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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. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 14, 1846. NO. 29.

In Chancery,

15TH SEPT. 1846.

ORDERED, That the sale of the property in the cause of Albert Webster against Cordelia Crew and others, made and reported by the Trustee Joseph Wickes, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary on or before the 26th day of November next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 26th day of October next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $700 00.

True copy; Test;

LOUIS GASSAWAY.

October 24th, 1846. 3w

LAST Notice.

THIS is positively the last notice I shall give to persons indebted to me for tax and fees. I have waited very patiently until every one has had ample time to pay, without coercion,—I shall now be compelled in justice to myself to complete my collections immediately, and all accounts, without exception, which are not paid by the first day of November ensuing will be closed by execution, and sale of property,—long er delay is out of the question.

WILLIAM H. BLACKSTON,
Late Shff. and Collector.

Late Shff and Collector's office, October 10th, 1846.

For Rent,

For the ensuing year, the two story DWELLING HOUSE, Kitchen and Garden, at Ratcliffe Mills, occupied for the last three years by Mrs. Harriett Thomas. This property is a most delightful place of residance—it is within a mile of Chester Town—the garden is very large, and well filled with fruit trees; and a copious spring of most excellent water rises within few feet of the kitchen door. For terms, apply to T. H. WHALAND, or CHARLES H WICKES.

Oct. 24th, 1846. t1stJ

For Rent,

For the ensuing year, the Dwelling House, Garden, and two lots of land; one containing 5 acres, and the other 8 acres. The house is now occupied by Mr. Samuel Mil-, and on the main road leading from Chester Town to Washington College.—Apply to A W. SPARKS,
Trustee to carry out the Will of Thomas Taylor.

Oct. 3, 1846.

For Rent,

For the ensuing year, the brick House and Garden on the Hoop's lot, near the M. P. Meeting House—there is a fine well of water attached to the property; the garden is large, and a part of it very early—the house will be put in good tenantable condition. For terms apply to

A. W. SPARKS.

Oct. 3, 1846

New York Ploughs,

Minor, Horton & Co's patent—just received and for sale low,

No 18 at	$3 50
No 19 at	5 00
No 19½ at	5 50
No 21 at	6 50

T W ELIASON.

September 5th, 1846.

To Rent,

For the ensuing year, the *HOUSE*, on the Main street, at present occupied by Mr T C Pinkind.

GEORGE VICKERS,
JAS MANSFIELD.

Chester Town, Sept. 1, 1846.

CAPS.

An assortment of "silk lined" cloth, fur band, glazed, velvet, children's spring band caps for sale by

WICKES & BRO.

Sept. 26th, 1846.

Eastern Shore Bacon

FOR SALE—A lot of Hams, at 10c per lb—Middlings a 8, and Shoulders at 7c, for the cash, by

WILMER & NICOLS.

September 12th, 1846.

CALICOES

Large stock of beautiful figure and fine texture—just opened and for sale at 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18 cts. &c. by

WICKES & BRO.

Oct. 3d, 1846.

SADDLES $4,00 *TO* $12,00. Riding bridles, 50c to $1.75; leather collars 62½ to 75c; blind bridles 62½ to 87½c; martingales; whips; thongs; girths, &c.—Large stock, just received and for sale by

T. W. ELIASON.

Sept. 19th, 1846.

OIL CLOTH TABLE COVERS, for sale low by

T. W. ELIASON.

GREAT BARGAINS,

IN HATS AND CAPS,

At the old established

CHEAP HAT AND CAP STORE,
No. 196 Market st. 2d door below Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.

We extend a general invitation to the citizens of Chester Town and its vicinity, as well as to all others, to our store. We have on hand a large and complete assortment of Hats and Caps of every style and variety, which we are selling full one-fourth lower than the usual prices, namely:

Extra superior Beaver Hats, from		$2.50 to $3.50
" " Brush "	"	2.00 to 3.00
" " Silk "	"	1.25 to 2.00
" " Moleskin "	"	2.50 only, usual price $4.

