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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. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JULY 10, 1847. NO. 11.

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 80

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 RAILING

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

For Chester Town and Centreville.

THE STEAMER

MARYLAND,

WILL leave Baltimore on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., for Chester Town and Centreville, from her usual place of starting lower end of Dugan's wharf. Will leave Centreville at 11 o'clock, and Chester Town at 1 o'clock for Baltimore. Passage $1.

N. B. All baggage at the owner's risk.

L. G. TAYLOR.

March 20, 1847.

Lumber.

RECEIVED and for sale 40,000 feet seasoned Boards.

A. W. SPARKS.

Chester Town, March 27, 1847.

LADIES slippers from 12½ to $1.

ICKES & BRO.

TO R sale by Wilmer and Nicols a good assortment of hats, of different kinds from 1 to $4. 2½

WOOL-CARDING AND Manufacturing.

THE subscribers having formed a copartnership in the above business, beg leave to inform the public, that they will manufacture

CLOTHS, KERSEYS, BLANKETS;

8-4 wide, *FLANNEL and LINSEY*, at very moderate prices, and exchange *Cloth for Wool;* they also card Wool into Rolls.

For the convenience of those at a distance, Wool may be left with the following gentlemen, with instructions:

Mr. B S Brevett, near Rock Hall,
Messrs. Wickes & Bro., Chestertown,
Mr. George Crossley, Hepbron Town,
Mr. T. B. Crookshanks. Cecil county.

Our machinery is in fine order and in excellent working condition. The strictest and promptest attention will be given to the business, and in returning manufactured articles or Rolls. Pledging ourselves to a faithful performance of duty we solicit a portion of public patronage.

JAMES MAY,
SAMUEL SAVIN.

Swan Town, Kent co., Md, } 4m
April 24, 1847 }

THE STEAMER

CAMBRIDGE

Will leave her new wharf at the corner of Light and Conway sts. Baltimore, on Monday morning 12h inst. at 7 o'clock, for Corsica and Chester Town and return same day. Passage $1. The above route will be continued until further notice. All baggage at the owner's risk. All freight must be paid on delivery.

JOHN D. TURNER

april 10, '47.

A FARM

FOR SALE.

MR. WM. THOS. HURTT, on account of his health, will dispose of his Farm which he purchased of William Graves, Esq., lying on Chester River, about five miles below Millington on navigable water

This farm is said to be pleasantly and handsomely situated—is about two miles from New Market—contains about

300 ACRES,

Is in 3 fields with good fencing, could easily be divided into five fields, a fair proportion is in

and the soil good. It adjoins the lands of Mr. Isaac Spencer and others.

The DWELLING is a frame—but in good repair with a kitchen attached.—There are also a *Granary, Corn House, Carriage House and Stable* in tolerable repair.

Mr. Robert Wilson the Tenant or Mr. C. W. Spry, who resides in the neighborhood and is well acquainted with the Farm, will give any information that may be desired.

For Terms or further particulars apply to GEORGE VICKERS,
Chester Town.

May 29, 1847. 7w

NOTICE.

SEALED proposals will be received by the clerk of the Levy Court of Kent county until Tuesday the 13 h day of July 1847, for building a bridge 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, with stone abutments five feet high, over the head waters of Langford's Bay near Shaw's mill, where the public road now passes; the timbers to be of white oak and two inch white pine flooring; also two causeways one at each end of the bridge 75 and 100 feet in length, five feet at the abutments with a gradual slope to each, and to be made with brush and stone covered with dirt. The bridge and causeways to have a good and substantial railing. And also for making a new road 20 feet wide with the necessary bridges and embankments of best materials and workmanship at same place to commence at the race bridge and to run in a straight line until it intersects the main road opposite the flood gates.

Also for making a new road as laid down by the Commissioners appointed by Kent county Court on Eastern Neck Island, 72 perches long and 20 feet wide; 42 perches in length of which to be made at an elevation of 2 feet 8 perches; 1 foot in heighth and the remaining 22 inches 6 inches high.

June 17, 1847.

FOR sale by Wilmer & Nicols a beautiful French black Cloth, just from Philadelphia

Wheat and grass scythes for sale by WILMER & NICOLS.

¾ osnaburgs at 10 cts; 4-4 do at 12½, for sale by WILEY & PERKINS.

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.

ANOTHER WORLD.

There is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world, and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told,
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold!

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beams pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No, for this world io ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace:
And clad inn peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is the dwelling place of God.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE WILL.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told, in her youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real occurrence. She even once knew the name of the old northern family concerned in it, but that, with the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter; and having never written down the story, she has no means of recovering them However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last century.

Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1630, a barrister of the temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and his servant's announcement of "a gentleman," interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned, appearance. He was dressed in a grave colored suit, of antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious, and even solemn, physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and a broad brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his equipment; which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor.—Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered him by his host; and, after a preparatory *ahem*, thus began in a slow and serious manner:

"I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S—— family, whose property in Yorkshire, you are, therefore, aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not be sold"

"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate, in default of a will to the contrary; and who desires its value in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it; and, must, therefore, depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily; "you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S——'s great-grandfather, by which he not only left that, his estate, to his favorite grand-son, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great-great-grand son."

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, was, indeed, supposed, for many years, to exist; and, in virtue of it, Mr. S—— has, until now, peacably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain Mr. S—— has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in the course of next week, and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken once again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; "I say, sir, the will exists.—Go, immediately," continued he in an authoritative tone; "travel night and day.—You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."

"We have looked there," interrupted the the barrister.

"Silence, sir, there is a closet, I say. In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there; no matter when, or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S—— I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S—— Hall; but I am his relation and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice."

So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat in a fashion which would have enchanted an *elegant* of Queen Anne's day day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs, and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure; and arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at S—— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through, within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his *rights*, as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal every where met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.

Mr. S—— greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

"It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose."

The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor.

"Hugh S——!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing. "I have not a relation in the world of name"

"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer; "and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S——, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture.—"For heaven's sake," cried he, "who is this?"

"My grand uncle," returned Mr. S——. "A good old fellow as ever lived. I wish, with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years"

"What was his name?"

"Hugh S——. The only one of our family of that name."

"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring, are there."

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and found the deed.

The kind old uncle was never seen again.

Illinoisans at Buena Vista.

At this time Capt. Coffy, who commanded a company in the Illinois Regiment, received a very severe wound in the left arm, fracturing it; the lieutenant colonel of the regiment was standing near him. The gallant captain came up to him and said—

"Colonel I am wounded, but must stick to my company. In a few minutes he returned to the same officer, and exclaimed,—"Colonel, they've shot me again." He had then received a ball in his left shoulder.

"I sorry for it—stay with your company as long as posssible," was the reply to him.

Capt. C. returned to his company, and in a few minutes an 18-pound shot struck the ground a few feet before him, ricocheting over his head and covering him with sand and gravel, and stinging him with the pebbles thrown into his face. Faint with the less of blood from his two wounds and under the impression that the explosion of a shell had severely wounded him, he returned a *third* time to the same person, exclaiming—

"Colonel, I am now torn to pieces, and must get away if I can, but never yield the day to them;" and yet he was neither a *Mississippian* or a *Kentuckian*, but a plain straight forward Illinois man, that required to be *shot twice and torn to pieces once* before he gave up.

By the bye, speaking of the Illinoisans, it seems strange that the New Orleans press should have barely found out they were in the fight. Do you know that the only Mexican colors captured at Buena Vista were taken by these "up river" people—the 1st Illinois Regiment taking the colors of the San Luis Potosi regiment and the 2d Illinois Regiment taking those of the gallant Gusnajuata regiment? Do you know that the 2d Illinois Regiment went into the fight with thirty four officers and lost seventeen of them—ten killed and seven of them—ten killed and seven wounded? Do you know that the 2d Illinois Regiment had more officers killed in the battle of Buena Vista than the two Kentucky regiments and the Mississippi regiment together? Do you know that one half of the officers killed at Buena Vista were Illinoisans? If you know all these things, why don't you *puff* them some?

The Matamoras Flag of the 16th ult., gives the following, likely to be true, but good even as a *jeu d'esprit:*

Arista and his Generals.

The following between Arista and his generals actually took place; the description was derived from a gentleman high in the confidence and esteem of the chief actor, but whose name we are not permitted to mention.

After the battles of the 8th and 9 h of May, when the Mexican army in their retreat had reached Linares, Gen Arista summoned Generals Ampudia, Terrejon, Riquena, and Canales to his quarters, and thus addressed them:

"*Gentlemen.*—I am about to resign the command of the Army of the North, and I have sent for you that you may know the reasons which have influenced me.—They are simply these: I cannot command the army with honor to myself or country, as long as it numbers so many cowards, with high commands, in its rank. You, Ampudia, are a base coward; I trusted you with 3.000 of my best troops; you betrayed your trust, proved recreant to the interests of your country, and, terror-stricken, fled trembling and dismayed, without being within half a league of a hostile gun.

"You, Terrejon, have some reputation as a cavalry officer; God knows how or where you obtained it; I am only astonished that you should have the effrontery to pretend to command,

"You, Riquena, call yourself an artillery officer; you have been consistent through life, only in one thing, your cowardice; you are brave, like all gasconaders, when dangers are a distance; but when the hour of battle arrives, you are either not to be found or your terror renders your presence not only useless but injurious.

