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KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. NOVEMBER 27, 1847. NO. 31.

MARYLAND

Kent county, Orphans' Court, November 9th, 1847.

On the application of Edwin Crouch, Administrator of Wm. T. Hurtt, late of Kent co deceased,

Ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the *Kent News*, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregong is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed. this 9th day of November 1847.

{Seal.} EBEN'R WELCH.

Test, Register of Wills for *Kent* county.

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of *Kent* county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Wm. T. Hurtt, late of *Kent* county, dec'd.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the 30th of June, 1848, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 9th day of November, 1847.

EDWIN CROUCH, Adm'r.
Wm. T. Hurtt, dec'd.

Nov. 9, 1847. 3w

MARYLAND,

Kent county, Orphan's Court, November 9, 1847

On the application of George Vickers, Administrator of Stephen Heveren, late of Kent county deceased.

Ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chester Town.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 9th day of November, 1847.

[Seal] EBEN'R WELCH,

Test. Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above Order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Md. letters of Administration on the personal estate of Stephen Heveren, late of Kent county deceased. All persons having claims against the said dec'd estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 30th of June, 1848, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1847.

GEO. VICKERS, Adm'r.
Stephen Heveren, dec'd.

Nov. 13, '47. 3w

NOT

DEATH & DESTRUCTION;

BUT EVERY THING SWEET TO

Please the Ladies!!!

CARL L. STRANDBERG & CO.

WOULD embrace this opportunity to inform their friends, patrons and the public generally that they have just returned from the city with a fine assortment of GOOD THINGS, generally kept in a

CONFECTIONARY,

such Fresh Malaga Grapes, Fresh Bunch Raisins, (by the box or ½ box.) Currants, sweet Havana Oranges, soft shell Bordeau Almonds, Dates, Prunes, a very superior lot of

CIGARS,

&c. They also keep on hand CAKES, of different kind, TOYS, &c., and many other things to numerous to mention.

They are constantly receiving CANDIES, of every description, which they are determined to sell as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be obtained elsewhere.

The undersigned would also take this method of informing Country Dealers, that they have made such arrangements as will enable them to dispose of their

CAKES, &c.

at the very LOWEST Baltimore prices.—To those who are in want of any of the above articles, they will find it to their advantage to give us a call before purchasing elewhere, as we feel confident we are prepared to please the most fastidous individual.

☞Parties, Weddings, &c., supplied with Cakes, Raisins, &c., upon the most reasonable terms.

☞All orders thankfally received and promptly attended at the very shortest notice.

They return their sincere and unqualified thanks to those who have so liberally patronized them since they have commenced business, and earnestly hope by paying a strict attention to the same, and a desire to please all, to merit a continuance of their patronage which they have so generously bestowed upon them.

Chester Town, Nov. 13—3w.

SMOKERS and Chewers will find a choice assortment of Segars and Tobacco at WICKES & BRO'S.

LINEN and blanket shawls comforts, etc. Linen, cambric and silk handk'fs, Irish Linens a good assortment and much cheaper than usual by Wickes & Bro.

BLANKETS from $1 50 to $3 50 per pair for sale cheap by WILMER & NICOLS.

Leeches! Leeches!!

JUST received a good supply of Leeches from Philadelphia, which will be applied or sold at fair prices, for cash by

Nov. 20 JOHN L. STAM.

FOR SALE, *by Wilmer & Nicols*—1 piece light Coberg Cloth, suitable for Ladies. [Nov. 20.

GLASS, Putty and White Lead, for sale by *Wilmer & Nicols.*

AXES for sale low by *Wilmer & Nicols.*

A new supply of CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Cassinotts, Flannels. Calicoes, Muslins, for sale cheap by *Wilmer & Nicols.*

Nov. 20 '47.

Bridles, collars, traces, lines &c. for sale low by

WILEY & PERKINS.

A FRESH supply of Sugrr, Coffee, Teas Molasses, Salt Petre; Pepper, &c., for sale low by *Wilmer & Nicols.*

Nov. 20, '47.

JUST received another supply of Hobensacks celebrated Worm Syrup and for sale by

JOHN L. STAM.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE creditors of Josiah H. Gilpin dec'd, are hereby notified to file their claims against said estate with the Register of Wills on or before TUESDAY, 14th of DECEMBER next, and a dividend upon said estate will be struck on Tuesday 21st December next.

Nov. 13, '47. C. W. SPRY, Adm'r. J. H. Gilpin.