Good hats as low as $1.25 and upwards. Also, a complete stock of Caps, cloth, fur trimmed, glazed, silk oil cloth, velvet and fancy Caps; fine otter, Shetland fur seal, musk rat, hair seal caps, &c. &c. at lower prices than they can possibly be had elsewhere. From our extensive sales, we can sell for a smaller profit than others can.—Call and be satisfied, it is to your interest.

Merchants, Storekeepers, Hatters and others, who buy to sell again, supplied on reasonable terms. Be sure and call at No. 196 Market street, 2d door below Sixth st.

GARDEN & BRON.

September 5th, 1846. 3m

New Wholesale DRUGSTORE.

CANBY & BARTLETT beg leave respectfully to inform dealers and others, in this vicinity, that they have recently established, at the *N. W. corner of Light and Lombard streets, Baltimore,* a WHOLESALE DRUG ESTABLISHMENT where they have now on hand, and intend keeping, a complete and extensive assortment of entire fresh Drugs and Medicines, as well as Paints, Oils, Glass, Dyestuffs, &c. laid in at prices that will enable them to furnish persons dealing in Drugs, &c. with every article in that line, on certainly as good terms, and of as fine quality, as can be obtained from any other establishment, either in Baltimore or elsewhere.—They are also the manufacturers and venders of Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Wright's Worm Mixture, and Lee's Family Medicines.

THOMAS Y. CANBY,
late of the firm of Stabler & Canby.
WM. A. BARTLETT.

September 5th, 1846. 6m

FALL DRY GOODS.

WE have now on hand a desirable assortment of FALL DRY GOODS, which have been selected in this, and the eastern cities, and which we will sell low for cash, or on the usual terms, to punctual dealers. Country merchants and dealers generally, are invited to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. In our stock wi be found the following goods, viz:

Super and extra cloths and cassimeres
Merino, velvet, valencia silk and satin vestings
Pilot and beaver cloths and flushings
Cadet, steel mix'd, blue, drab and brown sattinetts
Kentucky jeans, fulled linseys and kerseys
Plaid and striped linseys and baizes
Geno cords and buffalo cloths
10, 11, 12 and 13-4 rose and Whitney blankets
Heavy white and colored blankets for negroes
Bl'k, colored and shaded alpacas
Twilled and plain Earlston ginghams
Cashmeres and mouselin de'lains
Linen cambric and linen cambric hdkfs
Brown and white table cloths and napkins
White, red, yellow and green flannels
Brown and white Canton flannels
Hosiery, gloves and suspenders
Gilt, lasting and bone buttons
Madrass, Britannia and domestic hdkfs
Silk and col'd bordered linen cambric do
Barcelona and Italian cravats
Stay bindings and galloons
Pins, needles, tapes and bobbins
Cap edgings and nettings
Blanket, mouselin de'lane and cashmere shawls
Splendid Turkeri and Edinburg do
Bed ticks, checks and plaids

Together with a large assortment of prints and brown and white shirtings and sheetings.

SIMMONS & BROTHER,
corner of High and Gay sts. Balto.

Sept. 19th, 1846. 3m

WOOLCARDING *AND* MANUFACTURING.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully inform his friends and the public, that his *WOOLLEN FACTORY* is now in operation. His prices are, for carding twice through 7 cts. once, 5 cts. for manufacture, 30 cts per yard; or two lbs. washed wool for yard cloth, or three lbs. in the grease.

WM. BACCHUS.

June 13th, 1846. tf

CLOTHS.

Fine "olive brown," a beautiful article; an assortment black, blue, invisible green and gray cloths—just opened and for sale low by

WICKES & BRO.

Sept 26th, 1846.

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.

The Living and the Dead.

Written for the Metropolitan,
BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood within the cottage door
One sunny morn in May,
Its feeble inmate, old and poor,
In death's embraces lay;
And o'er the corpse a maiden fair
Inclined her bright young head,
Closely they held communion there—
The Living and the Dead!

