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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., FEBRUARY 17. 1849. NO. 40.

ESTATE CHRISTIANA CONSTABLE'

Maryland, Kent county, Orphan's Court, January 23, 1849.

On application Thomas Walker, Administrator of Christiana Constable, late of Kent county, dec'd.

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Kent News, printed in Chestertown.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the Seal] seal of my office, affixed this 23rd day of January, 1849.

Test. EBEN. WELCH,
Register of Wills for Kent county

In compliance with the above Order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Kent county Md., letters of Administration on the personal estate of Christiana Constable, late of Kent co., dec'd. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the 30th of July, 1849, they may otherwise be excluded from the benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand, this 23rd day of January, 1849.

THOMAS WALKER.
Admr. Christiana Constable, dec'd.
Feb. 10. '49. 3w

WILLIAM FROST'S

NEW YORK HAT, CAPS, AND FUR STORE,

No. 83 Baltimore St. BALTIMORE.

JUST opened at the above store, the cheapest and best assortment of goods in the city; consisting in part of

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE AND PLAIN HATS.

(a complete assortment.) Men's, Boys, and Children's Cloth, Velvet, Glazed, and Fur Caps, (every style.)

LADIES MUFFS VICTONNES, TIPPETS &c.

Silk, Gingham, and Cotton Umbrellas—Carpet Bags, &c. in great variety. All of which will be sold at New York prices. We are constantly receiving in the latest style of these goods, manufactured in New York expressly for us country merchants are invited to give us a call at *No.* 83 *Baltimore Street, nearly opposite Hanover*

December 9, '48. 3m.

MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

That I still continue to manufacture Hat and Caps, in every variety my old stand, where I shall be pleased to have a call from my country friends, as I am determined to sell at such prices as cannot fail to please, SILK HATS from $2,50 to $4, which I can warrant to look handsome and wear better than any offered in this city. FUR HATS from $1.50 to $4. I have on hand a Fur Hat at $2.50 which I can safely recommend to be superior to any other offered in this market at the price. Also on hand a large assortment of Cloth, Wool and silk Plush, Fur and Glazed caps, which I am determined to sell so as to give entire satisfaction and will certainly make it to your advantage to give me a call at No. 188 Pratt Street, North side between Hanover and Charles Streets.

H. N. HURTT.
Practical and Fashionable Hat and Cap, Manufacturer.

Brick-Laying, Plastering,

STONE MASONRY, &C.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the encouragement he has received and elicits a continuance of the same. He is now prepared to do work at the shortest notice, in a manner which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

In addition to the above business he is prepared to build

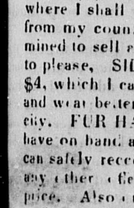
Lime Kilns,

in the best manner, and at prices, which cannot fail to please.

He would most earnestly invite all who may wish work done, in Kent or the adjacent counties, to give him a call. All orders directed to him Chestertown, or left at the Printing Office, will meet with prompt attention.

MICHAEL MILLER.
April 8, '48. tf

Tailoring! Tailoring!!

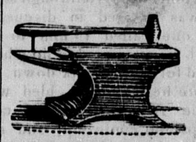


The subscriber returns his thanks to the citizens of Chester Town and vicinity for the liberal share of patronage that he has received. He has received fall and winter Fashions for 1848 and is now prepared to suit his customers in any of the many varieties of costume now in vogue. He will be found at the old stand 2nd door below the office of Kent News.

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS.
Nov. 24, 1848.

SHAWLS SHAWLS.—T. W. ELIASON has just opened a handsome assortment of Tekeri and plaid shawls, which he is selling very low.

Black and White SMITHING.



THE subscriber offers his services to the citizens of Chester Town and the surrounding country in the above line of business. He has taken the Shop adjoining Mr. John Greenwood's carriage shop, where he will be happy to see his friends and all others wanting work done in his line.

Horse-shoeing and Cartwrighting and all kinds of jobbing done at the owest rates.

He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.

HENRY H. SIMMS.
Chester Town, Dec. 16, '48. 1y

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 jew'd, 18 car. cases,	$38 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'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 Bracelets,	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

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

HARDWARE,

China Glass,

Boots and Shoes,

CAPS &C.

