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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

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

VOL. 7. CHESTER TOWN, MD. FEBRUARY 13, 1847. NO. 42.

MARYLAND,

Kent county, Orphan's Court, January 19th, 1846.

On the application of Mary P. Turner, Ex'x William Turner, 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.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand [Seal] and the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of January, 1847.

Test, EBEN'R WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Willam Turner, late of Kent county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before the 30th of July, 1847, they may otherwise be excluded from a benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 19th day of January, 1847

MARY P. TURNER, Ex'tx
of William Turner, dec'd.

January 30, 1847. 3w

NOTICE.

The subscriber informs the public that he has opened a shop as a

House Carpenter,

at the corner House in Chester Town, on the front street, near Mr. Jas Jurney's where he will be prepared to receive all orders in his line of business. In addition to such work as can be executed in his shop, he will be glad to receive orders for county work. His terms will be moderate, and in accordance with the scarcity of money and the 'badness' of the times.

☞Coffins will be made on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN MANSFIELD.

Chester Town, }
Jan'y 23, } 4w

Carriage and Harness MANUFACTORY.

T. & O. P. JONES,

Fashionable COACH MAKERS,



Would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they are constantly manufacturing CARRIAGES of almost every description of style and patern, all of which they will sell cheap and on accommodating terms.—Persons in want of good Carriages are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Old carriages taken in exchange.

N. B. Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

Chester Town, May 30th, 1846. tf

TAILORING.

THE undersigned respectfully informs their friends and the public, that they have taken the shop formerly occupied by Major Benjamin Vanhorn deceased, two doors below Mr. Westcott's store, where they will carry on the above business. All work warranted to be made in the best manner, to fit, and at the shortest notice. They hope, by close application to business, to receive a share of public patronage. ☞Cutting &c. also done at the shortest notice.

W. J. CRUIKSHANK,
EBEN. NEAL.

Chester Town, }
Jan. 9, 1847. }

NOTICE.

Dr. Ricaud has removed his residence to Mrs. Corner and will continue the practice of medicine and surgery. Special attention will be devoted to diseases of women and children.

Office hours 8, to 9, A. M. 1, to 2, P. M. winter and spring. do do 6, to 7, A. M. to 7, P. M. summer and fall.

N. B. All persons indebted for professional services are requested to make immediate payment.

Jan. 16, 1847.

GROCERIES.

T. W. ELIASON,

a large stock of Groceries, received from Philadelphia and Baltimore for sale at small advance for cash or produce.

Brown Sugar. 9 to 11 cts.; best double refined Loaf Sugar; good molasses 31 cts; best teas 75 to 1 00 *Best mould Candles* 12½; best hard soap 5 6 cts. Laguira and Rio Coffee, spices, rice, starch, tobacco, lard, bacon, etc.

Dec 19, 1846

CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.

Super French and Belgian "doeskin" and black cassimeres; handsome styles do; cut velvet; fine silk, satin, cassimere and merino vestings; an assortment of fancy goods that are rarely brought to market. Gentlemen are requested to call and examine.

WICKES & BRO.

Dec 26th, 1846.

HARD TIMES—for sale at 12½ cts. by WILMER & NICOLS.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS.

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first sixmonths

☞For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.



POETRY.

GO FORTH INTO THE COUNTRY.

From the Dublin Universal Magazine.

Go forth into the country,
From a world of care and guile;
Go forth to the untainted air.
And the sunshine's open smile;
It shall clear thy clouded brow—
It shall loose the worldly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil!

Go forth into the country,
Where gladsome sights and sounds
Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap
With fresher, quicker bounds.
They shall wake fresh life within
The mind's enchanted bower;
Go, student of the midnight lamp,
And try thy magic power.

Go forth into the country,
With its songs of happy birds,
Its fertile vales, its grasy hills,
Alive with flocks and herds.
Against the power of sadness
Is its magic all arrayed-
Go forth and dream no idle dreams,
Oh, visionary maid!

Go forth into the country,
Where the nuts' rich clusters grow,
Where the strawb'ry nestles' mid the furze,
And the holly-berries glow.
Each season hath its treasures,
Like, the air, all free and wild—
Who would keep thee from the country,
Thou happy, artless child!

Go forth into the country!
It hath many a solemn grove,
And many an altar on its hills,
Sacred to peace and love.
And whilst with grateful fervor
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the God who made it all,
Oh, holy Christian man!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPERS?

Why don't you take the papers?
They are the life of my delight,
Except about christmas times,
And then I read for spite!

Subscribe, you cannot loose a cent,
Depend the advice is good;
For cash thus spent is money lent
On interest four-fold paid.

An old newsmonger friend of mine
While dying of the cough,
Desired to hear the latest news;
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force,
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse!

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer's visage sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the Printer too.

A SERMON

ON DRINKING AND THINKING.

