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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 31, 1847. NO. 14.

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 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.

MORE
New Goods.
WILMER & NICOLS

HAVE just received a lot of SPRING GOODS, which they intend selling cheap. Our friends and the public are invited to call and judge for themselves.
May 22, '47.

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,
April 24, 1847. 4m

THE STEAMER

CAMBRIDGE

Will leave her new wharf at the corner of Light and Conway sts. Baltimore, on Monday morning 12th 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.

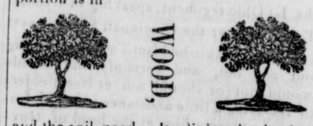
A FARM
FOR SALE.

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 13th 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

PLOUGH castings, Wiley Points, 20 cts. all others 5 cts lb.
WICKES & BRO.

A LOT Barages, Ginghams, etc. just received by
WICKES & BRO.

Spades, shovels, &c. for sale cheap 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.

Sexton Spare that Grave.

From the National Intelligencer.

Sexton! Spare that grave,
Touch not a singled clod
There let the wild grass wave
Forever o'er that sod.

Sexton! my mother sleeps
In that neglected spot;
The willow o'er it weeps,
I pray thee touch it not.

'Twas my lov'd father's hand
That placed it near her grave;
Then Sexton, let it stand,
And long in sadness wave.

Long years have passed away,
By gloom and case oppressed,
Since that dork cheerless day
Wqen she was laid at rest.

For she who soothed my woes,
And lull'd my cares to sleep,
Shall still in peace repose;
Though I am left to weep.

And there my beautious boy,
Whose pale and noble brow
Once glow'd with love and joy,
There, too reposes now.

His dust has mingled long
With her's he loved so well,
Whose evening prayer and song
Could each young care dispel.

Sexton, I love thee spot,
And that old willow tree;
Your spade shall harm it now.
No, harmed it must not be.

Another Letter from the Major.

Downingville, away down East, in the State of Maine, July 6, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My Dear Old Friends:—My letter to you on board the steamboat on Long Island Sound was cut off so short by the bell's ringing for us to get ready to go ashore, that I didn't get half through telling you the talk I had with the President that day; and we've had so much talk since, and seen so much on the journey, that I shant be able to tell you one-half nor a quarter on't in a letter. It would take a whole book to give a good notion of the whole story. But the President will be back to Washington before you can get this letter, for he started to go back last Saturday; so you can get the whole account of the journey from him. He'll be delighted to set down and tell you all about it; for he's been amazingly pleased with the whole journey, from top to bottom. He's been on his high-heel'd boots all the way Instead of growing more stooping by bowing so much, it seems as if he stood straiter than ever. He told the Gov., in his speech at Augusta on Saturday, "It seldom happens that the course of any man's life is mark'd by so distinguished a reception as has been accorded to me to day"—Well, so it has been all the way along; hurrahing and complementing, and firing, and speeches, and dinners, and suppers, and shaking hands On board the steamboat from Portland to Augusty we got a little breathing time, and had a good long talk.

Says the President to me: Now Major, says he, I want you to be candid No one is a true friend to one in a high station unless he will be candid and speak the truth. And now, Major, I dont want you to flatter me; I want you to be candid and tell me jest what you think. You went along with President Jackson when he made his tower down East, and had a chance to see the whole operation, and now I want you to tell me candidly, if you think the people was any more fond of him than they are of me.

Well, now Colonel, says I, not wishing to hurt your feelings at all, but, seeing you've asked my candid opinion, I wont deny but what the people are very fond of you, amazingly fond, perhaps as fond as they can be. But, after all, these times aint exactly equal to old Hickory's times.

But what do you mean? says he.

Well, says I, the people all seem to be amazin fond, but some how it seems to have a sort of *mother in law show*, about it, it dont seem to be so real hearty as they showed to old Hickory.

