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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. JANUARY 15, 1848. NO. 38.

MORE

NEW GOODS.

JUST open at T. W. ELIASON'S and for sale at *reduced prices for Cash.*

Good yard wide br'n muslin 6¼ to 12½; fine y'd wide bl'd muslin 10 to 12½; cloths, casimeres, sattinets, vestings, flannels, calicoes, oregan and casemere plaids, delanes, apron silks, alpacas, linen and cotton table diapers, and a general assortment of other

DRY GOODS.

ALSO, a large stock of *Groceries*—good br'n sugar 6¼ to 9 cts., loaf sugar 11 to 12½ white refined and broken l'f sugar 10 to 12½; good Rio and Laguyra coffee; superblack, old hyson, young hyson, imperial and gun-powder teas, 75 to 1 25; very fine chewing tobacco 20 to 37½; molasses; candles; soap, pepper, starch, etc.

Saddles, bridles, collars, tin-ware, hardware, Queens-ware, brushes and brooms.

Shoes, boots, hats, caps and a great variety of other goods, at small profits and reduced prices for cash.

Chester Town, dec. 18, '47.

REMOVAL!

MRS. S. FRANCIS,

WOULD embrace this opportunity of informing her friends and the public generally, that she has REMOVED to the commodious and convenient house, situated on High Street, recently occupied by Dr. Cruikshank, where she would be pleased to accommodate a few Ladies and Gentlemen with **BOARD**, by the week, month, or year. She will endeavor to please and render satisfaction to those who may favour her with their patronage. She returns her sincere thanks for past favors and would most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

☞N. B.—*Her terms are moderate.*

December 25—3w.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT OUTDONE!—Mr. J. T. Rowand—Dear Sir:—For four or five years I have suffered greatly from Rheumatism in my head, which, during the last year became worse and worse. For four or five weeks previous to the 15th instant, I had suffered without intermission, my general health was much impaired, my sight injured, and my head so sensitive that I could scarcely rest it upon the pillow. Two days since, a *single application* of your "MAGIC LOTION" *relieved me entirely in two or three minutes!* I have applied it occasionally since, and the soreness is nearly gone. So great and sudden was the change that I can scarcely realize that I am the *same man?*

I have also cured one of my children, and a female friend of headache in two or three minutes.

So great is my confidence in the "Magic Lotion" that I would not be without a bottle for "*fifty times its cost.*"

Yours respectfully,
JACOB W. SOUDER,
No. 350 Market st.

Phila., January 17th, 1846.

For sale by John L. Stam, Chestertown.

July 24, 1847.

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, 1847.

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.

Kent county, to wit:

WHEREAS, Warner Rasin, sn. of Fishing Valley, Still Pond, in Kent county, hath this 28th day of December, eighteen hundred and forty seven, given notice to me, one of Justices of the peace, of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, aforesaid, that on the 21st day of the present month, he took up and secured a two oared Batteau, with a new stern. The owner of the said Batteau is hereby requested to prove property, pay costs and charges and take her away.

Witness my hand.

WM. S. LASSELL, [L.S.]

Jan. 1, '48—3w

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.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



Written for the Kent News.

THE STRANGER'S DEATH BED.

On the Death of William Russell, who died in the Infirmary, Baltimore, Nov. 20, '47.

BY MISS M. A. REECE.

No mother beside his lowly bed
With love frought hands supports his head:—
No sister weeps o'er him,—No Father dear
Nor Brother, sheds for him a sorrowing tear!
And her to whom his plighted troth,
Was given in Manhoods early youth,
Where was she? far, far, from his side,
His own his worshipped spirits bride!

And when his failing would seek,
To gaze upon that pencil'd cheek,
When faint the lines to him appeared
Kind words of love his spirit cheer'd.
When from his lips the plaintive sound
Of Mother! fell quick they* around
Him come, and whispered soon you'll meet
At yours, and her Redeemer's feet.

Kind hands supplied his every want
Kind words soothed every anxious thought
And kindred souls of ocean moved,
With woman's thought round him they loved;
The gentle sisters hovered near,
Each thought, each wish, each sigh to share,
And smoothed his pathway to the tomb
And made dark ways with light to bloom.