The Dead—how rigid was that form,
How fixed those glassy eyes!
The Living—that soft cheek was warm
With rich and roseate dyes;
Dark ringlets o'er her forehead white
In wild luxuriance broke;
And from her eye's deep azure light
The soul within her spoke.

She dwelt in glittering halls of state,
Yet these she valued not,
Loving to leave the gay and great,
And seek the rustic cot;
And often had she knelt and prayed
Beside that lowly bed,
Where now impatient love she stay'd,
Abiding with the Dead.

There, with inquiring eyes she stood,
Those pale change looks to trace,
While here soft ebon tresses flow'd
O'er the cold lifeless face;
And earnestly I watch'd the scene,
Nor moved, nor spoke—in dread
To break the holy bond between
The Living and the Dead!

I wept—in heaviness I wept;
Not for the cottage dame
Who there securely calmly slept—
Her worn and feeble frame
Reposed in peace—I knew her mind
Had Christian faith possest,
And freely, gladly I resign'd
The weary to her rest.

But she, that gentle girl, might yet
Brook dire and bitter wrong,
Her name aspersed, her peace beset
By Slander's serpent tongue;
Alas! the world, to work our ill,
For ever lies in wait,
And they who shun its love, must still
Be followed by its hate.

Or worse, far worse than wrongs or taunts,
Temptations spell might win
Those footsteps to the treacherous haunts
Of vanity and sin;
She by another's dying bed,
Unwearied love had shown;
Oh! might she not hereafter need
Some friend to smoothe her own?

I started—strangers came around,
They viewed my streaming eyes,
And said that her I mourned, had found
A refuge in the skies:
And silently I left the place,
Nor recked they that I shed
Tears for the maid of noble race.
Who stood beside the Dead!

The Fall Races.

O! did you hear the bugle blast,
From the Empire State on Tuesday last,
A race! a race!—With furious bound
The steeds dashed forward o'er the ground.
"Be sure you (*Wright*, then go ahead"
The locos to their courser said,
While all the whigs full londly sung,
And bade theirs "go it while you're *Young*."
The latter horse well trained and nurst
(The "*Courier*" *curried* down the first,)
Swept swifty on o'er dell and ridge,
And ere he crossed Cayuga bridge,
He left his rival drear and lone,
By "*Hunkers*" on his *hunkers* thrown.
Poor horse he felt sad and forlorn
In a *rent* by *Anti*-Renters torn—
A *rent* that will take far more stitches
Than mended th' *breach* in Marcy's *breeches*.

The victor "colt" steps boldly forth
Hailed with loud shouts from South to North.
In "forty-eight" the beaten horse
Had meant to try a "4 mile" course.
Alas! alas! poor *Wright* you're wrong,
"The game is up"—and so's the song.

LOVE RHYMES.—It is singular how much amatory poetry is written before marriage, and how little after it. One may have but little of "the vision and the faculty divine," but on falling in love he finds that he is not without the "accomplishment of verse." This lets us into the secret why there are so many unsuccessful wooers. "Sir," said a lady to a gentleman who had addressed to her a copy of verses, and who afterwards solicited the honor of her hand—"Sir, I admire your person and esteem your character; your manners are pleasing, and your disposition engaging—but—but *your poetry is execrable*. I could never love a writer of such verses."

☞A man down East has invented yellow spectacles for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving in expense, if worn while eating.

SELECT TALES.

THE STRAW HAT,

OR

THE FRUITS OF BENEVOLENCE.

Written for the Symbol and Odd Fellows Magazine,

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

In one of the morning papers not long since appeared the following singular advertisement:

"A lady is desirous of obtaining for a short time the sum of one thousand dollars. Any gentleman who would be willing to advance this sum without security, will oblige the advertiser by addressing L. L. M. through the Post office. Circumstances of an extraordinary and peculiar nature have compelled the advertiser to resort to this step."