BY DOW, JR.,

Of the New York Mercury.

I have selected the following as a text to my present discourse:

If a man would be dry, let him drink, drink, drink,
If a man would be wise, let him think, think, think,
If a man would be rich, he must work, work, work,
If he would be fat, eat pork, pork, pork.

But if

A man with ease would study, he must eat, eat, eat,
But if he ate dinner of his meat, meat, meat,
And a youth to be distinguished in his art, art, art,
Must keep the girls away from his heart, heart, heart.

My hearers—to keep continually dry always wear an oil cloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practice rum drinking. The first two articles, however, are only essential in protecting the outside from superabundent moisture, but the latter keeps the inside as dry as a stove-pipe. I never knew a drinker but was eternally dry—dry in all kinds of weather. He goes to bed dry, gets up dry, and keeps himself dry through the day. It's not to be wondered at; for how can he be otherwise than dry, when he keeps the blue blazes of hell constantly burning in his bosom, by pouring double distilled damnation down his throat. In fact, my friends, the drunkard is forever dry. The more he drinks the drier he grows: on his death bed he cries for "one more drink for the last," and then goes out of the world as thirsty as though he had lived on codfish all the days of his life. I shouldn't much wonder if he called for a cocktail at the Bar of Judgment; and there is no doubt but he would prefer going to Tophet to abiding in Heaven, if they only sold liquor there!

My friends—if you would be wise, you must think, think, think. It's a matter of doubt to me whether highly fools or intelligent dogs do the most thinking. You perhaps, think you think as much as the greatest philosophers, but the deuce of it, is, what do you think about, and what does it amount to? The gems of wisdom lie deeply buried, and they can only be obtained by great mental toil. You must dig for them, like a dog for a woodchuck, or you don't get them. The beginning of wisdom, said my old friend Solomon, (and he knew a thing or two,) is the fear of the Lord—to which I will add: a detiance of devil, the doctor, and the sheriff.

My brethren—if you would be rich, you must work—work like new cider. Idleness works big holes through one's coat, jacket and trowsers, and never provides means to mend them. You must get it—By bodily and brainly exertion, remove every obstacle that Doubt and Fear have implanted in your paths—blast, if necessary, the rock of salvation—and you will acquire riches; but look out that you don't bring a plague upon your peace, and lose your own soul at last.

My worthy friends—if you would be fat, eat pork and every other kind of adipose matter; and you will get as fat as a hog, and twice as stupid. I have nothing further to say on this point.

But if, my hearers, you would study with ease, and have the mind as active as a squirrel in a cage, you must be careful not to weary the stomach with an overload of meat and vegetables. The brains and the belly are near neighbors—chum companions. They are so identified, that what ever affects the one, is sure to move the other. Fancy wont stay about the premises while a cart load of roast beef and plum pudding is undergoing the process of digestion; and Imagination takes wing to get out of smelling distance of the disgustful mass. To think clearly, you must eat little and stir your stumps.

My young friends—if you would make much headway in the world, and arrive at any degree of proficiency in your trade or taking, you must keep the girls away from your heart. They are troublesome insects, you all know, but you mustn't let them bother you when business demands your undivided attention. Better marry them at once—commit matrimonial suicide—than allow them to plague you for a moment.—So mote it be!

An Awful Discovery!

One evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warren, the master of the Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of ice bergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side and within a mile of his vessel, they were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow colored peaks appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blockaded up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous, thundering, grinding, and crushing noise, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion.—The vessel received violent shocks every moment; but the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated and Capt. Warren found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warren from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into the boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in ice 17 days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warren, and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word.—On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate.—Seated on the floor was a corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Capt. Warren was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.

He therefore carried away the log-book mentioned, and, returning to his own ship, immediately steered to the southward deeply impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting the vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and, by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.—*Westminster, (England) Review.*

The Three Million Appropriation.

The Bill reported from the committee of Foreign Relations in the U S Senate, appropriating three millions of dollars for the use of the President to be employed by him in bringing the Mexican war to a conclusion, is drawn up in the following words:

Be it enacted, &c, That a sum of money, not exceeding three millions of dollars, be, and the same is hereby appropriated, for the purpose of defraying any extraordinary expenses which may be incurred in order to bring the existing war with Mexico to a speedy and honorable conclusion, to be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, and to be applied under the direction of the President of the United States, who shall cause an account of the expenditure thereof to be laid before Congress as soon as may be.

