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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. DECEMBER 25, 1847. NO. 35.

A VALUBLE 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

BOARDING.

MRS. E. G. SUDLER, adopts this method to notify her friends and the public, that at the commencement of the ensuing year she will open a

Boarding House,

in that commodious house, in Queen street, near the intersection of High street, where she will be prepared to accommodate boarders by the year, month or day. Particular attention will be paid to transient boarders.

☞For terms applications to be made to Mrs. Sudler.

Chestertwn, Dec. 11.—3w.

WANTED immediately, a clerk who is acquainted with the retail Apothecary and Drug business. Reference required in regard to moral and business habits. Apply to

WM. J. HOPPER,
Centreville, Md.

Nov. 27, '47.

$10 REWARD.

THE above Reward will be paid to any person who will arrest and deliver to me my apprentice boy, named

Osmond Razin,

aged about 17 and small for his age. He had on when he left, his working clothes, consisting in part of a frock coat, cassinet and steel-mixed—his pantaloons of the same colour, considerably worn and mended on the knee. He had also on a pair of boots and a common cap. His name is imprinted on one of his arms—He has long black hair, and he can make a good shoe. He left the services of the undersigned on Wednesday, the 1st December.

I forewarn all persons from harboring or employing the said apprentice, as I shall certainly prosecute every one who has or may harbour or employ him.

WILLIAM CONYER.
Dec. 11—3w. Chester Town.

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.

DISSOLUTION

THE Co-Partnership in the Butchering business heretofore existing under the firm of Thomas Carroll & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to call on A. W. Sparks and pay their respective accounts, as he alone is authorised to receive the same.

The public's ob't serv'ts,
A. W. SPARKS,
his
THOMAS x CARROLL.
mark.

Witness—Wm. M. Gemmill.
Dec. 10th, '47.

For Sale.

A negro woman, aged about 23 yearsold, with two children, one about 8 years and the other 13 months old. Slaves for life; not to be sold out of the State. The woman is a first rate cook, washer and ironer. Apply to the editor.

dec. 11, '47. 3w

Lumber & Shingles.

I HAVE just received a large quantity of seasoned boards which I will sell at or below Baltimore prices. I have also on hand 50 or 60,000 very superior Cypress Shingles, which I will sell cheap.

July 3, '4 A. W. SPARKS.

CLOTHS.

Gentlemen are requested to call and look at our assortment of French an American cloths and cassimeres—these goods have been purchased at very low prices and will be sold much below the usual rates.

WICKES & BRO.

Sept. 25, '47

The Rock Hall Packet.

WILL leave Rock Hall on Monday's and Baltimore Thursday's through the winter—making one trip per week.

Dec 4—• THOS. HARRIS.

Town Property



FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE TAVERN PROPERTY,

In Cheetertown, belonging to Mrs. Mary S. Thomas, and now occupied by Mr. John S. Clothier is for Sale or Rent, on moderate terms. ☞Apply to

MRS. THOMAS,
or
JOSEPH WICKES.

December 4, '47.—3w.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY vntue of 6 writs of the State of Maryland, three of Fieri Facias a 4 of Venditioni Exponas, one at the suit of Sam'l Ringgold, one at the suit of H. W. Wissell, one at the suit of Geo. W. Crossly, one at he suit of Samuel H. Cooper, one at the suit of John Nelson, one at the suit of Isaac Perkins, issued by John N. Usilton, William S. Lassell, A. W. Sparks, Esq'rs. three Justices of the peace in and for Kent County, Maryland, against the goods and chattels lands and tenements of Thomas Jones, sn. to us directed, we have seized and taken in execution, all the right title claim and interest, of the srid Thomas Jones, sn. of, in and to, all that tract or parcel of land called and known as part of *WATT'S FOLLY*, containing four and a half acres, with the Buildings and Improvements thereon, & we hereby give notice, that on SATURDAY, 1st day January, 1848, at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the tavern porch of Thomas Lusby Esq., in Chester Town, we will offer for sale the property so seized and taken in Execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

JOHN W. CARROLL,
JAS. W. PHILLIPS,
Constables.

Dec. 11, 1847. tds 3 00

In Chancery,

9th *December*, 1847.

Ordered that the sale of the real Estate of Thomas B. Keatting made and reported by the Trustee, George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 9th day of February next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in, each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $315.00.