This advertisement created no little sensation among monied bachelors with generous temperaments. Many a confirmed Cœlebs began to think of bright eyes and matrimony. That the advertiser was young and pretty there could be no doubt thought they all. For what plain lady would presume to ask such a preposterous favor of a man as one thousand dollars *without* security! Pretty ladies, a handsome widow, for instance, might do it, but no one else.

No one was more profoundly moved by this advertisement than Neal Neville, Esq., though not exactly in the same way and for the same motives. This gentleman was a bachelor of forty; well preserved, and without a grey hair; for every morning he carefully extracted such untimely intruders from his dark brown locks and silky whiskers with a pair of tweezers.—He was a man of cheerful temper, and his face therefore had few wrinkles. He might have been taken for no more than two and thirty. His person was well made and comport, something tall and inclined, the least in the world to corpulency. He was very handsome, that is the ladies call him so, with a clear florid complexion, fine teeth and an agreeable smile and voice. He was a lawyer by profession, but having inherited from an aunt a good fortune, he gave himself little trouble about briefs and fees, being contentionally a lover of ease and a great patern of indolence, lounges and cigars. His 'sign' nevertheless kept its place among the hosts of signs of the living and dead that crowd the facade of the black granite law building in Court street.

Neal Neville though endowed with every quality of mind and person to win the female heart, had unaccountably to his friends and to numerous fair aspirants for his hand, remained until he had now got a full lustre past the half-way stone of his three-score ten years. He was, nevertheless, what is called a "lady's man." He had leisure, and this he devoted to the sex. At an opera he was seen ushering into the boxes the brighest beauties in town. If there was a Concert, Neal Neville was present with a smiling belle on either arm. In Washington street he never walked alone, and at every third step he raised his hat to some beautiful girl or dashing widow. Yet he never proposed. Nobody ever heard of his having been in love; and the ladies at length despaired! But so long as neither of them caught the butterfly, there was no envy or cold looks, and his presence always brought smiles to the lips of those who no longer thought of him except as a friend and gallant for the street, concert, or drive.

Thus this happy, handsome, rich, young old bachelor fully realized the desire contained in the well-known song,—

"I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Living where roses and violets meet—
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all the birds that are pretty and sweet."

The apartments occupied by our butterfly of forty years experience, were at the Tremont. It is not therefore needful to say that he was lodged very luxuriously, and that his rooms were in every respect well appointed. Mirrors and sofas, a velvet divan, and voluptuous easy chairs on rockers, were but a part of the means assembled to make him comfortable and at home. But the bachelor was by no means comfortable, and he never felt at home.—There was something wanting, and his conscience told him it was a wife. He would lay late of mornings, read newspapers an hour over his coffee, linger long at his dinner, and plunge into every variety of amusement in the afternoon and evening to keep from feeling the loneliness of his bachelor chambers. He never liked to be in them unless he had a friend; and when that friend got up to go, he would take his hat and go with him! He felt the need of a wife, and therefore he sought and was only happy in ladies' society. Why then, possessing all marrying advantages, did he not take to himself a daughter of Eve and end his misery? That is a question a great many beautiful girls and handsome widows of his acquaintance put to themselves, but which they were not satisfactorily to answer. Fortunately it is in our power to reply to it.

Up to Mr. Neville's thirty fourth year, he had got along without much solicitude about marrying. He fell himself still young and that there was time enough; nevertheless he kept his eyes about him and was on the look out for some one to whom he might unite his destiny. But being fastidious, and requiring a high order of perfections, he was not easily satisfied. One was a little too short, another a little too tall, another walked too fast, another too slow, one was too lively, another too sober, one had a nose with a high bridge in it, and another nose with no bridge at all and a third had a saucy turn up at the end. One laced too tight and he feared she would die on his hands of consumption; and another was too fat, and he apprehended apoplexy! We might go on with the enumeration without end. Neal Neville, Esq., seemed destined never to marry. But when he had as we have said, reached his thirty fourth year, chance threw in his way a small piece of perfection of woman kind. She seemed faultless to his eye and taste,—not that he kissed her as the butterfly in the song did the flowers! He was at Nahant, lazily lying upon a rock fishing for gudgeon or any other fish that might be foolish enough to bite, when he was startled by seeing a straw hat and ribbons flying directly before his eyes, and after a gyration or two through the air, light gentle upon the water and there float. It was a lady's hat, and a lady must be near. Up he sprung and looked around him, (for the place was somewhat retired,) and he saw too ladies, one of them bonnetless, and both running towards the spot where the hat was cradled upon the waves. The one who had lost the hat ran like a fawn, bounding lightly from rock to rock, laughing as she flew, her golden brown tresses dancing in the wind, and her countenance flushed with health and excitement.