W. N. E. Wickes has just returned with another stock of Winter goods, which will be disposed of at small profits.

Heavy yd. wide Brown Muslins at 5 and 6 cts., Black Muslins 6-4 and 12 4, Sheetings, Pillow slip Muslin yd. wide and other Tickings, canton Flannels, &c.

For sale at very great deductions in price by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Fresh Green and Blk. Teas Coffees Loaf and crushed Sugars, Bro. Sugars at 5 and 6cts. (other best ever offered at the prices) Soap, candles and a general variety of Groceries for sale very low by

W. N. E. WICKES.

Personal Discharge.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of Thomas Jones, free negro, that a personal discharge hath been granted to said insolvent debtor, and that the 21st day of March, being the first Wednesday of our county Court next succeeding this date, hath been set apart for the final hearing in his case, where his creditors may attend and shew cause if any they have why a final discharge shall not be granted said debtor. Test.

JOS. N. GORDON,
Clerk of Kent county Court, Md.
Dec. 16. 1848.

WOMAN WANTED.

A colored woman or girl, for which a liberal price will be paid. Any person having one to dispose of can do so on good terms, without incurring any risk of sending her out of the State, or most probably out of the county. Enquire of the Editor.

August 12, '48—tf2

HATS AND CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FASHIONABLE HATS AND CAPS, which he will sell at reduced prices. My friends and the public are respectfully requested to call and examine my STOCK.

JAS. ARTHUR.
Sept. 16. '48.

DRESS GOODS.—Lamartine pleids, plain and plaid lustres, plaid and figured cashmeres, delanes, fine french ginghams and a large assortment of calicoes all at very reduced prices.

by T. W. ELIASON
November, 18th 1848.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Is Published every Saturday.

Edward Mansfield,

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.

Written for the "News."

ELDORADO.

On Eldorado's far-famed land,
Beneath the soil where thousands stand,
Yes! just beneath the earth and sand
The precious metal lies.

But Eldorado saw the flight,
Of thousands to her mines so bright,
They'd work all day and watch at night
Their precious pile of ore.

With joy they hailed the approaching sun,
And with him their daily work begun,
And not 'til *Sol* his course had run,
The precious work give o'er.

Privations hard they underwent.
Nor once it seems they did repent,
But further in the "pick" they sent
In search of precious ore.

In search of Eldorado's ore
Thousands leave the Atlantic Shore,
And vessels have left Baltimore
With "diggers" for the mines.

The industrious hunter amongst the soil,
Has hardly heaped his daily toil,
When lo his Ore becomes the spoil
Of "adventurers" to the mines

The North and south her "diggers" send
"Adventurers" from the East attend,
The West it seems her aid doth lend
In search of precious Ore.

It's a sight to see this motley crew,
People of almost every hue,
The savage came from Sandwich too
In search of precious Ore.

And thus they dig and pick away,
Until the close of every day,
To secure their ore, they on it lay
And guard it through the night.

New Adventurers day by day,
To the "diggins" wend their way,
All they think and all they say
Is digging in the mines.

The sailors lured by golden dreams,
Desert their ships and up the streams,
In search of what to me it seems,
Is precious golden ore.

A DIRGE

ON THE DEATH OF MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Blue Hen's Chicken,

BY ROMEO.

The shaft of Death with fatal aim,
Has pierced the tuneful throng,
And high within the dome of fame
Has slain a child of song.
That mind of genius and of lore,
Touch'd with premethian fire,
Alas! its music swells no more
Among the earthly choir;
Cold is the hand that touched the string,
And hush'd the cords symphonious ring,
And broken is his lyre.

No more the posy wreathe he'll twine
From legendary flowe'rs,
No more he'll lead the tuneful nine
To trip in fancy's bowers;
No more he'll sing his country's fame.
Warm'd her heroe's fire,
Quench'd is the patriotic flame
That did these thoughts inspire;
For Cold in death that head is froze,
That felt the power to compose,
And broken is his lyre.