Then weep not for him Mother lone
'Tis true before you he hath gone,
Yet soon you'll meet no more to part
Where tears shall cease. Joy fill each heart.

*Sisters of Charity, at the Infirmary, Baltimore.

SPIRIT OF JESUS.

O, not to crush with abject fear,
The burdened soul of man,
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan:
He came to bid us find repose,
And God his Father know
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

O, not in coldness nor in pride
His holy path he trod;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God;
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount when peace shall flow;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

O, not with cold unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view:
Nor on the other side pass by,
And deem their tears untrue:
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
And heaven's sweet refuge show;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

A PASSIONATE LAWYER.—A client calling upon Impey, (a distinguished English Lawyer) one day after the usual salutations, proceeded thus:

"Mr. Impey I want you immediately to issue a writ against——, who owes me &40.—He called upon me about an hour since, and told me, that, as he was going out of town to-morrow, or the next day, he could only now pay me £20 of his debt. I want you therefore to arrest him at once for the other £20." Impey's countenance began to work; but repressing his indignation, he quietly asked him if the man was poor. "Poor! oh, to be sure; I would not arrest him if he were not."

Impey, who was a very humane man could no longer control his anger at the heartless injustice of his client; but working himself up with a string of epithets ran on thus—"You rascal! why what do you take me for? You scoundrel! What arrest a poor man the very day has paid you £20, and that half of the debt! Out of my house, sirrah! and never let me see that face again! Out, I say!" At the same time the vehemence with which he jumped upon his legs, overthrew one of the office stools, and the apparant rage he was in, the clatter of the furniture, and the haste with which Impey attempted to replace it, so frightened the unhappy client, that snatching up his hat made but one step to the door, and was out of sight in an instant.—Life of Thelwall.

MISCELLANEOUS

GERTRUDE ELTON;

OR THE

Young Widow.

CHAPTER I.

Gertrude Elton was but eighteen when she became a widow. Her husband was a gentleman of good family and fortune, but the victim of hereditary consumption. He died at Weisbaden in Germany, whither he had gone for his health, about a month after Gertrude became a mother. I shall not attempt to describe her grief. But as if kept by a sort of fascination to the place she remained at Weisbaden for many months.

One morning when she was at the spring a gentleman hastened with unusual civility to procure a glass for her. The next day as she was sitting with her baby, teaching the little thing to crow for a rose, a card was brought to her with the name of "Baron Eric de Schomberg."

"Who can it be! exclaimed Gertrude.—"I know of no such noble."

The polite incognito of the medical spring entered and bowing, said in a considerate, thoughtful manner, "If I intrude, lady I will retire."

Gertrude, pleased and flattered by such uncalled for civility and respect, desired him to remain, thanking him at the same time for his civility a short time before.

The visit of the Baron lasted half an hour. He was intelligent, kind-hearted, and respectful to the views of chivalry.—As he rose to retire, he solicited permission to call again.

"Certainly; I shall be happy to see you whenever you call during my short stay."

The Baron kissed the proffered hand, and with a usual grave, scholastic bow, retired.

Strange to say, within the half hour of the Baron's visit, Gertrude's desire to stay had entirely vanished, for now she wished to depart.

The Baron called the next day, the next, and so for a week—yet always having the considerate civility to send in his card, that, if Gertrude did not wish to see him she might decline. This, however, did not happen, for he was always welcomed by Gertrude. Alone, in a strange land, his kind, his almost fatherly consideration, deeply affected her.

One morning when she entered her private parlor, he heard her say to her maid,

"Jane have your things and mine ready to start to-morrow."

"She leaves to-morrow," thought the Baron; "I cannot loose sight of her so soon."

He advanced towards Gertrude with his usual courtesy, and having kissed her hand, said without any embarrassment or confusion,

"Lady, it is but a short time that I have known you, but in that time I have discovered so much cordiality, and so much fairness in your character combined with your beauty and grace, that you indeed have captivated me. I would fain know, lady, if you will accept of my estates and become my bride. Perhaps you will think it soon, too soon after the death of your husband, to propose your marrying again; but since I heard you tell yor attendant to prepare for immediate departure, I resolved to ask you at once. I am willing to wait a year or even two, if you wish, but answer me at once."