Our bachelor stood entranced. Such a beautiful creature had never before met his eyes.

"My hat, sir, my hat!" she cried, in a voice of music, like a silver trumpet sounding down the winds. Her voice recalled him to himself. With characterizing gallantry he bounded down the steep rock, and with his long fishing pole fished up just in time the sinking straw hat, heavy with a briny fluid, which dropped from it as from a seive.

"What a condition!" she said merrily, as she took it from the end of the pole, for she stood several feet above on the rock; and he had to reach it up to her.

"Sir, I am very grateful to you! The rude, saucy wind took it off and bore it without ceremony! Indeed, sir, if you had not fished it out for me, I should have had my complexion spoiled. Have you caught any fish, sir? I hope my hat has not scared the fishes away!"

"No, I assure you. It would have an attractive power. I have caught no fish; I am satisfied with having caught so fair a prize as your hat."

'You are very gallant, sir. Come Julia, our party will think we have fallen from the cliff. Good morning sir!'

And before the fisher could speak to say he hardly knew what, but only with one idea desiring to have her always present, she was far away bounding like a sylph along the ridge of the rocks; and was the next moment hidden from his sight. He had been bewitched by the witching girl, and stood awhile with his fishing-rod in one hand, and his cap in the other, like a —— like a—— we won't say "fool" exactly, but looking very foolish. As soon as he had recovered his senses he started in pursuit, resolved to ascertain who she was. But no where could he discern her. All day he was in pursuit, and he could see nor hear any thing from her. From that time there was a change very perceptible to his friends in Neal Neville, Esq.—He was sentimental, wrote poetry for magazines, and strayed about of moonlight nights. But this wore off in time, and he became himself again; but the face of the beautiful unknown was so indelibly impressed upon his heart and momentary, that there was no place there for any other.—The world knew not the secret, and many a fair maiden secretly accused him of being cold and hollow hearted, when unknown to her the purest flame of devotion to one of the sex burned on the alter of his heart.

Having now acquited Neal Neville, Esq of this serious charge we will proceed to our story. He was a generous man. Liberal to a fault he gave to the poor and the needy, and blessed with his benevolent donations many a roof of poverty. He delighted in seeking out worthy young men and placing them in business; and he was a public benefactor of the poor and industrious sewing-girl. Such an advertisement, therefore, as that with which we have prefaced our tale, could not fail to attract his eye and more his benevolent feelings, ever alive to any calls of misfortune. He was lounging on a divan, taking his coffee and reading a newspaper together as was his custom—now a sip of coffee, now a paragraph, than a bite of toast and then a dozen lines. In this manner he came upon the advertisement. It at once dissipated all his ennui, for he felt particularly dull that morning, and an opportunity of doing good always made him better and happier. He read over three times and then seemed to dwell upon it and endeavor to be guessing at the circumstances which could have produced such an advertisement in the public Gazette.

'No matter what they are; it is plain that a cloud hangs over some one's heart; it is my power to remove it; she is a woman too; this is appeal enough. She may be young and beautiful. She may be old and infirm; and in this case much more may my aid be needed. I will respond to the advertisement, and see the issue.'