No more will love that lyre tune
With sweet enchanting spell,
Like warbling in lovely June,
Or harp Æolian's swell;
No more will beauty's rosy blush,
His melting muse inspire,
Or his responsive feelings gush
Upon the trembling wire;
Cold is that heart's impulsive move,
That felt the thrilling touch of love
And broken is his lyre.

But friends bereav'd refrain from woe,
There's peace for him you love,
Though one less harp is heard below,
There is one more above.
Although beneath the gloomy sod,
His form decays entire,
His soul ascendeth to his God,
Among the heppy choir:
And there with that scraphic throng,
He joins with an immortal tongue,
And strikes his golden lyre.

COMMON BLESSINGS;

OR,

A Review of the Past Year.

"I hope," said Mrs. Simpking, "I shall have more to be thankful for at the close of the year 1849, than I have had during 1848." She sighed as she uttered, the past year has been nothing but trouble from beginning to end."

"How *can* you say so, Maria," remarked Mrs. Hopkins, her mother-in-law. "I am sure I don't see what great troubles you have had; your husband and children have been well, and *that alone* is a sufficient subject of gratitude. Do look at poor Mrs. Ames, who has lost every one of her little ones with scarlet fever."

"You are always pointing me, mother, to somebody who is worse off than I am, while you never speak of those who are far better off than myself."

"It is best to remember our mercies, child."

"And who can forget their trials, I should like to know? Have I had any peace in my kitchen for months?—Have I not been continually changing help? And now Bridget says, unless I raise her wages, she shall leave me next week."

"As Bridget appears to be a good girl, perhaps, dear, you had better give her another quarter a week, and thus insure a good cook."

"I won't do it, mother; she may go as soon as she chooses."

"But, Maria, you won't get a girl under nine shillings; every family pays that."

"Then I will go without; I will do the work myself."

Mrs. Hopkins knew well enough where the work would fall, if Bridget left; she had heard just such boasting before.

"I hope in forty-nine money will be plentier than I have found it this last year. I suppose you agree with me in this wish mother, if in no other."

"Well, I don't know, child, but we have had every thing for our comfort, and some luxuries, too. Samuel has been kept from failure, and now much better is that than many whom we know, who have lost all they have made for years?"

"You speak of *luxuries*. I wonder what you refer to," muttered Mrs. Simpkins.

"Why, good food, sometimes rich food, well prepared. Rich dresses, too; you remember the rich silks you and the children have had this last year. Good water, too; the Cochituate carried to every chamber; the greatest *luxury* of all."

"I wonder you don't add, the sun has shone; and the light has come regularly every morning, under this head, mother. You are very specific in your enumerations. I don't class *common blessings* among *luxuries—every body has these*."

"Think as you may. Maria, these common blessings, as you term them, are truly the greatest favors which Heaven bestows,—the beautiful sun, the grateful light,—I wish you could feel as my friend did, who said he never opened his eyes, but he first thanked God for the birth of a new day."

"I suppose you are thankful, mother, that you have not had the hydrophobia, nor the cholera, nor the yellow fever."

"There is great reason to be thankful for an escape from these ravages, Maria.—Don't I beg of you, speak so lightly of your many escapes, and your thousand deliverances."

"I have truly escaped a great deal, mother—I have escaped the trouble of moving because we were too poor to live in better style;—I have escaped the fatigue attendant upon selecting some tapestry carpets;—I have escaped ever so many colds, because I did not go to amusements;—I have escaped giving a party, because Samuel said he did not feel able to give one this year. Indeed," said the thoughtless, giddy woman, "I have escaped a great deal more,—there's fire, sword, pestilence and famine. None of these have come nigh me."

Mrs. Hopkins could not forbear smiling, and yet she secretly deplored the want of real gratitude in her daughter-in-law.—"What, Maria," she inquired, "would you most of all desire the coming year, admitting all our wishes came at our bidding?"

Mrs. Simpkins hesitated a moment,—"I will tell you what of all things on earth I should esteem the greatest blessing;—what *I should prefer above all others:*—A BAG OF CALIFORNIA GOLD!"