Well now, Major, says he, and he reddened a little when he said this, says he, that only shows how strong your prejudices set in favor of the old Gineral But I thought you was a man of a stronger mind and sounder judgment. I cant agree with you against the evidence of my own senses. Did you notice all the way along how thick the crowds flock'd round me to shake hands with me?

Yes, says I, but they didn't go it with such a rush as they did when my old friend the General come this way. They jammed around *him* so they had to climb over each other's heads to get at him. And I had to take hold sometimes by the hour together and help him shake hands with 'em, or he never would have got through with one-half of 'em

Well then, says he, did you mind how loud they cheered and hurrahed wherever we come along?

Yes, Colonel, says I, I heard all that; but, my gracious! wherever old Hickory made his appearance, the crowd roared right out like thunder.

Well, Major, says he, they couldn't beat them cheers that the Democrats and Capt Rynders gave me at Tammany Hall, I know; thunder itself couldn't beat that—It no use, Major, for you to argue the pint; no President ever received such marks of honor from the people before, I am sure of that; I mean the whole people, Federalists as well as Democrats; that is, if there is any such people as Federalists now a days, and Mr. Ritchie says there is. Only think the old federal State of Massachusetts did the business up as handsome and seemed to be as fond of me as Governor Hill's State; I couldn't see any difference. You must confess, Major, that even your old friend Hickory didn't receive so much honor in Massachusetts as I have.

Well now, says I, Colonel, I dont want to hurt your feelings, but you are jest as much mistaken as you was when you sent old Rough and Ready into Mexico. Have you forgot how they took the old Gineral into Cambridge College and made a Doctor of him?

Who cares for that? says the Colonel; says he, turning up his nose, didn't the Democrats and Captain Rynders take me into Tammany Hall and make a Tammany of me? No, no, Major Downing, it's no use for you to argue the pint against my popularity; for I've got eyes and I can see, and I tell you, and I want you to mark my words, I tell you, I'm more popular with the whole people than ever old Hickory was in all his life. He was very popular with the Democratic party, but I am fully persuaded he hadn't such a hold upon the affections of the whole people as I have.

Here the President got up and walked about the floor, and seemed in deep study for as much as five minutes. At last, says he, Major, I missed a figger in my speech there at Baltimore t'other day I see it now, and I don't know exactly how to get over it.

How so? says I.

Why, says he, I ought not to have said, right up and down, pint blank, that I should retire when this term was up. I should only talked about my desire to retire to private life. I was too hasty, and committed myself too soon. There never was a better chance any body to be elected than there is for me now, if I hadn't made that unfortunate remark. Jackson stood twice, and Jefferson stood twice, and I suppose it is really my duty to serve my country as long as they did. But if I should undertake to run again, I spose they would be throwing that Baltimore speech in my teeth.

Well now, says I, Colonel, can't you see you see your way out of that? You wasn't born down East so fur as I was. It's no great job to get over that trouble.

At that the President brightened up a good deal; and says he, well, Major, I'll tell you what 'tis, if you'll get me over that difficulty handsomely, when we come to have another shuffle for the offices, you may choose any card in the pack, and you shall have it.

Well, says I, Colonel, about that remark of yours at Baltimore, that you should give up when this term was out, all you've got to do is to get Mr. Ritchie to take it back in the Union; let him declare that it was only a sort of speculation, hastily thrown out, without much consideration, and that, so far as he understands, neither the President nor any of his cabinet entertains any such views. Then you can go along jest as smooth and safe as if nothing had happened.

Fact, that's it, says the Colonel, snapping his fingers; strange I didn't think of that before. Major, you do beat all for working out of difficulties! I believe I'll make up my mind to go ahead another term; I don't see any thing in the way.—I'll tell ye how I think of working it I've been reading over this letter of Taylor's to the Cincinnati Signal. He's an old head, but he ain't agoing to come another Bona Vista blunder over me. If I don't take the wind out of his sails before long, I'll engage to make him King of Mexico. And I'll try him on his own tack too. I'll come out and declare that I won't be the candidate of no party neither; and throw myself upon the people. I'm convinced, from what I've seen on this journey, that the Whigs will go for me almost to a man.—Van Buren and Wright, who say I'm not the man for the Northern Democrats, may go to grass. I go for the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people.

