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THE KENT NEWS.

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

VOL. 9. CHESTER TOWN, MD., NOVEMBER 24, 1848. NO. 29.

TO FAMILIES AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Baltimore Fall Trade—1848.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,

Baltimore Street, East of Calvert street.

☞The undernamed Merchants, Manufacturers and Dealers, respectfully unite in calling the attention of families and country merchants to the extensive and varied assortments of Goods in their respective lines, which they are prepared to sell at as low prices as the same goods can be purchased for in this or any other market.

BURGELS, DALE & CO., Manufacturers, Importers and wholesale Dealers in China, Glass and Queensware, Cutlery, Britania, Plated Goods, Lamps, Bronzes, &c., 147 Baltimore st., 1 door from Calvert.

J. L. McPHAIL & BROTHER. No. 132 Baltimore street, (next door to Clipper office) Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of and Dealers in Hats, Caps, and Ladies' Fancy Furs.

AMOS LOVEJOY & CO., Dealers in *Hosiery, Gloves, Yarns, Under Shirts, Drawers and Trimmings*, No. 123 Baltimore st., between Calvert and South streets.

BOSTON & PRICE.

Hat Manufacturers and Dealers in Furs,

South East corner of Baltimore and South streets.

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium

FOR MEN & BOYS WEAR.

L JARRETT,

No 100 Baltimore street, corner of Holiday street.

T. S. Dulaney

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Lace Goods, Embroideries, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods, &c., No 97 Baltimore street.

MRS. A SISCO,

75 *Baltimore-st* opposite Holliday. Manufacturer of Odd Fellows, Masonic, Sons of Temperance and Red Men's Regalia, and Ladies Dress Trimmings.

Dorsey & Garretson,

Wholesale Dealers in

BRITISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC DRY *Goods No 85 BALTIMORE STREET.*

3 doors West of Tripolets Alley.

CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Blankets, Flannels, with every description of Ladies Dress Goods. House-Linens, Irish Linens, Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs, Marsailles Quilts, and DOMESTIC GOODS.

JOSHUA BOYSTON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in French, BRITISH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS,

No. 81 Baltimore-st., Corner of Tripoletts Alley

A large assortment of Cloths Cassimeres, and Vestings—Linen Goods of every description, Domestic goods at Factory Prices. Ladies dress Goods of the newest style—Linnen Cambric Handker'fs, Gloves, Hosiery, Housekeeping Articles, &c., constantly on hand.

BIRD & WILSON,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 69 BALTIMORE STREET.

THOMAS C. SHOLES,

UPHOLSTERER & PAPER-HANGER No 80, *Baltimore-st* (near Gay). On hand Venitian Blinds, Painted Shades, Paper Hangings, Fire Screens, Borders, &c.

Thomas T. Nelson,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in *Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,* No. 65 Baltimore street, 3d door west of Gay street.

CANDY MANUFACTORY AND FRUIT STORE.

SAMUEL SIDES, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Candies Fruits, Cordials, Nuts, &c., 56 Baltimore street.

Jno. W. Richardson,

NO 39 BALTIMORE STREET, corner Baltimore and Frederick streets, Dealer in Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Keeps also Staple and Fancy Goods generally.

HALF-PRICE COOK STORE,

J. W. BOND & CO., Booksellers, Stationers & Blankbook Manufacturers, wholesale and retail, No. 44 Baltimore st., fourth door east of Frederick st.

HENRY BAYLEY,

WHOLESALE and retail dealer in China, Glass and Queensware, No. 3 (Bazaar,) Harrison st., and 37 Baltimore street, one door from Frederick st.

J. S TOUCH, *Baltimore-street Bridge, (opposite Washington Hall,* wholesale and retail dealer in the various kinds of Lamps, Girandoles, Candelabrass, &c.—Parlor, Store, & other Lamps, for the celebrated Etherol Oil.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND ST. corner of Quarry.

