreshments, he inquired of a boy, whom he found at the door, if he could procure supper.

"I reckon not," replied the boy, "for we haint got no meat, nor we haint no bread; nor we haint no taters."

"Well, you can give me a bed, can't you?"

"I reckon not, for we haint no bed-clothes; nor we haint no straw; nor we haint no floor in our house."

"Well, can you give my horse something to eat?"

"I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats neither."

"Why, in the name of human nature, how do you do here?"

"Oh, very well, I thank ye; how do ye do yourself?"

The Major was off.