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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

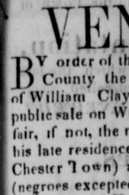
Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. OCTOBER 23, 1847. NO. 26.

AUCTION SALES

VENDUE.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Kent County the subscriber administrator of William Clayton dec'd, will offer at public sale on Wednesday the 27th inst, if fair, if not, the next fair day thereafter, at his late residence (Col. Wickes' farm, near Chester Town) all the personal property (negroes excepted) of the said deceased.—Consisting of *Household and Kitchen Furniture*, five fine young



Horses, 18 or 20 head of Cattle, among which are five or six very choice milch cows and a Yoke of young Oxens, a large number of



Hogs,



Sheep, &c., and a great variety of farming implements. Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale. *Sale to commence at* 10 *o'cl'k A.M.*

RICHARD *HYNSON*, adm'r of
WILLIAM CLAYTON.
October 16, 1847.

VENDUE.

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the subscriber will expose to public sale at the late residence of Edward Short, dec'd, on Still Pond Creek, on

Monday, the 25th inst.

at 11 o'clock, A.M., if fair if not the first fair day thereafter, all the personal estate of said deceassd (negroes excepted), consisting of household and Kitchen Furniture, a valuable stock



Horses,



Cattle,

Sheep and Hogs, among the cattle there are three good Yoke Oxen, a variety of Farming Utensils and other articles not herein enumerated.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. DANIEL JONES, Extr.,
EDWARD SHORT, dec.
October 16, 1847.

LIST OF LETTERS

In the Post Office, Chester Town, on the 1st October, 1847,

Wm Alston, George Anderson sn, Geo S Ashley.

Samuel Bindrole, Millicent Beck, C V Browne, John Baverlam.

H S Cooper, G W Crossly, Caroline A Clayton, Capt Wm Chambers, Samuel W Chambers, John Conard, John Claypole, Garretson Clash, Martha M Cooling.

Wm W Dugan, James Davis, Esq. Miss A M Earle, G Ennes, Eliz Elbern. B Ford, Ann Fuller, Ann Ferguson.

Wm Graves, Milcha Garrett, Godwin & Cole, R A Griffith.

Bartus P Hatcheson, Luther Handy, H W Haight, B T Hanson. J W Ireland.

G M Lavender, James Lynch, Thomas Lee, Saml Letherberry.

H S Mitchell, Miss Ann E Miller.

H A Porter, J W Palmer, D F Pendleton Rosanna Peters, Jos Porter, Primary Schoo No 5.

Mr Roeder, Jos Ringgold, H Robinson, Margaret Roeder, Julia Rickets, Mrs Robt Rose, Wm Rogers.

John Shaffer, Simon Sheppard, Geo W Shut, Saml Smith, W H Straughn, Emily Sanders, Wm Smith, B Start, M E Start.

Louis Titter, Eliz Tilden. Ann Vanlier.

W H Wickes, Mrs Amelia Wroth, Thos Wroth.

Oct'r 9, '47.

NOTICE.

THE members of the "Kent County Medical Society" are hereby notified that the second meeting (first semiannual) of the society will take place at Georgetown Cross Roads, on Wednesday, November 3d, 1847, at 11 o'clock A. M. The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance. Resident physicians of this county desirous of joining the society, are invited to attend.

HARGROVE HINKLEY,
Secretary.
October 9, 1847. 3w

WOOLLEN FACTORY FOR RENT.

THE subscriber offers for rent for the ensuing year or a term of years his Woollen Factory; it contains the necessary machinery and is well arranged to manufacture Kersey from the wool. A comfortable Dwelling can be had with it, the rent will be moderate and a long lease if requested. For terms apply to

JAMES UBIE,
near Chester Town.
9th October, 1847.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:
$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months
☞For Prospectus, see fourth page.

POETRY.

THE LAND OF REST.

Written for the Religious Telescope,
BY WM. H. MILLER.

Beyond this mortal shore,
Is Canaan's happy land,
Where pain is felt no more,
Nor death's cold, icy hand;

There 'neath unclouded skies,
Are fields of living green,
Where trees of Paradise,
Adorn the lovely scene.

Jerusalem, a city bright,
Those happy climes unfold,
Arrayed in rich and dazzling light,
With streets of shining gold.

The crystal waters sweet,
From God's throne move along;
There saints and angels meet,
And songs of praise prolong.

Upon that lovely stream,
The tree of life takes root,
And shall for ever teem
With rich and golden fruit.

There are no shades of night
Upon that lovely shore
Nor God's own glorious ligt
Illumes that country o'er.