Gold Leaver Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$38 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewl'd	18 00
Silver Leaver, 7 jewels,	16 00
Silver Lepines, jewel'd,	11 00
Quarters good quality,	7 00
Imitation,	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	7 00
Fine Silver do.	1 50
Gold Braceles,	3 00
Ladies Gold Pencils,	1 75
Silver teaspoons, set,	5 00
Gold Pens with Pencil and Silver holder,	1 00

Gold Finger Rings 37½ to $80.

Watch Glasses, best quality plain 12½ cts.; Patent 18¾; Lunet 25, other articles in proportion.

All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

On hand some Gold and Silver Levers and Lepines, still lower than the above prices, O. CONRAD, Jeweller and Manufa'r of Sil Ware, Watch Maker and Imp. of Watches.

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of all articles usually kept in similar establishments, of good quality and fashionable styles.

July 1, 1848. 1y

FEVER AND AGUE!!!

THOROUGHLY ERADICATED

By Rowands Tonic Mixture!!!

THIS great National, Old Favorite, and Sterling Remedy! of eighteen years' standing—still unapproached in its wonder success, certainty, and safety, in the cure of this wretched complaint!!

☞If you would *escape* the arsenical (*poisonous*) counterfeits take not a bottle *from any one*, that is not guarded by the "written signature" of the original inventor and proprietor John R Rowand, on a paper label, crossing the mouth and cork

This remedy has never been bolstered up by the false and deceitful puffs, but has won its way to the confidence and universal adoption of the inhabitants of Fever and Ague districts, by its good works and fruits alone, to which all the agents, and every person who have used it, will testify

PROPRIETORS OFFICE,

143 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS.

Chestertown—N. G. Westcott.
do —Simon Wickes.
New Market—W. B. Forman.
Urieville—J. E. Weer.
Masseys X Roads—C. R. Hackett.
Georgetown X Roads—E. E. Miller.
Millington—Walker & Bell.
August 12—, '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.

August 26, 1848—3m.

Fresh Teas.

WILMER & NICOLS

HAVE just received a large supply of their delicious green and black Teas, which they will sell cheap for the cash.

July 22, '48.

WM. H. HOLLOURG,

DEALER IN FANCY & STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

No. 25 BALTIMORE STREET,

2nd Door above Market Space.

WM. H. Valiant,

HAT, CAP, AND FANCY

FUR STORE,

No. 1 BALTIMORE STREET,

Adjoining the Bridge

Wool Wanted.

WM. N. E. WICKES, agent for May & Savin, has now on hand a fine assortment Kersey to exchange for wool. The highest market prices will also be given for wool in trade for any other goods.

August 19, '48

SUGAR! SUGAR!!

COFFEE!!! COFFEE!!!!

Large lot just received and for sale at very low prices by

T. W. ELIASON.

Aug 26, '48

AN overseer wanted for 1849. apply to JAMES E. BARROLL

Oct. 28, '48.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, AND GENERAL NEWS

Is Published every Saturday.

Edward Lansfield,

PROPRIETOR.

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.

POETRY.

GEN. CASS' DEATH SONG.

AIR—"*Dearest Mae.*"

Come locos, come and listen, a story I'll relate:
It happen'd in the valley of the Indiana State.
'Twas there I left the Feddies—the Democrats had sway—
And electioneered the harder when I thought of Extra Pay,
Oh Extra Pay,
You've cheer'd me many a day;
But now Old Zack is on our track,
And our strength is gone away.

For office under Adams I worked it very neat,
Congratulating Harry Clay on Hickory's defeat;
But soon as I discovered that he would win the day,
I surely was his warmest friend—I wanted Extra Pay.

Oh Extra Pay, &c,

From one thing to another, and over the whole range
Of political opinion, I have undergone a change;
And when our party differed in measures, then I would
Say there's so much confusion that I can't be understood.

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

When we kill'd little Matty, about four years ago,
Who would have thought this party would fall to pieces so?
The love of public plunder is a great adhesive power,
Yet we are rent asunder—we're weakened every hour.

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

We sent old Rough and Ready, with a small but gallant band,
To make a war with Mexico, down on the Rio Grande;
It brought on us vexation, disgrace upon our name,
While it was winning for Old Zack imperishable fame.