"Your kindness and attention to a stranger pleases me," replied Gertrude calmly. "I have been flattered by your civility, and feel a great esteem for you; but I cannot marry you. My heart is in the grave of my dearly beloved husband. Yet I feel I even married him too young; and now nothing should induce me to marry again, or at least for years to come. Esteem I feel for you, but not love. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, so let us be friends, Eric—friends, but no more."

She gave him her white hand which he pressed ardently to his lips; but his expression lost none of its stately calm as he responded.

"I well understand, lady, the feelings of your heart. I grieve deeply for your resolution, but I shall not press you to alter it. But without impatience, I wish you to give me a lock of your hair as a keepsake. I shall never marry any but you, and I shall keep this tress as a memento.

Gertrude could not refuse this earnest request so delicately proffered. She esteemed the Baron, and wished to mitigate the pain of a refusal, so she severed a lock of fair hair from her abundance of sunny curls.

"Farewell, now, lady, for we shall never meet again, I fear.

As Gertrude bade him farewell, Eloise, the baby, crowed and held up with a withered rose which the Baron knew to be the one which Gertrude was playing with on the day of his first visit. He gently took it from the infant, and then with his own stately step left the room.

A curious incident occurred during the carnivial at Paris. Gertrude, of course, did not wish to join in the festivities; and in order to pass about with more freedom, she did mask, and assume the dress of a nun. The hotel in which Gertrude lodged, had a balcony running in front, and one evening Gertrude was sitting there with a favorite spaniel. The favorite ran to the other end of the balcony, and as Gertrude was afraid of losing the little creature she rose and pursued it. It was dusk, and the balcony was quite long. The little favorite ran on and on—Gertrude called, whistled, and coaxed in vain. At length she saw a tall figure approaching. A stately figure whose face was completely concealed by a black velvet domino. In silence this person caught and returned her dog.

"Could it be? no! yet it must; the retreating now so like, so precisely Eric's."

It was indeed the Baron. Not a word he spoke, and Gertrude merely courtesied, smiled; and said, "Merci, monseigner. Jesus bien obligee."

It was too dark to recognize the face even had it been unmasked; but the height, and good proportions of the figure; and the stately step, at once struck Gertrude as belonging to the Baron, and impressed her with certainty as to who it was.

CHAPTER II.

Reader! now imagine yourself in an elegantly furnished boudoir, where a young girl about the age of Gertrude when we first introduced her to you, is sitting with a young man some four or five years her senior.

"Dearest Eloise," said he, "you do then love me?"

Her eyes spoke much more than her lips.

"And we shall be married?"

Eloise blushed.

"You consent! you consent! What happiness."

She continued to gaze at a flower she held in her hand. How wonderful is the intercourse of lovers! Eloise had answered him without speaking, and he understood her better than if she had made an eloquent discourse.

At this moment the door opened, and a lady of a calm, amiable appearance. She was about thirty-seven. Her figure was eminently graceful. Her hair still lay over her pure forehead in waves; the curls were there no longer; they were carefully twisted at the back of her head, and she wore a very small, elegant cap. In fact, behold Gertrude! Her girlish beauty had not fled, but had merged into matronly dignity.—She would have been more lovely than in her youth.

"Ah! Mrs. Elton," exclaimed the young man, rising, "Eloise has answered that question, and entirely to my satisfaction."

"I congratulate you then, Rudolph, for you have found let me assure you, an excellent wife. I am not proud of Eloise because she is my only daughter, I only do her justice."

"The marriage," said Rudolph, "must at least be put off until next summer. My uncle—"

"What uncle?" exclaimed Gertrude and Eloise.

"Did I never mention my uncle to you?"

"No never."