The speech of Mr. Sevier, Chairman of the Committee, who urged the passage of this bill, discloses for the first time, officially, the specific designs for which the war with Mexico has been waged. That it was to be made a war of conquest the public have generally believed; the extent of the contemplated acquisitions of Mexican territory is now made known. Mr Sevier was not authorised "to state precisely what territory this Government would require; *but he supposed that no Senator would think they ought to get less than New Mexico and Upper California. He did not suppose that a treaty of peace with less than this would ever pass that body.*"

The speech of the Senator contains other disclosures. It has long been a matter of doubt how the President was to use the money which he asked Congress to entrust to his disposal—two millions last session, now three millions. If Mexico were willing to negotiate with us at all, for peace, and it should be deemed proper to pay money to her as a consideration for territory to be acquired, a stipulation to that effect for the requisite sum would find its appropriate place in the treaty itself. What need of ready money? What need, especially, of money to be paid in advance? To whom is it to be given? For what particular purpose? These questions have not found answers. But Mr. Sevier gives some intimations which may serve as answers.

It appears that certain documents, comprising an official correspondence relative to the affairs of Mexico, have been laid before the Committee by the President of the United States. "It would not be expected, however, that the President, or any body else," we quote Mr. Sevier, "would be required to give the names of those who imparted this information; for it would be a breach of confidence to do so." Upon this basis the appropriation is solicited. "The intelligence possessed by the President," says Mr Sevier, speaking for himself and the committee, "gave them reason to believe that, upon a certain advance to be made to them (the Mexicans) to pay the expenses of their army and other expenses, they would be willing to cede that portion of their country which he had named." There it stands—there it stands in black and white.

It may be fairly inferred that the assurances to which Mr. Sevier alludes come from Santa Anna, directly or indirectly.—The significant passage in Mr. Polk's Message concerning that personage receives now its explanation: "*It remains to be seen*" says the President, "*whether his return may not prove to be favorable to a pacific adjustment of the existing difficulties.*" Mr. Polk still believes in Santa Anna. The President of the United States trusts to a secret understanding with the leader of our enemies, for a conclusion of the war, rather than to the valor of our troops or the might of our arms. In this confidence he has furnished the Mexicans with a General, and he would now supply them with money to pay their soldiers. Did weakness ever show itself more infatuated? Was there ever such an exhibition of petty cunning blinded by the conceit of its own artifices? And this is to be styled *Statesmanship!*

If Congress should entrust this money to Mr. Polk, there is no doubt of Santa Anna's readiness to take it. He will take the three millions and as much more; he will have no scruples in taking enough to pay his army, put it in full equipment, and raise it to twice its present force; he will be willing to accept enough to double his batteries of artillery, replenish his magazines, and supply arms to the whole Mexican population.

It is not a very gratifying thing to our national pride to see an Administration, which started with a grand air to "conquer a peace" with Mexico, now become so anxious and eager to buy one. We were told that Mexico would have to pay all the expenses of the war, as well as the indemnity due to our citizens, and that she would have to pay the whole aggregate in land—in territory. Now it appears that we are to pay money to her—pay it in advance, too, with no guarantee of a consideration but Santa Anna's promise—which, worthless as it is, may after all be no promise at all.—*Balt. American.*

THE FISHERIES OF CECIL COUNTY, MD.—The Cecil Whig gives some interesting statistics of the fisheries in that county.—From careful enquiry, it supposes the following estimates are nearly correct.

In the county there are about 60 fisheries, which pay an annual rent of about $20,000, and employ about 2.000 men, who receive each Spring, in wages, about $30 000, and consume provisions amounting to $13.250. The value of materials on these shores is about $52 700. The sales of fresh fish amount each Spring to about $71.100. There are salted up, of herring, about 37.500 bbls. which sell for about $100.000. Of shad there are salted about 750 bbls. which at $6 per bbl. are worth $4.500.

From the above it will be observed that the sales of fish amount to upwards of $175.000, nearly all of which comes into the county from abroad, and is finally mostly distributed among our citizens. The coopers alone, who make for the fishermen nearly 40 000 barrels, get a large sum—farmers, workingmen, and all, are largely benefitted by the annual calls of the finny visitants. Verily, there are great riches in the sea.

Indian Corn in Europe.

The New York Express gives the following facts relative to the recent operations in Corn in Europe:

The introduction of Indian Corn into Europe has been most successful. It is not only a favorite article of food in Ireland, but in England, Scotland and France. By the last accounts it was selling for nearly, or quite, $2 per bushel, and it was brought up with avidity at that price. All the shipments that have been made from this country have paid the shippers an enormous profit. We have seen several accounts of sales, which, after deducting every cost and charge, left the shipper $1 20 a bushel, which, on Corn shipped at 60 cents, left a net profit of 100 per cent. We have very little idea here of an article reaching such an enormous cost, as Corn at $2 a bushel, or about 4 cents a pound. Our average price even here is seldom over 55 cents, or a cent a pound, and in the Western States it is well sold at half this sum.

From the present appearance the demand for Corn for six months to come must be very great. It is a favorite food, and is admitted into England at a nominal duty of about three cents a bushel, a small sum compared with Flour and other Grain.

Eloquence.