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

We sent our foes a leader, we passed him through our fleet;
We sought for to disgrace Old Zack by making him retreat;
We cut off his resources; after all it would not do—
Old Zack had nobly flaxed them out and now he's flax'd us too.

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

Our party gave me office—they cannot any more—
I'll ne'er obtain the salaries that I enjoy'd before.
The people will not trust me; my credit's getting low,
Our party is dishearted, our Chapman cannot crow,

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

The Indian sings his death-song; he thinks with dog and gun,
To enjoy the pleasant hunting ground beyond the setting sun.
We too must sing our death song, unhappier far than they;
Salt River has no offices to yield us Extra Pay.

Oh Extra Pay, &c.

ORANGE DROPS.

Squeeze through a strainer the juice of a dozen or more oranges. Have ready some of the best double refined loaf-sugar, powdered as fine as possible, and sifted—Mix gradually the sugar with the juice, till it is so thick you can scarcely stir it. Put it into a proper tin skillet. Set it on hot coals, or over a moderate fire, and stir it hard with a wooden spoon for five minutes after it begins to boil. Then take it off the fire, with a silver spoon or the point of a broad knife, drop portions of the mixture upon a flat tin pan or pewter dish, smoothing the drops, and making them of good shape and regular size, which should be about that of a cent. When cold they will easily come off the tin. They are delicious, if properly made. Never use extract of oil of orange for them or for anything else it will make them taste like turpentine, and render them uneatable. Confectioners form these drops in moulds made for the purpose.

Lemon drops may be prepared in the same manner.

The Honest Lawyer's Fee.

We have great respect for the legal profession, but lawyers, like all other men, sometimes forget the good old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy." The temptations thrown in the way of a young lawyer to swerve from strict rectitude are very great, and but few are able to resist them. But we do not believe there is a single branch of human pursuit where unbending honesty is so sure of a temporal reward as in the practice of law. He who gains the reputation of laboring to promote strict justice between man and man is sure of the confidence of the community—and this confidence will necessarily secure the best legal business. The honest lawyer may not become rich at once—not as soon perhaps as the knave, but he will succeed in the end, and always with his success there will be the feeling of conscious rectitude, which of itself, is a priceless fortune. We give a short story below, which will illustrate the truth of what we have said.

It is now five years since the widow Stiles called on me one morning before breakfast, and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct than he might be. I asked her to step into the parlor, and went myself to my breakfast and my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Stiles many years, her husband was a great land owner in a goodly town of the western country, and with a disinterested love, that deserved some better aim, ever pressed it on his helpmate, as the first rule of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and more religious and alms-giving, but also more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited her opinion. "Well, William," said she, after drinking a cup of coffee upon the story, "I fear the old lady has some money getting claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to getting more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not to the most acute and thorough one. She relies on your judgement; use it, not for her seeming but her real good."

I counted my legal acquaintances over—twice over, before I hit the one answering the term 'honest and conscientious,' in the sense which I know Ellen used them; at length I found him, and taking my hat walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he rose and gave us chairs, and awaited Mrs Stiles statement. But before I go on in this point, let me say a few words of this phenomenon; this man with his head under his left arm close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began the practice because he had to get a living, and now he continued in the profession, in spirit of bad opponents and bad courts—because he thought he had done, and might do much good by his labors; not alone by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a stop to knavish practices, and dissuading men and women from unjust suits, and passion rousing quarrels. Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper for him to refuse acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and a privilege, nay a mere Christian character to strive to persuade them to forget such claims. He sought fame and extensive practice as a means whereby to a moral influence over the community, he though a lawyer bound to serve not his client only, but his God and country, and looked on him who for gain would prosecute a suit which he thought unfair, as a traitor to his country and his religion, in act, whatever might be in intention. In short, as Bill Blunt said, "Sawyer is such a hanged fool as to think it an attorney's business to help the parson to make men good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her business. it seems that her husband had sold and conveyed several lots, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had, in terms, merley released right of dowry—these lots she understood she could get back.

Did you ever receive the money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course, do you think Jared would have driven me to do it?"