True Copy—Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Dec 18—3w. Reg. Cur. Can.

In Chancery,

9th DECEMBER, 1867.

ORDERED, That the sale of the Real Estate of Rebecca Gilchrist made and reported by the Trustee George Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary, on or before the 9th day of February next, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the 20th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $162,00.

True Copy—Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Dec 18—4w. Reg. Cur. Can.

In Chancery,

9th December, 1847.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of Nathaniel Copper made and reported by the Trustee George Vickers be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shewn to the contrary on or before the 9th day of February next, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks, before the 20th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $696,00.

True Copy—Test.
L. GASSAWAY,
Dec. 18—3w. Reg. Cur. Can.

In Chancery.

9th December, 1847.

Ordered that the sale of the Real Estate of Joseph A. Harper and others made and reported by the Trustee George Vickers be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shewn to the contrary on or before the 9th day of February next, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $810,00.

True copy—Test,
LOUIS GASSAWAY,
Dec. 18—3w Reg. Cur. Can.

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

JOHN L. STAM.

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

WILEY & PERKINS.

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.

From the Union Magazine.

THE THRIVING FAMILY.

A Song.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Our father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs,—
Full thirty well grown sons has he,
A numerous race indeed,
Married and settled, all, d'ye see,
With boys and girls to feed.
And if we wisely till our lands,
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare,
For spending, or for giving.
A thriving family are we,
No lording need deride us,
For we know how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us;
Hail, brothers, hail;—
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east,
Some, clover fields are mowing;
And others tend the cotton plants
That keep the looms agoing.
Some build and steer the white-winged ships,
And few in speed can mate them;
While others rear the corn and wheat,
Or grind the flour to freight them.
And if our neighbors o'er the sea
Have e'r an empty larder,
To send a loaf their babes to cheer,
We'll work a little harder.
No old nobility have we,
No tyrant king to ride us;
Our Sages in the Capitol
Enact the laws that guide us,
Hail, brothers, hail,—
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have—we can't deny
A foible, here and there;
But other households have the same,
And so, we'll not despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names, you see,
And 'twere a burning shame to part
So fine a family.
'Tis but a waste of time, to fret;
Since Nature made us one,
For every quarrels cuts a thread
That healthful love has spun.
So draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail,—
Let nought on earth divide us!

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Treating a case Actively.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY JOHN JONES, M. D.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of great respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H——— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mrs H———?" I asked on meeting his Flady, who was in tears and looking the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance fallen sudden y from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor and now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purdie, and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was tinged, and he lay perf ctly stupid, but still I saw no clear indications of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous!"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H——— looked anxiously into my face.

I delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give him life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means fore restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head; another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor, said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H——— in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H———. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it be assured," I replied.

But my words did not assure them.—However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any thing more patient until Doctor S——— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Doctor S——— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Doctor S——— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Doctor S——— thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also for a fresh blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Doctor S——— with curprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do.—But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he belteved, take away the predisposition thereto with which Mr. H——— was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of Mr. H. was shaved; and Doctor S——— applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S——— "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Doctor S———the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxious around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H———'s horn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Had'nt we better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H——— opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious groud that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischiefes the matter?" he at length said. Bt the same time feeling a strange sensatien about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

Heavens and earth! He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quict," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now!" And she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word but lie very still."

"But my head! What's the matter with my head. It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! I don't understand this. And my arm? What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh be very quiet. Your life depends upon it!"

Mr. H——— sunk back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it, tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead!"

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill.—We fear for your life," said Mr. H———, affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H——— closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church; or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found oou lying insensible upon the floor on happening to come into your room. It was most Providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H——— shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience. But its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah!" he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the Doctors to butcher me in this way? I'm laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the ———!"

"Hu-s-h! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience, H——— shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low petulant voice.

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not eared in my first and last impressions of H———'s disease, neither had Doctor S———, although he used very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these.

H——— had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this, and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But, to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S——— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H——— kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head, upon his shoulders, with as much philosophy he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barbers's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon upon wine or brandy again for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H. had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew any thing more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.—The following correspondence is from the London Weekly Dispatch.—

Madstone Jail, Sept. 14, 1847.

Dear Mother:—It is with a broken heart that I inform you that my death warrant arrived last night. I hopeo I should have got off for transportation, but that was not to be. Your poor son Jack is to be hung on Monday morning. Pray dear mother, come over and see once before I die. My haart is too full to say any more. From your poor broken-hearted son,

JOHN JONES.