The following is an extract from an oration of a gentleman in Missouri, delivered in the meeting house on the glorious 4th of July:

"Fellow Citizens: Shouts of victory come up from the neighboring mashes—the cry of freedom deepens the voice of nature, and all nature sings aloud for joy! On this glorious occasions I have not words to express the sentiments of my mind—when I think of the great doings of our posterions how they licked the British, and my father was in the army, and I was not born, my m ther warn't courted yet, and the country was freed from British slavery by the glorious arms of Jefferson and General Jackson. On this day I call upon you to gird on your swords and beat your spears into plough shares and cry aloud and spar not. On this day let the cannons roar aloud—let the flags be waited on high—let the gleaming of your swords dash in the rays of the sun—let the shouts of freedom fill the air—let the trumpet send forth its blasting strains—and let the gentlemen who borrowed my umbrella bring it back again as soon as possible!"

A New Cordial.

Sam Jonsing and Pete Gumbo met last evening, says the New Orleans Delta, on the Neutral Ground. Their mutual greetings were most cordial, for they had not had an interview before for fully a month.

"Wha, wha, Sam," said Pete, "I's so glad to see you—I's just as glad as a half a dollar."

"I's mutually situated in that despec, Misser Gumbo," said Sam.

"Now, Misser Jonsing," said Pete, "since I hab de ferlicity to meets you promiscuous, I spose I may take de liberties ob propers poundin' a question dat don't come under de radius ob de circle of my comprehension."

"If Misser Gumbo puts his question in a logercal form,' says Sam, "ob course I dispounds it."

"Ob course," said Pete, "dat am a consequence, and now I axes you most despectfully, what kind of a liquor am this *entente cordiale* what Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe hab taken de pledg against? I know they doesn't sell it whar Missus buys her groceries, 'cause I enquired."

"Ob course dey don't," said Sam, "but it's a prime article, I tells you. There ain't only two men what can make it, and dey is called prime Ministers; the one is Masser Goodrico, and the tother am Masser Palmerr stun."

"Den," said Pete, "dat accounts for de scarcity ob de article in de market."

PRINTER'S CELEBRATION.—The Printers of Washington City recently had a celebration, at which many good things were said, and among the rest, Mr. George B. Wallace remarked, that when travelling as a journeyman he arrived at a Dutch tavern, the host of which undertook to guess the traveller's occupation:

"You aint no dentist, nor krenolojus, (phrenologist,) nor book agent, nor chenteel shoemaker; well, than, vat in ter tifel are you?" "An humble disciple of Faust, a professor of the art preservative of all arts, the typographical art, that is, the black art, sir." "Vot is dat, for God sake, vot is dat?" "A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers." "A brinter," echoed the German, reaching out his hand, "a man vot brints pooks and loose-babers, hey! Chacob, take the gentleman's pack off, Chon, puild up a good fire. Valk in, sir, do valk in. Sally, put the kittle on, and we'll all take tea. (Great laughter.) A brinter hey—I vish I may be tam, if I d.dn't think you vas a tailor!"

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Bulwer the novelist, very beautifully says—"Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not of until the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature herself turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within, it assumes a new and superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed, whatever its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God's empire, and from his throne he will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth and struggling on the dim area of a human heart all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of arch angels are on its side, and from sphere to sphere through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of the Creator."

AID AND COMFORT.—*Sambo*—Pete, wot you tink Massa Polk mean by "gibin aid and comfort to de Mexicans?"

Pete—Well I doesn't know prezackly!

Sambo—Why you dumb nigga. Guess you must be acquainted with mud run history. *Aid* means lettin Santa Anna run de blockade, to help de Mexicans fight General Taylor.

Pete—Well, what be de *comfort?*

Sambo—Why de two million dollars Polk ax Congress to gib him last summer, to hand ober to Santa Anna. But guess Massa Polk didn't ketch Congress asleep dat time he didn't got de shinners. Yah! yah! yah!

ONE of the funniest Conundrums the other evening, was the following: "Why is the Piano like a man asking his wife for desert after dinner? Because he says, I'll take that *Pie Anna*." We wonder, however, that the author of it did not carry out the joke, and place it thus: Why is the Piano-forte to night like a gentleman requesting his wife to give him some pastry in the evening? Because he says: "I'll take that *Pie-Anna for-tea*."—*Phil. Times.*

An honest son of Hibernia was asked the other day how many children he had.—"Faith," says he, "I have three sons and each of them has a sister." Quere—how many *daughters* has he?

FORCIBLE FIGURE.—An observant editor down south says—"The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass toward a peck of oats!"

"Is that clock right, over there?" asked a visitor, the other day.

"Right over there?" said the boy: "tain't nowhere else!"

A paper called the "Yankee Doodle," in giving the New York household market, says—"*Babies* are easy, and *holders* are much relieved."