Well, says I, Colonel, that's the road; and I wish you a pleasant and prosperous journey.

We had some more talk about the war before we reached Agusta, but I haven't got time to explane to you the President's views about it in this letter. He says he means to keep a tight rein over Taylor, and not let him do much, and when he does do any thing, make him report it to the Government through Mr. Trist.

After we visited Agusta, and Hallowell, and Gardiner, I tried to get the President to go out to Downingville, but he said he didn't think it would do for him to stop any longer this time, though there was no place in the country that he was more anxious to see, and he promised, the first leisure time he could get, to make a flying visit there. I asked him if he didn't think it would do for me to go out and stop a day or two, as I hadn't seen uncle Joshua or Aunt Keziah or any of 'em there for a long time. He said certainly, by all means, and he would hurry back to Washington and look round two or three days and see what was best to be done about this Mexican war business, which, according to the letter I brought on from Gineral Scott, seemed to be getting into something of a snarl. He said he would have things all cut and dried by the time I got back along to Washington, so that we could make up our minds at once what is best to be done.

Your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Nonsuiting A Creditor.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape, a long time a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and for aught I know at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a most terrible rage:

"Look a hear, Squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh! yes—I've got 'em on now—fust rate boots"

"Fair price?"

"Oh! yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly."

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?"

"Oh? ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well here's a X, se go ahead;" and the client went out very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M——.

"Why," said he, "I kept on sendin to him till I got tired I know'd he was able to pay—and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceeding—but I think you'd better take this five dollars and call it all square"

"Certain, Squire, if you say so, and darned glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V, and kept the other.

In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly!" said the lawyer—"we've *nonsuited* him!—he'll never trouble you!"

"Jerusalem! that's grent!" cried the client; "I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him *got the money for them boots!*"—*N. Y. Spir. of the Times.*

An Eloquent Passage.

THE HONORED DEAD.

The speech of welcome, as delivered at New Orleans, by the Hon. S. S. Prentiss, abounds with eloquent and glowing passages. The following, for example, in relation to the gallant dead:

"But alas! the joy of our greeting is mingled with sorrow. We gaze upon your thinned ranks and seek in vain for many beloved and familiar faces. Why come they not from the battle field? Why meet they not the embraces of their loving friends! A year ago I saw them march forth beneath their country's banner, full of lusty life, of buoyant hearts and noble emulation. Where are they now? Where is brave McKee, impetuous Yeal, intrepid Hardin, chivalrous Clay, and gallant Watson, with hundreds of their noble comrades whom we meet not here? Ah! I see it all—your laurel wreaths are thickly entwined with cypress—the dead cannot come to the banquet! Alas, alas, for the noble dead. If we cannot welcome, we will weep for them. Our tears fall fast and free; but they flow rather for the living than the dead; for the nation that has lost such noble sons; for the desolate firesides, bereaved of their cherished and loved ones; for the bowed father, the heart broken mother; the sobbing sister, the frantic wife and wondering children. For them we weep, and not for the noble dead. We envy their fate. Gloriously did they die, those who rendered up their souls in battle. They fulfilled the highest duty mankind owes to this world; they died for their country. They fell upon stricken fields which their own valor had already half won. The earthquake voice of victory was in their ears, and their dying gaze was turned proudly upon the triumphant stars and stripes! Honor—eternal honor to the brave who baptized their patriotism in their blood!"

☞Somebody very wickedly says that two blooming young ladies got caught out in a shower very recently, and when they got home the rain had washed the very *color out of their cheeks!*

RESIGNATION OF A LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.—The Hon. Addison Gardnet, having been elected a Judge at the recent election, has resigned his office as Lieutenant Governor of New York.