May we all, from day to day,
Prepare for Canaan's rest,
Where tears shall all be wiped away,
And we shall dwell among the blest.

THE PLEDGE.

The following is a very good temperance pledge, given in rhyme—which, by the way, does not make it any worse—and we would advise parents to cut it out from the paper, attach it to a strip of letter paper, and give their children an opportunity to declare their hostility to "all that can intoxicate," by signing it before "the evil days come." "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," is a homely and oft repeated adage, but a very true one. Here then, is the pledge:

This little band,
Do with our hand,
The Pledge now sign,
To drink no WINE;
Nor BRANDY red,
To turn our head;
Nor WHISKEY hot,
That makes the sot;
Nor fiery Rum,
To turn our home
Into a hell
Where none can dwell—
Whence would fly—
Where hope would die,
And love expire,
Mid such a fire;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH

OR

TWO YELLOW FEVER ANECDOTES.

From the New Orleans Delta,

It is an old proverb, that the "ruling passion is stong in death." We see exemplifications of the fact every day, but never did we hear of its being carried out to its full extent until yesterday. We tell the tales as they were told to us."

About two weeks ago, a young man, well known in this city, for his industrious and economical habits, was taken sick with the yellow fever. The young gentleman in question, we are sorry to say, was very mean, in fact, so much so, that in all probability, he would have tanned the hide of a certain offensive insect, in order to have preserved its skin. This young man, although the very pattern of probity, would'nt even wear stockings. The consequence was, that he caught cold one rainy day, took the fever, and would have died, had it not been for his parsimony. The fever racked his frame, made his head feel like a volcano on the eve of eruption as so palsied his limbs, that he was scarcely able to move a finger. The eyes of the mean young gentleman were too weak to move in their sockets—his tongue hung lazily in his mouth and his heart had almost ceased to vibrate. His face was as yellow as saffron, and his miserable appearance showed that the "scourge of our climate" had given him a splendid thrashing. The doctor who had been attending him, came in, and really believing that his patient was going to die, after feeling his pulse, told him that he must prepare "for another and a better world."

"Doctor," said the young man, opening his languid eyes, "how long do you think I will live?"

"My poor friend" answered the physician, wiping the tears from his spectacles, "I do not think that you can live more than twenty-four hours."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the dying man, "don't say that! But still, if I can't live, I suppose I must bend to the will of Providence!"

The dying man covered over his face with his bed-clothes, and the physician not beinfi able to endure the scene, was just about to depart, when his patient called out to him, "Doctor, what do you think it will cost for my funeral?"

"My poor friend," answered the humane physician, with tears in his eyes, "It will not cost much—probably, not more than than twenty five dollars."

The dying man started up in his bed, and raising his hands, as though he was going to exercise a ghost, exclaimed in the most pitiable tones. "*Oh, no, Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay* $25 *to be buried. Its higher than other people pay, and I can't afford it!*"

So saying, the young gentleman sunk back and wept like Niobe. Although worth some four or five thousand dollars in solid cash, he couldn't afford to die, because his funeral would cost him $25. The meanness of his disposition striking into his system, drove the fever out, and he recovered.

The next anecdote that we have to relate, is that of an unfortunate man who was taken sick with the fever, and who was attended on by a gentleman who was in every way skilled in his profession. The worthy doctor passing in his gig by a hovel in the upper part of the city, early in the morning, heard some one moaning, as if in great pain. His sympathies being aroused he alighted, and went to the spot from whence the noise proceeded. It was a wretched apartment; in a little narrow room, the walls of which were covered with mildew—in one corner there was a bedstead that seemed almost too weak to stand up. A pine table, with very rheumatic looking legs, stood by the bedside; then there was a trunk and an old chair, and there were all the articles of furniture in the room of the dying man. The physician approached the bed of the sufferer, and after looking at his tongue and feeling his pulse, told him that he thought he could not live.

"Oh Doc!" exclaimed the unfortunate creature, grasping all the while for breath, "I've got somethin' on my mind!"

"What is it, my poor fellow? If you have anything that weighs heavily on your conscience, reveal it to me, for I solemnly assure you, that you have not long to live."

"Oh, Doc! I've been a great gambler in my time. I was h-ll on chuckerluck, and great at thimble-rig!"

The physician told him that his remarks were not at all suitable for his situation—that he was nying, and should place his thoughts on some more serious subject.

"Do you really think I'm goin' to die, Doc?" said the dying man.

"You have not twenty four hours to live," replied the doctor.

