Mrs. A. McMeen

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THE KENT NEWS.

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

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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 postpaid.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPRING FASHIONS!
STRAW GOODS!

THE undersigned respectfully invite the attention of dealers to his assortment of *Braid, Fancy and Straw Bonnets*, which from the facilities he posses of manufacturing, cannot be surpassed.

Bonnets of every kind, of the newest and most fashionable styles, at the lowest prices. Also, MEN'S, BOYS' & INFANTS STRAW HATS AND CAPS.

THOS. WHITE,
Bonnet Manufacturer,
41 S. Second St, above Chesnut, E. Side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 4, '48.—3m.

WHOLESALE
Clothing Warehouse,
No. 152½ *Market Street*,
(Between 4th and 5th,)
PHILADELPHIA

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of country merchants and dealers generally to an examination of a complete stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Which for extent, variety and workmanship, he flatters himself will give universal satisfaction, while his reduced scale of prices presents to purchasers, inducement which cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

JACOB REED.
Philadelphia, March 4, '48—3m

Agents Wanted.

TO canvass for some new and popular works, in every county throughout the United States. To Agents, the most liberal encouragement is offered—with a small capital of from $25 to $400. A chance is offered whereby an Agent can make from $10 to $25 per week.

☞For further particulars, address [post paid,
WM. A. LEARY,
No 258 North second st., Philadelphia.
April 1, 1848—3m.

Philadelphia Golden Saddle!
No. 38 Market street.

SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Horse Collars, Blind Bridles, Back Bands, Harness, Trunks, Whips, &c.

Manufactured in large quantities, and sold at the lowest prices.

E P. MOYER,
Sign of the Golden Saddle, No 38 Market st. Philad. [April 1—6m.

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" *relieded 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.

MORE
NEW GOODS,

WE have just received from Baltimore a new lot of

GOODS,

suitable for the early Spring trade. They consist in part of yard wide and 7-8 Osnaburg's Muslins, Osnaburg Drills, Linen Burlapse, bleached and unbleached Muslin, Canton Flannel, Tickings, plaid domestic, Penn's. stripe, Cotton Batts, Plough Lines; Ropes, Traces. The Wiley, Concave, Chenewerth and Minor Horten Plough Castings Collars, Bridles, &c.

Feb. 26. WILEY & PERKINS.

POETRY.

The Heart's Wreck.

The lulling winds may sull the sea,
All beautiful in its repose,
And with a soft tranquility
The rippling waters ebbs and flows.

But when the tempests wildly blow,
Its bosom heaves with many a wreck,
Which, till that moment, slept below,
Not dimmed its surface with a speck.

So I can talk, and laugh, and seem
All the happiest souls could be;
Lulled for a moment, by some dream,
Soft as the sunset on the sea.

But when a word, a tone, reminds
My bosom of its perished love,
Oh! fearful are the stormy winds [bove
Which dash the heart's wild wreck's a-

One after one they rise again,
And o'er dark memory's o'ocean steal,
Floating along, through years of pain—
Such as the heart struck only feel!

MISCELLANEOUS

Sketches by the Captain.

THE RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted. We could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin." I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on the deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy Down-Easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up to the moon, and felt of his red nose before he replied—

"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebeck. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain, said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black on it; something that I thought moved—the moon's under a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but so help me God I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on the deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no difficulty, the cake of ice, floating off to the leeward and its wite glittering surface was broken by a black spot, more I could not make out.

"Get the glass, Mr. Larkin," I said, "the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment and then we can see distincly.

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with the glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I hailed at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself. "My God!" he said, in a whisper as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"my God, there are *two* children on that cake of ice!"

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads," I cried "put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each tonight, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the heard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a losing chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering torture as he saw how little we gained, cried out,

"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain" prize; two bottles of rum and two months, pay—pull lads, for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong man was gone.—One of the poor fellows washed us twice; in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprung forward, and seized one deserted oar.

"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man, "and captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke. It came gently but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the rowe locks. We kept time, each by the long deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, drew on the oar until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot a head, like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off of me in great droops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up, for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, captain."

