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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. MARCH 20, 1847. NO. 47.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Steam Iron Railing Factory, RIDGE ROAD, ABOVE BUTTONWOOD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

AT THIS establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns for

IRON RAILINGS

in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Ware-Room is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made IRON RAILINGS, ORNAMENTAL IRON SETTEES, IRON CHAIRS, new style plain and ornamental IRON GATES, with an extensive assortment of IRON POSTS, PEDESTALS, IRON ARBORS, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose whole attention is devoted to the business—forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor,
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood St.
Philadelphia, February 6. 1847. 5m.

Hover's First Premium Ink. No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet, Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

Drugs! Drugs! Drugs!

THOMPSON & CRAWFORD,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

No. 40 Market St. (S. Side below Second.)

PHILADELPHIA.

Offer for sale a large stock of Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Dye-Stuffs, to which they call the attention of Country merchants and dealers visiting the city.

Coach, Cabinet, Japan, Black, and other Varnishes of a superior quality. Also White and Red Lead, Window Glass, Paints and Oils—cheaper than ever.

☞T. & C. are also proprietors of the Indian Vegetable Balsam, celebrated throughout their own and neighboring states, as the best preparation for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, &c. Money refunded in every instance where no benefit is received.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 6, '47. 6m

BEAVER CLOTHS—a lot of Fine Beaver Cloths, for sack and over coats; just received and for sale cheap cheap by

WILMER & NICOLS.

GEN. TAYLOR CASSIMERE—a beautiful article, for sack and overcoats, for sale cheap 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.

HONOR TO THE PLOW.

Though clouds o'ercast our native sky,
And seem to dim the sun,
We will not down in languor lie,
Or deem the day is done.
The rural arts we loved before
No less we'll cherish now,
And crown the banquet, as of yore,
With honor to the Plow.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spoil
To faith and hope are given,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
And leave the rest to Heaven.
We'll take us to our work like men
Who owe a holy vow,
And if in joy we meet again,
Give honor to the Plow.

Let Art, array'd in magic power,
With Labor, hand in hand,
Go forth, and peril's hour
Sustain a sinking land.
Let never Sloth unnerve the arm,
Or Fear the spirit cow;
Those words alone should work a charm—
All Honor to the Plow.

The heath redrow the meadow drain,
The latent swamp explore,
And o'er the long-expecting plain
Diffuse the quickening store:
Then fearless urge the furrow deep
Up to the mountain's brow,
And when the rich results you reap,
Give Honor to the Plow.

So still shall Health by pastures green
And nodding harvest roam,
And still behind her rustic screen
Shall Virtue find a home;
And while their bower the muses build
Beneath the neighboring bough,
Shall many a grateful verse be filled
With Honor to the Plow.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

McCulloch Rangers, after a hard day's ride had bivouacked one night last summer in a beautiful grove between Reynosa Viejo and Camargo, a barranca protecting one side of the encampment from a surprise, while the steep banks of the Rio Grande served the same purpose on the other. The horses had all been watered, fed and curried, the first relief of the guard posted, and the Rangers, after drinking their coffee, were reclining about on their blankets, spinning long yarns of their adventures, when Bill Dean told a story that wound up the entertainments of the evening, in theatrical parlance, and caused an outbreak at the termination that came nigh stampeding the entire cavallanda. Bill had joined McCulloch's men for the trip, and the recollection of his numorous tale about chasing the prairie fire a mile and a half, trying to cook his horse meat, secured him a most patient hearing.

Those who know anything about the emigration of Germans into Texas, are well aware that thousands of them have made Indian Point, near Port Lavaca, a grand rendezvous before leaving for the interior settlement of New Braunfels, or the frontier stations on the Pierdenales, the Llano, or the San Saba. Bill said that he visited the Point last spring, when some five thousand Germans were encamped there, and was present at one of the most thrilling and heart-rending scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. So far as his individual knowledge went, neither ancient nor modern history made mention of any case which might be considered as any where near parallel.

Among the emigrants, remarked Dean, was a young, pretty, red-cheeked girl, the pride of the party, who strolled out alone one day, to gather wild flowers in the chapparel. Her ramblings carried her farther than she intended, and when she turned to retrace her steps she found that she was lost, poor thing—bewildered and perplexed in a tangled maze. In vain she strove to recollect the position and bearings of the camp she had left, all so joyous, a short hour before—reason had fled its throne. In an agony of doubt she ran to and fro in the chapparel, every step taking her farther from her friends, and darkness at length found her completely exhausted, and crazed with thoughts of Indian peril and of starvation. Her sufferings during that dreadful night, continued Bill, you must fancy for yourselves—I shall not attempt to depict them.