Chatham, Sept. 15, 1847.

Dear Son Jack—I am very sorry that you cannot be transported instead of being hung, I would come over and see you only Mrs. Thomson's great wash is on Monday, and I want to arn a shellin' when I can. I am told that the hangman has the people are hung in. Do not dear Jack, be hung in your coat. Put on your jacket leove your coat with the turkey, and I will get the carrier to call for it. Keep up your spirits dear Jack. May the Lord have mercy on your soul; and pray don't forget to be hung in your jacket. I remane, your fectionate mother,

MARYAN JONES.

☞"I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman

"I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want your daughter!"

The old lady opened her eyes.

VARIETY.

CHEESE vs. CANNON SHOT.

The grestest ammunition that we have heard of lately, was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidian Navy, who in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, Sir?" asked his first lieutenant; "we've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister, and double-headed, are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, Sir—got lots of that yet."

"We had a confounded hard cheese—a round Dutch one—for desert at dinner to-day; don't you remember it?" said the captain.

"I ought to—I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, Sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen, Sir—we took 'em from a droger."

"Will they go into the 18-pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore, but that's the idea. I'll try them," cried the first luff.

And, in a few minutes, the fire of the old "Santa Maria," (Coe's ship,) which had stopped, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head.—Directly one of them struck his mainmast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the devil is that the enemy is firing?" asked Brown, but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port and killed two men who were standing near him; then striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinters.

"By Jove, this is too much, this is some new tangled Paixhan or other—I don't like 'em at all!" cried Brown; and then, as four or five of them came slap through the sails, he gave the order to fill away, and actually backed out of the fight receiving a part broadside of Dutch cheese.

This is an actual fact, as our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship—*Monitor.*

☞A long-legged Yankee, on a visit to a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant; whereupon he turned to the keeper and said, with surprise—"Thunder and lightnin" mister, what darned critter have ye got here, with a tail on both ends."

"WHY am I like Texas?" said an unmarried Miss Star, to a bashful woer, who did not "spunk up," as the saying is.

"I do not know," said the green one.

"Because I'm a *lone Star*.

"Then," said the fellow, brightening up, let me propose annexation."

It is asserted that in all Italy, containing a populaof 22,000,000 souls, there are not as many newspapers printed as would emanate from the single city of Boston or Philadelphia; and they are small "7 by 9 sheets," containing little else than advertisements and the decrees of government.

☞The Journeymen Printers of Chicago publish the Hon. John Wentworth as a *rat*—how *long* is he from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.—St. Louis Rev.

GOOD BAIL.—A blacksmith named Osborn, offered himself as bail, at the court of sessions, for a prisoner whose trial was put off till next term.

"Are you surely worth $600 above all your debts?" inquired the Recorder.

"Why, sir, I hold my wife to be worth $500 without counting property."

"The court is satisfied; take his bail," replied the Recorder.

We state yesterday that the President actually mentions General Taylor in his message. He does mention Gen'l. Taylor's name—mentions it several times—but he is particularly careful not to mention it with the slightest *praise*. Well, the glorious old hero must try to find, in the enthusiastic praises of an admiring world, some little enthusiastic praises of an admiring world, some little consolation for the want of a good word from James K. Polk.—*Lou. Journal.*

"I am going to draw this beaux into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymenial altar.

PLOUGH DEEP.—If you would permanently increase the productiveness and ferulity of your fields, plouh deep, and bring to the surface a portion of the soil never before stirred, that it may receive the fructifying influences of the sun and air. By so doing, and filling the soil with invigorating manures, you will provide a bed in which the roots of vegetables will find a healthy and salutary medium.

ADVERTISING.—Blackwood's Magazine says.—"There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity—one way of obtaining publicity—advertisement. The newspaper is the fly-wheels by which the motive power of business enterprise is suisained, and money the steam by which the advertising is kept going.

AIR-TIGHT COFFIN.—A man in Albany is exhibiting a patent air-tight coffin, to which is arranged a pipe through which the air is pumped out after the body is deposited, when by turning a screw the coffin becomes perfectly tight. The inventor ssys it will preserve a corpse in a perfect and natural state for hundreds of years, or as long as time last.

☞The clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes. Who is independent?