The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied then, were fathers, and had father's hearts, the strenth which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling and my heart for a moment almost stopped its beating, for the terrible thought that he had given out, crossed my mind, but I was quickly re assured by his voice.

"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprung from the boat with his heavy feet upon the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the large—both were fast asleep. The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, then loosning his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contract with his own warm body, carefully wrapping ever him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child—and we then return to the boat, and the men now partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learn, when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice and had ventured onto the cake which had jammed into a bend of the river about ten miles about New York. A movement of the tide had set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would have inevitably perished but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ise was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel, Mr. Larkin," I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful hapiness gathered in his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy heare," and he laid his hand on the rough chest, in which beat a true and a manly heart. My quaint, brave Down-Easter!—He who lashes the seas into fury and lets loose the tempests, will care for thee. The storms may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine abide alway.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

AN IMGENIOUS MAID.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since by her suitor to unite herself in the silken tie, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky mouth for marrying.

"Well," make it Julie, then," honestly replied the swain anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, cast down her eyes, and with a blush said, "*Wouldn't April do as well?*"

Liars act like the salt miners, they undermine the truth, but leave just so much standing as is necessary to support the edifice.

The Husband's Mistake,
OR,
GOING INTO MOURNING.

A few weeks since, our friend Clarke was lying sick with the bilious fever. The attack was severe, and he believed death was near. One morning he awoke from a short sleep to hear a hurried and smothered conversation in the adjoining room, in which his wife took part. The first words that Clarke caught were uttered by his better-half:

"On that ground," said she, "I object to mourning!"

"Yes," replied another, "but the world looks for it—it is fashionable, and one might as well be out of the world as to be out of fashion."

"Very true."

"Here," thought Clark, is a nice wife.—She thinks I am about to die—to be planted, if I might use the expression, in the cold earth, and yet she refuses to go into mourning for me. Ah me!"

"Now that I am here, perhaps I had better take your measure."

"The unfeeling wretch, exclaimed C, "to think of sending for a dress maker before I am dead. I'll live for spite!"

"Well," mused the wife, "I believe you may measure me. I will let you buy the trimming, and let it be as gay as possible.'

'What heartlessness!' groaned C Woman like, though, One husband is no sooner dead than they set about entrapping another. I can scarcely credit it.'

'Of course you will have a flounce?'

'Two of them, and the body is to be plain. I wish you to get the wide gimp to trim it.'

"How will you have the sleeves trimmed?"

"With button's and fringe."

"Well—well—well—this beats all," sighed poor Clarke

"When do you want the dress?' enquired the mantua-maker.

"I must have it in three days. My husband will then be off my hands, and I shall be able to go out!"

"Old horrible—horrible!" ejaculated the sick man, 'I am only half dead but this blow will kill me."

His wife heard him speak, and flew quickly to his bedside.

"Did you speak my dear," said she, with the voice of an angel.

"I have heard it all, madam,' replied Clarke, rather angrily.

"All what my dear!"

"The mourning—gay dresses—fringe—everything. O! Maria—Maria!"

"You rave!"

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"Certainly not, my dear!"

"You expect me to be out of the way in three days, do you?"

"Yes, love, the doctor said you would be well in that time."

"What means the dress?"

"It is the one you bought for me before you were taken sick."

"But you were speaking of mourning?"

"We were talking of Mrs. Taperty."

"Oh, that is it?"

"Yes, love. You know she is poor and the family is large, and it must be inconvenient to her to purchase mourning for them all. On this ground alone, I oppose it."

"So—so, that's it? I thought you were speaking of me, and it distressed me. Let me beg you to be more careful for the future."

Clarke was out in three days, and he now laughs at the matter.

WOMAN.

A gallant contemporary thinks that this world would hardly be worth living in, were it deprived of woman. Listen to his rhapsody:—"Who would remain in a garden from which the flowers have been taken, or in a grove from which the birds have departed, or beneath a sky that the sweet stars had forsaken? Let cynics prattle as they may, our existance here without the presence of the other sex would be only a dark and affections of woman are the bow of beauty, and promise which spans the life of man, from his cridle to his grave."