"Strange. Well no matter. When I finish my education, my uncle, who is my only relation and guardian thought it best for me to travel. I leisurely wandered over Spain, Italy, France and England, he being my companion and monitor. But when we arrived in America, he said he would remain at Niagara Falls while I took my tour through the States. If I write to him he will immediately come on, but as he is an artist I know he wished to take the winter scenery about the Niagara, and I will not acquaint him with all this until May."

"Is your uncle married?" asked Gertrude.

"No. He has been in love though, as is apparent from his always wearing a locket around his neck contraining a trace of fair hair. A withered rose, the gift, no doubt of some white hand, he keeps carefully under a glass on a velvet stand.

CHAPTER III.

The long-wished for May at last arrived; slowly, of course, because it was expected with impatience, but surely, the letter was despatched, an answer arrived stating that the expected uncle would arrive the day before the wedding. Oh! the marriage week! what vexation it brings. One bridesmaid did not want to stand up, "with that sly awkward Alfred Norton. It was too hard." And there was every reason to believe that she would not be bridesmaid at all, but she became amicable again. Then about the wedding cake; Gertrude thought one receipt the best, an acquaintance (a notorious house-keeper,) was sure her receipt was much better, but this affair was settled. And last, but not least was a dispute about the wedding costume. Eloise thought a bonnet became her better than a veil, at which every one cried out. Rudolph settled that a matter by admiring the veil, and declining to express any opinion about the bonnet, so the veil was fixed upon. The day before the day before the wedding they were all assembled in the front of the drawing room, Gertrude, the bride, the bride-groom, and the wedding party. A carriage drove to the door—why did Gertrude's heart beat so tumultuously? A firm even step was heard in the hall—what made Gertrude at one moment red, and at the next pale? The door opened and the uncle entered.

"Eric!" exclaimed Gertrude, "you here."

He started but immediately recovering himself, advanced. "Yes, lady, Eric de Schomberg. I little thought to meet you here!"

In some confusion Gertrude now presented him "the Baron de Schomberg, my daughter Eloise—the bride."

"Ah! is it possible! When I last saw you, you were a baby, Eloise,"

"Mother, I never knew you were acquainted with the Baron de Schomberg.

"How extraordinary," cried the first bridesmaid.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed a second.

"Now you don't say," said a third.

"A singular coincidence," observed Alfred Norton.

"Very," was the concise answer of both groomsmen.

Drawing Gertrude apart from the party, Eric avowed—"Lady, eighteen years ago, when we parted, I thought never to have met you again. I saw you at the carnival, but as you did not appear to recognise me. I did not address you. I have cherished your memory ever since. The locket containing your hair I wear next to my heart I love none but you, and I have loved you truly. I love you as truly as ever. You once refused the offer of my hand; I offer it to you once more. Will you refuse it now?"

Could she refuse it now? No, oh no.—She had a woman's heart and did not refuse the offer of a faithful heart which she felt was all her own.

The next day there was a double wedding.

PREDICTIONS FOR THIS YEAR.

According to the new Almanac, the year of our Lord, 1848, is to be an eventful one. We extract from said Almanac the following sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be fulfilled:

"Through the whole course of the coming year whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark.

On several occasions, during the year, the sun will rise before certain people, discover it, and set before they have finished the day's work.

It is quite likely that when there is no business doing many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.

If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for the barbers, and he who wears mustachioes will have something to sneeze at.

There will be many eclipses of virtue, some visible, others invisible.

Whosoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by getting married.

Many delicate ladies whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their Ma's.

There will be more books published than will find purchasers, more bills made than will find payers.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to look red in the face, without the use of paint; if she dream of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time in getting either of them out of her head.

Many people will drink more liquor than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be necessary to keep them sober, and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.

Dinners and entertainments will be given to those who have enough at home, and the poor will receive much advise gratis, legal and medical excepted.

