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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. DECEMBER 18, 1847. NO. 34.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Chancellor of Maryland, the subscriber, as Trustee, will offer sale, on

TUESDAY,

the 21st December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. at the tavern of Charles B. Tilden, in Chester Town, all that

HOUSE & LOT

situate on Water street in Chester Town, nearly opposite the Bridge, which was occupied by the late Mrs. Atwood.

There is fine garden on the premises and the property is altogether very desirable.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the decree are that the purchaser shall pay one fourth the purchase money in cash on the day of sale and shall give bond with security to be approved by the Trustee, conditioned for the payment of the remainder, in three instalments, at 6, 12 and 18 months from the day of sale, with interest on the whole from the day of sale.

J. A. PEARCE,
Trustee.

Chester Town, }
Nov. 20, '47. }

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to the late firm of George B. Westcott & Co. are respectfully requested to call and settle their accounts on or before the first day of January next. The Books after that date will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Also, all persons indebted to George B. Westcott on Bond, Note or Book account, are requested to come forward and settle the same, on or before the said first day of January next.

GEORGE B. WESTCOTT.
Dec. 4. '47—3w.

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 effected 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

PROCLAMATION.

THOMAS G. PRATT, Governor of Maryland.

To all whom these Presents may concern:

WHEREAS, I have received from the Judges of Election, in the several counties of this State and of the city of Baltimore and returns of an election, held on Wednesday the 6th day of October, 1857, for members to represent this State in the Congress of the United States, and have carefully ascertained the member of votes given for every person voted for as such,

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the law in such case made and provided, I do, by this my Proclamation, declare, that

John G. Chapman, of the First District.
J. Dixon Roman, of the Second District.
T. Watkins Ligon, of the Third District.
Robert M. McLane, of the Fourth District
Alexander Evans, of Fifth District, and
John W. Crisfield, of the Sixth District.

appear, by the said returns, to have had the highest number of votes in their respective districts and were duly elected Members to represent this Stete in the Congress of the United States.

[L. S.] Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, on the 22nd day of November, 1847.

THOS. G. PRATT.

W. T. WOOTTON, Secretary of State.
Nov. 26, '47.—3w.

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

JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—SUCH AS—

Handbills, Circulars, Blanks, Cards, Labels, &c.,

Neatly and expeditiously executed on the most reasonable and accommodating terms, at the Office of the "*KENT NEWS*," Chester Town.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE

OR EXCHANGE, near George Town X Roads, containing

Three Hundred and Eighty Acres,

the improvements are very good. It is believed to be surpassed by none in the upper part of the county for health and productiveness.

Particulars given by
COL. JOS. WICKES,
Chester Town, Md.
or
JOHN W. PALMER,
Near George Town X Roads.

dec. 4, '47. tf

Notice.

The subscribers respectfully request all persons indebted to them to call and settle by the 15th of December next.

Those that comply with the above request will greatly oblige

Nov. 27—3w. T. & O. P. JONES.

Fresh Oysters!

THE subscribar would most respectfully inform the citizens of Chestertown, and the public generally, that he is constantly receiving the largest and best

OYSTERS,

that can be had, and that he will serve them up in such a manner as will please the most fastidious. He would respectfully solicit the public patronage, as he is demined to keep the best of the season and dispose of them cheaper than they can be had elsewhere.

Also, Oysters for sale by the Pint or Quart, on reasonable terms.

He returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal patronage he has received and would earnestly solicit a continnuance of the same.

Dec. 4. JOHN BARRETT.

WEATHER-BOARDING.

I have for sale at the Steam Boat wharf, Chester, about *THIRTY THOUSAND FEET* of smooth white pine boards, the right thickness and widths for WEATHERBOARDING, with a good assortment of other boards, among which is a lot, very wide suitable for Batteau sides and pannels. Also a quantity of 2 in. white pine plank, two years seasoned. All of which I will will sell low for cash, or a short credit to punctual customers.

HIRAM BROWNE.
Nov. 27, '47.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned requests all persons indebted to him, to call and pay off their obligation and hopes this notice will be attended to, as all claims that are not settled by the 1st of February next, or some arrangement made for a speedy payment will be placed in the hands of officers for collection with instruction to proceed according to law without respect to persons.

JAMES URIE.

Near Chester Town, }
dec. 4, '47. }

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.

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

New York Ploughs.

2 and 3 furrow M. H. & Co. ploughs, at $5 50 and 6 00—1 00 to 1 50 below the Baltimore price—for sale by

T W ELIASON.

Aug't 7, '47.

TO RENT.



The Frame Dwelling in Chester Town, occupied by H. M. Hyland.

Also the Frame Dwelling late the property of the Rev. Samuel L. Rawleigh.

Also the frame Dwelling occupied by Mr. W. Frazier.