"Did you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt: but as we didn't, they tell me the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money, to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, Sawyer, that would have been thrieving, right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed; shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why bless your soul, Sawyer, that is the deed you have got in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when he paid you the money for the lots, a sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would that have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"But you meant to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title any more than a sheet of blank paper: you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim for you to sign?"

"Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at the window, looked very much puzzled, and somewhat abashed. At last she said, "But don't the law say the land is mine, Squire?"

Mrs. Stiles, I can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First let us get things straight, and have the bargain complete, and then if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the corner. At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he would charge for a quit claim deed; this charge, the attorney told her, the other party would willingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a black proceed to fill it. Before we left, the bargain was complete, the deed was signed, witnessed and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walked home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this man? I verily believe that he has cheated me out of all them lots; I have a great mind to go back and tear that deed all to flinders."

I assured her that not only was it to late, but that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advised her in future to employ no one but Mr Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and that gentleman was henceforth her counsellor and solicitor.

Last week the widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral, we opened the will, and found it to our astonishment, in her own hand-writing.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas I'm going to give something to my attorney, I write this myself;—that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body—know all men, that, whereas, said attorney, to wit, videlicet: James Sawyer, of this said town that, I'm of, namely, the town of Jackson; whereas, I say first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a counsel that was, as I have since seen, wholly wrong, for which he be blessed in this life and forever. Therefore, know ye, that as a small token of respect and love for said attorney, to wit, namely, James Sawyer, who has, of late, been unfortunate and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will, leave, transfer, make over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer every cent I've got in the world; goods, chattles, land, monies, books, dress and jewels, for his and his' heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my several friends, such articles as are marked with their names.—Witnes my hand and seal Nov 20th, 1836

JANE STILES."

Knowing as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I must thank you for."

"She must leave $50,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money, but the change of life and heart; *that* is the fee I prize."

The Cost of a Pair of Andirons.

"Peter," said my uncle knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and laying it on the corner stone of the mantle piece, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons—"Peter those andirons cost me one thousand dollars!"

"Dear me!" cried the girls.

"Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word true. One thousand, did I say? Yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars."

"Well, well," said my aunt folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

My uncle bent toward and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began:

"Well, you see a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old andirons. Your cousin Letty says one day. "Father don't you think those old andirons are getting too shabby?" Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter,' continued my uncle, "your aunt took it up—"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt; "you can't get along without dragging me in."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and said our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were no better off than we were.—And said Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stingy old andirons might hurt their market. I knew that women will have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons.—The price of them was ten dollars and a half—"

"Ah that's more like it," cried my aunt; "I thought you said two thousand dollars."

"My dear, I wish you will not interrupt me. Ten and a half. Well the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together—"

"La, me!" exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting any heads together about it. The hearth was a real worn out thing, not fit for a pigeon."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes twenty dollars at least. Then I thought I was done with expense, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out, about the brick work around the fire-place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And the old wooden mantlepiece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly a hundred dollars.—And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new mantle-piece put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary.—While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied; and when it was done, they had no idea the parlor could be made to look so sprute.—But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now, my dear," said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accomplished with a partial rotation of the head—

"Now father!" exclaimed the girls——

"Till I got a new carpet, That again spoiled the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantle-piece, and thirty for repairs—What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint."

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least, for furniture"

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more."

"Four hundred exactly."

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished than the complaints came from all quarters about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room cost two hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Six hundred uncle."

"Then the chaimbers—at least four hundred, to make them rhyme with the down stairs."

"Ten hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Twelve hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Fourteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to turn over the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars."

"Sixteen hundred."

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties to be given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things.—And all this grew out of those very andirons. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars"

The opposition was silenced My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bed time. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight before he got through the conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars.—*Standard.*

YANKEE WIT.—A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and colored, with a looking-glass in front to a lady not remarkable for personal beauty.

"Why its beautiful," said the woman.

"Beautiful, indeed! Why, a look at it almost frightens me," said the lady.

"Then, madam—[illegible] I guess you'll better buy one that hasn't got no looking-glass!"