The public debts of the repudiating States will hardly be adjusted, and the same fate will ve probably attend many private contracts in the latitude.——He who marries this year will run a great risk especially if he does it in a hurry——He who steals a match, gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and pride in disagreeable relations——There will be a great noise all over the country and a tremendous dust will be kicked up occasionally, by coach horses.——Many young ladies who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many who confidentially anticipate that glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists little doubt, this will be a "most wonderful" year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it. Politicians will make fools of others; and many women with pretty faces will make fools of both.——The world will go round as usual and come back to the place whence it set out, as will many a man who engages in business.——There will be great cry and little wool, both at the shearing of pigs, and meeting of Congress."—*N. Y. Herald.*

KILLING A BEETLE.—A gentlemen in Penrith, whose house is much infested with beetles, found under his head something that he imagined to be a beetle, which he seized with a shoudder, and threw across the room with violence. He then discovered, but too late, that the supposed beetle was his watch-seal, and that had broken his watch to pieces by throwing it against the wall.

VARIETY.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Secretary Walker is recovering, and that his illness was only exhaustion. It were melancholy to think that his enthusiastic industry should break him down at a time when his services are so necessary in the government, and when his reputation is ripening, even in Europe.—*Living Age.*

People should not stop courting when they get married, but, on the contrary, should learn to court the more. This laying aside the little endearments you have sworn to live on it forever, is almost perjury.

A singing Master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by his brother of the tuneful art. The visitor observing that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, said: Sir do you use a pipe?" "No, sir," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I chew."

FOR TIPPLERS.—The Wheeling Gazette acknowledges the receipt of a $1 note on the Farmer's Bank of Canton, Ohio, dated January, 1836, on the back of which is written, in plain hand, the following:

"Friends, take warning. This is the last dollar which I possess, of a fortune $30,000. The cause is whiskey and cock-tails.

A RUINED M

☞A writer in the New Yo World, states that a horse radi excellent remedy for hoarseness, sore throat, and all diseases of th The masticating of a small piece of his little finger the writer says stored his voice when he was so as scarcely to be able to articulate ab whisper.

OUR CANVASS LITERALLY WHITE THE OCEAN."—Some idea of the magnitude of the commerce of New Orle may be formed from the fact we are able to announce. There were yesterday fi arrivals in our port, viz: 13 ships, 9 bar 6 brigs, 5 schooners, 10 steam towboa and 7 up-river steamers. The square ri ged vessels were mostly from foreign por The large number of 2020 passengers lan ded on the levee from these vessels.—*N O. Picayune.*

THANKFULNESS.—A minister, expressing his thankfulness to a brother clergyman a merciful deliverance, said, "As I was riding here to-day my horse stumbled came very near throwing me from a where the fall would have killed me spot, but I escaped unhurt." "I you something more than that," other, "as I rode here to day my did not stumble at all. We are ER forget common mercies.

we are

THERE were during the ye and 98 false alarms of fire in Damage done about $466,000 persons were burned to death.

THE treasury notes outs EDY 1st instant, amounted to $

THERE were 78 death last week. matter from ll other un-

☞A dentist, who, hav other accom- to extract a decayed ting deafness mouth, gave up the tas the result of tous apology:—"The fagued course of possible for any ting ba the sole view mouth." certain, and at emedy for this

HOUSEWIFE AMUSED rder, and being en woman recently visitvate practice of and said to her—"Ho last eight years, amuse yourself?" "Awith the most re- "do you not know thaw offered to the to do?" "Yes," was those, who from you have it to do, bu stances—cannot way of passing your ion of the propri- nce of its efficacy, at it will not dis-

A MAN.—The mans of those who the name, is one its use; in short that ertions are for oth article ever offered whose high purp disease. ciples, and neve and earth afford n L. Stam, Chester He is one who advantage by a path to secur Walter Scott

TISTRY.

THE REAS 4 *N. Charles Street, op-* the River *ul's Church, Baltimore.* that having l Mexican bu best Porcelain Teeth in same predi of style and in the most "misery lov We reside, and substantial manner President to $3, in each using *only* bill impe of the c materials. rebuke acted without pain whilst the majorit er the influence of the Letheon, a majo ments old operation warranted to suit the ville no pay required.

30, 1847. 1y

☞ not whi ew York Ploughs. and furrow M. H. & Co. ploughs, at d 6 00—1 00 to 1 50 below Fore price—for sale by Geo T W ELIASON. up o lars! '47.