"I am sorry for your selection, child.—Gold is desirable, I know, inasmuch as it procures many comforts, but remember, Maria, what Solomon chose was far better—*a bag of wisdom and an understanding heart.*"

"You are always quoting some Old Testament character, mother. For my part I think more of some heroes and sages that Scott and Bulwer and Dickens have written about."

Mrs. Hopkins sighed over such a thoughtless woman, but discreetly kept the temper, and made no ill-natured remark.—She always prayed that God would turn her heart, for she knew she could not.

The New Year had already arrived; and Mrs. Simpkins demanded of her indulgent husband an X, as she called it, to procure some presents suited to herself and children. As usual, she obtained it, and starting for her shopping expedition she forgot all her grievances.

"But, Maria," called out her mother "you are going out with your feet unprotected, this slippery day;—do come back and put on your rubbers,—you know you always say you cannot stand ice."

"I have not fallen yet, and I don't fear it at all, I am more afraid of another kind of downfall," said she playfully, as she shut the door. She *would* have her own way. Gaily she slipped along down the street, and met with no mishap. She found every thing to her mind, and her ten dollars quickly expended upon a set of chessman, a fan, loo box, and small work box for the oldest daughter. She took them all in her muff and hands, for she could not wait to have them sent home, so great was her desire to display her purchases. Trotting down the hill, a little distance from her own door, she slipped, and away flew all the purchases in every direction. She tried to rise, but alas! she had dislocated her ankle, and in the effort to save herself had severely strained her wrist! A gentleman near at hand assisted her to rise, and seeing the difficulty, he procured a carriage instantly, and in a moment she was at her own door. The driver rang violently, and soon the cries of Mrs. Simpkins could be heard in all parts of the house, mingled with reproaches that she omitted to wear any protectors to her feet.

Mrs. Hopkins kindly soothed these upbraidings, which was uttered too late, and dispatched a messenger for her husband and a physician. The surgeon pronounced her ankle badly fractured, and having set the bone and bandaged the swollen limb, amidst shrieks and groans, which only chloroform mitigated into insensibility. Mrs. Simpkins was doomed to suffering unpremeditated and unprepared.—Her pain was intense; she was bruised internally; and with great difficulty could be touched at all. Sleep was banished from her eyes only as an opiate procured it, and then it was unrefreshing.

As her mother-in-law was sitting by her side, gently soothing her distracted feelings as she mourned over the loss of slumber, she ventured to ask her, if she did not find this *common blessing sleep, a luxury* of which she before had never thought?

"Oh dear," murmered the sufferer. "I shall never, never be so ungrateful for this blessing again."

Mrs. Simpkin's eyes were badly affected and the light was rendered painful, and of course excluded from the apartment.

"I have been thinking," said she one day, as a faint ray across her bed, "what a blessing is light. I never thought of it before; and sight, too; oh, if I could be as I was."

"But," said Mrs. Hopkins, "Maria, dear, you will be far better than ever you were, I trust. You are coming to yourself, child, to self-reflection, to gratitude for what you never before prized."

Mrs. Simpkins sat or laid with her limb extended across the mattress or chair for days. "If," said she, 'I could only walk—"

"Did you ever prize this blessing, Maria?" again inquired the judicious mother—"it belongs to that class we call *common*, child. Would you not consider it even the greatest *luxury* to be able to step out and breathe the refreshing air?"

"I never, never can be insensible to this blessing again," said the helpless invalid

"And now, Maria," pursued Mrs. Hopkins, "as we again review the past year, do not subjects of gratitude rise in countless numbers before you. Would you exchange them for *California gold*, even if a mine opened at your feet?"

"Dear mother I was thoughtless and ignorant of the source of true happiness—"

"And it is thus," pursued Mrs. Hopkins, "God shows us our folly. We are corrected by accidents, we are disciplined by pain, we are made grateful by privations. This fall which has occasioned you so many, many painful hours, if improved, may be the greatest blessing which ever befel you. To have our hearts opened to new sources of real happiness is worth more than all that prosperity can give, if she fans us with wings of gold,"

Mrs. Simpkins seems possessed of a different spirit She is kind, grateful and thoughtful; and if the experience of this sickness does not wear off as she returns again to the world, the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine is likely to yield far more satisfactory happiness than any previous year of her life. We truly wish her a happy new year."