The dying man, in a faint voice, requested the doctor to hand him a pair of old blue cottonade trowsers, which were hanging on the back of the only chair in the room.—The doctor did so, and the unfortunate invalid, plunging his wan, yellow hand into his trowers' pocket, drew forth a bill, and informed the doctor that "*he'd bet him a cool* $5, *and go another* $5 *better, that he wouldn't die—he'd be d—d if he would!*

The doctor left and the man survived.

ONE OF THE "AUDIENCE."

The following 'rich scene' we copy from the Boston Times:

One night last week, a tall, gaunt looking fellow, from up the country, stopped before the Howard Athenæum, just as the crowd was passing in, to witness the performances of the Ravel Family, and having satisfied himself that it was a "meeting 'ous"—he stepped over to the entrance.—As he was passing the door-keeper—"Ticket, sir!" announced rather peremptorily by that functionary, set the sranger aback somewhat.

"A wot?"

"Your ticket."

"I hain't any."

"Where is it?"

"I gin it ter the railroad chap."

"I mean your entrance ticket *here*."

"I tell yer I hain't any."

"You can get one below, sir."

Our friend went down to the office, where he applied for a ticket of admission.

"I want a good seat, sir."

"Fifty cents, sir."

"Luk here—I cant go the *half* stranger, but I'm good for a quarter."

An upper circle ticket was furnished him and our verdant gentleman mounted the stairs. He had leisure to gaze upon the crowd but for an instant, when Javelli made one of his daring springs upon the tight rope.

"Gae—Whattaker!" exclaimed the stranger—"wot's that?" but his surprise was drowned by the applause which followed—and Javelli threw one of his famous somersets, alighting upon the *cords* on his feet.

"That's the devil, sartain"—said Johnny Raw—"it ain't nobody else—but this is the *pers'ation* I like! Go it, hoss! you're one on 'em. Thunder and airthquakes—look at 'im! Wal, blister me, ef I don't come to town, and 'tend *this meetin'* three times a week, sure.

It is announced that Col. Doniphan's march is set to music. An exchange paper trusts the composition is not as long as the march

A steac saw mill exploded at St. Johns N. B. badly scalding three persons, and a man was crushed to death between two vessels.

Maryland State Election.

From the Rough and Ready of October 16.

The election which was held in this State on *We*dnesday, the 6th instaat, was for a Governor, to serve 3 years; for six members of Congress, to serve 2 years; and for Delegates to the General Assembly to serve 2 years.

We shall commence with the election in this city, and in order to afford the means of comparison to our friends throughout the several counties of the State, shall give the vote for *Mayor*, which occurred in this city in october, 1846. We give this, because it was the largest vote ever polled in this city up to that time, and because the relative strength of parties was then tested, both parties having come up to the struggle under feelings calculated to make every man toe the mark.

	1847. GOVERNOR.		1846. MAYOR.		
	Whig.	*Loco.*	*Whig.*	*Loco.*	*Ind't.*
Wards	Goldsborough	Thomas	Levering	Davies	Lovegrove.
1	399	601	421	504	1
2	369	632	435	525	0
3	499	562	509	418	3
4	638	460	642	361	2
5	324	379	328	344	5
6	478	635	502	537	2
7	372	524	377	430	0
8	313	637	338	553	0
9	423	574	404	533	0
10	505	313	481	286	5
11	469	444	420	427	0
12	607	606	600	507	9
13	469	334	457	277	2
14	531	380	491	361	6
15	710	655	721	567	5
16	338	384	385	328	1
17	242	503	251	415	0
18	473	737	413	625	1
19	383	513	396	479	0
20	193	428	181	401	2
	8,735	10,301	8,772	8,878	44
		8,735		8,772	