G. VICKERS, Agent.

Nov. 20, 1847.

JULES HAUL'S sup'r shaving cream, Cologne, Bears Oil, Beef's Marrow, Extracts, Eau Lustral *Hair* Restorative, Tooth Paste for sale by WILEY & PERKINS.

FOR sale by Wilmer & Nicols, Collars, Bridles, Martingales, Girth Whips and Saddles, cheap.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Is Published every Saturday by

Edward Mansfield.

Terms:

$2 00 payable in advance or $2 50 at the expiration of the first six months. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Single copies 6 1-4 cents.

Advertisements, not exceeding 12 lines will be inserted three times for $1, and 25 cents for each insertion thereafter. Larger one in proportion.—A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisement must have the number of times marked, or they will published till forbid and charged accordingly.

☞All communications must be post paid.



POETRY.

The Streamlet's Teachings.

BY MAGUIRE O'QUILL, ESQ.

A thoughtless girl, on roaming bound,
One bright and balmy day,
Amid the fields a path had found,
And traced its winding way.

Her roying step a riv'let met
That rolled its pearls along
Between those banks, in flowers set
Such as to rills belong.

Beside its course, in shady spot,
She courted cooling rest;
And zephyrs, with the sleep she sought,
Her heated brow caress'd.

The maiden's sleep a dream beguiled—
It was a vision bright:
Sprung from the stream, came near a child,
The riv'let's guardian sprite.

"My youthful maid," the spirit said,
"The lily's breast for me,
For purity hath o'er it shed
The charms that seem in thee.

"To counsel list and thou shalt keep
Those charms I fondly love,
And thou shalt pass in sweeter sleep
To grace the realms above.

"Thy virgin soul is like the spring
Whence pour these waters now,
And thy young life as bright a thing
As their flood's merry flow.

"And were that fount a troubled one,
No crystal waters then;
These flow'ry banks would wither down,
And sere would be the glen.

"Thus with thy soul, my pretty maid,
In sacred regions born;
It yields thee life without a shade,
And tends to blessed bourn.

"Then keep it pure, that fount of life,
And blithe thy course will be;
And thou shalt leave all worldly strife
To meet w Who gave it thee!"

The dream was o'er—the maid arose,
And found that, n her rest,
A lily's cup had nestled close
Upon her youthful breast.

She thought a wand the sprite had laid
To guard her virgin heart,
And from her breast the lovely maid
Would never let it part.

MISCELLANEOUS

COMICALITIES.

An Irishman having been to Scotland, was asked on his return, how he liked it? "I will tell you how," said he, "I was sick all the while I was there, and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

A gentleman wishing to know the price of coal, and observing an Irishman standing near a load, of which he took him to be the owner, inquired—"How is coal now?" "Black as ever, your honor!" replied Pat.

A lady describing a ride in the cars, said she, "driv up to the depot, and hardly got out of the engine when another railroad went past."

A Down East Editor says, "The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow, but intrepid tread of a jackass to a peck of oats."

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to a friend; who replied, "for my part, I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

A terrible murder was perpetrated in Norfolk County, Va. last week by a man named Lemuel Cregory, who was inflamed at the time by liquor. The murderer had threatened the life of an aged citizen of the county, who sent a colored boy to a neighbor for assistance. Gregory followed the boy, and, mistaking a deaf and dumb negro boy for the one he was in pursuit of, seized him and killed him on the spot.

From the Nat. Intelligencer.

Second Despatches

FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

Headquarters, Mexico, new addition to the *United States*, Oct. 25, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON:—My dear old friends, Gineral Scott and I find a good deal of bother about getting our despatches through to Vera Cruz, or else you'd hear from me oftener. I do think the President is too backward about clearing out this road from here to Vera Cruz and keeping it open, and introducing the improvements into the country that we stand so much in need of here. He and Mr. Ritchie pretends to have constitutional scruples about it, and says the constitution don't allow of internal improvements, and Mr. Ritchie says the resolutions of '98 is dead agin it too; and, besides, Mr. Ritche says these internal improvements is a Federal doctrine, and he'd always go again 'em for that if nothin else. But 'tis strange to me the President hasn't never found out yet that where there's a will there's away, constitution or no constitution. All he's got to do is to call all these roads round here in Mexico "military roads," and then he'd have the constitution on his side, for every body knows the constitution allows him to make military roads. I know the President is very delicate about fringing on the constitution, so I dont blame him so much for holding back about the internal improvements here in Mexico, though I dont think there's any other part of the United States where they are needed more. But there's no need of splitting hairs about the roads is'nt internal improvements, and he's a right to make military roads as much as he pleases. And as them is just the kind of roads we want here, and shall want for fifty years. (for our armies will have to keep marching about the country for fifty years before they'll be able to tame these Mexicans, and turn 'em into Americans,) it is confounded strange to me that the President is so behind hand about this business. What's the use of our going on and annexin away down south here, if he don't back us up and hold on to the slack? And there's no way to hold on to it but to keep these military roads open so our armies can go back and forth and bring us in victuals and powder and shot and money.