With the early morning light she was again on her feet. She gazed in every direction, she ran in every direction; but no sight of her friends gladdened her longing vision. While thus engaged she was discovered by a Mexican girl, whose father had a small rancho some five miles from the Point; and now when succor was at hand the lost one fled at its approach. The Mexican girl called upon her in soothing terms; but she heeded her not. The former then went to her father hard by, and told him that some poor straggler from the camp of the stranger was in the bushes, and to all appearance lost and bereft of reason. The old man mounted his horse, went out in search, and soon came up with her; but she fled at his approach as from one of the wild denizens of the prairie.—The old man, in the kindness of his heart, with soft accents attempted to arrest her flight; she understood, she heeded him not. He knew that she must belong to the German camp, that she was lost, that she was crazed, and he determined to rescue her. Coiling the lariat or leather rope which hung to his saddle in his hand, he set off full speed after the bewildered and frightened fugitive, threw it gently over her head, and thus checked her flight. To call his daughter thinking that she might better assist in soothing the poor girl, was his first impulse; together to proceed with her to the camp of her friends, and deliver her safely to those who must be but too anxious for her, was his second.

Great was the joy of her relatives gladdened were the hearts of all who knew her, as she was brought into camp; but soon these emotions were changed to bitter sorrow, as one by one they discovered that the fairest flower among the emigrants was crazed. The sweet caresses of her mother and sisters she answered only with a vacant stare; the kind offices of those who crowded around were uncared for, unregarded. Her half-frantic lover, as he uttered words of comfort and endearment, was answered with a look that told plainly she recognised him not, that he was forgotten. Restoratives of every description were resorted to, but without effect. A favorite little dog, as he wagged his tail in joy and endeavored to lick the hands of his mistress in token of gladness at her return, was spurned as a stranger. Songs that she had loved in childhood fell in soft cadence upon her ear; yet she heeded them not. Presents from her lover—gifts that she had treasured in her heart of hearts—were passed over as idle toys. Her once bright eye, so full of intelligence and life, was now glazed, vacant and lustreless—her round, full face, once so radiant with intellect, was now a meaningless blank—and as her friends gazed upon her they wrung their hands in sorrow, and with sad misgivings that the reason of the poor girl was lost forever.

At length, continued Bill, an elderly matron left the melancholy group, and started off as if intent on making one more effort of restoring the crazed one to her senses. Presently she returned with a large plate of hot, smoking sour crout in her hand.—Elbowing her way in among the sorrowing crowd she presented the dish to the girl, and—

"And with what effect?" ejaculated a Ranger who had been listening all the while, and who now dashing away a tear which had gathered in his eye. "With what effect?"

"As-ton ish ing?" slowly ejaculated the wag. "It brought her right to just like a shot; and the way she skived into that crout showed that twenty-four hours' hard exercise in the chapparel was a great help to the appetite!" * * * *

It took at least twenty minutes to collect the scattered horses that broke their ropes when the laugh that succeeded this termination to a sad story first burst upon them. —*N. O. Picayune.*

THE JACK KNIFE.

A ship was driven out of course, and cast away upon an unknown coast. All on board might have escaped in the boats, tho' rather crowded; but one of the passengers, on their refusal to admit his trunk in any boat, remained in the ship to unlock it and get out his pocket-book, which contained notes to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. This he thought would not detain him a moment—but in his hurry and confusion, he could not immediately recollect what he had done with his key. Having found it at last, and secured his money, he perceived to his dismay that every boat was out of sight, while the ship was falling apart; and suddenly found himself in the sea. Catching at some article floating by, he clung to it almost unconsciously, not relaxing his hold even when his senses were laming him. Fortunately he was floated to land, and when he revived, found himself on the beach. As soon as his strength returned, he ascended an eminence, but could see no sign of the wreck, or of the boats, or of any human creature. But as he was leaning despondingly against a tree, he was suddenly startled by a clap on the shoulder, and a voice exclaiming:

"What cheer, my hearty?"