Thom. maj. 1,566 Davies maj. 106

The above figures present a statement of facts, which are calculated to make the honest men of all parties tremble for the purity of our elections. Let us look at them. The *Whig* vote for Governor, in 1847, is 8,735, being 37 less than was given for the Whig candidate for Mayor in 1846—though it is known that Mayor *Davies*, on personal grounds, received a very large Whig vote. In 1846, the aggregate vote of our city was 17,701, while, in 1847, it is 19,036, being an increase of 1,355. That in a populous city like ours there should be an increase—a considerable increase—of voters, all will readily admit, it is in the very nature of things that it should be so; but it is certainly passing strange, that this *increase* should be altogether on *one side;* and when we reflect that there are some *fifteen hundred* voters who have volunteered, enlisted and gone to Mexico from this city, we incline to the belief, that that number is fully equal to the *intrinsic increase of voters* of Baltimore during the last year, and that the one presented on the face of the poll books on the 6 h instant, is, to a very large amount, surreptitious, forced and fraudulent, and that the voice of the people of the counties of the State, in the election of their Governor, was, by such mens, rendered nugatory.—If we were to be asked how this *unnatural increase* on the side of the Locofoco party was *manufactured*, we would say that it was done, *first*, ay bringing persons *here* to vote from adjacent counties, after they had done voting there—the cars and omnibusses, if they could speak, could unfold a sad tale—*secondly*, by *voting the same individuals in several wards; thirdly*, by means of the aid of the General Government—whose workmen from Washington, from the yards in the vicinity of Nortolk, from the ships in convenient ports, and from the Revenue cutters, were doubtless poured in upon us;—while the paupers from the Alms-house, (*located in the Country,*) were *discharged* a day or two before the election, and found their way into our city, where, under *appointed leaders*, they were voted—the sailors at the Washington College, a large portion of whom had no residence here, were also voted, as were the inmates of the SMALL POX HOSPITAL, regardless of the health of our community. To show the desperate means by which this election was carried, we will mention one among many kindred facts. A citizen of the first ward, was knocked down the night preceding the election and dragged into a *coop*, where, among some thirty others, he was kept a prisoner until the morning of the following day, and finally made his escape from the second story window, by means of a chain and fragments of clothes tied together, on the morning of the election.

There is another fact which we will mention, *because it addresses itself particularly to the people of the counties.* A few days before the election a member of the *Whig State Central Committee* was approached by a person representing himself to be a deputation from the *New York Empire Club*, who proposed to ensure any majority which might be wanted in this *City* to the Whigs, on condition that he and his associates should receive a certain sum after the election, and after *securing* the majority to be named. His base proposition was indignantly rejected; but it is a fact worthy of note, that Locofoco *betters* became plentiful immediately after the rejection of this vile proposition, and freely named 1500 as the majority they should get in the city of Baltimore. We do not pretend to say that the Empire Club was employed by our opponents, but state facts and leave it to the *honest intentioned people of the counties* to draw their own conclusions from the premises we have presented for the action of their judgments. But we cannot close this branch of the subject without submitting these questions to them: Do you not believe that additional means should be adopted by the Legislature to purify the ballot-box in the city of Baltimore? Do you not think that the majority obtained by the Locofoco party, was so obtained by fraudulent means? Do you not believe that a REGISTRY LAW is required to prevent future frauds in this city?—Do you not think that such a restriction is due to the people of the counties, whose voice is ever subject to be stifled by a few hundred unprincipled loafers, who can always be found in a populous city like this to vote from ward to ward.

Owing to the proximity of our wards and the denseness of our population, without the additional guard, of a registration of voters previous to the day of the election, it is literally impossible to prevent this voting in a plurality of wards. The facility of taking board the day before the election in wards other than those of their residence, voting in their temporary, and returning again to their former boarding places, offer so many inducements to dishonest voters, that a check to such fraudulent voting has become indispensably necessary to the purification of the ballot-box. Unless such restraint should be imposed, *it is evident that the power of the counties will be crushed*, and forever, by a class of people who have no sense of shame, and who glory in being made the instruments of the grossest frauds upon the elective franchise.

We had a Registry Law, some years since, and while it remained our elections were conducted with fairness, but owing to the timidity of some and the treachery of others, it was repealed; since which the ballot box of the city of Baltimore has reflected any thing else than a fair representation of the will of our people, and has been the sport of the most designing and depraved among us. Among the most valuable of the privileges which belongs to a free people is that of voting; but if, as at present is the case, a single vote-pirate is to be permitted to neutralize the votes of a half dozen or more honest men, this high privilege degenerates into an evil too insufferable to be borne, and hence it becomes the duty of every good citizen to join heart and hand in endeavoring to prevent future frauds.

Although, by the means we have pointed out, we have been defeated in electing that pure man and upright statesman, *William T. Goldsborough*, as our Governor, it is gratifying to us to find that he got the vote of nearly every *true Whig* in our city. In the first 15 wards there were but two votes less given to him than were cast for Mr. Kennedy, while in the five upper wards, he obtained a few more votes than did the independent candidate for Congress, who was supported by the Whigs, he being a sterling Whig.

It is but fair to state here, that there were many of those who have always heretofore voted with the Democratic party who, at the late election, voted the *Whig* ticket from *principle*, and it is equally proper to state, that there were many who heretofore voted with the Whigs, that, upon the late occasion, *forgetful of principle*, went over to the enemy, thus availing themselves of the occasion to gratify the feeling of revenge, the most despicable passion that ever actuated the human mind. Fortunately, however, for the faith of the State, the overwhelming majorities in either branch of the Legislature, will render abortive their *pigmy spite*, as a repudiating Governor can never relieve them of the righteous burthens which they have been so properly made to bear.