A GOOD WIFE.

Oh, it is beautiful to live blameless under the poisoned glance of the world, poisoned whether it praise or blame; beautiful, not to be polluted by its observation, but more beautiful to be intimately known to one—to possess one gentle and honest friend, and that one a wife! Beautiful to be able to read her pure soul as in a mirror, and to be aware there of every blot on one's own soul, and to be able thus to purify it against the day of the great trial.

IS IT SO?

It is stated, probably by some soured old bachelor, that women make their advances as time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference, "*Who is he?*" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "*What is he?*" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "*Which is he?*" But at the *ultima thule* of fifty, the revenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims, "*Where is he?*"

A DEGRADED WOMAN.

Some eighteen years ago near the place of our nativity, a woman was seen to emerge from a hark narrow alley. It was yet early on a foggy morning. The woman looked haggard, pale and filthy. She wore an old pelisse, shoes she had none, her bonnet was dirty and shapeless.—It was obvious that she had spent the night on the stones of that secluded lane.

With uneven steps this poor creature hurried to a neighboring gin shop. Her bony hand laid four-pence on the bar, while her tongue muttered "gin." She drank, and leaving the gin den, walked up the streets towards the suburbs up the town.

She reached the poor house, knocked and was admitted. Before night she was duly enrolled among the paupers.

But who was this degraded woman?—How came she so fallen? Whose influence made her a pauper? Was she a child of poverty from her birth? Had irresistible misfortune driven her to the cup of desperation, or was she once a fair daughter of virtue denuded of womanly excellencies by the unpitying hand of vice?

Reader, that loathsome pauper was once a beautiful, accomplished and virtuous young lady! She had been mistress over the most flourishing ladies' school in the country. As a teacher of youth she was deemed unsurpassed. In personal beauty she had but few equals. Her society was courted, and her friendship valued.

When then this vast change? It proceeded from the dread power that has destroyed millions. The wine cup was her enemy. She learned to love wine through the custom of her age. The wine cup was fashionable then and none blamed her for doing what all did, until she crossed the line of propriety, and one day staggered into her school-room drunk.

Then the world that had taught her to drink lifted up false hands and hypocritical eyes. It affected to pity and to wonder, but it also forsook her.

Dispised and forsaken, she wanderen away from her native village.—Whither she went none cared, and but few inquired.—Her degaadation was complete. From the fashionable moderate drinker, she had become the unfashionable drunkard, one step lower and she was the public harlot; one more, and she was the diseased, dying pauper.

A pauper's funeral closed this brief story. She sleeps in an unhonored grave. No stone marks where they laid her. They don't write epitaphs for paupers; and to-day likely, her name and grave are both forgotten in the place where she once shone a star of beauty, a centre of powerful attraction.

WHO IS SHE?

There is not a question that betrays greater anxiety than "Who is she?" Any thing beautiful in a fair stranger instantly strikes, and inquiry is everlastingly hummed. The ideas of beauty are almost as various as the different lines of the human countenance. Feeling does not follow at all times those ideas, but the sacred spell of sympathy influences the heart, and we are oftentimes in love without admiring—Some amateurs there are who prefer the display of the well-turned ankle to all other considerations, while many are in raptures at the "dignity of love," of action, and graceful step, the beaming eye or heavenly smile; but there are thousands whose sullen souls, like "lamps in sepulchres," are unmoved by either. Peace to all such: the power of attraction grows with intensity of heat; and those that have it not, cannot expect to be entertained when they cannot contribute to enjoyment. "Who is she?" rushes into the tender bosom, when cheered by the prospect of an agreeable change, or a charming variety; and the fortune hunter, when a hint is dropped, teazes you with importunities. "Who is she?" flashes from the poking stare of the dandy when he pops his eye through the quizzing glass upon a strange charmante; and "Who is she?" rushes from the eager gestures of old Teazle, when his shrivelled up heart is subdued by graces that despise his his imbecility.