To Rent.



HOUSE and LOT lying at Belle-Air, Kent county, called the Etherington Property, a good Stand for a Grocery and Shoe Making, or any kind of country business. It is at present occupied by Collin Tatman, who will show the premises to any one disposed to rent. For Terms apply to

JOHN W. CARROLL, Agent.

Chester Town, Nov. 13—4w.

KERSEY. May and Savin's manufacture for sale by Wickes & Bro. Cashmere and cotton Hosiery. Ladies kid and merino gloves for sale by

Wickes & Bro.

CHOCOLATE, pepper, salt petre, mustard blacking and blacking brushes, Loaf and rio sugars, rio and java coffees, green and black teas together with a large assortment family groceries for sale by

Wickes & Bro.

LADIES HEAR.

SILK plaids, cashmere plaids, ginghams, bl'k and col'd alpaca's, de Lains cheaper than were ever offered in this market, together with a large assortment latest style calicoes just opened by Wickes & Bro.

RED, white, yellow flannels, Linseys plaid, domestic, bleached muslins, a large stock and very cheap by

Wickes & Bro.

Land Commission.

TO all persons whom it may concern be it known, that the undersigned, commissioners appointed by Kent County Court to divide the real estate of James Smith late of Kent county deceased, on the Petition of Thomas Smith one of sons and heirs at law, will meet at the dwelling house of the said James Smith dec'd, on *Thursday the 2nd of December*, 1847, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of executing the said commission and proceeding according to law in the premises.

JOHN E. CACY,
THOMAS H. HORSEY,
WASHINGTON COMEGYS
RICHARD CORBALLY,
JOSEPH MONEY.
} Commrs.

Kent County, Oct. 30, '47. tdm

FOR SALE.



THE Brick House and Garden now occupied by James W. Philips, Esq., Also, the new frame House and Garden adjoining. They will be sold low by early application to JOHN RUSSELL.

C. Town, Oct. 16, '47. 3m.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Leach No. 54 N. Charles Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

INSERTS the best Porcelain Teeth in every variety of style and in the most natural, agreeable, and substantial manner for from $1,50 to $3, in each using *only* the very best materials.

Teeth extracted without pain whilst the patient is under the influence of the Letheon, price 50 cents.

Every operation warranted to suit the Patient or no pay required.

October 30, 1847. 1y

NEW GOODS.

WICKES & BRO.

HAVE just returned from the city with a splendid assortment of **FALL & WINTER GOODS** which they will sell at very reduced prices for cash or produce.

Oct'r 30, 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 Paper every fourth piece.



POETRY.

Written for the Boston Post.

CORSETS.

When I was down in Boston town,
A month ago or more,
I saw a very sin'lar thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window case,
Upon a string a-straddle—
Looked something like an hour-glass
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several citizens,
Who chanced to be at hand,
"What *was* it?" but their gibberish
I could not understand.

And fellow called it "a restraint
On certain parties plac'd,
Like a decree in chancery,
To stay the tenan.'s waste!"

Another—just the queerest chap
Of any in the swarm—
Said "'twent the glass of fashion, but
It *was* the mould of form."

Another said" "'twas a machine
A lady used to rig her—
To bring her form and life into
The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out,
And think of my amaze!
She asked me "if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays."

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But, strike me deal and dumb!
If ever I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um!"

Well—is n't it exceeding strange
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
Straight jackets put about 'em—
But women in their wits should make
A shift to do—without 'em!

Prog.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MAN THAT KILLED THE MONKEY.

The Recorder's dock was yesterday filled with persons of all sorts and all classes. The drover from the West, who instead of selling his horses, got sold himself; the Bowery "b'hoy," just arrived from New York; the poor Irishman, whose only fault was that he loved liberty, potatoes and whiskey; and many others, with points of character, and as an auctioneer would say, "too numerous to mention." Like a giant who had been dwindled down from his original proportions, by some process or other, Jack Lion stood up in the dock; the admired of all observers. Jack had a pair of conduroy pantaloons, a red vest, and a coarse blue blanket-coat. He had been picked up in the street for lying drunk, and was escorted to the guard-house by one of the faithful guardians of the police. Jack had a pug nose, and a pair of eyes that were as restless as those of a lynx. His cheeks were ruddy, and his nose was the color of a newly-cut beefsteak. Jack was evidently a native of England, and had no doubt been born within the sound of the "Bow Bells."