Here we've been, weeks and weeks since we annexed the city of Mexico, waiting and holding on for the President to send us more men and more money, and tell us what to do next. This backwardness of the President since we got into the city of Mexico seems more strange to me, considering. For, when he was fixin me off to come out here and see if I could make a settlement with Santa Anna, I tried to persuade him to let the armies hold still while I was making the bargain. I told him he never could bring a man to reason or to trade, when he was knocking him down all the time. But I could'nt make him seem to nnderstand it. He stood to it his way was the best—the sword in one hand and peace in tother, all the way along—a word and the blow and the blow always first.

'Why, Major Downing,' says he, "if you want to reason a man into peace, that's another thing, but if you want to *conquer* a peace, my way is the only way. That's the way I begun this war, and that's the way I mean to carry it out."

"How so?" says I; "how did you begin the war in that way?"

"Why," says he, "Slidell was the word, and Taylor was the blow; and not only my friends, but even my enemies, admit that the blow come first."

The President said that was the rule he had gone by all the way along, and he meant to stick to it, and not hearing anv thing from him so long, I'm afraid he's got a notion that peace is conquered. But that would be a bad mistake, if he has got such a notion, for it is n't conquered; it's a good deal as 'twas with Bill Johnson, when he and I was boys, and he undertook to conquer a hornet's nest, expectin to get lots of honey. He took a club and marched bravely up to it and hit it in awful dig, and knocked it into a thousand flinders.

"There, blast ye," says Bill, "I guess you're done tu now," as he begun to look round for the honey. But he soon found 'twas n't conquered; 'twas only scattered. And presently they begun at him and sting him on all sides. One hit him a dab on his arm, and another on his leg, and another in his face. At last Bill found he should soon be done tu himself if he staid there, so he cut and run.

"Hullo," says I, Bill, where's your honey?"

"Darn it all," says he, "if I haint got no money, I knocked their house to pieces; I've got that to comfort me."

I wish you would try to convince the President 'tis only scattered here: 'tis n't conquered, and he must give us the means to keep moving, or we shall get badly stung bime-by. If he only backs us up well, I'll pledge myself that we'll carry out the campaign marked out in my last despatches, which would bring us clear down to Cape Horn in four or five years: and I'm very anxious to get there, it strikes me that would be such a good horn to hold on to in all dilemmas, even if all the rest of the country went by the board. I dream't 'tother night that we had got through annexin all North and South America; and then I thought our whole country was turned into a monstrous great ship of war, and Mr. Polk the Captain. And the captain was walking the deck with his mouth shet, and every body was looking at him and wondering what he was goin to do next. At last he sung out, "Put her about; we'll sail across now and take Europe and Asha and Africa in tow—don't stop for bird's-egging round among the West India Islands; we can pick them up as we come back along—crowd all sail now and let her have it."

Away we went: I never see a ship sail faster. The wind begun to blow harder and harder, and then it come on an awful storm, and at last it blowed a perfect hurrycane. The sails begun to go to a flitters, and she rolled as if she was going to upset. Some of the oldest and best sailors among the crew to the captain we should all go to destruction if he did n't take in sail, and furl and clew up, and get things tight, and bring her head round to the wind. Mr. Richie was standing by his side, and says he, "Captain Polk, them is all nothing but Federal lies, as I've shown hundreds of times, not only in the Union, but years and years ago in the Enquirer. Them fellers only want to give aid and comfort to the enemy, dont pay any attention to 'em.—Here's the chart, (he held up in his hand the resolutions of '98') sail by this, and I'll risk her on any tack and in all weathers.

On we went, lickity-split, the hurrycane blowed harder, the timbers begun to creak, the sails split to ribbons, some of the spars begun to snap and go by the board and then all at once there was a terrible cry, "breakers ahead!" The Captain then jumped as if he was wide awake; and says he, "call all hands and put her about." But when the officers came to give orders to the crew, not one of them would mind or pay any attention. The whole crew was in a mutiny; and the ship was so large and the crew was such a mixed up mess of different sorts of folks that there was more than twenty different mutinies all at once in different parts of the vessel.

"Well," says Captain Polk, "I wash my hands of this mischief; if the crew wont turn to and help, the ship must go ashore."

Then an old sailor spoke up and said 'All the crews in the world could' nt do 'any good now; the ship was dished, and must be plumped on the rocks, her sails and spars was gone, the timbers sprung, and the held already half full of water."—In a few minutes she struck, and the rocks gored a hole through her side, and the water poured in, and down she sunk lower and lower, till at last she gave one mighty guggle, and plunged all under the water except a piece of the bowsprit that still stuck out. The storm and the waves swept over her, and the whole crew and every body aboard was lost, except a few of us who scrabbled up and clung to the bowsprit.