"And you, Canales, to be called *General!* what a satire! what bitter irony! *General!* laugh! a robber, a cow driver, a vagabond skulker from rancho to rancho a cowardly pauper, whose very presence is loathed by every honorable man, and whose claim to the title of *General* produces the most profound contempt. As for *you*, Col. Carasco; *begone and wash your breeches you dirty dog!*

"Gentlemen, I am done with you, our connexion is at an end. Would that your connexion with our unfortunate country was also at an end."

PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.

Law is like fire, and those who meddle with it, may chance to burn their fingers.

Law is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money are very like to loose it

Law is like a lancet, dangerous in the hands of the ignorant, doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

Law is like a sieve, you may see through it but will be considerably reduced before you get through it.

Law is like prussic acid, a dangerous remedy, and the smallest dose of it is generally sufficient.

Law is like Justice, even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth of the two is about the same.

Law is like an eel trap, very easy to go into, but very difficult to get out of:

Law is like a razor, which requires a strong back, keenness; and excellent temper.

Law is like a window of stained glass, giving its own peculiar tint and hue, to the bright rays of truth, which shine thro' it.

A LEGAL JOKE.—"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted" about a year, "how do you like your new profession?"

The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion:

"My profession is much better than my practice!"

Pore feller! I've seed preachers in my time that was afflicted in the same way.

SIGNS.—It is a bad sign to hear a man say he's poor to take a paper—ten to one he carries home a jug of "white eye" that costs him half a dollar

It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows

It is a bad sign to hear him bosting of it

It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face

It is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose.

WM. PENN ON MARRIAGE.—Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of the married state, and stray from thy promise, to search out pleasure in forbidden places.

Let not enjoyments lessen, but augment affection, it being the basest of passions to like, when we have not what we possess.

It is the difference between love and passion that this fixed, that is volatile.

They that marry for money cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting

O how sordid is man grown! Man, the noblest creature in the world! As a god on earth and the image of Him that made us; thus to mistake earth for heaven, and worship gold for God

HOW TO JUDGE MEN.—I meet an individual man—how am I to regard him? In what degree shall I respect? His dress, his manners, all I see outwardly, pleases me. But I must know more of him Well, you tell me he is very wealthy,—that he lives in a splendid house, and fares sumptuously every day. So far, so good. But I pay homage to none of these things. I wish to ascertain what claims this man has upon my respect and esteem? You do not help me to the information I seek, by pointing to his elegant dwelling, to his costly clothing, to his luxurious table.—No; the great question I desire to have answered is, what manner of person is here? Is he honest, benevolent, and religious? In a word, what is his character?"

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B., a merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, and a man quite celebrated afterwards for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c., taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood, seeing the disaster, ran and filled her apron. Mr B., from the loft of his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman, looked up, answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogsheads.—*Scientific American.*

DID YOU SAY SOUP?—We clip the following good thing from the N. O. Delta:

"Waiter," said a dinner-out, in a down-town restaurat yesterday—"Waiter, bring me a plate of soup, quick."

"Say soup again, stranger," said a tall Tennessee returned volunteer, who happened to sit opposite to him, "and I'll give you a Cerro Gordo whipping, I will. I told the old General when I left him at Jalapa, that when I came to the States, I'd lick the first man I'd hear sayin' soup."

The Delta adds, that it was with great difficulty the Tennessean could be satisfied. Hereafter, gratitude and admiration will alike compel us to dispose of our soup in silence.

CREDIT SYSTEM.—A beautiful girl, with a pair of pouting lips, stepped into a store to price a pair of mits.

"How much are they?"

"Why," says the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you may have them for a kiss!"

"Agreed!" said the lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes spaking small daggers. "Agreed! and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it the best way you can!"

So she hastily tripped out of the store.

☞Many a pale-faced wife has an excellent husband; but sometimes intemperance makes the husband's nose red and the wife's face pale. It was in relation to such a case as this some one wrote the following

EPIGRAM ON A PALE FACED WIFE.

Why is it, that on Emma's cheek
The lily blooms and not the rose?
Because the rose has gone to seek
A place upon the husband's nose!

REFORM.

How well it is the sun and moon
Are placed so very high,
That no presuming man can reach,
To pluck them from the sky.
If 'twere not so, I do believe
That some reforming ass,
Would soon attempt to take them down,
And light the world with gas!

A HARD CASE.—An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He trates me," said he mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and another."

☞"Good morning, Mr. Jenkino—where have you kept yourself this long time?"

"Kept myself! I don't keep myself,—I board on credit!"

AN Ecclesiastical court in England has decided that there is no scripture or canonical authority under which the marrying of a sister of a deceased wife can be condemned.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—We understand the arrangements for the right of way for this road through Westchester county are nearly completed, and in a week will be ready to advertise for building proposals for the whole route.