"Jack Lion!" said the Recorder; and Jack instantly rose up, whimpering like a child, and after having wiped his eye with the sleeve of his coat, remarked, "I'm ere, sir."

"Jack, you were brought up last night for having been found drunk in the streets—what have you to say for yourself?"

"I ain't got nothin' perticklar to say for myself, sir, only that I'm a misfortunate man, and a victim of conscence!"

"What have you been doing, that causes you to make a drunkard of yourself?"

"I've been doing nothin," your vurship, but I once belonged to carrywan!"

"A carrywan—what's that?"

"A carrywan, your vurship, is a manajerry—a place in which hanimels is kept for public view, and for the information of the risin' generation, in order to instruct 'em into the rudiments of geology."

"What did you do in the establishment that you speak of?" asked the Recorder, with a smile on his countenance.

"I was an instructor and intimate friend of the beasts, and if your vurship will let me go on, I'll tell my tale."

"Go on," said the Recorder.

"You see, sir, when I come from Liverpool, I arrived in New York, and got a situation in Welch & Delavan' manjerry. I told 'em as 'ow I didn't know nothin' much about hanimals, but seein' that I was willin', they put me to takin' charge of the helephant. I had to wash his tusks and keep his trunk dry, 'cept when he wanted water. That helephant was 'one of 'em sir; but after all my kindness to him, one day he broke the bond of fellowship between us!"

"How was that Lion?" inquired the Recorder.

"I was givin' him a happle, one mornin' which I found in the saw dust in the ring; and pokin' out his long snout he took it with all the gratefulness in the world. I see his countenance all wreathed in smiles, and jist as I was makin' some observations on the beauty of his featurs, he give me a lick that knocked me against the cage of the kangaroo, as was located near him.—At this perticler moment, a little monkey as was a friend of mine, hopped down and lighted on the helephant's neck. The big brute couldn't get hold of the little feller, and instead of plunging his tusks into me, he commenced runnin' round the ring.—Oh, if your vurship had seen the tigers and lions lashing their tails—the zebra changin' its stripes—the bears tryin' to gnaw their iron bars—the poll-parrots screamin' all sorts o' things—the camel rais n' his hump, and the rhinoceros elewatin' his snout, you'd a'most died with fear. There I laid, right by the cage of the long-legged kangaroo, that every now and then poked out his fore paw to grab me—and there was the helephant a trawserin' round, with poor little Jacko on his back. In a while, sir, the helephant stopped his rumbin,' and the monkey run on to the top of his cage. I owed the preservation of my precious life to that monkey, and yet I killed him!"

Here Jack Lion burst into tears, but the Recorder, in a peremtory tone, told him to go on.

"Well, sir, the monkey and me got to be friends. I used to buy him ground-nuts and ginger-cakes, and all that o' thing.—When I used to give little 'acko anything, the leopards and hyenas would howl as if heaven and earth was comin' together; the tigers would grin and gnash their teeth; the polar-bear, a 'werry respectable beast in a white coat, would snarl, as much as to say, "Oh, if I had you on a cake of hice, wot a meal I'd have off you." Still I didn't care—the monkey had saved my life, and agin I say I was grateful. One day the little feller took sick and went to the 'pothecary's to get some medicine. The 'pothecary's boy, instead of givin' me magnesia, put up a paper of arsenic. Poor Jacko took the dose, and the consequence was, that in a few hours he laid on his beamhends, and Mr. Welsh laid his foot on mine, I was kicked out, s r, and ever since I've been addicted to licker!"

The Recorder told Jack that he might go, but never to come back again with the memory of the monkey on the conscience. The police officers said that the monkey spoken of by Jack wae an ideal one, and that the real fact was, that he had a touch of the "red monkeys."—*New Orleans Delta.*

From the N. O. Delta.

SAM SANDON, THE UNIVERSAL VOTER.

In the group of characters which the picture of the Recorder's office presented yesterday, there was one of so marked a contour and tout ensemble that a connoisseur could not fail to select him as an object for contemplative study. His hair grew sparse and was of a wairy texture; deep lateral furrows traversed his forehead; his eyes were like glass balls, dimly lit by weak rush-lights; his nose was like a mound of semi-ripe raspberries, and his mouth partook of the characteristics of a genuine catfish. He held in his hand a hat, which was not all a hat, for it had been divested of a portion of the leaf, and his entire toggery proved, to ocular demonstration, that whatever might have been the state of his morals, he was literally and decidedly a man of bad habits.