Turning around, he gladly recognized one of the crew, and inquired what had become of the rest.

"Why, I don't know, but I spose they are safe by this time—but I've seen nothing of them."

"Were you not with them in the boats?"

"No. I staid on board to the last."

"And so did I, though I was not aware of your being on board. I hope you succeded as well as I did in saving your property."

"I had nothing to save but my jack-knife and a plug of tobacco—both safe enough in my trowsers pocket."

"Then why did you not think of saving yourself at once?"

"No, I could not think of leaving the ship as long as the planks held together. She could'nt say I was not true to the last. But come comrade, let us see what kind of quarters we have got into.

They travelled some distance without any signs of a habitation. Necessity quickening their ingenuity, they were successfull occasionally in catching fish, oysters or birds, in all which the sailor's jack knife proved of invaluable service, in preparing the proper snares and weapons, in opening the oysters, cutting up or cleaning the fish or birds, and above all, in striking a light to make a fire for the purpose of cookery. One also, when they were attacked by a wild beast, the sailor by prompt use of his jack-knife preserved their lives.

They had lived in this manner for some months; when arriving at the opposite side of the island they found it inhabited by savages, who conducted them to their king. The gentleman, anxious to conciliate his copper-skinned majesty produced a five hundred pound bank note and politely offered it to his acceptance. The king examined it with some curiosity, applied it to his nose and tongue, and being satisfied that it was not good to eat, returned it with some contempt. The gentleman soon found that his twenty thousand pounds could not procure him the smallest consideration. The sailor, on the contray, in a few days became a personage of great importance, from the many services he was enabled to render with his jack knife, among a people where iron was unknown. They liberally supplied all his wants and his rich friend was glad to profit by his bounty.

One day, as they were attending the king on an eminence overlooking the sea, they descried a distant sail evidently passing by the island. They kindled a bonfire and hoisted signals, but did not succeed in attracting notice.

If we only had a boat," exclaimed the sailor, "I think we could get within hail, as she does not stand far out, though it is plain she intends to pass without touching this way."

The gentleman produced his twenty thousand pounds, and offered it to the king in exchange for a canoe, but his majesty rejected the roll of paper, and turned to the sailor with a single word—"Knife."

The bargain was instantly closed; the jack knife was received by the king with no less delight than was experienced by the Englishman as they jumped into the canoe. By dint of hard paddling, and a favorable current, they got within hail, and were taken on board of the ship which proved to be an English vessel homeward bound.

As they came within sight of the white cliffs the gentleman took the sailor aside, and handing him two notes which amounted to a thousand pounds, said:

"You must not refuse to accept this, for you have done for me more than twenty times as much could have done. I trust you may find these bills, one day or other, as useful as your jack-knife has been. I have learned by this how a man's wealth is to be measured.

A Scene in Court.

A trial for murder in the first degree, or as sporting men call it, a race for life and death, came off a short time ago, within less than a hundred miles from civilization.

The accused was a big negro, shining black, with hair as stiff and coarse as the teeth of a carding machine.

Clerk.—Prisoner, look upon the juror. juror. look upon the prisoner! Do you challenge?

Counsel for the prisoner.—Not pre-emptorially.

Clerk.—Have you formed or expressed an opinion with regard to the guilt or innocence of the accused?

Juror.—Why, what a question. How should I?

[Clerk repeats the question.]

Juror.—Why I never saw him before.

Clerk.—Answer the question—yes or no.

Juror.—No sir-r-ee.

Court.—No sport here; it is too serious a matter.

Clerk.—Have you any conscientious scruple?

Juror.—I have a few left.

Clerk.—I mean about inflicting capital punishment.

Juror.—None whatever, I do assure you.

This emphatic declaration brought the prisoner's counsel to his feet, who was saying that the manner in which the Juror's last answer was given was a good cause ——, but was stopped by the Court.

Clerk.—Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror.—What?

[Clerk repeats the question.]

Juror.—What do you take me for?

Clerk.—Are you akin to the prisoner?

Juror.—Your face is blacker on Sunday than mine is on week days, and your hair is wool. Are you akin to the prisoner?

Clerk.—Answer the question.

Juror.—Akin to the devil my family are respectable white people.

[Here the cloudy brow of the court indicated that the conference should be cut short, and the prisoner's counsel boding no good from the juror's contemptuous opinion of his client, challenged the juror for cause, namely, an opinion expressed.