☞ A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of some of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked under the water wheel and the bag went with him He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, 'My gracious! what a fuss there'll be about that bag.'

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

We cannot undestand how it is that delicate young ladies, too delicate to run up and down stairs in their own houses, are able to dance down the strongest man in a ball-room. 'Tis a phenomena of nature, of which no one seems capable of giving an explanation. What young girl ever refused a handsome partner at five o'clock in the morning on the score of being "so tired?"

"Waiter," said a stylish dressed fellow, as he entered Sweeny's eating house, "bring me *one* fish cake, brown, and a glass of water. "Waiter," said one of the b'hoys, who had just taken his seat opposite, bring me *one* slice of bread and a toothpick!" The well dressed gentleman left before the three cent order was executed.

VARIETY.

POETRY AND RUN MAD.

The following exquisite lines are equal to any thing of the sort:—

Oh, come and be my love,
'Neath the wand'ring summer sky,
The lark is in the grove,
Good bye, my love good bye.

Oh, most remorseless fate,
Here's a double health to thee,
And a smile for those we hate,
Oh, woodman, spare that tree.

Oh, take my heart and lute,
They're all I have to give,
Except a German flute,
I cannot, dare not love.

Oh, say not woman's love
Is bought by tinkling dross
Pure as the stars above,
'Taint nothing else, "old hoss."

EDITORIAL CATECISM.

What is the use of post offices?

To furnish the list of dead letters to the paper having the largest circulation.

Why were mails created?

To furnish paragraphs.

If they fail?

To furnish more paragraphs.

What is the independence of the press?

To abuse every party that won't buy and be despised by every body whom you toady.

What is the liberty of the press?

To say that in print, with impunity, for which, if you were to speak it, you would be knocked down.

What is editorial consistency?

To be able to lie faster than your accuser.

Who is the best editor in the United States?

He who makes the most money.

How would you promote the circulation of a sickly paper?

By administering large quantities or gas to the public.

What is the greatest editorial virtue?

Punctuation.

What the greatest editorial vice?

Poverty—for it squeezes the breath out of his body.—*John Donkey,*

☞A sick person who had not slept for many nights, was asked if he did wish to have a clergyman attend him, and whether he wished any particular one. He replied, "yes, send for Mr. D——." He came.—The sick man requested a sermon. Mr. D. stared with surprise, and desired to know the reason why. The invalid said, "I never heard you preach but three or four times, and invarably I fell asleep; so I thought that a short discourse might enable me to take a nap—which I very much need, not having slept any for several nights."

☞A well known miser went to the market and enquired the price of a bunch of asparagus. It was ninepence. "Will you sell me half the bunch for fourpence?" said he to the countryman. "Yes," answerd the man.—The purchaser took out his knife, cut across the bunch, and taking the tops, threw down a fourpence and vanished.

☞Every body has heard of the man whoes mouth is so large that he is afraid to laugh lest the top of his head should fall off. There is a man in Boston whoes eyes are so large that, when he winks, the wind of his eyelids will blow out a candle.

☞An awkward man in attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor.—"There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we have lost our dinner." "O no, my dear!" answered he, "it safe for I have my foot on it."

The men are so gallant down east, that when they see a young lady desirous of crossing a puddle or a brook, they run and pick her up and pitch her over it.

☞A pedagogue in Berkshire, Mass., not long since inquired, "what part of speech is Oh! and Ah! or what is an Interjection?"—The lad not knowing, the knight of the rod attempted to illustrate by asking, "what should you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?" "Why I should tell him to let me alone darnation quick!"

☞Why ought a theatrical manage to whom you have sent a dram for perusal, to be a loyal subject? Because he always keeps the *piece*.

☞The easiest way to get a living is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

☞A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love, "that does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so be cause I am not to be won by the *power of attorney*." "Forgive me," you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are *solicitors*."

☞When you wish for the part of the fowl which "went over the fence last," place call for the *grand final*.