The hard spring I had to make to get on to the bowsprt waked me up; and although I aint one that thinks much of dreams, I cant help thinking a good deal of Cape Horn, and naterrally feel anxious to get along down that way as fast as we can; so I hope you'll urge the President to be a little more stirring, and let us have men and money a little faster.

I shall have to break off here for to-day because I've got to write al itile despatch to the President to send by the same post. I have received some letters from Uncle Joshua and other relations and frienes in the old United States, and send some of 'em along to you which you can, if you think best, hitch on to my despatches, jest as Gineral Scott takes the letters of his under-officers and hitches on to his despatches.

So I remain your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—General D. was more distinguished for his gallantry in the field, than for the care he lavished upon personal cleanliness; complaining upon a certain occasion to the late Chief Justice Bushe of the suffering he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.

"You must desire your servant," he said to the general, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your waole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour, the process concludes by wiping yourself try with towels, and scrubbing yourself with a flesh brush."

"Why," said the general, after a few minutes" reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me to be neither more nor less than washing yourself!"

"Well," rejoined the judge, "it is open to that objection."

☞There is a man in Worcester, Mass., who has lived so long on Corn bread that his hair has turned to silk like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are so full of corns that he expects to see them covered with husks next spring.

FRUITS OF GAMBLING.—A young man, named John Moody was arrested on Friday in New York, on a charge of embezzling $870 from his employer. He was decoyed into gambling houses, and fleeced of all but $200, when he confessed his crime.—The gamblers have been arrested.

It will be a general cause for satisfaction to learn that all personal misunderstanding between General Kearney and Commodore Stockton has been explained and settled.

VARIETY.

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT."—A wag advertised, in one of the papers, on the morning of the recent election, in extraordinary display, that the Wilmot Proviso would be exhibited at the Museum for a week, having obtained the genuine thing from the owner. This was ahit in its way, but a green horn, who is called a *native*, actually visited the museum for the purpose of beholding the animal, and was shown the stuffed skin of an elephant, as the veritable Wilmot proviso itself, which he is reported to have been left gazing at with dubious wonder.

A CONTENTED DRUGGIST.—A druggist was aronsed by the ringing of his night bell. He arose, went down stairs and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts.—His wife grumbled—"What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny." replied the assidious druggist. "And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time, rejoined the wife. "Never mind," added the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer. Let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her—"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, staring; "do you not know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to *do*, but as it never done I concluded that you must have some other way of passing your time."

"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has his little failings, for we are none of us perfect. He put the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down in the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee-pot to Jowler's tail, let off squibs in the barn, took my cap bobbin for fishin' lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eyes; but these are only childish follies.

The rattlesnake catcher of the steamer William Caldwell, which plies on Lake George, has improved the orthography of his advertisement, as will be seen from the following literal copy, taken a few days ago:—

"RATTLESNAKES.—In this box air four snaxes koched on blak montang won air leven one air ten won air six one air four yeres olde.

Ten cents a site.
No trust." RED CAP DICK.

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said, to the fellow who stood by the side of his ass.

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone, I'm undone." "Are you," said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

There is a place, we believe in New Hampshire, where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the fellow who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

A Yankee recently married a wife, eat five pumpkin pies, liked a negro, told a lie, went to church and tere his trowsers all in one day.

When a witty English government defauiter, after his recall was asked, on his arrival home, if he left India on account of ill health, he replied—"they do say there's something wrong in the chest."

A man has started a paper in Maine: to be issued *occasionally*, which is a great deal oftener, the editor says, than he will be able to get his pay for it.

☞"Young women," said the Rev. Dr. Beecher, "whenever you see a young man nibbling at cloves or nutmegs, or flag root on entering a church, you may safely say that young man has taken a drink."

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarreling, and yet says he, with all our differences we never "fall out."

☞"So, Mrs. Brattle has become a member of the 'Home Missions,'" said Mrs. Partington. "Well, I am rejoiced to hear it for her poor husband's sake; for, though I think it is a husband's duty to help about the house some, he shouldn't be left to wash and cook for himself and children and mend his own clothes, as poor Brattle has had to do while she was runing round.—I hope the *home* Missions will keep her at home now;" and the old lady stirred her souchong with animation as she made the comment.

It is srid isinglass and gin dissolved together by slow hert, makes a good cement for glass. This is doubtless true, because gin has been long celebrated as a cadital thing to mend "a pane in the stomach."

☞"God keep you in your comforts, my lady," was the eloquent blessing of the Irish beggar, to two Irish ladies, as they stepped into there carriage from their shopping excursions.