Juror continued.—What I am insulted by that blackguard clerk, and now one of his hired bullies has challenged me; no. I'll fight his clerk first, and his bully afterwards.

Court to Juror.—Sir, you are challenged, you may retire.

Juror.—I never turn my back on friend or foe; I'll not retire.

Court—Sir, you are committed for 24 hours for contempt of court. Sheriff, take him into custody.

Here the Sheriff, who was a resolute good natured man, walked off arm in arm with the prisoner.

Juror.—Why, Sheriff, I voted for you, what are you?

O nothing, you can eat with me and sleep in my room.

Juror.—You are both savage and kind. Mr. Sheriff, I refused to vote for your adversary because when he was Sheriff he never summoned me as a juror. I thought he slighted me. I am the first juror called since who were elected, and I am in jail! D—— n you, the Court, the Clerk, his bully and every body else. Why I am going to be married to-night, and have fifteen miles to ride.

The Sheriff explain the matter to the Court, and the sentence was commuted to one hour's custody.

Home.

We know wise and foolish parents who are sadly pestered with the flood of public amusements, theatres, concerts, assemblies, &c., to say nothing of shows and lectures, keep their children gadding out every night in the week, to the great injury of their health and minds, if not of their morals. This is a great danger. And we know of but one course of safety in the power of the parents—though, in many cases, so wrong has been their past course, we fear it may be too late. The thing to be done is this. Make home more attractive than any place out of it. Fill its evenings with instruction, amusement, fun. Take the lead in it yourselves. Get up plays and concerts at home, and *play yourselves*.—Your children will be more amused with it than any dancing girls. You can assist them to write plays as well as to act them. This will be an effectual "back fire" to theatre going, if begun in season. Your children, finding that you sympathize with all their wants and faculties, will swallow your serious instructions, admonition and advice more confidingly. They will find you their best friend and companion. You will awaken all their faculties under your own eye, and may draw them out in due proportion. You may get a hearing for lots of solid wisdom which they are not likely to get from school masters or public lecturers.

Quite the reverse of this course is taken by some parents. During the day they are too busy, of course, to attend to their children, and the latter may be in school or behind the counter. At the tea table it comes out that the tender objects of their solicitude have had an invitation to some party, ball, or play. The father having *important* engagements out—perhaps *official* engagements—delivers a lecture to the mother on the impropriety of permitting her daughters and rattle pated son to gad out so. She defends herself as best she may: for how can she, the weaker vessel, perform the high duties of the home alone? The children do not care a rush for their father, having never heard from his lips, since trotting time was over, any thing but such objugatory lectures, and, "get out of my way you little plagues." True, they may have seen him very solemn on Sundays, especially in the act of taking his nap in church. He has, in fact, been a terror to them six days in the week, only differing from the rest on Sunday by being a *sanctified* terror. What wonder if a wicked world should run away with such a man's children?—*Chronotype.*

A Stumper.

The following touch of the sublime was spouted forth by a western orator, recently, at a war meeting:

"Men of blood! friends of Washington! and that old hoss, General Jackson—I want your attention, for lightning has burst upon us, and Jupiter has poured the ile of his wrath down the greasy shanks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its cable, and the mighty valley of the Mississippi reverberates with the thousand tongued hisses of Santa Anna and his smaller ignafatua, that revolve around the benighted and wooden-legged pop gun of Montezuma.

Citizens and sires of the bloody grounds upon which our fathers catawampously fought and bled, and poured out their claret free as ile, to enrich the soil over which we now hover, and watch with hyena eyes—let the catamount of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the chessy cat of vengeance, for the long looked for day has arrived—the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic, looks down upon the scene and drops a tear to its memory.

But horses, I am with you as long as the stars of Uncle Sam and the stripes of his country triumphantly waive in the breeze. Whar—I say, whar is the low-lived, chicken-bred, toad-shoppin', red mouthed mother's son of you who will not raise the beacon light of triumph, arouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory? Whoop! hurrah!—whar's the inemy!"

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—"Madam," said a druggist the other day, to a lady who was examining some cologne. "I assure you it is an excellent article, and if you will condescend to approximate the extension of your proboscis to the unclosed orifice of the bottle, you will perceive the truth of my assertion.