"Sam Sandon!"

At the sound of his name the prisoner whose daguerreotype we have just endeavored to give above, scratched with his left hand that part of his scalp where once grew hair. This must have been meant for an answer to the call of the Court, for he made no other.

"Sandom, (said the Recorder,) what do you for a living?"

Sandom. "I used to follow the hoyster business, but I found it wasn't respectable, so, findin' an openin' in another line, instead of shelling out myself I now makes other folks shell out."

Recorder. "Then what do you follow now?"

Sandon. "Wotin'—I follows wotin," your honor."

Recorder. "You follow what?"

Sandon. "Lection business, your honor."

Recorder. "I understand you're a candidate for office."

Sandon. "No I aint, but I patronizes them as is. I am a horator, as Brutus was."

Recorder. "And pray Mr. Sandon, since as you say, you devote your entire mighty genus to election purposes, may I ask what party has the advantage of your powerful support?"

Sandon. "Which party?" All parties, your honor—all parties. Sam Sandon ain't the man to limit his vote or the influence of his eloquence to any one party: Like that 'ere French politicianer Guizot, he goes in for the balance of power if he makes a speech for democracy, he, to carry out his theory, makes a speech for next, as a matter of course, turns round and votes for a Democrat."

Recorder. "Your course, I must confess Mr. Sandon, is remarkably impartial in this party-governing age. But how do you do when there is a number of men running for the same office, as is the case at present for the office in justice of the peace and constable in the same district."

Sandom. "Wotes for them all, of course—carries out my principle."

Recorder. "Now since you have enlightened me as to your peculiar political system, which, if I understand you rightly, is no more than an exposition of your public life, how do you live? What supports you?"

Sandon. "Why the candidates support me, of course. I 's'pose I ain't fool enough to support myself in times of political excitement like these."

Recorder. Ah, you live on them day about, I suppose?

Sandon. "No, I doesn't your honor.—I'd scorn the act. I regulates the scale of the society with which I favors them, on graduated principles of justice.

Recorder. "I don't understand you."

Sandon. "I mean this, your honor, that I always makes a candidate for sheriff good to me for three days' livin' and five nights' drink, within a given time, mind me. A member of the Legislature is good for two; coroners I aint particular about, from candidates for constables I take miscellaneous treats."

Recorder. "Your system seems to be for one too idle to work a most admirable one. I cannot say that you have no visible means of support, for those on whom you rely for a support are necessarily among the most public men in the community. I shall let you go."

"Why, Sandon, (said a friend when he got outside the door,) he let them off easy."

"Was obliged to, (said Sandon,) he knows *how I vote.*"

A NAPOLEONIC ANECDOTE.

NAPOLEON sometimes told interesting tales of his early career. One of these, if true, show how near the world was to the loss of an Emperor. After the siege of Toulon, which his panegyrists regard as the first step to his good fortune, he returned to Paris, apparently in the worst possible mood for adventure. He was at this period suffering from illness. His mother, too, had just communicated to him the discomforts of her position. She had just been obliged to fly from Corsica, where the people were in a state of insurrection, and she was then at Marseilles without any means of subsistence. Napoleon had nothing remaining but an assignat of one hundred sous, his pay being in arrear. "In this state of dejection I went out," said he, "as if urged to suicide by an animal instinct, and walked along the quays, feeling my weakness, but unable to conquer it.—In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, and who, recognizing me, threw himself on my neck, and cried, "Is it you, Napoleon? What joy to see you again." It was Demasis, a former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother. He was about to go, when stopping, he said, 'What is the matter? You do not listen to me.—You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself?'

This direct appeal awoke Napoleon's feelings, and he told him everything. "Is that all?" said he opening his coarse waistcoat and detaching a belt, he added, "here are thirty thousand francs in gold; take them, and save your mother." "I cannot," said Napoleon, "to this day explain to my motives for so doing, but I seized the gold as if by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman to send it to my mother.—It was not until it was out of my hands that I thought of what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Denamasis, but he was no longer there.—For several days I went out in the morning, returning not until evening, searching every place where I hoped to find him."

The end of the romance is as eccentric as the beginning. For fifteen years Napoleon saw no more of his creditor. At the end of that time he discovered him, and asked "why he had not applied to the Emperor?" The answer was, that he had no necessity for the money, but was afraid of being compelled to quit his retirement, where he lived happily practicing horticulture.