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—At a late exhibition of the menagerie at Niblo's Garden when the crowd of fashionables was greatest, a beautiful girl who had fed the elephant with sundry cakes and apples, in taking an apple from her bag drew out her ivory card case, which fell unobserved in the saw dust in the ring. At the close of the ring-performance, opened to let the elephant pass to his recess, but instead of proceeding as usual, he turned aside and thrust his trunk in the midst of the group of ladies and gentlemen, who as might be expected were so much alarmed that they scattered in every direction. The keeper at this moment discovered that the animal had something in his trunk. Upon examination he found it to be the young lady's card case which the elephant had picked up and was only seeking out the fair owner, when he, uncerimoniously, ae the company at first thought, extended his trunk among them.

BEAUTY.—*It* is in vain, says a lare writer, to dispute about the matter; moralists may moralize, preachers sermonize about it, as much as they please; still beauty is a most delightful thing—and a really lovely woman is a most enchanting object to gaze on. I am aware of all that can be said about roses fading, and cheeks withering, and lips growing thin and pale. No one indeed, need be ignorant of every change which can be wrung upon this peal of bells, for every one must have heard them in every possible, and impossible variety of combination. Give time, and complexion will decay, and lips and cheeks will shrink and grow wrinkled, sure enough. But it is needless to anticipate the work of years, or to give credit to old Time for his conquests before he has won them. The edge of his scythe does more execution than that of the sword; we need not add the work of fancy to *his*—it is more than sufficiently sure and rapid already.

MARRYING.—Young women! I need not tell you to look out for your husbands, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly of beauty if you do the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in saw dust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, wisdom, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love, and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gewgaws, flipperings, folderols, fiddledeedees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to die a self-manufactured old maid. —*Dow Jr.*,

☞'Hallo! Jim! You great six footer you. What are you beating that poor old nigger for?"

"Why, Lord bless your soul massa, I is tryin' to conquer a peace! Ye see dis old nigger keep a fuss all the time 'bout me takin' his tater-patch. I ax de ole fool if he didn't know 'twas my destiny, an' if he eber heat 'bout de Angler Saxums, as how dey was bound to take ebery ting dey could. But he jes go on sayin' it was his'n. Den I jis takes half his patch from him, and told him help unself if he could. Den he git mad an' told me I'd better not—Den I gives um jessee a few times, an' he kicks back, en' now I is tarmined to conquer a peace and Massa Polk says, an' take de hull patch from him for his sass."

RINGING IN A FISH STORY.—The Charlestou Evening News says:

"We have in our possession a gold ring, which was found in a large Black Fish, while it was being prepared for the table of one of our subscribers. Upon it are cut two pretty looking doves in the attitude or position that the poet has been pleased to denominate "billing and cooing," and also the words, "forever constant" How this 'golden bait' came within the corporate limits of this voracious member of the finny tribe, our readers must conjecture for themselves. It may be that some one of them will recognize the ring as his or her own, if so we will gladly restore it."

WOMEN STRONGER THAN OXEN.—It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relation are supposed to have been of the most agreeable kind, that, one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper in Luke xiv., in which occurs this passage—"And another said, *I* have bought five yoke of Oxen, and *I* go to prove them; I pray thee to have me excused; and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore *cannot* come,"—he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking around on his hearers said, with emphasis, "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man farther from the kingdom of Heaven *than five yoke of oxen.*

A NEW WAY TO KEEP DRY.—"I say Jem," said a ploughboy the other day to his companion, "I know of a new fashion mickin rush to keep out the wet." "What's that?" "Why, if you eat a red-herring for breakfast you'll be dry all day."

INQUISITIVENESS.—"Mother, what is a *hush?*" "A *hush*, child? I don't know—what makes you ask that question?"—"Cause, the other day I asked Jane what made her back stick out so, and she said '*hush.*'"

Alfred Watson, of Newtown, Fred. co., Va. was killed by lightning last week.