FARMERS READ THIS.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:—A speculator who buys largely of the producers, remarked to us, that the first thing that he looked for when he went into a man's house to purchase was a newspaper. If he saw none, he was *sure of a good bargain!* Think of that? No man can cheat a person who reads a newspaper.

Curiosities.

A book found in a school of fish.

The leg of an interest table, broken into vulgar fractions.

A plank taken from the floor of a mush*room*.

The leg of a toad*stool*.

A button taken from a set of mahogany drawers.

The tail of the celebrated Mu*rat*.

Some hair from a mast*head*.

The bow of the old Tippe*canoe*.

The tail of the celebrated Mos*cow*, with the Bony part for a handle.

Some wax from an ear of corn.

A milk-pan from the interior of a drom*edary*.

The handle of a milk punch.

A hinge taken from the *gate* at which a steam engine goes.

The door of an apri*cot*.

The handle of Scott's Ivan*hoe*.

The hull of a copart*nership*.

The great toe from the foot of a mountain.

A copy of the speech made at the meeting of the waters.

INSENSIBILITY OF A NEGRO'S FEET.—By way of demonstrating the fact that a Negro's feet are as thick and insensible as his head, a correspondent of the N. Y. "Spirit" relates the following anecdote:—

In the fall of 18—, during my usual round at night, among the negro huts on the plantation, to see that all was safe, I put my head into the door of one, in which some half dozen curly heads were very comfortably snoozing, with their feet to a fire built in the middle. After surveying the group for an instant, my attention was drawn towards the movements of a likely young nig, who, half asleep, and without observing me, slightly raised his head and muttered—

"I smell foot a burnin!"

After pausing a moment, and adding anxiously, "Who foot dat a burning?" and receiving no answer from any of the sleeping group, he reiterated the question with more emphasis—

"Who foot dat a burnin'?" I say, dat your'n Cuff Sayre?" Still no answer—when drawing himself up, he reached his hand towards his feet and exclaimed, in the most satisfied tone imaginable, "*My* foot burnin', by golly!" and quietly stretched himself out to sleep again.

Folks don't go to bed now-a-days—they retire. Nobody eats dinner—people take some refreshments. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. There is no Sunday—it is Sabbath. No one gets his tooth pulled—it is extracted. Instead of drinking tea or coffee, the fashionable only sip a little. No one tears a hole in his pantaloons—but it is no rare thing that he lacerates them. The ladies don't go visiting—they only make calls. Young men don't go courting—they only step in to spend the evening. Our grandmas used hard backed chairs, but our belles *have stuffed backs to their seats!*

SUPPOSED POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—Nine hundred and sixty millions of human beings are now supposed to be upon the earth; of which Europe is said to contain 153,000,000; Africa, 156,000,000; Asia, 500,000,000; America, 150,000,000; and the islands of the Pacific, 7,000,000. If divided into thirty equal parts, five of them will be Christians, six Mahometans, one part Jews, and eighteen Pagens. Christians are numerous in Europe and America, some in the south of Asia, Africa, and in the interior of America, some in Asia, and a small number in the north of Europe.

☞A gentleman conversing with an Irishman, stated that he had seen a telescope, with which he could see rocks in the moon.

"Arrah," says Pat; an' was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a pig so near, that you could see him five miles off, an' faith, an' you could hear him *grant*, too."

☞A lady at sea, being full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other beautiful exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us! how my head swims!" "Never fear," replied a tar, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims!"

☞An unfortunate Hibernian, ruminating in his bliss upon the banks of a Southern creek, espied a terrapin.

'Och, honey, that ever I should come to America to see a snuff box walk."

"Whist! don't be after making fun of the birds," said his wife.

☞"Bones," said Ginger, "which would you rather ride in—a stage coach or a steamboat?" "Why, I'd rather ride in a stage coach, bekase, if it upsets, dar you is, but if the steamboat blows up, whar is you?"

PRENTICE, the Louisville wag, says that another editor teazes him with questions, and then calls him a '*brandy barrel*'

'If he thinks so of us,' retorts Prentice, 'no wonder he's fond of *pumping us*.'

SCHOOL REGULATIONS IN MAINE.—Among other regulations stuck up in a school house in Maine, are the following:

No snapping apple seeds at the master.
No kissing the girls in the entry.

☞"Mary, did you peep into Mr. Good's letter?"

"La, marm, I only just looked to see if there was anything about love in it, as I saw it was a woman's handwriting."