In conclusion, we congratulate the whigs of Maryland, and of the Union, that our good old Commonwealth is blessed with

A WHIG SENATE,

A *WHIG* HOUSE OF DELEGATES,

Which secures us the election of

A WHIG U. S. SENATOR,

For 6 years from the 4th of March, 1849—which is glory enough for one campaign.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

A volunteer, lately returned from the war, tell a little anecdote of old "Rough and Ready," which is sufficiently characteristic to render it worthy of preservation.—The General had assembled his Council of officers, the night previous to the glorious conflict at Buena Vista, for the purpose of hearing their suggestions in relation to the approaching battle. A good deal of uneasiness was exhibited—objections were raised—the disanvantages of the immense "odds" were presented—propositions to retire and wait for reinforcements were urged—some were for giving the enemy battle—and one proposed that the American Army should "fall back"—when the Old Hero's opinion was asked.

"Are you all done, gentlemen?"

Every one had finished.

"Then, gentlemen, I will adjourn this meeting," coolly added Taylor, "till after the fight, to-morrow!"

"Goop!" was the unanimous response. The battle was fought, and gloriously won!

☞An exchange says Miller, the end-of-the-world man, is lying desperately ill.—Desperately ill or desperately well, he has been *lying desperately* this long time.

☞There is this difference between happiness and wisdom. He that thinks himself happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Howitt relates an anecdote, associated with the poem from which this famous line is so often quoted, which may not be familiar to all of our readers. Burns being invited to dine at a nobleman's, on a certain occasion, was turned off to eat his dinner with the butler. After the repast was over, he was sent for to the dining room, a chair being placed for him at the bottom of the table, and he was called on for a song. Controlling his indignation, he sang:

Is there, for honest poverty,
What hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that.

'You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
(Pointing to the nobleman at the head of the table)
Who struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cood for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that.'

As the last word issued from his lips, he arose, and not deigning the company a syllable of adieu, marched out of the room and the house.—*National Era.*

☞Major Freas, of the Germantown Telegraph, tells the following:

A friend of ours, coming down the sound to New York, a short time ago, was dreadfully in want of a little brandy and water; but the boat—the Vanderbilt—having no bar, the license law operating against it, it was determined to see if anything could be made out of the steward.

"Steward—steward—any brandy on board?" at the same time pressing in his stomach with all his might, and screwing his face into all sorts of contortions, as tho' suffering with a severe cholic.

Why, Massa C—. is that you? what's the matter—what's the matter?"

"I feel very bad, steward—stomach dreadfully out of order—these gentlemen at the same way—all been eating some peaches. A little brandy I've no doubt would relieve us. Quick, steward."

"Lor bress me, I'll be back in half a second."

They drank—and then asked what they had to pay.

"Eighteen pence a glass, gemmen"

"Why, steward, you are very high in your charges to-day."

"No, massa—de liquor is sixpence, *and I charges a shilling for de physician's fee!*"

Books.—In the best books great men talk to us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the true levelers.—They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshhold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is callek the best society in the place where I live.—Channing.

Woman.—Hard is the fate of that man who hath not the sweet counsels of woman to ease his varied trials, and soften the asperities of life—nor her cheering smiles, as a mental sunshine, to chase away the clouds of despondency that rest upon his soul. And how hard is the death of that man who hath not woman by his side, in the character of a sister, wife or mother, as a visible guardian angel, to smooth his dying pillow—to wipe the death damp from his brow—to clasp his pale hand—to be dew wit her tears his burning cheek—to kiss his quivering lips, and to whisper an affectionate adieu to his sinking spirit, as it recedes from the world, into the dark, unfathomable and unknown abyss of death.

Mourning.—The incorrigible "Dow Jr." of the New York Sunday Mercury, says:

"My dear friends—I am bound to the conclusion that nothing upon God's green-cushioned footstool was ever intended to mourn. If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black; every body would be born a negro; the ocean would be a vast ink pot; a black veil would be drawn over the face of heaven; and an everlasting string of crape hung around the border of creation. But I do assert, from the nether extremity of my heart, that man was no more made to go prowling and mourning through the world, than a canary bird was created to sing at the Methodist meeting meetings."

Pork Stakes.—A politician in Lancaster offered to bet five dollars in property on the result of the election in our precinct, provided a stakeholder could be found who would hold the stakes in his hands. The politician found that the precinct was going against his party, and when urged to put up his stakes, said he was ready to comply literally with the terms of the bet he had offered; and turned out for the stakes a sow and five pigs. But as no stakeholder could be found to "hold them in his hands," the bet fell through, and the politician "saved his bacon."—*Wiscopsin Herald.*