With this noble sentiment he took a pen and wrote as follows:

'MADAM:

Your advertisement has met the eye of one who is able to serve you, if you can show that the circumstances of which you speak are such as to render his assistance judicious. A reply addressed to Box No. ——, informing me where I can have an interview with you, will receive prompt attention.

To L. L. M."

This note he at once despatched to the post office. In the afternoon of the same day he found in his letter box the following note:

Sir:—

Your kindness commands my gratitude. If, as I cannot but believe you are sincere in your feelings, you can have the interview you request, by calling at No.——Sudbury street.

L. L. M.'

Mr. Neville knew this street to be a retired and by no means a fashionable street, though none the less respectable. But he did not expect to find in fashionable life a person advertising thus for a loan. He took his way to the street and found the house to be an antiquated mansion of the last century, with a bronzed lion's head for the door knocker. In appearance it was evidently once the residence of an old and distinguished colonial family. He knocked and a woman that seemed in the condition of a servant opened the door. On asking for the lady who had advertised, she showed him into a small wainscoted room on the left. A patch work covered the floor; old high backed chairs stood stiffly around the room; a black beaufet stood in one corner, and one or two portraits of a gentleman of a former age, in queues and ruffs, hung on the walls. The air of every thing was genteel and respectable. He had time to make these observations, when the door opened and a female entered, in mourning and deeply veiled.

She gracefully courtesied, and said with a silvery voice, that strangely thrilled his soul:

'Pardon me sir, if I do not unveil! If you decline to grant my wishes, I do not desire you to know whose request you have refused, lest we meet again! My object in advertising as I have done, I will briefly explain to you. I am a southerner. I married the son of a lady who dwells here.—He was descended from of one the crown Governors of this Province, But was not rich. He went south, and he became unfortunate, and lost all my property with his own!—We came north. He dwelt here with his mother, and here we lived retired from society. He prevailed on her to make over to him this house, and all she was worth. I shrink at the exposure of his act, but it is needful you should know the circumstances sir. He got the property unknown to me, and lost it all in a few weeks by gambling. He then became desperate, and giving himself up to intemperance, he soon died. This was about a year since. I was left destitute and remained here, my mother-in-law giving me an asylum. She, as well as I were ignorant until yesterday, that he had mortgaged the whole property obtained from his mother.'

'Mortgaged it!' exclaimed Mr. Neville, deeply interested.

'Yes, sir. Yesterday morning the mortgage came to say that one thousand dollars were due upon, it and that, unless paid within three days, the whole should be sold. I did not feel so much for myself as for the venerable lady who was thus to be cast into the street. In the impulse of a moment, I sat down wrote and sent the advertisement to the Gazette, hoping against hope that I might meet the eye of some benevolent person, through whose aid this calamity would be averted.'

She ceased weeping and trembling with the deepest embarrassment.

'I will advance the money, madam. The mortgage I myself will assume for the present. Let your fears be allayed. Will you do me the kindness to raise your veil?' All the while you have been speaking your voice has seemed familiar.'

She gracefully yet modestly obeyed, and he beheld the lovely features of the unknown.

'Can it be possibly!' he exclaimed. 'This is a moment of happiness I did not anticipate. Do you recognize me?'

'Yes sir. You rescued my straw hat from the water with your fishing-pole. I have never forgotten you!'

'Oh that we had met before you were married. But I trust—'

He blushed, and with an embarrased air, added.

'Pardon me. I have long remembered you, and have daily hoped to meet you again.'

The lovely widow hung her beautiful head, gently smiled, and suffered him to take her hand and press it to his lips.

That day three months, to the surprise of every lady of his acquaintance, Neal Neville, Esq. became the happy husband of the fair advertiser. True benevolence never goes unawarded.

ASSIDUITY AND PERSEVERENCE.—The most usual way among young men who have no resolutions of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life, but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverence and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age.

QUEER CALCULATION.—The Editor of the Yankee Blade says:—"It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States, under five years old, together; they would make a pretty little collection of 2,400,000 What a squall there would be, should they all cry out at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them!"