If there are any other Mrs. Simpkins's, alike thoughtless of real causes of gratitude, as they close the past and enter upon the new year, may her experience prove equally beneficial to them likewise.—*Traveller*

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of very different character—in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few inmates, one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way so that she would quit; and proposed the following method: that some time when dead drunk, she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her drunken fit should be over, and conciousness restored.

A few evenings after the lady being in the proposed state, the plan was put into execution, and after the box lid was properly secured the party before alluded to watched each in turn to witness the result. About daylight next morning, the watcher, hearing a movement, laid himself down beside the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times was heard to say:

"Bless me! why where am I?"

The ontsider replied in a sepulchral tone:—"Madam, you are dead, and in the other world!"

A pause ensued; the lady again inquired—"Where are you?"

"Oh I'm dead too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well you have been here so much longer than I have, *can' you tell me where I can get a little more gin?*"

GENERAL RULES FOR PLOUGHING.

The committee of the *Onandaga County, New York, Agricultural Society*, on Ploughing, lay down the following general principals on this branch of rural labor:

"*First.* The ground should all be ploughed, and in no case less than 6 inches deep. The fertility of the soil will be greatly improved if the depth is gradually increased to 12 inches, and a greater depth is desirable."

"*Secondly.* The furrow should be well turned. And to do this the width of the furrow slice must always, except in summer fallowing, be graduated to the depth of the furrow. If the furrow is too deep for the breadth cut the slice will stand edgewise. If the slice is too wide for the depth of the furrow, a "*balk*" will be left on which nothing ought to be expected to grow, and if the next furrow is properly ploughed, a hole will be left where the preceding furrow was improperly turned."

"*Thirdly.* When the surface of the ground will permit, the furrow should be straight, that the work may be more easily performed, and have a more workmanlike appearance than it otherwise would have."

"*Fourthly* Where the earth is *light and sandy*, the flat furrow is best, because it leaves the soil more compact, and less likely to be injured by drought. If the soil is stiff and inclining to clay, the furrow is best if left at an angle of forty five degrees, because the harrow will most effectually operate on the surface, and under each furrow a small channel will be left, which will assist in disposing of the surplus water which may fall upon the surface and also will render the soil more loose and friable."

These rules are plain and easily comprehended, appear to us to have good sense to commend them to favor, and though they possess no novelty, may serve a good purpose, by recalling to men's minds the reasons upon which they are founded.

GAS-LIME.

MORFIT, in his excellent little work on *Manures* thus speaks of *Gas-Lime*:

"The refuse lime from the Gas-works, hough containing much sulphurretted salt is rich in uncombined lime, and consequently is an effectual manure when used judiciously. When spread upon the soil it becomes decomposed, and gradually transformed into sulphate of lime (gypsum). It is said to be an excellent addition to the land, technically termed, "clover tired;" and also a good preventive of noxious grubs and insects. Care must be taken in applying it to prevent immediate contract with the seed."

In 1838, we used 25 bushels of Gas-lime on half an acre of land in corn, and an equal quantity of stone lime on the adjoining half acre, also in corn, the next half acre had an equal quantity of oyster shell lime, and the remaining half acre of the lot was treated to spoiled salt fish in the hill Each portion had been liberally manured with barn-yard manure, previously. The corn yielded well on each, and from the best judgment we could form, the soil was fully as much benefited by the application of the gas-lime, as from either of the others, all, as we thought being very sensibly improved. We have no doubt ourself that gas-lime is an excellent manure, and from the pungency of its smell, and the great length of time which it retains it, we believe it will prove destructive to the grub and cut worms, and other insects. To the *Turnip* crop, we are of the opinion that it would prove a protection against the *fly* and *flea*, as those insects could hardly breathe and have their being in an atmosphere at once so noisome and repulsive, as that in immediate proximity to gas-lime.

It would be worth while for some close observing farmer to make an experiment with it, at the proper time, to test the efficacy of it, as a protector of wheat from the ravages of the *Hessian fly*. Ten bushels sown on an acre, in a field, would be sufficient, the cost of which would be some thirty cents, we believe. If success-