Napoleon now paid his debt, as it may be presumed, magnificently made him accept three hundred thousand francs as a reimbursement from the Emperor for the thirty thousand lent to the subaltern of artillery; and, besides, made him director general of the gardens of the crown, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. He also gave a government place to his brother.—*Blackwood.*

THE LARGEST DAY'S WORK YET.—We are quite sure the Rochester Mills can no more be beaten in the quantity of flour they can turn out in a given time, than in the quality of the article. Mr. E. D. Ely, of this city in twenty-four hours, ending at 6 o' clock, P. M. Saturday ground, bolted, and packed in his mill 1,029 barrels of flour, and shipped it East. When the *Oswego* folks come up to this Mr. E. will just bring up the number to 1,200 barrels.—*R. Amer.*

A large Anti-Death Penalty meeting, was held in New York on Monday evening, which was addressed by James H. Titus, Rev. W. S. Balch, and H. Greely.

LEPOROS.

The following graphic description of the Leperos of Mexico is from the Boston Herald:

"Nobody can tell the Lepero's occupation; God only knows how he lives. He has almost as little need of the tailor as Adam and Eve had in Eden; his skin drinks the sun at every pore. An edict requiring the Lepero to wear breeches would extinguish the race; and Lepero in a whole pair of breeches would no longer be a Lepero; for one want creates another. Other men have houses and lands; the world belongs to the Lepero. He has no master, he knows no law, he eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is dry, and sleeps when and where he is sleepy. Other men rest from their labors; the Lepero works when he is tired of laziness. His work, however, never lasts more than an hour, seldom more fifteen minutes; just long enough to provide for the few and small wants of the day.—He carries a travelling trunk to his lodgings; does anything that comes under his hand, picking pockets included, and holds out his hand for charity. Such is his work; he is a doer of *chores.* He eats any thing and every thing—flesh, fish, and especially fruit.

"The chief visible occupation of the Lepero is to amuse himself; and the city of Mexico, in time of peace, does not lack cheap amusement."

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Bennett, of the N. Y. Herald, in a recent correspondence, thus speaks of the condition of England:

"The aristocracy maintain 400 000 servants, 200,000 horses, 500 000 dogs. 100.-000 grouse, and 500.000 game of all kinds, all to minister to their pride and pleasure. These men, beasts, and birds consume the food of idleness, which would feed the starving Irish, and others of the lower class. Here is the dangerous condtion that is increasing in magnitude every year, and reaches a crisis whenever any of the crops fail.

"In a population of 27,000,000. which is nearly the number of the three kingdoms, only about 800,000 are electors, while 43,000 persons hold all the land of the Empire, including mountains, hills, rocks, rivers, moors."

BODILY EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.—To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is barbarous opposition to nature, and to do so under a pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well-informed, and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold, with much heartfelt concern, poor little puny creatures of eight, ten, or twelve years of age exhibited by their silly parents as proficients in learning, or as distinguished for the early proficiency in language, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as well as of the body is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.

A HUNGRY PRINTER.—One of our western exchange concludes a pathetic appeal to his subscribers, by enumerating what a printer wants. He asks for forty or fifty bushels of potatoes, one hundred do of corn, fifty heads of cabbage, some linen to make up chemisetts for himself and better half, half a dozen pigs, cotton, flannel for under clothes, children's night-caps, and all the cash they can spare. He says without the latter indispensable article he cannot keep the wheels in motion.

What an unconscionable avaricious fellow. How dare a printer aspire to potatoes or think of wearing.—*Scientific American.*

TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreamt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't take a little sum'thin."

He replied that he 'wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch."

"Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship.

His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to await for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I'd said *cowld.*"

Schoolmasters and Printers.—Goldsmith says, "of all professions, I do not know a more useful or honorable one than that of a school-master; at the same time, I do not see any more generally dispised, or one whose talents are less rewarded."

"Our Doctor" forgot to mention printers as being in the same category. The reason why these two classes are so much neglected is obvious. Education and refinement are not necessary to mere animal life and to live the sensuous reign of a day, is the highest ambition of too many. We wot of a printer who worked hard and manfully to get his bread by toil, but failed. He went to brewing beer, and made a fortune. He used to say every body had stomachs, whereas very few were blessed with heads.

GREAT YIELD.—At the agricultural fair in Washington county, Ohio, premiums were given for 144 bushels of corn to the acre on bottom lands, and 117 on high hill lands.